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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 4, 1913

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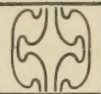


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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXI.

San Francisco, January 4, 1913

No. 1063



SCENE FROM "BEN-HUR"

Klaw and Erlanger's big spectacle, the attraction for two weeks at the Columbia Theatre beginning Monday night, January 6.

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Whoa, There Woodrow!

President-elect Woodrow Wilson flutters the soul with misgivings. Signs he has already shown of being inclined to take Theodore Roosevelt as his model. Let us hope these signs are misleading; that what appears to be his conception of the duties of the President is not so much due to partiality to the Roosevelt model as to the natural disposition of the schoolmaster. However, it is not to be gainsaid that even at this early date, months before his inauguration, his egoism appears to be as valiant and vocal as Roosevelt's. Instead of the big stick he is to have a gibbet, and undesirable citizens who make panics are to be punished unto the third generation. The business men of the country he warns against making money without giving something in return. He speaks about putting on his war paint and also of his determination to see that all men shall do unto others as they would have others do unto them. All this savors of the personality of the one Conclusive Arbiter during whose term a simoom of language was continually blowing through the country. Woodrow seems intent on attending to the eternal elements of human life and the immutable tides of human destiny. Colonel Roosevelt had the idea that the Presidency bore some relation to the Novel-with-a-Purpose; that it was an instrument for the regeneration of humanity, and he was incessantly settling problems in the interest of the people's peace of mind. Now, if the President-elect reminds us of the great Thunder-mouth perhaps it is because he cannot get over the habit of rearing the tender thought and teaching the young idea how to shoot. He certainly has the air of the tutor thundering instruction in the class-room, and one is tempted to remind him that it would be well for the average schoolmaster to steal two hours a day from his pupils and give his own mind the benefit of the robbery. We have had enough of didacticism and dogmatism in the White House, and long ago we were bored to death with the golden rule and with all the platitudes and copy-book apophthegms that were ever uttered. Let us get back to the Constitution, which makes it so easy for the President. "He shall," says that old, almost forgotten, docu-

ment, "from time to time give to the Congress information of the state of the Union and recommend to their consideration such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient. . . . he shall take care that the laws be faithfully executed." Please, Mr. President-elect, let us alone.

The Colonel Wants the Coin

All's fish that cometh to the Roosevelt net, not excepting correspondence on public questions to which he was a party during his career in the Presidential office. The Colonel, more prolific than the Belgian hare, is at work on a magazine serial in the form of an autobiography dealing with the negotiations that ended the Russo-Japanese war. We are told it will be devoted to the private side of public events, but the piece de resistance of this contribution to twentieth century history is a letter written by the Mikado to the President of the United States. From this letter, we are told, it appears that contrary to general belief it was not the Russian but the Japanese Government that sought peace. We are also told that the letter is expected to create a sensation in Japan and influence public sentiment against the throne. Among civilized peoples there is an unwritten convention by which documents of the character of the one described by the publicity man who is booming the Roosevelt autobiography are kept from the public eye till the generation which they immediately concern is no more. But Colonel Roosevelt is no respecter of conventions. For the money that is in it he will humiliate not only the people of Japan but the self-respecting citizens of his own country. Is it not humiliating to Americans to find a former President of their country converting into the ducats of the realm a letter that he received in his official capacity? His press agent styles it "a personal letter." If it were such that would be all the more reason why he should not publish it. But the letter was not written to the private citizen Theodore Roosevelt. It was written to Theodore Roosevelt because Theodore Roosevelt was President of the United States, and it is a question whether it does not properly belong in the archives at Washington. At any rate neither with propriety nor decency can it be put to the use to which Theodore Roosevelt has been hired to put it. If it were to the interest of humanity to make the letter public at this time then its publication would be justified, but the fattening of Theodore Roosevelt's purse cannot be considered a matter of universal beneficence except in the midst of a battle for the Lord.

The Big Forum

Out of the old fields cometh this new corn. Every patient and optimistic citizen of this simple-minded metropolis must feel many years younger as he hears the Examiner's vociferous call to academic discussion and catches the resonant echo from the mayor's office. So remote in the deep backward and abyssm of time that the memory of the oldest inhabitant runneth not to the contrary San Francisco has been redeeming

itself through the medium of leading citizens in convention assembled. San Francisco has become the most redeemed city in all the world, but it is perennially fearful of self-complacency, and therefore at intervals there is a call for an assemblage of what was known in other halcyon days as "Buckley's Business Men," but which is sometimes dignified by such appellations as Citizens' Non-Partisan Convention, or League of Justice. Now we are going to have a Committee of One Thousand to take the place, as it were, of the Commonwealth Club, which of late has enjoyed a monopoly of pure and unadulterated academic bloviation. Of course it is presumed of this committee that it is to fill a long-felt want and that it will be free and untrammelled, bossed by nobody and consecrated to the betterment of all. It has been ever thus; yet in all eyes but those that can scan the great stretches of time and see the end in the beginning there is the sparkle of joyous enthusiasm at the prospect of this impending confusion of tongues. Leading citizens, especially those who approve of publicity in their business and those who are ever alert to be identified with missions of civic salvation, and who have been immemorially omnipresent and connected with committees of five and committees of fifty, committees of twelve and committees of eighty-three—these leading cits. descendants of the redeemers of other days have heartily banded themselves together to triumph where their forbears failed. A great idea, this particular one conceived in the inexhaustible womb of such things—the Examiner office. Great from the standpoint of yellow journalism. It beats the Call's hammer-burning ceremony. It will serve as a news-maker for the big daily for many days. It will serve to vindicate the Examiner's intense loyalty to San Francisco and to assure us that the Examiner meant no harm when it was trying to induce us to mortgage ourselves out of our homes by increasing the city's bonded debt. So let us all contribute a few drops of water to the Examiner's wheel. Plenty of academic discussion can do no harm. This is the age of words, of discourse, and there is no end of the argument that does not convince. The Commonwealth Club has facilitated the spread of ready-made opinions, but we have not yet been stupefied by cheap talk in its variety. We need a larger forum to give room to human utterance. Perhaps this one may be converted into a symbol of the open shop, the want of which and the newspapers that foster the closed shop are all that is the matter with San Francisco. Let us hope there will be no objection to these matters as topics of discussion.

Mooney's Great Task

Captain Mooney of the detective force commands our admiration. A generation that should be notable for its cynicism and its scepticism Captain Mooney has thrilled with enthusiasm merely by affirming his determination to reform his staff of "sleuths." Captain Mooney has made of himself a conspicuous figure in the life of the city. The people are looking up to

Mooney. They expect great things from him. Yet how prodigious is the task he has undertaken! He is to free his men from "outside influence." Every detective is to be required to do his duty without fear of frown or hope of favor. In other words Captain Mooney is to overcome one of the fundamental defects of our heaven-sent Charter. A police department extremely sensitive to the fluctuations of politics Captain Mooney is to render absolutely immune from the insidious and pernicious influence of politicians. Obviously Captain Mooney contemplates a feat of a stupendous character. We confess some doubt as to his ability to accomplish his high purpose, but we feel that it speaks well for the Administration that he should be given a free hand. So good an Administration may heed the suggestion that the evil of which Captain Mooney complains should be attacked at the root. No more important amendment to the Charter can be proposed than one providing for a police commission that would not be alert to self-interest reflected by partisan politics. At present we are indebted to Mayor Rolph for an excellent commission, but who knows what may happen to the police department at the next turn of the political wheel? And meanwhile why should we blame a policeman for keeping his ear close to the ground?

The Morgan System

Doubtless it is true, as observed by the New York Sun, that the so-called "voting trust" is rather a "preservative and conservative agent in the interest of the individual stockholders" than a "dominating monopoly," and that Mr. Morgan has exercised the financial power which genius has given him "with the most scrupulous regard for the interests of others and the most constant and unselfish devotion to the support of the general credit." But admitting that out of the Morgan system of combination have come enormous blessings is it not apparent that out of the same system may come enormous evils? So powerful a combination is certainly a menace to the welfare of the nation. The good Mr. Morgan will not live forever. To wield the power that Morgan has in the financial world a man must prove himself worthy of the confidence of capital, but he may acquire that power without having a sensitive civic conscience. Fundamentally the system is a menace and should not be tolerated. But what the remedy and how to apply it are questions not to be solved offhand by a coterie of mushroom statesmen under the guidance of an Untermyer. It is no simple matter to reconstruct the financial system of Wall street. The ramifications of that system extend to every nook and corner of commerce in this broad land, and it is not to be carelessly handled without danger of a mighty upheaval. Certainly it should not be handled by men possessed of the idea that combinations of all kinds are essentially criminal. The business of this country cannot be carried on unless the captains of giant industries are able to market readily their securities, and therefore it is of the utmost

importance that there should be somewhere groups of men to whom vast sums of money are always accessible, and who can on short notice extend the credit necessary to finance prodigious enterprises. It may be possible to regulate these groups to the end that they shall not be able to oppress individuals or exercise a malign influence on the government, but intelligent regulation is one thing and reckless meddlesomeness another.

An Affront to Eshelman

James J. Hill made a speech in New York the other night which our distinguished fellow-citizen, the Hon. John Eshelman, will take as a personal affront if he ever reads it. The speech was made at a banquet of the Railway Business Association. In substance the speech was very much like the one made by President Sproule at the banquet of the Chamber of Commerce at the Palace Hotel. The Sproule speech, it will be remembered, fired our dauntless young railroad commissioner with indignation and impelled him to perfervid utterance at a banquet in Berkeley. It was because President Sproule had talked about the desirability of fair play in railroad regulation. He suggested that it was not to the interest of the State to assume that the railroad was always wrong and to make it difficult for the railroad to prosper. In the same strain spoke "Jim" Hill in New York. He went so far as to say that the commerce of the country can escape disaster only by enabling the railroads to increase their transportation facilities. This they cannot do at present, said Mr. Hill, because they have not only pledged their credit but have also absorbed a large share of their surplus earnings which in other countries would have been paid out in dividends. He pleaded for regulation without strangulation. This, we assume, is what will make our haughty young commissioner angry. The impudence of our railroad magnates is constantly becoming more exasperating to our darling high-flown politicians.

Swatting the Constitution

Many editors who are impatient of Constitutional restrictions have received fresh inspiration from President Taft's suggestion that steps be taken to organize for the preservation of the instrument on which our government is founded. They are swatting the Constitution with great fury. It is a "back-number," they tell us; "a dead weight on the neck of the people"; it was made for the few and is not for the benefit of the many, and owing to our industrial progress and the advance that has been made in science, etc., etc., it should be remodeled and made more "elastic." These vehement editors have a curious idea of the purpose and general character of a Constitution. Their principal objection to the Constitution is that it limits the power of the government. Because of the Constitution Congress cannot make certain laws which the people ought to have. It has not occurred to these sages of the tripod that their objection to the Constitution is one

of the main reasons of the Constitution. The Founders, who are in bad odor wherever the soap box is a rostrum, intended that the Constitution should serve as a check on the law-making power. They intended this because they knew it was the tendency of legislative bodies to destroy civil liberty by the exercise of a despotic power. This is of the A B C of the science of government. Civil liberty is simply the enjoyment of the fundamental rights guaranteed to the governed and the security of these rights is dependent not on the governing power but is inherent in the government itself and is co-extensive with its existence. The cardinal rights which are synonymous with civil liberty in this country we derive from our Constitution, and we shall enjoy them just as long as Congress is prevented from infringing them and no longer. Is there no danger of their infringement? This is a question that the editors of the land may well ponder. At this moment some of the very editors who have contempt for the Founders believe that they are the victims of a terrible outrage perpetrated by the Congress in defiance of the Constitution and they are appealing to the judicial branch of the government for redress. Some time ago the Congress passed a law penalizing the press for doing what the government has no right under the Constitution to inhibit the press from doing. Here we have a fine illustration of the exercise by the legislature of a despotic power, and it has yet to be determined whether protection from it is furnished by the Constitution. But if the Supreme Court should decide that Congress has the right to exercise this power, the proposition will not be borne out that the Constitution ought to be more elastic. You cannot provide by Constitution for all contingencies. The Constitution guarantees only fundamental rights, and the right which Congress would deprive the press of may be held to be merely a legal right; that is, a right derived from the government. Our purpose in calling attention to this matter is to suggest that if the Constitution is defective it is not because it ought to be more elastic. It would be much better for all of us and for the nation itself if the Constitution could be made to limit more specifically the powers of the demagogic politicians whom we elect to Congress.

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Varied Types

CVII—MARY AUSTIN

By Edwad F. O'Day

"If I had to choose between Carmel-by-the-Sea and the Greek marbles in the Vatican, I should choose Carmel. Its beauty is not so unbending."

Thus Mrs. Mary Austin. She was toasting her toes before a wood fire in a Pacific avenue drawing room.

Fortunately for her predilections Mrs. Austin doesn't have to balance Carmel against the Pope's palace on the Roman hill. So she will go right on living in New York.

"New York," she explains, "is the best background for modern fiction. London is a possible exception, because London has a continuous history of nearly one thousand years, but I am not interested in old things merely because they are old."

Thus we glimpse the individuality of the artistic temperament, if one may still use that ravelled phrase. Gertrude Atherton has told me that she can't write in New York. The last time she tried she gave up in despair and fled, first to Munich, then to San Francisco.

But even for Mrs. Austin New York has its limitations. She recognizes it as a good background for fiction and as the marketplace for literary wares, but she says it does not inspire the artist.

"And so," she says, "I have come back to California to renew my artistic life. The sources of art are to be found here as they are to be found nowhere in Europe or the East. That subtle thing we call atmosphere is here. It is not in the East. As for Europe, well, let other people go chasing through Europe after the broken fragments of great art. I prefer to come to California where we have, not the product but the raw material. That is why California must always call the creative artist. Why, our State is so distinctive that I have had people say to me in Europe, 'Are you an American or a Californian?'"

Mrs. Austin, you see, is ultra-Californian. She is more enthusiastic than the Native Sons in Grand Parlor assembled. Her boasting shames those of us who have never had the opportunity to drape ourselves against the background of New York or to mingle with the Greek marble of the Vatican. Her comparisons must be sweetly odorous in the nostrils of the Chamber of Commerce.

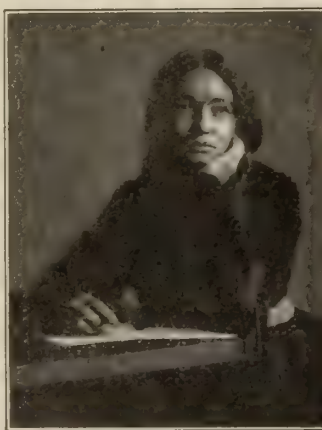
But while Mrs. Austin's artistic life has hearkened to the call of California atmosphere, she will not dwell at Carmel. Carmel may excel the Vatican marbles but it is not for Mrs. Austin.

"Carmel," she declares, "is too literary for a person who wants to produce literature. The worth of literary associations has been vastly overrated. Take my case. I had never met a literary person before I made my reputation. Still, Carmel may be good for young people. Beauty is cheap there. In New York it is hard to get at any price."

And yet of this too literary Carmel Mrs. Austin says she was a founder. Apparently she has outgrown it, and it may not claim her, unless for a brief visit, dividing the honor of her sojourn with San Francisco, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles and other places where that subtle thing artists call atmosphere is to be breathed.

"I shall stay in California till I am thoroughly rejuvenated," she announces; "when the spirit moves me I shall go back to New York."

Meanwhile she is dreaming dreams of pageantry for the World's Fair. She was asked by the Exposition people to help Frank Benson when he comes here from Stratford, and eagerly assented. The idea of a great pageant of California history has captured her imagination, the more easily because she loves dramatic work.



MARY AUSTIN

"I have more dramatic ability than ability as a novelist," she says in calm self-estimation. "But while the publishers are clamoring for novels while the managers are fleeing from plays I naturally write novels. The two arts are closely related, for what's a drama but the telling of a story by a number of people? The drama, though, is the more direct method."

"I feel that California's natural form of expression is going to be the drama. In Europe I heard more of the Greek Theatre at Berkeley than I did of our canned fruits and our big pumpkins. Even Gordon Craig who didn't know just where California was on the map, had heard of the plays at the Greek Theatre and in the Bohemian Grove."

"Our California history is more dramatic than the history of battles. The primeval passions have swayed men here. What more wonderful than our drama of nature, the battle of man with the wilderness, the conquest of water, the struggle with the golden veins of the earth? Then too we have the spiritual forces symbolized in the conquest of the Indians by the missionaries, not by means of powder and ball but by the weapons of faith. You see, I have slathers of ideas for the World's Fair pageant. They come hopping along whenever I think of it, and if the Fair people wish I shall go out and bag a lot more."

So roseate is Mrs. Austin's vision of Californian pageantry that she sees no reason why we should not turn this way the stream of travel which flows to Oberammergau. She says it is a medieval passion that is symbolized there, a strange statement when one considers what she thinks of the missionary conquest by faith.

"I never seem to miss anything," continued Mrs. Austin. "This time I come just in time to take part in these pageant preparations. The last time I came the day before the earthquake."

A singularly lucky woman! One might think that Providence arranged her dates! First an earthquake and then (of equal importance?) pageant plans for the World's Fair!

Then this singularly lucky woman talked of San Francisco.

"It is fifty years ahead of New York in all social matters," she declared. "Or perhaps I should say, a generation ahead. It has been moving along socially and spiritually as well as materially since I was here last. The growth is natural, for we are alive out here; there is sap in us. New York, like most great cities, is dying at the top. Here we are still growing from the parent stem. Our feet are on the ground. After all there is a great deal in that old fable of Antaeus. Even the throwback of the earthquake did the city good. It renewed our strength by sending us back to primitive conditions. An earthquake would do New York a lot of good. I know of nothing that would be better for it."

Mrs. Austin is very cool. She prescribed an earthquake for New York as unconcernedly as a doctor would prescribe paregoric for a baby. She isn't afraid that such talk will injure her popularity.

"There are so many things to go after in New York," she says. "I go for them without mincing words and they like it."

Certainly Mrs. Austin is interviewed a great deal in New York. Only recently I read several interviews. In one she rushed to the defense of grandmothers. She advocated municipal matrimonial bureaus in charge of grandams. In another she proposed a marriage and divorce commission which should pass on all applications for the tying and untying of the knot connubial.

I asked her about this latter proposal, but she smiled and would not discuss it.

"This is not my day for talking about that," she told me. "But I'll have a lot to say about it later on. You see, I'm writing a book on the subject."

So the reviewers will have a chance to call her the American Ellen Key.

Mrs. Austin is also working on a novel, and is considering the dramatization of "Isidro," one of her earlier stories. I asked her about "The Arrow Maker."

"It was the great popular success of the New Theatre," she said. "They turned people away every night. It would have had a long run if the New Theatre hadn't set people's teeth on edge by its unwarranted high brow attitude and gone broke in consequence. The critics? They treated it better than I expected. But I had to make allowances, since none of them knew what an Indian was outside the pages of Fennimore Cooper."

We had some talk about dramatic technique; not a great deal, because Mrs. Austin thinks little of dramatic technique.

"It's a crutch to fall back on when the artistic impulse fails."

That struck me as a most remarkable statement, but I didn't say so. One doesn't argue with Mrs. Austin. There is a finality about all her statements which is one of the most remarkable things about this remarkable woman.

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SAN FRANCISCO

Correspondence

The Great American Hog

Editor Town Talk, Sir: If the duck is disappearing and therefore in need of protection why not give it immunity from all hands for a year or two? The proposition to make the duck a private fowl for the exclusive benefit of the man with the gun is an outrage as are all game laws that, while ostensibly designed to promote the propagation of a species render that species the special prey of a favored class. All our game laws have the effect of special legislation of a kind that works to the disadvantage of the poor. Incidentally they increase the cost of living by reducing the variety and supply of market products. It is desirable of course to prevent the extermination of anything that is "good eating," but it is un-American to enact game laws for the benefit of clubmen and citizens who are rich enough to own shooting grounds. It is moreover contemptible on the part of such individuals to exert their influence to this selfish end, and it is a surprise to me there has not long since been a revolt against the legislators who play into their hands. If our so-called sportsmen were in reality good sportsmen and if they were also good American citizens they would blush to take the advantage they enjoy. They very well know that when game of any kind is thinning out the proper, quickest, square-deal way of increasing the supply is for all

hands to quit shooting for awhile. I wish, Mr. Editor, you would take this matter up and keep your eye on the legislators who stand in with the hog with a gun and keep their memory green in the public mind.

Sincerely yours,

—L. F. D.

A Wholesome Sentiment

Editor Town Talk, Sir: You tell us there are many women working in stores in this city for less than three dollars a week. Why not tell us what stores pay such wages. As you suggest it would be well for the women of San Francisco to look into this matter and agitate for reform, but meanwhile much good might be done by letting the public know what stores are grinding the faces of the poor. I for one would be ashamed to contribute to the revenue of any store that treated its employees so miserably. And I am sure there are lots of women who feel the same as I do.

Yours respectfully,

—Shopper.

Uniforms for Students

Editor Town Talk, Sir: There has been some comment in the press on the measure providing for the standardizing of the garb of our high

school students which is to be introduced at the next session of the legislature. Some newspaper critics say that the dress of students is not a proper subject of legislation. If so that is the only subject under the sun or beyond it which our legislators may not properly handle. If the length of a bed-sheet may properly be prescribed by legislation, and if a man may be prohibited from treating another why should not the State have the right to regulate the dress of the youths whom it educates? I think the measure to be proposed is one that should be adopted. One of the purposes of our schools is to make good citizens, and it is therefore desirable to discourage snobbishness and class distinctions and everything that breeds envy or causes humiliation. The schools are expected to improve manners and it is vulgar to overdress a boy or girl. What is the objection to a uniform that would indicate that a boy or girl is a student of the high school? A uniform is objectionable only when it is the badge of something discreditable. There are many private schools that require pupils to wear uniforms, and parents are glad to be able to send their children to those schools. Would it be humiliating for a boy or girl to be known as a high school student?

Yours truly,

—A Mother.

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

Who's Who Among Colleges

A fearsome pother has been stirred up in academic circles by Dr. Kendric C. Babcock's report to United States Commissioner of Education Philander P. Clayton on the universities and colleges of the country. The report is the result of a secret investigation made by Babcock who used to be President of the University of Arizona but is now described as "a specialist in higher education." The report attempts to rate colleges in four classes, and this attempt has aroused a storm. Universities and colleges not put into the first class are uttering their indignation. Chancellor Day's Syracuse University, the Jesuit universities of Georgetown and Fordham and Boston University were placed in the second class. Chancellor Day uttered such a roar when he discovered his classification that Dr. Babcock boosted his university to the first class, which shows that Babcock's decisions are not as immutable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. The report has caused so much rancor that Clayton has stated that the classification was "unfortunate." California's two big universities, Stanford and California, are in the first class.

French artist Degas was sold in Paris for more than one hundred thousand dollars. It was sold by an art dealer to an American collector. The art dealer had bought it from Degas for a small sum. The result is that while his picture has brought a fortune Degas remains a very poor man. The same thing has happened many times before, but the present case seems to illustrate the glaring injustice so well that there is discussion of giving painters royalties like writers receive. A commission has been appointed by the Minister of Beaux Arts to examine the question. One solution proposed in the Chamber of Deputies was that in addition to the five per cent now paid to the Government on the sale of any picture two per cent go to the artist or his heirs. This is opposed by the picture dealers and buyers. Some solution will be found, no doubt. A cartoon in one of the Paris papers hits off the situation. It shows street gamins standing in the gutter in rags gazing in at a window where a crowd of artists, critics, connoisseurs and buyers surround a picture. One gamin says to another: "Look, that picture is by papa."

The Centrists protect the throne and the Government against the Socialists, for they have generally joined hands with the Conservatives to enable the Government to carry out its policies in the Reichstag. It is a sort of political axiom in Germany that no Chancellor can maintain his position if the Centrist party opposes him, so there is a great deal of curiosity as to Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg's next move.

Pleasure Kisses Unfashionable

Kisses are divided into two classes we learn from a London expert on philematology: pleasure kisses and duty kisses. Pleasure kisses, it seems, are not given this season. They are unfashionable. Really smart people do not indulge in them. But duty kisses remain, and these are judiciously administered with due regard to the amount of time spent over the powder box. The well bred chaperone gently presses her lips on her charge's hair just north of the ear. The minister's wife administers the air kiss of duty with a gentle pressure of cheek to cheek. The woman of fashion kisses anywhere between the eye, ear and hair line.

Royalties for Painters

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Germany and the Catholics

The powerful Catholic Centrist party in Germany has declared war on the German Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg. It seems that there was an agitation in Catholic Bavaria to permit the Jesuits to resume their activities in Germany, and the Federal Council issued an order that no such permission should be given. Of course the Jesuits are in Germany, but not officially. The refusal to take the ban off the great teaching order has angered the Centrist leaders, and there is no telling what will happen.

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Perspective Impressions

Good morning! Are you descended from Isabella de Vermandois?

John D. Rockefeller tells us that when the crisis of his life had been safely passed with the aid of prayer he got up one morning and lit a lamp. Thus God and Standard Oil collaborated in his illumination.

"The old year contains some records we would like to tear out," John D. told the Bible class. Those letters published by Hearst for instance.

"I am still an infant," says Lillian Russell. If you were, Lillian, we shouldn't be so strong for you.

Why not end the Balkan trouble by making Teddy Grand Pasha of the Sanjak of Novi-Bazar?

"I want to quarrel with the proverbs," says Doctor Aked. Being right up to the minute the Doctor prefers modern instances to wise saws.

"The doctrine of infallibility received its death blow at the hands of the Reformers," says Aked. But it's a lively corpse. Two hundred and thirty million Roman Catholics still believe in it.

Wouldn't it be better to have Carnegie pension Roosevelt than to have the Colonel imitating Hearst by publishing private correspondence?

How easy it is to work up public enthusiasm! After many months the municipal cars were started but neither end of the line has been completed, and yet the mob shouted its multitudinous head off.

The editorial that followed the leader in the Call of December 27 was entitled, "San Francisco Must Prepare Definitely for the Fourth of July." At any rate it is better not to look so far ahead as the Millennium.

In the same breath in which he tells how educated folk regard the Bible, Dr. Aked characterizes as "crack-pated" the dogma of infallibility. Obviously Dr. Aked regards as educated only those who agree with him. This is the characteristic attitude of the dogmatic prig, which reminds us that dogmatism according to old Sam Smiles is "puppyism come to its full growth," and that the worst form it assumes is opinionativeness and arrogance.

L'Arrabbiata

By Paul Heyse (From the German)

The sun had not yet risen. Above Vesuvius floated a gray mist, stretching across to Naples and darkening the little towns on the coast. The sea was calm. On the Marina, which lies along a narrow bay beneath the cliffs of Sorrento, the fishermen and their wives were bestirring themselves.

"See'st thou, Rachel? There is our padre," said an old woman to a child of ten years. "He is just getting into the boat. Antonio is going to take him over to Capri." And she waved her hand to a kindly little priest who was just seating himself in the boat below her, lifting his black cassock carefully and spreading it out over the seat.

"Shall we have clear weather, my son?" asked the little priest, as he looked thoughtfully toward Naples.

"The sun is not yet up," replied the young man. "It will make short work of this bit of mist."

"Then let us start, so that we shall arrive before the heat of the day."

Antonino seized the long oar to shove off; then suddenly stopped and gazed toward the highest point of the steep road that leads down from the town of Sorrento to the Marina.

A slender girl's figure appeared, hurrying over the stony road and signaling with her handkerchief. She carried a little bundle under her arm, and her clothes were very poor. Yet she had an almost distinguished though rather wild way of throwing back her head, and the black braids which she wore coiled above her forehead became her like a diadem.

"Why do you wait?" asked the pastor.

"Someone else is coming to take the boat for Capri. If you will allow it, padre—the trip won't

be more tiresome on that account, for she is only a young thing of about eighteen."

The girl at this moment stepped forth from behind the wall which bordered the winding way. "Laurella?" questioned the pastor. "What has she to do in Capri?"

Antonino shrugged his shoulders. The girl came swiftly on, looking straight before her.

"Good day, l'Arrabbiata," (Crosspatch) called some of the young boatmen. They would doubtless have said more if they had not held in respect the presence of the priest, for the stubborn silence in which the girl received their greeting seemed to anger the rascals.

"Good day, Laurella," called the pastor. "How's this? Do you wish to go to Capri?"

"If you will allow it, padre."

"Ask Antonino, the captain."

"Here is a half-carlino," said Laurella, without looking at the skipper. "Can I go for that?"

"You can use it better than I," muttered the young man.

"I will not go otherwise," answered the girl, with a quiver of her black eyebrows.

"Come, now, child," said the priest. "He is a fine young fellow, and doesn't wish to profit at your expense. There, jump in"—and he reached her his hand—"and sit here by me. See, he has placed his jacket on the seat, to make it softer for you. He hasn't treated me so well. But it is always so with the young. They will take more trouble for one little woman than for ten reverend gentlemen. No, no, you needn't excuse yourself, Tonino; it is of our Master's ordering that like seeks like."

Laurella meanwhile had come aboard and seated herself, though without saying a word she pushed the jacket aside. The young skipper let it lie and muttered between his teeth. Then he shoved lustily against the pier, and the little boat sped out into the gulf.

"What have you there in the bundle?" asked the pastor, as they began to sail over the sea, just being lighted up by the first rays of the sun.

"Silk, yarn and some bread, padre. I shall sell the silk in Capri to a woman who makes ribbons, and the yarn to another."

After a pause he added: "When you came down to the shore they called out to you 'Good day, l'Arrabbiata!' Why do they call you so?"

That is no good name for a Christian, who should be meek and humble."

The girl's brown face glowed and her eyes snapped.

"They make sport of me because I do not sing and dance and joke like the others. They should let me alone. I have nothing to do with them."

"Has that Neapolitan painter who wished to marry you never let you hear from him again, Laurella?" asked the pastor.

She shook her head.

"And why have you refused him? He was a fine handsome fellow and could have supported you and your mother much better than you, with your little spinning and silk weaving."

"I will have no man, ever!" she declared vehemently almost beside herself.

"Have you taken a vow, then, or will you enter a cloister?"

She shook her head.

"Then the people are right to reproach you for your sullenness, even if the name they use is not pretty."

"I had reason enough," she said, softly and hesitatingly. "But I cannot tell it."

"Unburden your heart, child. If you are right, I shall be the first to say so."

She cast a shy, hasty glance toward the young man who sat busily rowing in the stern of the boat and had pulled his woollen cap far down on his forehead. He was gazing over the side into the sea and seemed lost in thought.

"You did not know my father," she whispered, and her eyes shone darkly.

"Your father? He died, I think, when you were barely ten years old. What has your father to do with your stubbornness?"

"You did not know him, padre. You do not know that he alone is to blame for my mother's illness!"

"How can that be?"

"Because he ill-treated her, and beat and kicked her! I remember yet the nights when he would come home in a rage. I would pull the covers over my head and pretend to be asleep, crying all night long. And when he would see her lying on the floor he would change suddenly, and lift her up and kiss her so fiercely that she would scream out that he would suffocate her. My

(Continued on Page 19.)

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Poems About San Francisco

LXXXIV—SAN FRANCISCO

By Richard E. White

(The following sonnet is the work of Richard Edward White, a well known bibliophile of this city who has written a good deal of sweet, unpretentious verse. The sonnet is taken from his little book of poems "The Cross of Monterey" published in this city in 1882.)

Though night has come upon the hills, I stay,
And my eyes, resting in their downward glances,
Fall on the fair young city of Saint Francis—
The dim Sierra fading fast away,
The fleet of anchored ships, the noble bay
Upon whose rippling waves the moonlight dances,
And Golden Gate through which the fog advances
That soon will hide the scene with cowl of gray.

O City watching by Balboa's sea!
Thine is the future, and sure faith I hold
When greed of gain and lawlessness are past,
Thou wilt have brighter days, for thou wilt be
A home of science, art and song at last,
As Rome and Athens were in days of old.

The Spectator

Amuck in the Bulletin Shop

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless paroled prisoner! I imagine Fremont Older thought some such thought the other day, for alas! a prisoner for whom he had procured a parole and a fresh start in life showed anything but a lively sense of gratitude for the favors bestowed upon him. The prisoner in question was an unfortunate young man who came out of Folsom more heavily handicapped for the struggle of life than when he went in. He came out on parole owing to the tireless efforts of Fremont Older. When he was free Older took steps to get him decent employment and doubtless felt that wonderful glow which may excusably warm the breast of him who realizes that he has snatched a brand from the burning. But alackaday! the beneficiary of the Older philanthropic endeavor showed a scant appreciation. One of the first things he did was to sit down with some old friends to a noisy bottle or two of champagne. The little party proceeded to parole the imprisoned laughter of the peasant girls of France, and Older's protege put the enemy in his mouth so often that it stole away his brains. To be brief, the paroled prisoner got

shockingly soused. And then what did he do? He made straight for the Bulletin editorial rooms and ran amuck!

A Panic-Stricken Staff

Armed with a big loaded revolver he burst into the Bulletin local room with a Comanche roar that put the staff in a panic. The first man he met was Donald Lowrie, another beneficiary of Older's philanthropic efforts. For some reason the paroled prisoner who was full of champagne and threats took particular umbrage at Lowrie's presence. So he chased him from the building, uttering dire threats of slaughter all the way. Then he returned to round up the rest of the staff, but they had all sought places of safety. Whether Older was present or not is a point upon which the accounts I have received were discreetly silent. But at any rate terror reigned till somebody found the opportunity to summon a policeman. The paroled man was disarmed by a big cop and sent to the receiving hospital for the sobering process. And now the staff is wondering whom Older will have paroled next. They don't half like the idea of receiving these boisterous calls.

A Memory of Tveitmoe

When I read the other day that Olaf Tveitmoe had been sentenced to six years in prison my memory went back to other days. Among many incidents in the career of the labor editor I recalled that memorable afternoon in 1907 when the Bulletin threw a bombshell into the ranks of organized labor by publishing exhaustive details of Tveitmoe's conviction on a charge of forgery and his numbered convict picture from the archives of Stillwater Prison. I recall that a reporter from the Call was detailed to interview Tveitmoe about the expose. You may find the interview in the files of the Call. The reporter found Tveitmoe with a number of boon companions drinking champagne in the Peacock Cafe which was a popular place of uptown resort in those days. The reporter asked Tveitmoe what he had to say. Tveitmoe said that the whole story was a lie. The reporter asked him what he

was going to do about it. "I am going to sue Older and Crothers for a million dollars libel," said Tveitmoe. "No, I'll sue them for two millions," he corrected himself. The reporter asked him what his friends thought about the story. "Why," said Tveitmoe, "they wanted to go down this afternoon and blow up the Bulletin office. But I told them not to do it today."

Times Have Changed

That was five years ago. In five years there has been a great change. Tveitmoe has been convicted of complicity in the blowing-up of another newspaper office, and lo! we find the Bulletin which Tveitmoe's friends wanted to blow up in 1907 giving Tveitmoe and the other convicted labor men the tenderest of tender treatment throughout the trial and all but openly sympathizing with them after the sentence. Tveitmoe's name was not mentioned in the Bulletin headlines Monday afternoon when the news of the sentence was published. Older seems to have forgotten all his old animosity for the man who told his friends in 1907 to defer blowing up the Bulletin office.

Another Memory

Another memory that flashes on my mental screen is the memory of the Labor Day parade just before the beginning of the trial of the McNamara brothers in Los Angeles. Scattered through the ranks of that parade of seventeen thousand men were banners, transparencies and canvased wagons declaring in bold signs that the McNamaras were martyrs persecuted by the foes of union labor. There was prominently displayed a message from the McNamaras in which they said that although they were languishing in jail that Labor Day they would ride in the next Labor Day parade. All the marchers wore McNamara buttons and these buttons were peddled all along the line of march for the benefit of the McNamara defense fund. P. H. McCarthy was the marshall of the procession and Anton Johansen rode proudly beside him as chief aide. They were followed by a carriage bearing Samuel Gompers, Andy Gallagher and the smiling Olaf Tveitmoe.

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I wonder if labor union men ever think back over these things?

A Curious Personality

While he was on trial in Indianapolis Olaf Tveitmoe sat with apparent calm in the court room reading poetry. "The Ballad of Reading Gaol" or "The Prisoner of Chillon," somebody has suggested. His is a curious personality, an unusual combination of culture and coarseness. In conversation he uses vile language without stint, yet he has one of the best selected libraries of moderate size in this section and can talk equally well of Emerson and Carlyle, of Kant and Nietzsche. I have been told that he once wrote a very able essay on electrolysis. Yet this student has always been a heavy champagne drinker. It was his only tippie; he even ordered it over the bar. He was indeed the high roller of the local labor movement, and his home in the Santa Cruz mountains is said to have cost forty thousand dollars. The automobile was his favorite vehicle. I think there was a decided change in him after the Bulletin expose of his Stillwater record. He drank more than before; was more abusive and profane in his conversation. He is a big man, but I imagine without much personal courage. I heard of a very small man slapping his face one day in the editorial sanctum of his paper "Organized Labor." Tveitmoe turned away and cried like a baby.

Up from Modesto Comes Bill

Of course there is no such thing as a book trust, but whatever it is that goes by that name exhibits something of the shrewdness that is characteristic of trusts. The ways of the men who have been carrying on the textbook industry in this State for years are now the subject of investigation before a committee of the Legislature. These are the men who are described as a book trust. They were represented before the committee by Bill Langdon. Is this not a specimen of the shrewdness characteristic of trusts of all kinds. What but a trust would think of going down to Modesto in quest of a lawyer?

Modesto is the town that has a bank which Bill came into the management of some time ago. Now Bill is no great shakes of a lawyer, as they say in Modesto. He never worked much at that trade. The people picked him out for a little lawyering once upon a time, but it was deemed advisable to hire another man to attend to the job. Yet Bill is attorney for the so-called book trust! The hiring of him was an inspiration, for Bill—whisper it not in Gath—is kindly remembered by the administration as the man who was district attorney when Dalzell Brown—shrewd as a book trust—hired Hiram Johnson to defend him against a charge of looting a bank.

A Teachers' Book Ring

It will be interesting and, peradventure, instructive to watch this investigation of the book trust. Thus far the testimony shows that we have a teachers' association in California, and that there is a ring in control, prominent in which is Leroy Armstrong who occupies the somewhat equivocal position of editor of the official journal of the association and salesman for the American Book Company which has Bill Langdon for its attorney. Associated with Mr. Armstrong on the official journal is Professor Lange of the State University, who is also a member of the State Board of Education which attends to the business of adopting textbooks. Harr Wagner, a veteran educator, has supplied a lot of information about the ring in the teachers' association, and it bears out what has been said in these columns about the ramifications of the so-called book trust in this State. The disclosures thus far are of a scandalous character, but for some reason the newspapers have not seen fit to use a probe or to turn the teachers' ring inside out.

Exit Glavis

Louis R. Glavis says he resigned the secretaryship of the Conservation Commission because he has private interests that require his attention. This may be true, and perhaps nobody ought to doubt what Glavis says, for Glavis is a putative reformer. It's a fine thing to be a reformer by reputation, especially if in reality you have the inclinations of a performer and no very fine scruples to speak of. Consider the exemptions and prerogatives enjoyed by the men who comprise the current dispensation at Sacramento on the strength of their being reformers. These men were called upon the other day to investigate a charge of wrongdoing against this sweet-scented Glavis, he having been found using his official influence for the benefit of the lumber barons of the State. And what happened? Before going into this matter let us speculate as to what would have happened in the case of an ordinary official with no phylacteries, representing an Administration unsanctified and never given to prayers on the street corner, if such a one had been caught winding red tape for the benefit of special interests with a dropsical purse. It will aid speculation to recall the case of Secretary Ballinger who was charged with precisely the same misconduct that was ascribed to Secretary Glavis. You will remember the uproar that rent the empyrean when Gifted Pinchot started out to besmirch Ballinger. The terrible scandal set the whole country by the ears. President Taft ordered a public investigation, and though Ballinger was vindicated the cloud that was put upon him has never been wholly dissipated. How different was the treatment accorded Glavis by the holy-rollers of Sacramento! There was no public investigation of Glavis. It was deemed prejudicial to the interests of the Administration to take the lid off the Glavis scandal; also, it was deemed prejudicial to the

Bull Moose cause. So the public was told that the Glavis scandal was none of its business, and the investigation of the man who served as the tool of Gifford Pinchot in the conspiracy against Ballinger was conducted in whispers with every door and window tightly battened.

By Way of Retribution

Thus we see how great the advantage of being a reformer beholden to reformers. We see also how acceptable to the fat-witted public is the public-be-damned policy of politicians who are self-styled reformers. All that the public knows about the relations between Glavis and the special interests of the lumber industry is what may be inferred from the charge made by Surveyor-General Kingsbury. The newspapers have not been permitted to print the testimony given at the star-chamber investigation. What Glavis says as to his reason for resigning may be true, but I doubt it. He may have been completely vindicated behind closed doors, but I don't believe him. The man who professes to be satisfied with the vindication of a star-chamber court composed of men who would be in a measure involved in his disgrace if disgraced he should be, inclines one to incredulity. All the more so when the man is a Glavis. Glavis is one of the worst of the many blots on the speckled record of the Johnson administration. Even though his conduct as an official of this State had been above suspicion the hiring of him will ever redound to the discredit of Governor Johnson, for it was prompted by a spirit of malice and it was meanly intended as an insult to the President of the United States.

Some Political History

The Glavis case shows the whirligig of Time bringing in its revenges. When President Taft was investigating the Ballinger case he found that Glavis though an official of the government had suppressed documentary evidence that was favorable to the accused man. President Taft characterized this despicable conduct fittingly, and later he dismissed Glavis from the service. Now Glavis was acting as the tool of Gifford Pinchot, the sore-headed little forester who was engaged in revenging himself on the Administration for its failure to recognize and reward his magnificent talents. And it was for the part that Glavis played in the Pinchot-Ballinger conspiracy that he was offered a job in this State as secre-

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tary to the commission run by Pinchot's friend former Governor Pardee, a man with the smallest soul that ever contributed psychical phenomena to the politics of an American State. Such then were the men and the instrumentalities through which a rebuke was administered to President Taft. All things considered the wind-up of Glavis's career as a functionary of the State of California ought to be gratifying to every lover of fair play and every person with instinctive detestation of the downright meanness that marked the whole nasty conspiracy of the Tennis Cabinet against William Howard Taft.

Our Persistent Benefactor

It is comforting to learn that Mr. Rudolph Spreckels has not grown weary of his task of protecting San Francisco from the bad public utility corporations and the corrupt politicians. During the short period that has elapsed since Mr. Spreckels became assured that it was his vocation to safeguard the community against the ills that cities are heir to he has met with much discouragement. Rebuffs and reproaches have been his portion. Men in whom he placed confidence have proved false and treacherous and selfish. Today he stands alone of all the public benefactors and patriots who embarked with him on the stormy sea of civic regeneration. But he is undaunted. His great heart of fire still burns with sympathy for the dear people, his war bonnet still bristles with terrifying feathers, with his old-time virility he flaunts his tomahatchet and bad bondholders break out with gooseflesh as he yawns. The gallant Spreckels is true to his mission. He will never quit the firing line. He will lead even a forlorn hope of righteousness single-handed and alone into the breaches of corruption. Weak wills may flee, strong wills break and reformers turn into jobchasers between two days, but Rudolph will persist in his unfaltering adherence to the interests of the dear people. What a consolation and moral strengthening in this rude and depraved age to feel that whatever dangers may be reserved for us the little giant of the sugar industry is on the job fighting the enemies of the people who are known to be such because they have earned his hatred.

Let There Be Free Water

More power to him, say I. May his pronouncements at regular advertising rates never grow less. They make good reading. There is but one criticism of them that I have to make, and that is they should be placed where they would

do the most good. Why shouldn't Mr. Spreckels avail himself of the weekly press, the power of which was so enthusiastically acknowledged by him and his associates in other days? Mr. Spreckels ought to appreciate the fact that he now has the sympathy of the weeklies. Town Talk, at least, is with him in his fight against bonding the city to buy water. Especially is it with him since he made the announcement that he would ensure the city against a water famine. Town Talk believes some official recognition ought to be taken of this philanthropic proposal. If Mr. Spreckels stands ready to bore wells at his own expense and supply the city with water from the lower regions he should be gratefully given the opportunity to prove himself a genuine public benefactor. There is no dearth of water beneath us, and Mr. Spreckels has the wind for the mills.

The McCloud Project

Meanwhile let us go slow with the Hetch-Hetchy scheme, and let us not take seriously the animadversions on the McCloud river project in which the Hetch-Hetchy boosters are indulging. They are saying that John Hays Hammond is interested in the McCloud project and that political influence is being exercised in its favor at Washington. It will do us no good to employ this sort of twaddle for its possible effect on Secretary Fisher. That gentleman is above suspicion, and he will be guided by the report of the advisory board of United States Army engineers, each of whom ranks as high in his profession as Colonel Goethals.

Something Doctor Aked Missed

I am very sorry that the good priests of St. Patrick's church in Mission street did not invite Doctor Aked to attend the high mass which was celebrated in the old pile at a quarter after one o'clock New Year's morning. Not that I imagine the fathers would have done anything of the sort if the thought had occurred to them, but it would have opened Doctor Aked's eyes and contributed to his education. Doctor Aked says that San Francisco is beloved of him despite the fact that it is the wickedest city in the world. That there are a great many people, even among New Year's Eve revelers, who are not so awfully wicked was demonstrated at that mass celebrated in St. Patrick's an hour after the new year was born. The church was jammed to the doors (and it's a pretty big church) with a strange gathering of worshipers. A string of motor cars stood in Mission street, and within the church

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were all sorts and conditions of people from millionaires and their wives in evening clothes to the humble street sweeper who went to mass before tackling the job of clearing the confetti in Market street. It was a very devout congregation despite the fact that it dripped confetti in the aisles and the pews. There was absolutely no evidence that anybody had celebrated too boisterously. And more than two hundred men, women and children received the sacrament. Doctor Aked says he has learned a lot about San Francisco; but is he familiar with the situation betokened by this crowded church one hour after midnight when the revels were in full swing?

Aitken Arrives

Robert Aitken has arrived. That is he is "in right" in New York, which means that the California colony in the big metropolis has boosted him into prominence. The New York Sun hails him as "one of the youngest of American sculptors." Apparently in New York they reckon the age of an artist from the day of his debut in Broadway. His friends may still call Aitken "Bobby," but he is not one of the youngest of American sculptors. Aitken has been sculptoring for 10, these many years. It was back in the nineties that he shocked San Francisco with his Bacchantes, they were so voluptuous and so frankly carnal. Raphael Weill liked them so much that he wanted to present them to the city, but the pruders were predominant in those days and the Bacchantes were never permitted to emerge from the cloistered umbrage of the Bohemian Club. It was years after this signal triumph of Virtue that Aitken designed the statue commemorative of another kind of victory which is now tiptoe atop the granite column in

Union Square. So the "youngest sculptor" probably has a few streaks of grey in his locks by this time.

His Lost Bronze

According to the New York Sun Aitken recently completed a bust of President Taft, modelled in marble from life and also a bust of Bret Harte which is intended to be placed in the Hall of Fame in New York by the Bohemian Club of San Francisco. From the Sun I learn that one of the best works Aitken ever turned out was a life size statue illustrating the last incident in Bret Harte's story of "The Luck of Roaring Camp." This statue, says the Sun, was left in the foundry pending the erection of a pedestal, and was there lost in the fire that destroyed San Francisco. This is an interesting piece of news. I have heard of Haig Patigian's McKinley statue in bronze that was in a foundry at the time of the fire and was found in perfect condition among the ruins, but Aitken's loss I never heard mentioned. However, the sculptor has probably long since ceased to mourn it, for he is in great demand now. The Sun says he is a fine portrait painter as well as a sculptor and that Francis Wilson, De Witt Miller and Arnold Genthe have been among his sitters; also that he has just completed bronze doors for the tombs of B. J. Greenhut and Mrs. John W. Gates.

The Vermandois Family

I've been looking up this Vermandois family and I find that there are interesting things about it which the eugenists haven't told us, but which I am sure, it will do no harm to repeat, for, after all, going back to Isabella is almost like going back to Eve or Lilith. Vermandois was a French countship composed

of St. Quentin and Peronne. Herbert I, the earliest of its hereditary counts, was descended in the direct male line from Charlemagne, though from which of his multitudinous wives I don't pretend to know. Charlemagne, it will be remembered, was a great marryer and divorcer, with only a rudimentary knowledge of eugenic principles. This Herbert I had his little brawls, like all other nobles of his time, and was killed by an assassin in the pay of Baldwin II, Count of Flanders. This happened in 902. His son Hertbert II was known as a man absolutely devoid of principle, eugenic or otherwise. From 902 to 943 he greatly increased the territorial power of the house of Vermandois and kept the king of France a prisoner for six years. Perhaps one of the reasons why this king was called Charles the Simple was that he let a Vermandois handle him so roughly. This hectoring Herbert was followed by several unimportant counts until we come to Herbert IV who in 1077 received the countship of Valois in right of his wife. He was the last male of the first house of Vermandois. He left his inheritance to his daughter Adela.

Hugh the Crusader

This Adela, it seems to me, deserves a special mention, because without her there would have been no Isabella for Doc. Jordan to dig up. According to our eugenists she was Isabella's mother. Adela was married twice. Her first husband in whom alone we are interested, was Hugh the Great. Hugh was quite a prominent citizen of his time. He was brother to King Philip I and was one of the leaders of the First Crusade, dying in 1102 in St. Paul's old city of Tarsus. Fortunately he raised a family before he went a-crusading. That is to say, I take it for granted that he did. Crusaders sometimes came home and found heirs they hadn't expected. Which reminds me of an enfant terrible story told in an English book of memoirs I read some years ago, though who the author was I have forgotten. It seems that some noble children of the last decade gave a play at Windsor for the delectation of their noble papas and mamas. The play was planned by the youngsters and dealt with a Crusader returning to his spouse. The Crusader after embracing his wife recounted at great length the bloody execution he had dealt to the paythan dogs before the walls of Jerusalem. Mrs. Crusader was enraptured with the bravery of her lord and master, and told him so. "But behold," she said, "while you have been at war I too have not been idle." Whereupon she called his attention to a cradle in which nestled six baby dolls representing her domestic accomplishment!

A Leper in the Family

But this is a digression. Let us return to our eugenic muttons. I take it that the Isabella of whom we have heard so much during the past week was a daughter of Hugh the Great and Adela. The eugenists say so, and I accept the statement, though I do not find the great woman mentioned in my encyclopedia's account of the Vermandois family. I do find another Isabella who was a granddaughter of Adela and Hugh the Great. The eldest son of Crusading Hugh and Adela was Count Raoul I who married Alix



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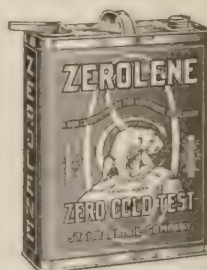
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of Guyenne, the sister of Queen Eleanor. Raoul and Alix had three children. First there was Raoul II who was Count from 1152 to 1167. Then there was Isabella who possessed from 1167 to 1183 the countships of Vermandois, Valois and Amiens conjointly with her husband Philip of Alsace; and finally there was an Eleanor. I mention this generation on purpose, for I think it should interest the eugenists. That eldest son Raoul II was nicknamed "The Leper." Now whether he was a moral leper or merely an unfortunate afflicted with the physical disease I do not know, but in either case he ought to be worth an eugenist's attention.

The Skeleton in Her Closet

On the heels of Doc Jordan's exploitation of Isabella comes the announcement that a Philadelphia genealogist who lacks chivalry has dragged the skeleton from her ancient closet. According to this expert climber of family trees Isabella was no better than she should have been. Isabella, it seems, has a cloud on her title to chastity. The specifications are that her first

husband Earl Robert of Leicester was sixty-six when their first child was born and that she kept on presenting him with children up to the time when he was eighty. Then the old man became a monk and died of mortification. Isabella, it seems, did not wear weeds long. She married handsome young William de Warren about whose relations to the young wife of the old earl people had been gossiping, as people will, for many years. I am not competent to pass upon this evidence. Isabella may have been dreadfully maligned. Perhaps we should regard her as a medieval martyr to gossip. Or maybe her enthusiasm for eugenics overcame her wifely devotion. She may have decided that the handsome young man was a fitter father for her children than the aged earl who, as like as not, was gouty and debilitated. This is another question which I should like to have the eugenists pass on.

A Doctor's Dictum

Of course there is no particular reason why the paternity of Isabella's children should be questioned, at least some of them. We have the authority of the doctor in the story. The doctor was an old family physician with a ripe wisdom born of long experience. An anxious bridegroom of sixty asked him whether a sexagenarian might

hope to have an heir. And the doctor replied: "A man of fifty, sometimes; a man of sixty, rarely; a man of seventy, never; a man of eighty, invariably."

A New Game

Some time ago I explained the rules of a game called "automobile dice" which is played by blasé motorists as they whirl through the Park to the beach. But there's a newer game, a game which the lowly pedestrian may play, a game which women as well as men may indulge in with perfect propriety. The stakes may be as large or as small as you please. It consists in walking a certain number of blocks with your friend, betting him that you will be able to hail by name more acquaintances than he. Try it; it's quite fascinating. Maurice Griffin and Edgar Mizner played it on Christmas Day. Leaving the Olympic Club Griffin bet Mizner a magnum of wine that he would hail more acquaintances than Mizner before they reached the corner of Powell and Market streets. At first it looked black for Mizner. Chortling with glee Griffin hailed Gus Eisen who was speeding up Powell street in his car so fast that Mizner missed him. Griffin also waved a greeting to Charley Holbrooke who was on his way to the aviation meet. Then Griffin added "Big Bill" Travis and two companions to his score and made it an even half dozen by stopping to speak to his own chauffeur. But crossing O'Farrell street Edgar hailed brother Lansing coming from Tait's, and passed the compliments of the season with a cigar clerk. The rest of the walk down Powell street was barren of acquaintances, for the Christmas crowd was small. But in the last block Mizner had an inspiration. He suggested to Griffin that they drop into the Alaska Club. They did, and as soon as they were inside it was "Hello, Cap," "Howdy, Colonel," "Merry Christmas, Jack" and so on until the score stood eighteen for Mizner to six for Griffin. So Maurice Griffin ordered the magnum.

Wilson Mizner's Christmas

Wilson Mizner spent Christmas at sea. And it didn't cost him a cent. It was a bet, and to win the bet he had to spend Christmas at sea. But as the bet was paid before his steamer sailed, Wilson's Christmas made no demand on his own pocketbook. It seems that a day or so before Christmas Wilson Mizner was lunching at Rector's when George Bauchle, a well known Broadway boulevardier, joined him. The conversation turned on Yuletide, and Mizner said the season always made him melancholy. Said he wished he could get away from New York for the holiday season. "Why don't you go to sea?" asked Bauchle. "I'd take the first steamer for Europe if it were made worth my while" challenged Wilson. "Bet you a thousand you won't," said Bauchle. "You're on," exclaimed Mizner. The Mauretania was due to sail in thirty-five minutes. Wilson boarded her within ten minutes of sailing time without luggage or change of clothes, but one thousand dollars to the good.

The Passion for Books

It is said that after the fire many San Franciscans began gathering books for new libraries before they thought of kitchen utensils and tableware. They appear to be still at it. This is a great book-buying community. Auction sales of books always draw large crowds, and we have more retail book-stores now than we had before the fire. There was an extraordinary demand for books during the holidays, yet when Paul Elder announced a clearance sale the other day there was a rush to his store. Elder is selling at big reduced prices everything in every department except the books protected by the American Publishers' Association.

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Real Estate, Bank Buildings, Furniture, Fixtures and Safe Deposit Vaults.....	638,986.85
Time Loans (Collateral and Personal).....	763,337.84
Customers' Liability under Letters of Credit.....	30,886.10
Other Assets.....	38,871.36
United States, State, Municipal and Other Bonds.....	\$1,846,768.60
Demand Loans (Collateral and Personal).....	2,400,406.25
CASH.....	1,580,478.43
	<u>5,827,653.28</u>
	\$11,228,814.56

LIABILITIES

Capital Fully Paid.....	\$ 1,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits.....	251,437.30
Dividends Unpaid.....	30,473.00
Letters of Credit.....	30,886.10
DEPOSITS.....	<u>9,916,018.16</u>
	\$11,228,814.56

State of California
City and County of San Francisco

A. P. GIANNINI and A. PEDRINI, being each, separately, duly sworn, each for himself, says that said A. P. Giannini is Vice-President and that said A. Pedrini is Cashier of the Bank of Italy, the Corporation above mentioned, and that every statement contained therein is true of our own knowledge and belief.

A. P. GIANNINI.
A. PEDRINI.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 31st day of December, 1912.

THOMAS S. BURNES, Notary Public.

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As Shown by a Comparative Statement of Our Assets

December 31, 1904.....	\$285,436.97	December 31, 1909.....	\$3,817,217.79
December 31, 1905.....	\$1,021,290.80	DECEMBER 31, 1910.....	\$6,539,861.47
DECEMBER 31, 1906.....	\$1,899,947.28	DECEMBER 31, 1911.....	\$8,379,347.02
DECEMBER 31, 1907.....	\$2,221,347.35	DECEMBER 31, 1912.....	\$11,228,814.56
December 31, 1908.....	\$2,574,004.90		

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

The Celebration

It was numerically and financially the biggest New Year's Eve celebration we have ever had. There was more confetti thrown, more serpentine unwound, more food consumed, more champagne uncorked, more music and more dancing than ever before in the history of our riotous New Year's Eve celebrations. The hotels were jammed; the beach places were jammed; so were the cafes; and even the clubs threw open their doors as never before. The dear ladies were admitted to the hospitality of the Union League, the Press, the Olympic, the Concordia and several other clubs. And right merrily did they disport themselves in these realms of masculine exclusiveness. More people came from out of town than ever before. I heard, for instance, of a steamer load which came from Santa Cruz and Watsonville. For a month the railroad and steamship companies advertised up and down the coast, including Los Angeles, "Spend New Year's Eve in San Francisco." The hint was taken. Indeed people are beginning to flock to this celebration as they flock to New Orleans for the Mardi Gras.

More Home Parties

But I noticed a decided change. Hundreds of local people who have been conspicuous in the hotels and cafes in former years were not in evidence. They were not missed because the crowds have been swelled enormously from outside places. These people tired of the strenuous street celebration several years ago and took to the hotels and restaurants. Now they have begun to tire of the hotels and restaurants. So this time they had their celebrations at home. I never heard of so many home celebrations of New Year's Eve. Families with big homes invited congenial parties and danced and toasted merrily without going downtown at all, or if they did, it was for a short spin in a limousine just to look at the crowds. Then too there were a number of balls which took people away from the usual New Year's Eve haunts. Most important was the ball given at the Palace by Dr. Harry Tevis. Many of those invited to the Tevis dance gave dinner parties at their homes instead of going to the big hotels as they usually do on these social occasions. These included the Athearn Folgers, the Harry Holbrooks and others. Then there was also the ball given by Mrs. Henry Williams for her two daughters Florence and Corona. Miss Doris Kilgarif gave a very beautiful dance for the members of the subdebutedante set. And there were a good many other balls of minor importance, socially considered. So this celebration was different from those which pre-

ceded it. Just as much fun, but more domestic hospitality, so to speak. It was decidedly a change for the better.

Miss Stone's "Illness"

That Miss Jennie Stone was not on hand to receive her guests when they presented themselves at her ball on Friday night was commented on, until it was explained that she was temporarily indisposed and would appear later in the evening. When she finally came down to the ball room about midnight radiant in a white satin gown trimmed with priceless ermine it was remarked that every sign of illness had been eliminated most remarkably, and that her physician must be a wonder. As a matter of fact while her guests were arriving Miss Stone was hurriedly directing a corps of assistants in a basement room of the hotel who were unpacking under her direction the wonderful foreign favors and decorations which she had brought with her from Germany and which have been the talk of the city since. Some fluke of delivery or custom house delay, and the determination of Miss Stone to unpack the things herself as she had packed them with her own hands abroad, caused her to decide to abandon her arriving guests to the care of her nieces while she made certain that the decorations she had devised for her supper tables were transferred safely from their tissue paper wrappings in the basement to the Laurel Court. And the polite fiction of being ill when critical situations cannot be met is always the privilege of a hostess.

Balls and Those Bidden to Them

Miss Stone's dance which was rated as one of the handsomest balls of the season had the unique distinction of being the only big affair at which the guests were all personally known to the hostess. Much has been written and more has been said of the social climber whose ambition in life is to appear at smart functions and be noted among those present but scarcely if ever do we hear of the hostess in San Francisco who aims to lend distinction to her affairs by including among her guests persons of social prominence whom she does not know. The subterfuges which this sort of hostess resorts to, to inveigle desirable people to her home are quite as amusing often as the schemes of those who angle for invitations to the affairs of the socially elect. At the Sharon ball the privilege of inviting the guests was delegated to Mrs. Harry Mendel Jr. and Miss Augusta Foute and only a small percentage of those present knew the hostess. One prominent matron who had been promised an invitation by Mrs. Jack Breckenridge had not received it up to five o'clock on the afternoon of the ball and was so overcome by disappointment in consequence that a sympathizing friend telephoned to Augusta Foute who has the reputation of being the kindest hearted girl in society and the coveted pasteboard was forthcoming immediately. This completely explodes the rumor that the lady went to the ball without any invitation. At the Emory Winship ball there were a number of guests present who were not generally known to be on intimate terms with the hostess and her sister. Perhaps some of them did not know

these gracious women very well, but they were very glad to be invited and had an enjoyable evening.

Dr. Tevis' Fair Assistants

Dr. Harry Tevis entertained at dinner on last Saturday evening. The fact would be of minor importance, for Dr. Harry Tevis entertains a great deal, were it not that Dr. Tevis put his guests to work. It sounds unconventional, but it's a fact. Dr. Tevis wanted the favors for his big New Year's Eve party properly tied up, and he did not see fit to entrust the task to awkward fingers. So he enlisted the dainty skill of his fair guests for this work. Among those who helped the doctor in this way were Gussie Foute, Ethel McAllister and Louise Janin. Don't tell me that society girls are useless butterflies!

A Chinese Romance

The johnnies who drop into Tait's are wasting their time flirting with the pretty little Chinese maiden who passes around the chocolates during the afternoon. The little lady in her dainty Chinese gear is very attractive and some of our foolish boys show her a lot of attention. I hear that she has even received flowers accompanied by notes full of ardent admiration. But the little miss is not impressed with these occidental attentions. And I know the reason why. She has a Chinese sweetheart at the University of California, a clever young chap who is preparing himself for a professional career. One of these days the little Chinese maid will be missing. Then you'll know that the miss is a Mrs. and has sailed away for an oriental honeymoon.

Helen Woolworth Here

How many people have forgotten that the Crocker National Bank used to be the Crocker-Woolworth? I was reminded of the fact the other day when I saw Helen Woolworth on the street. Helen is the only daughter of the late Charles Woolworth who was one of the founders of the bank. Helen Woolworth is alone in the world now, both her parents being dead. She makes her home in Paris, and her visit here is one of the first in several years. Her old friends have been very glad to see her. I imagine Helen is committed to spinsterhood by choice, though she is very wealthy. Will some of our needy bachelors lay their hearts at her feet? I

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imagine they might just as well save themselves the trouble.

The Crockers Are God-parents

Both Mr. and Mrs. Templeton Crocker acted as god-parents on New Year's Day, thus beginning the year by assuming rather weighty responsibilities. Mrs. Templeton Crocker and George Pope were the god-parents of the Talbot Walker baby boy which was christened at St. Mary's Cathedral. Templeton Crocker and Mrs. Oscar Cooper were sponsors for the Baldwin Wood youngster, the baptism taking place at the Wood home.

William Lynham Shiels

Widespread was the sorrow caused by the death of William Lynham Shiels in this city Christmas night. A man of many fine traits of character was Shiels and he was beloved by many friends. He was a son of William Shiels who in the early fifties and in later years was prominent in the upbuilding of San Francisco. He received his early schooling at Dr. Holbrook's Military Academy on the Hudson, and he graduated from Edinburgh University and also from the Harvard law school. Owing to ill health he had not practiced law of late years. Nine years ago he married the beautiful Elsie Bennett of Oakland and they have been living of late at their country home near Los Gatos. Mr. Shiels was a brother of Mrs. Ernest Kinloch Johnstone, who, with her husband, is at present in London, of Mrs. Robert T. Allan of Canada, Dr. George Franklin Shiels of New York, D. J. Wilson Shiels of San Francisco and Dr. Charles H. Shiels of Scotland. Mrs. Shiels came to town on the Monday before Christmas to spend the holiday season with her cousin Mrs. Thomas H. Williams and so be near her husband on Christmas Day. Although it was known when Mr. Shiels went to the hospital in November that he was suffering from a general breakdown, the end on Christmas Day was not expected. He was unconscious several hours before his death and passed away with his wife, his elder daughter and his brother Dr. J. Wilson Shiels at his bedside.

Truxtun's New Home

Truxtun Beale is to have a country place near the national capital. He has purchased several hundred acres in the neighborhood of the Joe Leiter estate which is near the Chevy Chase Country Club, and will set up as a country gentleman. The old Beale home in Washington is known as the Decatur mansion. It is a grim, forbidding sort of house and Truxtun likes it as little as his wife Marie Oge Beale does. Mrs. Beale has assumed a definite place in Washington society, largely through the friendship of Madame Bahkmeteff, the wife of the Russian Ambassador and Truxtun Beale's sister.

Mrs. Works and Mrs. Stephens

A certain section of Washington society has

opened its arms to Mrs. John D. Works, the wife of our Senator and Mrs. Stephens, the wife of the Los Angeles congressman. These two women are inseparable. Just now Mrs. Works is superintending the preparations for the debut of Barbara Stephens which will take place on January 7 in the capital. There is to be a reception described as splendid. An eastern paper writing of the daughter of Congressman Stephens says she is pretty and "has all the dash and naivete peculiar to the girls from the Golden Gate." Dashing and naive Miss Stephens may be but she acquired her charm south of Tehachapi, not near the Golden Gate.

A Sousa Story

Those who have nothing better to do may spend a few moments trying to guess the names of the California women to whom John Philip Sousa refers in the following which I extract from a New York weekly:

At the first luncheon in Honolulu I sat beside a very pretty matron of perhaps thirty, a California woman, visiting on the islands. Her married name was a most unusual one, and I had never heard it before. The baptismal cognomen was Maud. That evening I dined at another house, and sitting opposite was a handsome blonde of the stately variety, and she also bore the same surname as the lady I had met at luncheon. She was christened Lillian. After the concert I went to still another house for supper. At my right sat a vivacious brunette, very fascinating and an unusually good talker. Strange to relate, she also had the same name. I said: "I have been nearly everywhere, but I cannot recall ever having heard your name before I came to Honolulu, and only within the last twelve hours you are the third bit of femininity with that appellation I have met; of course, you must be related to the others." "Yes, and no; and no and yes," replied the vivacious one; "there is a relationship, but it would be rather difficult to define, for, you see, Maud's second husband was Lillian's first, and is my third."

A Tale of Pink Silk Stockings

Did a fair local matron wear a beautiful pair of pink silk stockings at the opening ball of the Hotel Oakland? I don't know, and I presume it's none of my business, but I can't help wondering. The reason is simple enough. In the late afternoon of the day on which the ball took place her husband went to the barber shop of the St. Francis. This husband is one of our most popular of banking men, and he found many of his club friends reclining in the chairs or waiting to be barbered. To one of these who shall be nameless hubby displayed with a great deal of pride a beautiful pair of pink silk stockings, explaining that he had bought them for his wife to wear at the Hotel Oakland ball that evening. They were indeed worthy of rapturous attention, and the friend of the husband expressed his admiration for them. But when hubby hearkened to the call of "next!" this perfidious friend deftly extracted the package containing the pink silk stockings from hubby's coat pocket and presented them with a pretty speech to the very attractive manicure of the St. Francis barber shop. So I am wondering what hubby did when he discovered his loss.

A NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION. Make a resolution to bring home a box of Geo. Haas & Sons' candies often during the New Year. Four stories at which to purchase them: Phelan Building; Fillmore at Ellis; Polk at Sutter, and 28 Market St., near Ferry.

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Year's First Concert at Kohler and Chase

With the program to be given at Kohler & Chase Hall next Saturday afternoon, January 4, Kohler & Chase begin the new series of events for 1913. A varied and exceedingly interesting array of compositions has been prepared. Prof. John Jones, baritone, a Palo Alto singer of merit will be the soloist. Among his songs will be The Two Grenadiers by Wagner. Another number that should make an impression is an extensive and judiciously selected set of excerpts from the opera Carmen to be played on the Aeolian Pipe Organ.

Brilliant Dinners at the Tavern

Techau Tavern has been the scene of many parties lately. On December 30, the employees of A. Schilling & Co. held a banquet at the



BIRD'S EYE VIEW FAMOUS HOTEL GREEN, PASADENA, CAL.

Tavern. On Sunday night Ex-Judge Cutler, partner of former Governor Gillett, gave a dinner to a group of friends. Mr. Joseph Raas, senior member of E. G. Lyons & Raas Co., was the host at an elaborate dinner on the night of December 28, and Mr. Langerman, secretary of one of San Francisco's leading banking institutions, gave a dinner at the Tavern on the night of December 27.

In the Social Spotlight

Mr. Isidor Jacobs, president of the California Canneries Company who is at present in the Hawaiian Islands in connection with business interests, will return about January 17.

Madame de Pasquali who so graciously entertained San Francisco on Christmas Eve at Lotta's Fountain, before returning to New York to fill her annual engagement with the Metropolitan Opera House forces, has gone for a few days motoring south as far as Del Monte, Monterey, etc. She will be on this trip the guest of Mr. and Mrs. George McCaslin of New York.

SECOND SEASON OF THE KOHLER & CHASE

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No Cards of Admission Required
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A Beerbohm Tree Story

One day Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree walked leisurely into the West Strand post office, which is a particularly busy place. The young women clerks there have no time for frivolity. What between selling stamps, answering the telephone, weighing parcels and counting the words in telegrams their minds are completely occupied and their faces wear a worried look that won't come off.

Sir Herbert strolled up to the counter and leaning over said in his suavest tones: "Do you sell stamps here?"

"What kind?" snapped the girl, who didn't recognize him.

"I should like to see some penny stamps."

"How many?"

"I should like to see some, please."

The girl gave him a contemptuous glance,

opened the blank book in which they keep the sheets of stamps in England, pulled out a sheet of a hundred and shoved it in front of him. Sir Herbert adjusted his monocle and studied the sheet carefully for a full minute. Then very deliberately he placed his gloved finger on the stamp exactly in the middle of the sheet and with his peculiar lisp and most innocent expression said: "I'll take that one, please."

The girl snatched the sheet back, tore one off the corner and passed it to him. Sir Herbert picked it up as though it was of priceless value.

"How much, please?"

"Penny."

"Really! Only a penny! That is very reasonable. I shall tell all my friends to come here to buy their stamps."

Even the worried post office girl couldn't withstand such sublime idiocy and smiled. Immediately she did so Sir Herbert dropped the mask and laughingly handed her a sovereign.

"That's yours," said he. "I made a bet with myself that try as hard as I could I would not be able to make a post office girl smile, and you win."

Basis of Sympathy

His faithful wife proposed to array herself in her most becoming frocks, a different frock each day, and sit by her husband's side throughout his trial.

"It will move the jury," she argued, "to sympathy for you!"

But the man shook his head. "No—there's no way of informing them how much the frocks cost me!"

Just Reasonable

Sandy was an elder in the church, and a truly pious man. He had an eye for beauty and a love for it, but he married Tina because he knew she would make him an excellent wife.

"I suppose Tina is a handsome lass?" said Sandy's cousin, who met him in Glasgow not long after the marriage, and had never seen the bride. "I ken ye've gude taste, Sandy."

"Aweel," said the bridegroom, cautiously, "she's the Lord's handiwork, Tammas. I'm no' prepared to say she is His masterpiece."

A woman is always fond of talking about what she would do if she were a man, while a man contents himself about talking about what he wouldn't do if he were a woman.

"She has the makings of a fine girl."

"Yes; her frame work is excellent."

Professor—What is the best environment for calves?

Student—Silk stockings.

A SKIN OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM

OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER

Purifies as well as beautifies the skin. No other cosmetic will do it.



Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test for 62 years; no other has, and it is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the last harmful of all the skin preparations."

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Gossip of the Theatre

The Godowsky Concerts

Under the management of Will Greenbaum, Leopold Godowsky will give his first piano recital at the Columbia this Sunday afternoon, January 5, at 2:30 p. m. The program will be one of rare beauty and interest including the



LOLA MERRILL

Who will appear next week at the Orpheum.

seldom played Chopin Sonata in B flat and Godowsky's adaptations of old masterpieces and his wonderful contrapuntal paraphrase on Strauss' Artist's Life Waltzes. The second and farewell Godowsky concert with an entire change of program will be given at the Columbia on Sunday afternoon, January 12. Seats are on sale at the usual music stores and on Sunday at the Columbia. Godowsky will play a special program in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse on Tuesday afternoon, January 14, at 3:15 p. m. For this event seats will be ready at Ye Liberty next Thursday, January 9.

Sembrich Comes Next

Mme. Marcella Sembrich, unquestionably the greatest living woman exponent of the true art of "bel canto" and one of the few singers equally authoritative in operatic and concert repertoire, will be the next of the great vocal stars to scintillate here. Assisted by Gutia Casini, a seventeen-year-old 'cello prodigy, and Frank La Forge, the composer-pianist, she will give concerts at the Columbia on Sunday afternoons, January 19 and 26, and in Oakland on Friday afternoon, January 24. Mail orders for these events may now be sent to Will L. Greenbaum at Sherman, Clay and Company's and H. W. Bishop at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland.

Rider-Kelsey and Cunningham Coming

Mme. Corinne Rider-Kelsey, the famous American soprano of the concert stage, and Claude Cunningham, the baritone, will be heard in joint recitals under the Greenbaum management the latter part of this month. The exact dates will

be announced next week. This will be the first tour of these artists in the West and the impresario predicts a surprise for those who have not heard their beautiful singing. In the East they are most popular and their names always serve to crowd a house.

The Beel Quartet

The fourth concert of the Beel Quartet will be given this coming Tuesday night in the ballroom of the St. Francis. The novelty will be a series of Bagatelles by Dvorak for two violins, 'cello and harmonium, and Mr. Henri Salz will be the assisting artist. Quartets by Beethoven and Brahms will complete the offering. Tickets are for sale at the regular Greenbaum box offices and may also be secured at the door on Tuesday night.

Pacific Coast Grand Opera

Mario Lambardi's dream of a permanent grand opera company on the Pacific Coast seems about to be realized. The organization numbering one hundred and twenty-five commenced its career here in October with a three-week season and made a stupendous success. This was followed by a similar triumph in Los Angeles, after which the entire organization toured the coast as far as Vancouver. The second half of the season of 1912-13 will be devoted to a month's engagement at Los Angeles after which a special closing season will be given in this city at the Valencia, opening Sunday night, January 26, with



GUSTIA CASINI

'Cellist with Mme. Sembrich.

a great production of "Aida." When Patrizi and Lambardi engaged the company for its first season it was arranged to have a number of new principals for the second half, as these managers realized that our public likes new faces occasionally. The new comers will be Mme. Esther Adaberto, the dramatic soprano who created a sensation here four years ago and who has since been a member of the Metropolitan forces, Mme. Regina Vicarino, the young coloratura soprano who has been singing with Bonci in Mexico and who, it is predicted, will within five years be classed among the world's greatest coloratura singers, Mme. Lina Bertossi, the lyric soprano who attracted so much attention at the operatic season at the Chutes, Miss Blanche Hamilton Fox, an American contralto who has won fame in Italy, and Eugenio Folco, a young tenor who has been singing in France. Several other new artists are en route from Europe to join the organization. The orchestra and chorus are of course in perfect trim after playing and singing

together for four months, and the new conductor will be Signor Arturo Bovi who was brought to this country to direct the big production of Mendelssohn's "Elijah" in operatic form. Will L. Greenbaum will manage the season.

"Paid in Full" at the Alcazar

"Paid in Full" which is to be the Alcazar's offering next week, will present Evelyn Vaughan, Bert Lytell and the best talent of the stock company in characters widely variant from those in which they have appeared during the last fortnight. Indeed it would be difficult to mention two plays more antipodal in all things than Eugene Walter's masterpiece and "The Fortune Hunter," nor would it be easy to name two modern dramatic works that have been enjoyed by more people. "Paid in Full" drives home its vital lesson with vigorous strokes and Winchell Smith's comedy conveys its teaching by means of light satire, yet both reach the popular heart and have an enduring grip. Therefore the versatility of the Alcazar's co-stars and their stage associates will be given stringent test in their next vehicle.

Constance Crawley at the Orpheum

The Orpheum show next week will be headed by the famous English star Constance Crawley who will be remembered as having scored a tremendous hit in Ben Greet's production of "Everyman." Miss Crawley will present for the first time in this city Oscar Wilde's famous one-act play "A Florentine Tragedy." She will have the support of her own company which includes that clever English actor Arthur Maude. The Harvey family, consisting of three men and two women who are considered the most marvelous of European aerialists, will be seen for the first time in this city. Chris Richards, "the eccentric English chap," will make his first appearance here. He sings, does some juggling feats, and is an eccentric dancer. Lola Merrill and Frank



MISS MABEL SUTTON

A beautiful young actress as one of the Starry Daughters of Night in Maeterlinck's play, "The Blue Bird" at the Cort commencing Monday, January 6.

Otto will offer a dainty and amusing act called "After the Shower." Monroe Hopkins and Lola Axtell will introduce in "Traveling" a clever travesty on railway travel. Next week concludes the engagements of Winona Winter; Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie Barry and the Schmiettans. It will also be the last of inimitable Walter C. Kelly, "The Virginia Judge."

"Ben-Hur" at the Columbia

For entertainment, deep interest, keen excitement and exaltation of spirit, "Ben-Hur" which will be the offering at the Columbia for two weeks beginning Monday night, January 6, is a sure attraction. The Wallace romance is the strongest of the plays based on Biblical themes, and its extended runs in all the large cities during the thirteen successful seasons of its career are most potent proof of its popularity. The plot conceived by Wallace has been deftly dramatized by William Young and so cleverly staged by Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger that the produc-



GODOWSKY

Master-pianist who will appear at the Columbia Theatre Sunday afternoons, January 5 and 12.

tion must be classed as the most magnificent of the decade. Even in these days of lavish expenditure the settings of "Ben-Hur" are incomparably splendid. It is well to bear in mind that the curtain rises on the evening performance of "Ben-Hur" promptly at 8 o'clock and at 2 o'clock at the matinee, and that no one will be seated during the Prelude, which shows the appearance of the Star of Bethlehem to the Three Wise Men, and which should be seen by all who would thoroughly enjoy the performance of "Ben-Hur."

Arthur Hadley's Debut

On Friday, January 3, Arthur Hadley, the solo violoncellist of the San Francisco Orchestra made his debut at the Symphony Concert in his brother's new Konzertsueck for 'cello and orchestra. This was the first performance of the work in San Francisco as well as Arthur Hadley's first public appearance here. He has for many years been well known as a violoncellist of merit. At an early age he showed unusual talent for the 'cello, his studies being pursued in Boston under Fritz Giesi's direction. He then went to Vienna where he studied under Rhinhold Hummer (solo 'cellist of the Imperial Opera) and later spent several years in Budapest under the instruction of the great Bohemian 'cellist, David Popper. Returning to America Mr. Hadley made many concert tours throughout the East and Middle West and was the solo 'cellist of The Boston Festival Orchestra for several years. He also established a Trio known as the Eaton-Hadley

Trio. For the past nine years he has been a member of The Boston Symphony Orchestra. He plays on a very rare old Italian instrument, a genuine Ruggeri made in 1673 and formerly the solo instrument of his old master David Popper.

"The Blue Bird" at the Cort

The long awaited New Theatre production of "The Blue Bird" comes to the Cort Theatre for two weeks beginning Monday, January 6, with matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays. Written by the Belgian prose-poet Maeterlinck for French readers, it became the rage in Russia where it was first seen in a staged version. Next England discovered "The Blue Bird" by means of Herbert Trench's gorgeous production at the Haymarket Theatre; then New York at the New Theatre. Paris, Berlin, Tokio and Melbourne followed suit. Last season it ran for forty weeks in the large cities betwixt New York and Chicago. It is a magnificent spectacle, both a children's and a grown-ups' play. The New Theatre production with its three parts and eleven beautiful scenes, is promised intact. The cast of 100 adult and juvenile players also continues unimpaired.

Women Athletes at Pantages

An excellent bill of the cream of the Pantages circuit will open at the local house Sunday afternoon. The show is headed by the famous Tasmanian Van Diemans, comprising six beautifully formed lady athletes. The sextette carries magnificent stage mountings. A trained troupe of sea monsters is Tiebor's seals. Ponte and Christopher are sweet singing Italian serenaders. Daly's Minstrels, composed of five old time black face artists, enact a minstrel first part. "Miss Manicure" is a sparkling little comedienne presented by Nevins and Gordon. Charles King and Virginia Thornton will return for their farewell appearance in San Francisco prior to leaving for Australia, with a dramatic playlet "The Counsellor." The Gabberts have a neat gymnastic act. Reels of comedy motion pictures will round out the bill.

The Popular Concert

The first popular concert of the New Year, and the seventh of the present series of ten popular concerts to be given by the San Francisco Orchestra, will be given at the Cort Friday afternoon, January 10, at 3:15 o'clock. The Music Committee of the Musical Association of San Francisco and Conductor Henry Hadley have placed the stamp of approval upon the program and state that as a musical offering it leaves nothing to be desired. The program follows: Verdi, Grand March from "Aida"; Lalo, Overture, L'Roi Dys, concerto for violin and orchestra; Renaldo Hahn, Suite from Ballet, "Chez Terese"; Hadley, Suite from "The Atonement of Pan" (new—first time in San Francisco); Tchaikowsky, Overture, 1812.

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Market Street, Opposite Mason
Week Starting Sunday Matinee, January 5th
World Famous Acrobatic Sextet
TASMANIAN VAN DIEMAN'S
5 Society Lady Gymnasts

A Treat for Big and Little Folks
TIEBOR'S SEALS
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7 OTHER BIG FEATURES

Matinee Daily at 2:30. Nights, 7:15 and 9:15. Sunday and Holidays Matinees at 1:30 and 3:30. Nights Continuous from 6:30.
Prices—10c, 20c and 30c.

Many a fellow who aims at happiness is a mighty poor shot.

AMUSEMENTS

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BEGINNING MONDAY NIGHT, JANUARY 6th

Engagement Limited to Two Weeks
Klaw and Erlanger's Stupendous International Production
of Gen. Wallace's

"BEN-HUR"

200 People—16 Horses in the Great Chariot Race
Prices: Evenings and Saturday Matinee, 50c to \$2.00.
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Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon. Matinee Every Day
THE HIGHEST STANDARD OF VAUDEVILLE
MISS CONSTANCE CRAWLEY, the English Star and her Company including Mr. Arthur Maude in "A Florentine Tragedy" by Oscar Wilde; THE HARVEY FAMILY; CHRIS RICHARDS; MERRILL and OTTO; HOPKINS and AXTELL; WINONA WINTER; MR and MRS. JIMMIE BARRY; THE SCHMETTANS; NEW DAY-LIGHT MOTION PICTURES. Last Week—Immense Hit of WALTER C. KELLY, "The Virginia Judge."
Evening Prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, \$1.00.
Matinee Prices (except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c.
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EVELYN VAUGHAN and BERT LYTELL

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With a Capable Cast and Elaborate Staging
Prices: Night, 25c to \$1; Matinees: 25c to 50c.
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STARTING MONDAY NIGHT—TWO WEEKS
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Maeterlinck's Exquisite Fantasy

"THE BLUE BIRD"

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GODOWSKY

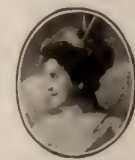
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TUESDAY AFTERNOON, January 14th
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FRIDAY AFTERNOON, January 24th
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Mail Orders to Ye Liberty Playhouse

Baldwin Piano Used.
COMING—Mme. Rider-Kelsey, Soprano and Claude Cunningham, Baritone.
Soon! Lombardi Pacific Coast Opera Co.

L'Arrabbiata

(Continued from Page 8.)

mother has forbidden me ever to tell a word of this, but it had such an effect upon her that during all the long years since he died she has never been well. And if she dies soon, which heaven forbid, I shall know what caused it."

The little priest nodded his head gently and seemed undecided how far his penitent was in the right. At last he said: "Forgive him as your mother forgave. Do not allow your thoughts to dwell on sad scenes, Laurella. Better times will come for you and make you forget all these things."

And after a pause: "But did you believe that painter capable of treating you cruelly?"

"He made eyes like I have seen my father make when he was begging pardon of my mother and would take her in his arms and speak kindly to her again. I know those eyes! A man can make them who has it in his heart to strike his poor wife who has never done him harm. I was terror-stricken when I saw it."

Thereupon she became persistently silent. The pastor also remained quiet.

When, after a two-hour journey, they arrived at the little harbor of Capri, Antonino carried the reverend gentleman from the boat through the shallow water and set him carefully down. But Laurella did not wait until he had waded back for her. Gathering her petticoats together and carrying her wooden shoes in one hand and her bundle in the other, she splashed hurriedly to the shore.

"I shall stay quite a long time at Capri," said the padre, "and you need not wait for me. Perhaps I shall come home tomorrow. When you return, Laurella, remember me to your mother. I shall visit you this week. You are certainly going back before night?"

"If a chance offers," said the girl, smoothing out her coat.

"You know that I must go back," said Antonino in purposely indifferent tone. "I shall wait until vespers for you. If you don't come then, it will be all the same to me."

"You must go, Laurella," broke in the priest. "You can't leave your mother all night alone. Do you have to go far?"

"To a vineyard at Anacapri."

"And I must go to Capri. God bless thee, my child, and thee also, my son."

Laurella kissed her hand to him, and spoke a single word of farewell, which the padre and Antonino might share. Antonino, however, appropriated none of it to himself. He took off his cap to the priest and did not look at Laurella.

But when both had turned their backs he looked only for a moment at the priest, toilsomely plodding down the gravelly beach, and then directed his gaze steadily upon the girl who had turned up the hill to the right, shielding her eyes with her hand from the bright sun. Just before the road disappeared between two walls, she stopped for a moment, as though to draw breath, and saw him. Each made a gesture of excuse, as though it were an unintentional occurrence, and the girl, with set lips, continued on her way.

It was an hour past noon, and Antonino had been sitting for two hours on a bench in front of the fishermen's tavern. Something was disturbing his mind, for every few minutes he sprang up, walked out into the sun and closely scanned the roads that led to left and right toward the two towns in the interior. The weather seemed doubtful to him, he remarked to the hostess of the inn. It was clear, but he knew this color of sky and sea. It had been like this just before the last great storm.

The woman was bringing a bottle of the pure wine of Capri when a crunching of the sand was heard and Laurella appeared, returning from Anacapri. She nodded a hasty greeting and stood undecided.

Antonino ran to the boat, loosened the rope and stood waiting for the girl. She nodded farewell to the host of the inn and went slowly toward the water. She looked about on all sides, as though she expected others to arrive. She had not long to look about, for before she could prevent it Antonino had seized her in his arms and carried her like a child to the boat. Then he sprang after, and with a few strokes of the oar they were soon in the open water.

She had seated herself forward and half turned her back upon him, so that he could see only the side of her face. Her features were even more stern than usual. The hair lay heavily upon her low forehead, a wilful expression flitted about her fine nostrils, and her mouth was tightly closed. After they had proceeded in silence for some time she felt the heat of the sun and, unwrapping the cloth from her bread, threw it over her head. Then she began to lunch upon the bread, for she had eaten nothing in Capri.

Antonino did not watch this proceeding long. He took two oranges from the basket which had been full in the morning and said: "Take these, Laurella. Don't think I saved them for you. They fell out into the boat, and I found them when I brought back the empty basket"

"Eat them yourself, then. I have enough with my bread."

"They are very refreshing in the heat, and you have run a good deal."

"They gave me a glass of water up there that refreshed me enough."

"As you will," he said, and let them fall back into the boat.

Silence again. The sea was like a mirror and made not a ripple against the boat. The sea-gulls from the rocks above swooped noiselessly down through the clear air.

"You might take the two oranges to your mother," began Antonino.

"We have our own at home, and when they give out I go and buy more."

"Take them to her, anyway, with my compliments."

"She doesn't know you."

"But you can tell her who I am."

"I do not know you, either."

It was not the first time that she had so repulsed him.

And now they sat in the boat, their two hearts beating violently. Antonino's previously good-natured face was angrily red; he dug into the waves with his oars and showered himself with spray, and his lips moved from time to time as he uttered evil words.

Laurella acted as though she did not see, and unconcernedly bent over the side of the boat and trailed her fingers in the water. As if she were quite alone, she rolled up her cloth and arranged her hair. But she knitted her brows and held her wet hands against her burnings cheeks to cool them.

They were now half way across, and not a sail was to be seen. The island was left behind; the mainland lay far distant in the sunlight. Antonino looked about him. A thought seemed to be rising in his mind. The red suddenly faded from his cheeks and he let the oars fall. Involuntarily Laurella turned toward him, attentive but speechless.

"I must make an end of this!" exclaimed the young man. "It has lasted too long, and the wonder is that I haven't gone to ruin over it. You don't know me, you say? Have you not seen long enough that I was crazy about you and had a

heart full of things to say to you? And you purse up your mouth and turn your back upon me!"

"What should I say to you?" she said shortly. "I have certainly seen that you wished to get acquainted with me. But I never wanted to become common talk, and won't. As for taking you for a husband, I will not take you nor anyone."

"Nor anyone? You won't always say that! Is it because you refused the painter? Pooh! You were only a child then. Some day it will be very lonely and, proud as you are, you will take the best that comes to hand."

"No one knows his future. It may be that I shall change my ideas. What is it to you?"

"What is it to me?" he cried, and sprang from his seat, causing the boat to rock. "What is it to me? Can you ask that, when you know how it is with me? The wretch must die who knows you better than I do!"

"Have I ever promised myself to you? Am I to blame if you are mad? What right have you over me?"

"Oh," he cried, "it can't be written; no lawyer has put it down in Latin and sealed it; but this I know, that I have as much right to you as I have to go to heaven if I've been a good fellow! Do you mean that I shall watch you go to church with another, while the girls pass by me and shrug their shoulders? Shall I put up with this disgrace?"

"Do what you will. I shall not be frightened, however much you threaten. I will also do what I will!"

"You will not talk so long," he said, and trembled from head to foot. "I am man enough not to let my life be spoiled longer by such a stubborn woman. Do you know that you are here in my power and must do what I wish?"

She shrank back slightly and her eyes blazed at him.

"Kill me if you dare," she said slowly.

"It must not be done by halves," he said hoarsely. "There is room for us both in the sea. I cannot help thee, child"—and he spoke almost with pity, as in a dream—"but we must go down together, we two, at once—and now!" he shouted and seized her suddenly with both arms. But instantly he drew back his right hand with blood spurting from it, for she had bitten it through.

"Must I do what you wish?" she cried, and with a quick movement she thrust him from her. "Let's see whether I am in your power!" Then she sprang from the boat and disappeared for a moment beneath the surface.

She came quickly up again; her coat clung to her closely, her hair was loosened by the water and hung heavily down upon her neck. She struck out vigorously with both arms and without uttering a sound swam strongly away from the boat

(Continued on Page 21.)

Town Talk Press

COMMERCIAL PAMPHLET
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BRIEFS AND TRANSCRIPTS

TELEPHONE DOUGLAS 2612

88 First St., Cor. Mission : San Francisco

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The decline in stocks toward the end of the week was nothing more than a logical setback after the sharp rebound from the top prices made in the market two weeks ago. There have also been other factors for the recession in prices in the last few days, or reason for the withdrawal of definite support temporarily. We believe that tight money has been the chief element in discouraging higher prices by bankers while public sentiment has been depressed by politics and the tariff outlook. However it can be said that the recent twenty point break in the stock market has largely discounted many of these matters, especially as concerns railway securities. It is anticipated nevertheless that bankers will assume a waiting attitude as concerns the stock market, with prices given support on any weakness, but extreme advances will undoubtedly be checked, also waiting further political developments.

Wheat—Week after week rolls by, and any expression regarding the wheat situation must still consist of weary platitudes and monotonous repetitions. The receipts are too large to permit any extended advance in prices, and the disbursements are too big to allow any decline. Accordingly the market sways back and forth from the 91 cents level for the May delivery. That four months of extraordinary marketing of spring wheat has greatly reduced the supplies in this country is evident to all, and it is equally true that it will be necessary for an additional large amount to come forward in order to meet the requirements for the next seven months. The uneven production of the wheat crop this year has done much to obscure the real strength in the situation, while viewing the prolific yields in the Northwest we are apt to forget the meager yields in the less favored parts of the country. There is besides our domestic requirements a large amount of wheat to go forward to Europe to provide for sales made some time ago, and that there will be a continued export demand seems altogether probable as the price of wheat is as high if not higher at Winnipeg than at Minneapolis. The strength of wheat in all foreign markets would indicate that the supply from Argentine will be taken care of without causing much decline in price. Our growing winter wheat is another factor to be taken into consideration, and while the Government report in December indicated a very high condition, since then dry weather complaints have become numerous and if we should get a spell of cold weather without the usual snow covering we might have to revise our acreage in the spring as a good deal of wheat would no doubt be killed. As the season of crop scares is now approaching we think

that a purchase of wheat around this level would prove a good investment.

Corn—The corn market is occupying an intermediate position at the present time. Any advance from present values seems to attract receipts, while the declines induce more or less export inquiry, and some domestic demand. Present prices are below the parity of provision products, but the supply of hogs and cattle is scarce in many sections of the corn producing States, and as there has not yet been any free movement of corn, the trade is undecided and disposed to conservative action.

Cotton—Trade in cotton the past week was rather quiet and price changes were in a narrow range. Liverpool took a bullish view of the ginning report and their market has kept firm with small advances being scored from day to day in face of a heavy tone on this side. There are three more ginning reports to come, but they will add very little to the information now available to make a summary of the crop and its significance in the world of business. As a rule 90 per cent of the crop is ginned by the middle of December. In that case the actual crop, not including linters, should be about 13,800,000 and with 500,000 bales linters the total crop should reach about 14,300,000 bales. There are now about 9,000,000 bales of cotton in sight out of a crop of 14 1-4 million bales. Farmers presumably have 5,000,000 bales and with that they can exercise a strong influence on prices during the latter half of the old crop year. Around March 1 the tariff revision will be a factor to consider. A slowing up may result in the mill demand at home, which might again put the present advantage in cotton bargaining into the hands of the consumer. By that time too the grower may want to cash in his residue, in order to liquidate his resources for crop production. It appears, therefore, that the cotton market, even for the latter part of the current season, may eventually not be quite so one-sided as it appears now. Taking everything into consideration the market looks high at this level and we believe a sale of the more distant futures can be made which will show a profit a little later in the season.

"Do you understand me now?" thundered an angry schoolmaster to an urchin at whose head he threw an inkstand.

"I've got an inkling of what you mean," replied the boy.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

FRENCH AMERICAN BANK OF SAVINGS (Savings Department), 108 Sutter St. For the half year ending December 31, 1912, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of tax, payable on and after Thursday January 3, 1913. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1913.

A. LEGALLET, President. 2



CROCKER SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS

All it will cost you is \$4.00 per year and you have the assurance that your valuable papers, etc., are safe. In a Safe Deposit box in the

Crocker Safe Deposit Vaults Crocker Building
Post and Market Sts.
John F. Cunningham, Manager

The German Savings and Loan Society

(THE GERMAN BANK)

Savings Incorporated 1868 Commercial

526 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO

Member of the Associated Savings Banks
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The following Branches for Receipt and Payment of Deposits only:

MISSION BRANCH, 2572 MISSION STREET
Between 21st and 22nd

RICHMOND DISTRICT BRANCH, S. W. Corner
CLEMENT and 7th AVE.

HAIGHT STREET BRANCH, S. W. Corner
HAIGHT and BELVEDERE

JUNE 29th, 1912:

Assets	\$51,140,101.75
Capital actually paid up in Cash	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	1,656,403.80
Employees' Pension Fund	140,109.60
Number of Depositors	56,609

Office Hours: 10 o'clock a. m. to 3 o'clock p. m., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock m. and Saturday evenings from 6:30 p. m. to 8 o'clock p. m. for receipt of deposits only.

Wells Fargo Nevada National Bank

No. 2 MONTGOMERY STREET

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits	\$11,131,055.03
Cash and Sight Exchange	12,543,447.14
Deposits	28,624,329.28

Officers—Isaias W. Hellman, Pres.; I. W. Hellman Jr., V.-Pres.; F. L. Lipman, V.-Pres.; James K. Wilson, V.-Pres.; Frank B. King, Cashier; W. McGavin, Asst. Cashier; E. L. Jacobs, Asst. Cashier; C. L. Davis, Asst. Cashier; A. D. Oliver, Asst. Cashier; A. B. Price, Asst. Cashier.

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Safe Deposit Vaults

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490 CALIFORNIA STREET
SAN FRANCISCO
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New York Cotton Exchange
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Washington, D. C., 1301 F Street
Los Angeles, 112 W. Third Street
New York, 31-33-35 New Street

L'Arrabbiata

(Continued from Page 19.)

and toward the mainland. A sudden fright seemed to have paralyzed the young man. He stood bent over in the boat, his gaze steadily upon the girl, as though a miracle were being performed before his eyes. Then he shook himself, stumbled to the oars and rowed with all his strength after her, while the floor of the boat reddened with the blood continually streaming from his hand.

Soon he was beside her.

"Maria Santissima!" he cried. "Get in the boat! I was mad—God knows what obscured my reason! It flashed through my lightning, so that I was burning up and did not know what I said or did. You can't forgive me, Laurella, but save your life—get into the boat again!"

She continued to swim as though she had not heard.

"You cannot reach the land—it is two miles off yet. Think of your mother! If anything happens to you she will die of terror!"

She measured with her eyes the distance from the shore. Then, without answering, she swam to the boat and grasped the gunwale with her hands. She swung nimbly up and climbed to her seat. When he saw that she was safe he sat down again to the oars.

Laurella took off her dripping coat and wrung the water out of her braids. In doing this she looked at the floor of the boat and noticed the blood. She stole a quick look at his hand, which, as though uninjured, was plying the oar. "There," she said, and reached out her handkerchief. He shook his head and rowed steadily. She stood up, went over to him and bound the handkerchief firmly about the wound. Then, without looking at him, she took the oar from him in spite of his efforts to prevent, and seated herself, keeping her eyes on the bloody oar, and drove the boat forward with lusty strokes. Both were white and silent.

The sun was still high when they reached the Marina. Laurella shook out her coat, which was now fully dry, and sprang ashore.

"Addio," said Laurella, turning away.

"Good night," replied the youth moodily. Then he took his things from the boat and mounted the stone steps to his cottage.

He was alone in the two rooms where he made his home, walking restlessly up and down. Through the open window the breeze blew refreshingly.

Feeling sharp pain in his hand, he seated himself on a stool and loosened the bandage. The blood spurted out again and the hand was stiff with the swollen wound. He washed it carefully in the cool water. As he drew it out he saw plainly the marks of Laurella's teeth. "She was right," he said. "I was a beast and deserved no better. In the morning I will send her the handkerchief by Guiseppe, for she wouldn't look at me."

He washed the handkerchief and spread it out in the sun, after he had bound up his hand as well as he could with his left hand and his teeth. Then he threw himself on his bed and closed his eyes.

The bright moon and the pain in his hand awakened him out of a nap. He sprang up to soothe the throbbing in the water, when he heard a noise at the door. "Who is there?" he called and opened it. Laurella stood before him.

Hardly saying a word, she entered. She threw the shawl from her head and placed a basket on the table. Then she drew a deep breath.

"You have come to get your handkerchief," he said.

"It is not for the handkerchief," she answered quickly. "I have been on the mountain, looking for healing herbs. There!" And she raised the cover of the basket.

"Too much trouble," said he, without bitterness, "too much trouble. It is already better—much better; and if it were worse it's only what I deserve. What are you doing here at this hour? You know how they gossip without caring what they say."

"Do not bother yourself about me," she said passionately. "I must see your hand and bind the herbs on it, for you cannot do it properly."

"I tell you it's not necessary."

"I must see before I will believe it."

So saying, she seized the defenseless hand and undid the bandage. As she saw the stiff swelling she started and cried: "Oh, Holy Virgin!"

"It has swollen a little," he said. "That will pass in a day and a night."

She shook her head. "But you can't go in the boat for a week."

"I was thinking of going in the morning. What are you doing?"

She had taken a basin and was washing the wound again, which he submitted to like a child. Then she placed the healing leaves of the plant upon it to relieve the fever and bound it up with strips of linen she had brought with her.

When it was finished he said: "I thank you. And listen: if you will do me one more favor, forgive me for letting such madness overpower me, and forget all that I said and did. I don't know how it happened. You gave me no cause. And you shall never hear anything more from me to offend you."

"I have to ask your pardon," she broke in. "I should always have treated you better and not provoked you with my stubborn ways, and now the wound—"

"It was necessary, and high time, too, that I was master of my thoughts! And as I said, it is no great matter. Speak not of forgiveness. You have done me a good turn, and I thank you. And now go and sleep. And here is your handkerchief."

Then, as he saw her face, he was frightened. Great tears were coursing down her cheeks. She paid no attention to them.

"Maria Santissima!" he cried. "Are you ill? You are trembling from head to foot!"

"It is nothing," she said; "I will go home," and turned toward the door. But the weeping overpowered her, so that she struck her head against the door-post and sobbed loudly. Before he could reach her, to support her, she whirled about suddenly and flung herself upon his neck.

"I cannot bear it!" she cried, and drew him to her like a dying person begging for life. "I cannot listen to your kind words, when you tell me to leave you with all the guilt on my conscience! Beat me, kick me, curse me! Or, if it is true that you still love me after all, take me and keep me and do what you will with me! But don't send me away from you—" Renewed and passionate sobbing interrupted her.

For some moments he held her in his arms, speechless.

"If I still love?" he cried at last. "Holy Mother of God! Do you think that all my heart's blood escaped through that little wound?"

She looked up from his shoulder full into his face with brimming eyes. "I love you, and more, I have known it long and fought against it. And now I must change it all, for I cannot bear any longer not to look at you when you meet me on the street. And now I will kiss you," she said, "so that you can say to yourself, if you are ever in doubt: 'She has kissed me; and Laurella kisses no one but him who is to be her husband!'"

She kissed him three times; then freed herself and said: "Good night, my love. Sleep now and heal your hand. Don't come with me, for I fear nothing for myself—only for you!"

She slipped through the door and disappeared in the shadow of the wall. He stood for a long time at the window, looking out over the water, and all the stars seemed to dance.

The European Bandits

By Berton Braley

You tip on the ship as you start the trip.

You tip every time you stir,

You tip at the slip where the hawsers drip—

It's fatal if you demur.

All superfluity goes for gratuity,

Tip every one you see;

You slip 'em a tip when they grab your grip,

For nothing at all is free!

As you open your eyes and start to rise

There's some one to tip near by,

And the whole day through that pirate crew

Is making your silver fly;

And don't you skip a single tip,

But scatter it constantly.

You must tip! tip! tip! for the whole long trip.

For nothing at all is free.

Ah, me!

You must flip 'em a tip like a gay old rip.

For nothing at all is free,

Ah, me!

No, nothing at all is free!

It is perhaps possible to get some things for nothing, but experience isn't one of them.

ANGLO & LONDON PARIS NATIONAL BANK

SAN FRANCISCO

Paid-Up Capital.....\$ 4,000,000
Surplus and Undivided Profits.....\$ 1,600,000
Total Resources.....\$40,000,000

OFFICERS

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G. R. BURDICK	Assistant Cashier
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Citizens' Alliance of San Francisco

OPEN SHOP

The Open Shop town is a prosperous town. There is no exception to the rule.

The Citizens Alliances' offices are in the Russ Bldg., Nos. 363-364-365, San Francisco, Cal. The Free Registration Bureau for labor of all kinds is located here, and open to all.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LAURA V. HOLMES, Deceased.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor and Executrix of the last will and testament of LAURA V. HOLMES, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor and Executrix at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of LAURA V. HOLMES, deceased.

CHARLES ARTHUR GWYNN,
Executor,
LAURA V. POLE,
Executrix,

Of the Last Will and Testament of Laura V. Holmes, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 21, A. D. 1912.
A. COMTE, JR., Atty. for Executors,
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 12-21-5

NOTICE OF TIME AND PLACE OF HEARING OF PETITION FOR ORDER TO EXECUTE AND DELIVER DEED

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 13,211, N. S.; Department No. 10, Probate.
In the Matter of the Estate of SARAH A. FORBES, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the above entitled Court, made on the 6th day of December, A. D. 1912, in the matter of the above entitled estate, the petition of Arthur W. Forbes, as administrator with the will annexed of the estate of the above named Sarah A. Forbes, deceased, praying that a decree of the said Court be made authorizing and directing him to execute to William H. French and Sarah J. French, his wife, a conveyance of that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, title whereunto now stands in the estate of the said Sarah A. Forbes, deceased, hereinafter particularly described, will come on for hearing before the said Court at the Courtroom thereof in the Temporary City Hall, situated on the southeasterly line of Market Street between Eighth and Ninth Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Monday, the 20th day of January, A. D. 1913, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of the said day, where and when all parties interested in the said estate may appear to make objections, if any they have, to the granting of the said petition.

The said lot, piece or parcel of land is particularly bounded and described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the northwesterly line of Furrows Street, distant thereon fifty-seven (57) feet six (6) inches southwesterly from the southwesterly line of Girard Street; running thence southwesterly along said northwesterly line of Burrows Street thirty-two (32) feet six (6) inches; thence at right angles northwesterly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles northeasterly thirty-two (32) feet six (6) inches, and thence at right angles southeasterly one hundred (100) feet to the northwesterly line of Burrows Street, and the point of commencement, together with improvements thereon.

Being part of Lot No. 4 in Block No. 13, University Mound Survey, as designated upon that certain map entitled "Map of the University Mound Tract Survey," filed in the office of the Recorder of the City and County.

For further particulars reference is hereby made to the said petition which is now on file with the Clerk of the said Court.

December 6, 1912.

ARTHUR W. FORBES,

As Administrator with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Sarah A. Forbes, Deceased.

CHARLES W. SLACK, Atty. for Administrator,
1101 Alaska Commercial Bldg., San Francisco. 12-21-5

NOTICE OF SALE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—(Probate); No. 10,980; Department No. 10.
In the Matter of the Estate of ANTHONY DORRITY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that, pursuant to an order of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, made on the 4th day of December, A. D. 1912, in the above entitled matter, the undersigned administrator of the estate of the above named decedent will, on or after Saturday, the 4th day of January, A. D. 1913, offer for sale and sell at private sale to the highest bidder for cash, in gold coin of the United States, and subject to confirmation of the above named Court, all of the right, title, interest or estate that the said Anthony Dorrity owned during his lifetime, and all the right, title, interest and estate that the estate of said decedent has, by operation of law or otherwise, acquired, other than or in addition to that owned by said Anthony Dorrity at the time of his death, in and to that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

COMMENCING at a point on the southerly line of Fulton Street, distant thereon one hundred seventy-one (171) feet ten and one-half (10½) inches easterly from the easterly line of Baker Street; and running thence easterly and along said southerly line of Fulton Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle southerly one hundred thirty-seven (137) feet six (6) inches; thence at a right angle westerly twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at a right angle northerly one hundred thirty-seven (137) feet six (6) inches to the southerly line of Fulton Street and the point of commencement; same being a portion of Western Addition Block Number 528; together with the improvements thereon.

Terms and conditions of sale: Cash in gold coin of the United States: ten per cent (10%) of the amount bid to be paid at the time of sale, balance on confirmation thereof by the Court. Bids or offers for said real property may be made at any time after the first publication hereof, and before the acceptance of the highest offer on or after said 4th day of January, 1913. All bids or offers must be in writing and may be left at the law office of Chas. A. Gray, No. 441 Mills Building, northeast corner of Bush and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California, or delivered personally to the undersigned.

W. J. PALETHORPE,

Administrator of the Estate of Anthony Dorrity, Deceased.
The first publication of this order of sale was made in the Town Talk newspaper on the 21st day of December, A. D. 1912.

COOPER, GRAY & COOPER,
Attys. for Administrator,
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 12-21-3

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 45,551; Department No. 3.

JOHN FINDLEY MILLIKEN, Plaintiff, vs. MYRTLE MILLIKEN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: MYRTLE MILLIKEN, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 16th day of November, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

M. M. GETZ, ROBINSON & GETZ,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
45 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 11-23-10

NOTICE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 46,083.

In the Matter of the Application of INTERSTATE AMUSEMENT COMPANY, a Corporation, for a Decree of Voluntary Dissolution.

Notice is hereby given that Interstate Amusement Company, a corporation, organized and existing under and by virtue of the laws of the State of California, and having its office and principal place of business at the City and County of San Francisco, in said State, has presented to and has this day filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court, a petition praying to be allowed to dissolve and disincorporate; and that on Thursday, the 23rd day of January, 1913, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. on said day, or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, before the above entitled Court, Department No. 7 thereof, at its Courtroom in the New City Hall on Market Street, between 8th and 9th Streets, in said City and County of San Francisco, the said application will be heard and determined.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY,

Clerk of the Superior Court.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy.

OTTO IRVING WISE,
Atty. for Interstate Amusement Company,
817 First National Bank Bldg., San Francisco. 12-21-5

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 34,221.

JOHANNES BICKEL and MATILDA BICKEL (his wife), Plaintiffs, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming an interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting: You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Johannes Bickel and Matilda Bickel, plaintiffs, filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at the Northerly line of Fell Street at about distant thereon Fifty (50) feet Westerly from the Northwesterly corner of Fell and Scott Streets; thence running Westerly along said Northerly line of Fell Street Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Northerly One Hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Easterly Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Southerly One Hundred (100) feet to the Northerly line of Fell Street and point of commencement. Being part of Western Addition Block 446.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiffs are the owners of said property in fee simple absolute; that their title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover their costs herein and have such other relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 21st day of December, A. D. 1912.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in Town Talk newspaper on the 4th day of January, A. D. 1913.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: Names—Humboldt Savings and Loan Society (a corporation). Addresses—San Francisco, Cal.

JOHN F. HANLON, Atty. for Plaintiffs. 1-4-10

DIVIDEND NOTICE

HUMBOLDT SAVINGS BANK, 783 Market street, near 4th. For the half year ending December 31, 1912, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, January 2, 1913. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1913.

H. C. KLEVESAH, Cashier. 2

DIVIDEND NOTICE

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY (The German Bank,) 526 California street; Mission Branch, 2572 Mission street, near 22nd; Richmond District Branch, cor. Clement street and 7th avenue; Haight Street Branch, corner Haight and Belvedere streets. For the half year ending December 31, 1912, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, January 2, 1913. Dividends not called for are added to the deposit account and earn dividends from January 1, 1913.

GEORGE TOURNY, Manager.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

ITALIAN-AMERICAN BANK, southeast corner Montgomery and Sacramento streets. For the half year ending December 31, 1912, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, January 2, 1913. Dividends not called for will be added to the principal and bear the same rate of interest from January 1, 1913. Money deposited on or before January 10, 1913, will earn interest from January 1, 1913.

A. SBARBORO, President. 2

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EUGENE G. DAVIS, Deceased—No. 14,567; Department No. 10.

Noticed is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix with the will annexed of the estate of Eugene G. Davis, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Edgar D. Peixotto, 304 Russ Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Eugene G. Davis, deceased.

JENNIE T. DAVIS,
Administratrix with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Eugene G. Davis, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 4, 1913.
EDGAR D. PEIXOTTO, Atty. for Administratrix,
Russ Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 1-4-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 45,883; Department No. 10.

TILLIE POOLLOS, also known as TILLIE POPPER, Plaintiff, vs. SAMUEL POOLLOS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: SAMUEL POOLLOS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 5th day of December, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.
FRANK D. MACBETH, Atty. for Plaintiff,
706-707 Mutual Savings Bank Building, San Francisco, California. 12-14-10

CERTIFICATE OF COPARTNERSHIP

Certificate of Business Under Fictitious Name

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned do hereby certify and declare that they are the owners and doing and intend to do business in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, under the firm name and style of LEWIS AND COMPANY, with offices at 510 Battery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and that the full names and places of residence of the members of the firm are as follows, to-wit:

Harry F. Lewis, Hotel Bellevue, San Francisco, Cal.
Frederick M. Lewis, San Marco Hotel, San Francisco, Cal.
Edgar L. Lewis, 1939 Stuart Street, Berkeley, Cal.

Dated: San Francisco, Cal., December 18, 1912.

HARRY F. LEWIS,
FREDERICK M. LEWIS,
EDGAR L. LEWIS.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 18th day of December, 1912, before me, James Mason, a Notary Public, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared Harry F. Lewis, Frederick M. Lewis and Edgar L. Lewis, known to me to be the persons whose names are subscribed to the within instrument and they acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal at my office in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the day and year first above written.

(Seal) JAMES MASON,
Notary Public, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.
OTTO IRVING WISE, Atty. at Law,
817 First National Bank Bldg., San Francisco. 12-28-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANN LENNON, Deceased—No. 14,486; Department No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executors of the last will of Ann Lennon, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executors at the office of G. Gunzendorfer, 127 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Ann Lennon, deceased.

LOUISE M. SULLIVAN,
EDWARD P. LENNON,
Executors of the Last Will of Ann Lennon, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, December 21, 1912.
G. GUNZENDORFER, Atty. for Executors,
127 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 12-21-5

Letters

Hallie Erminie's Latest

Somehow, stories of the south always carry with them a suggestion of outdoors, unlimited leisure, generous hospitality and courtesy, and real living, whether the scenes be laid on the Atlantic or the Gulf coast and whether the tales are of post or ante-bellum times. Hallie Erminie Rives' latest, "The Valiants of Virginia," is one more familiar picture though the details are different, and being southern herself, there is less of the stage negro with humorous dialect stories than is the case when a northern hand draws the landscape. John Valiant who is the hero of the narrative, did not even know that he was of Virginian descent. Orphaned at a very early age and without near relatives on either side, he had been brought up much as youths of unlimited wealth are apt to be, with terms abroad in foreign schools, a finishing at an American college and then a social career which consisted largely in leading cotillions, "camping" in millionaire style and enjoying himself without a thought of ways or means. He was one of the largest shareholders in the Valiant Corporation, established by his father, and held the complimentary office of vice-president but never troubled himself to attend board meetings or give any attention to the business, and when the concern made a disastrous failure after being practically looted by its officials he was as much dumbfounded as any of the small investors. John Valiant had common honesty enough to apply his private fortune to the rehabilitation of the corporation and having made over his securities, to the disgust of some of his smart business associates, he found himself possessed of a bank-balance of less than three thousand dollars and a prize bulldog. It was while pondering on what next that he received, on his twenty-fifth birthday, a deed to a considerable estate in Virginia, a letter from a firm of lawyers inclosing an account and also a letter written by his father, to be delivered on that date. From this he learned that the estate thus made over to him had been in the Valiant family almost from the settlement of the colony, that it had passed from father to son in an unbroken line and that for some reason which the future might reveal the manor had been closed and unoccupied for thirty years, though kept in habitable shape. Naturally, John Valiant determined to investigate his property, and in so doing he began to develop unsuspected ancestral traits. The country gentleman hidden under the exterior of the New York financier in his father and the society figurine in himself came to the surface. The family friends accepted him at once as a Valiant of Damory Court and the old plays of his infancy and the fairy tales of the "Never-never-Land" told by his long dead father began to shape themselves about the mansion. The mystery of why the place had been so suddenly deserted that even the books and newspapers last read still lay in their places was not explained. It was not until some time later that Valiant discovered the shadow of a long-dead tragedy, a fatal duel, a hasty flight and the long waiting for a recall that never came because a letter had been withheld from delivery and the unsolved question of whether the dead or the living suitor was the preferred one was casting a shadow over his romance. There is here none of the violent over-night love making which seems to fit in with the electric-lighted cities and the automobile pace of their life. The romance of Shirley and John Valiant grew up in the woods and fields during the restoration of the court to its former state, the replanting of the old garden, and the festivities in which the whole countryside, not a few favored plutocrats, found

enjoyment. The story is very modern. There is not even a reference to the Civil War, much less an exposition of its scars, but from the depiction of the characters it would seem as if the new south as well as the old is the repository of gracious ladyhood, a type that we had reason to fear had disappeared entirely from our country. In this age of problem novels which ought to present no problem to those who have been brought up on the Ten Commandments, and indecent exposition of everything that is unclean and unwholesome it is good to find something clean and fresh and sweet as the roses whose scent blows through the leaves of the book. Illustrations in color are by Andre Castaigne. From Bobbs-Merrill Co.

A Story of Chinatown

Clyde C. Westover's "Dragon's Daughter" is a readable and not uninteresting romance of local Chinatown, though it is palpably an Oriental tale designed for Occidental consumption, for the delectable Sen Chee, daughter of a mandarin merchant, is represented as falling in love in regular Juliet style and "standing up" to her Celestial parent much in the same fashion as a pert American miss. But who knows? Perhaps the Sen Chees that we see in these days strolling about the streets and department stores in groups and displaying odds and ends of cheap embellishment on their essentially Chinese costumes may be capable of putting to rout all the traditions of the ages. The whole of the action is concentrated into that narrow area bounded by California, Jackson, Dupont and Kearny streets, but there is abundant room for a prospective tong war, the beginning and end of an opium smuggling scheme, police corruption, a murder or two and the characteristic scenes of the streets and alleys. A Mexican youth indebted to the Chinese merchant for his own escape from arrest and the vengeance of some of his countrymen, repays his "blood bond" by trying to avert threatened disaster, sometimes effectively and again with the result of adding complications to the score. The author shows evident familiarity with Chinatown and the way of its denizens, though he does mention the spire of old St. Mary's Cathedral which ceased to point "its black finger to a star-flecked sky" long before the Chronicle clock stopped marking time. From the Neale Company.

Founded on Ancient History

To those who have had no special interest in ancient history since the days of school recitations, "The Caverns of Crail" will awaken memories of the school room, for Thomas Sawyer Spivey has gone far back for his material, to the war between Medes and Persians, when Cyaxares, Cambyses, Artaxerxes and Pharortes were more than names. Mr. Spivey has succeeded in making a lively narrative of love and hatred, jealousy and attachment, nobility and depravity, intrigue, treachery and loyalty out of

the materials at command coupled with his own clever imaginings. From the Cosmopolitan Press.

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ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXI. No. 1064

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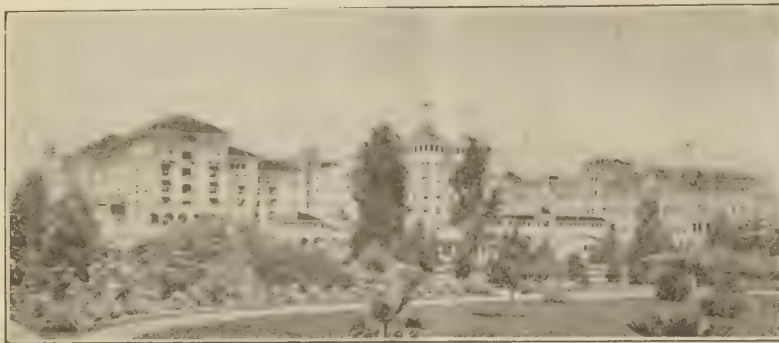
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THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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Thanks to Hiram

Governor Johnson's Thanksgiving Day proclamation issued immediately after his return from the bloodless field of Armageddon led us to believe that he knew of nothing for which the people of our State had reason to be grateful. The document was barren of ecstasy. The Governor explained that he issued it perfunctorily in deference to custom, or something to that effect. Yet now it appears from his message to the Legislature that California is overflowing with blessings, and it is to be inferred that the reason they were not mentioned in the Thanksgiving Day proclamation is that our lovely Governor would have been unjust to himself had he counseled the people to express their gratitude to God. The whole truth is clearly set forth in the message, which is one long transport of self-felicitation. It appears that the bounty we have our Hiram vouchsafed us. He is the Captain of our salvation. We have been basking for two years in the cheerful, propitious beams of the Sun of Righteousness. The State has been almost regenerated. Perfection is to be reached by granting the Governor permission to appoint just one more commission possessed of powers similar to those of the little less than divine Board of Control. Meanwhile his precious gifts, showered on us through the medium of several commissions, let us accept with humility and thanks. They are but the forerunners of more abundant grace and signs of favor that will come provided we let Tom Finn continue to boss the machine on the water front. For mistake not, fellow citizens, the octopus (devil?) never sleeps. He always watches for an opportunity to work thee mischief, especially on the water front, as Hiram has observed. O Hiram thou hast put off our sackcloth and girded us with gladness! How can we forbear rejoicing while the cheerful light of thy countenance shines bright upon us!

The Great Question of Revision

Notwithstanding all that has been done by our lustiest lunged politicians to educate the people up to realization of the urgent necessity of revising and reconstructing the Constitution Congress itself has no mad passion for the undertaking. This we learn from a poll of Congress recently taken. Every Senator and Representative received a letter of polite inquiry asking him whether the Constitution needed revision and how much; and whether, if the answer was yes a Constitutional convention should be called. Now in view of all that has been said on this subject, especially by Progressive politicians and the kind of Democrats who predominate in Washington, one should suppose that the result of the poll would be a hearty expression of enthusiasm for the great project so dear to the heart of Theodore Roosevelt. But incredible as it may be only thirty-three members of Congress thought it worth while to disclose their sentiments on the subject. A majority of one was against any revision at all; nine Republicans and eight Democrats could not see any urgent need of it, while only nine Democrats, six Republicans and one Independent advocated it. Eight members of Congress, including two Senators, thought that a Constitutional convention should be called; but according to the New York Sun none of the eight "cuts much of a figure in Congress." The Sun's judgment in such matters is not always to be relied on, and anyway to say that a man doesn't cut much figure in Congress is not to detract from his reputation for ability. One of the eight who think that a Constitutional convention should be called is none other than our eminent fellow citizen the Hon. William Kent of Kentfield, who inherited enough money to enable him to cut a big figure anywhere. If Mr. Kent doesn't cut much of a figure in Congress then Congress ought to be ashamed of itself. Mr. Kent is one of our deepest thinkers and best patriots. He can get a eulogium any day from the wild ass of the desert or the San Francisco Bulletin.

Hearst's Friend Ashurst

When Joseph Bailey ended his swan song on the floor of the Senate up rose Senator Ashurst of Arizona to utter himself in defense of the Hon. William Randolph Hearst. This is what might have been expected of the gentleman from Arizona. Senator Ashurst is under many obligations to Mr. Hearst, and it is to be presumed of the Senator that he holds the distinguished journalist in high esteem and would be stirred to deep resentment by any sort of reproach against his friend's character. In the circumstances Senator Ashurst is probably deserving of compliment

for his remarkable self-restraint. His reply to the bitter and violent denunciation in which Senator Bailey indulged was so mild as to seem perfunctory. Not only that, he seems to have apologized to the Senate for taking up its time with his very brief remarks in defense of his friend. "I would be false to a valued friend if I did not in this place say," etc., etc. In this there is nothing of spontaneous resentment or indignation. It is like begging leave to perform a solemn duty. The obligations of friendship call for sterner stuff. The man who merely wishes to put himself on record as refusing to sit idly by while his valued friend is being pelted with dead cats is not a man of very sanguine nature or deep feeling.

Lewis Makes Noises

Mr. Hearst was not satisfied with Senator Ashurst's speech. It was not hearty enough in his defense. Senator Ashurst stood on ceremony when, according to the Hearst idea, he ought to have thrown away the scabbard. So he turned Alfred Henry Lewis loose on Bailey. Mr. Hearst delights in the vilifying of his enemies. He would have them sliced and carbonadoed and basted with gall and bitterness. Possessed of the power of a giant, he uses it like a fishwife. His papers are to him a weapon of revenge, and he plays with them like a spoilt child. One feels like saying to him, Cruel and pitiless boy, when will you reach man's age and behave yourself? There is hardly a man in the country amounting to anything whom Hearst has not abused, and though the frequency of his wanton judgments may deepen the prevalent ethical confusion everyone must feel that he dispenses a great deal of unmerited obloquy. Doubtless he has the power to give pain, but it does not appear that he has the power to infect the country with the poison of his hatreds. Assuredly Senator Root has not suffered in the estimation of people whose opinion is of any worth by the incessant ridicule and abuse to which he has been subjected in the Hearst papers. If to Bailey the Hearst papers have done some damage it is because Bailey was vulnerable. But it did no harm to Bailey to turn Lewis loose on him. It requires some craft as Sterne tells us to fix upon a season to give a mark of enmity and ill-will. The season for Bailey was not immediately after Bailey had held Hearst up to scorn on the floor of the Senate. Lewis' effusion, a masterpiece of denunciation by avoirdupois measurement, is more like a tit-for-tat than anything else. Besides it is distinctly feminine in the malice of it. You can see intent to wound between the lines. Lewis has taken the place on the Hearst staff once

held by Arthur McEwen, but he has not McEwen's delicate needle point which hardly betrayed its light and swift entry but which never failed to draw blood. Lewis is more like the rough thick-necked bully who cudgels an adversary with a club, and his epigrams have been staled by constant repetition in vaudeville. Hearst ought to get another lion, a vigorous young male with sharp claws to take the place of this tooth-worn old man-eater who can do nothing but growl horribly.

Ashurst On His Hind Legs

Realizing that he did not make the most of his opportunity on the floor of the Senate Mr. Ashurst availed himself of an opportunity that came to him two days later in the form of a reporter of the Hearst papers. This reporter had been sent out to interview Senators with reference to President Taft's sentiment in favor of arbitrating our differences with Great Britain. Mr. Hearst is against arbitration, being eager to twist the lion's tail, and so of course is Senator Ashurst of Arizona. And so Senator Ashurst told the reporter, at the same time divulging the startling piece of news that England is "trying to secure a foothold in the Panama Canal." Then said the eminent statesman, "I want to take this occasion to express my grateful appreciation and thanks to Mr. Hearst for the splendid fight that he is making in behalf of the American people in this fight. It is glorious to see a man who does not bend the knee to the powers that be and will fight for the rights of the people." Senator Ashurst, it is but just to explain, is one of the products of the new era of American politics. He is an excellent specimen of the kind of statesmen that float to the surface when the political seas are made turbulent by the breezes of progressive democracy. Men of his calibre, as a result of the new method of electing United States Senators, are gradually giving tone to that once learned and dignified body which has the power of embroiling us with foreign nations. There may not be enough of them in the Senate at present to do the mischief prescribed by the man who once boasted that he plunged us into war with Spain, but at the rate we are going it will not be long before Mr. Hearst has the power to start a war with as much ease as he now impanels a grand jury of a thousand citizens.

The Age of Senility

We all say and do foolish things. Each of us has awakened with a start in the still hours of the night and asked himself, How could I make such a fool of myself? Why did I commit that idiocy? It is wonderful what change a short interval makes in our whole view of things. In the excitement of the moment, in the pressure of social intercourse, we are thrown off our guard, and in the spontaneous effervescence of thought we yield to impulses that lead to what are commonly known as "bad breaks" which give qualms to the reflective temperament. In the cold grey dawn of the morning after our sins against taste and prudence rise up and haunt us, giving us stings of memory

and filling us with remorse and penitence. Now the sense of self-betrayal is a good thing to have intact. It is proof that our intellectuals are in good working order. While we have this sense we keep caution in practice and repair. It is when this sense is dulled that a man gets a reputation for solecisms and inadvertencies of speech, for blunders and absurdities. These reflections were occasioned by the report that German scientists have found that men come into their finest fettle at fifty. The thought occurs that it would be of some real benefit to mankind to be informed as to what age the average man falls into senility. This would be something worth while for science to establish because then the unsophisticated would know when to cease taking seriously the preachments of those superior busybodies who presume to tutor the world long after they have outlived their usefulness. We have in mind for an example an ancient scholar who commands much attention on account of the prestige that attaches to his exalted position in the academic world. He probably did his best work at fifty, and the garrulity of him now is perhaps the natural consequence of decay. Apparently he has lost the sense of self-betrayal, as he is saying foolish things almost every day in the week. Redundant of words and topics, he has a daily secretion of ideas which he has to vent somewhere, and he is always mounting the platform, but evidently he is less in need of an audience than of a nurse. It is too bad that folks cannot apprehend the significance of his maunderings. How unfortunate that we have not scientific authority to advise people that what they are giving ear to is the twaddle of a has-been! Scientists might well give their attention to this subject. They have told us the dangerous age for women and the age of highest capacity in man; it remains for them to warn us against mistaking the counterfeit fluid of impotency for the red blood of enthusiasm. The world is too full of preachers who are going about opining the opinions of others, intent on destroying whatever they cannot understand. What we need more than all else is a propaganda for the preservation of the sanity of the world, which is at present menaced by a metaphysic untempered by the essentials of common sense and imagination.

The Glavis Scandal

The Glavis scandal at Sacramento is deplorable because of the shock it gave the many good citizens of this State who have faith in reformers and enthusiasm for all the glorious uplift schemes of the current dispensation. It is no wonder that Governor Johnson permitted Glavis to resign after an investigation behind closed doors. Governor Johnson with all his superb confidence in the dear people knows it is not wise to take them behind the scenes when the reform drama is in full swing. When the people are disillusioned they become intractable. Our politicians must deal with them as did the augurs of old. In the circumstances it is unfortunate from the stand-

point of our reformers that Surveyor-General Kingsbury should have unbridled himself in the presence of reporters. Surveyor-General Kingsbury talks too much. Surveyor-General Kingsbury has done more than besmirch Glavis; he has involved Congressman Kent and the Hon. Milton U'Ren and the whole Conservation Commission in this fragrant scandal. If these men were ordinary mortals whose integrity was no better than their neighbors they would have reason to be greatly distressed, but fortunately for Kent and U'Ren it is unnecessary for them to make explanations. They are men wholly free from selfish interest, incapable of sordid motive, blissfully exempt from suspicion. Their only mission on this earth is to make it a more agreeable place of residence for the plain people, and they are nobly striving to simplify the government to that end. If they were common politicians it would be sad to learn that U'Ren while drawing a salary of \$200 a month from the State was also acting as Kent's private secretary, and that while holding both jobs this itinerant statesman who has been a citizen of three States in not much more than three years has also been working for the lumber barons of California in Washington, D. C. A man of parts is U'Ren, versatile and industrious, with a faculty for dovetailing his various occupations. It was as shrewd of the lumber barons to hire Glavis as it was of the book trust to hire the man who was district attorney when Hiram Johnson was attorney for the man who looted the California Safe Deposit Company. Through Glavis the lumber barons got close to the secretary of a Congressman whose district extends up and down the timber region. These are some of the ins and outs of politics that give tone to what must appear at first blush to be a very ugly scandal. How natural the desire of Governor Johnson to smother it! How unreasonable to have expected him to make as much pother about Glavis as was made about State Printer Shannon and Dr. Stone! They were relicts of the old depraved machine, whereas Glavis was a pet of the present righteous Administration. Indeed Glavis was supposed to typify the virtue of the new regime. He symbolized, as it were, hostility to those bad special interests which Governor Johnson advised us to safeguard ourselves against by creating a Conservation Commission. And now it turns out that this very commission has been serving the ends of the lumber barons by supplying them with a pull which was never before available. This is the irony of reform, and it has given Governor Johnson poignant emotions.

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Perspective Impressions

Among the things we don't think will happen in 1913 is the passage of Gandier's bill to make our World's Fair dry.

The solons are sitting and the State is in an attitude of apprehension.

Governor Johnson's message: See what a good boy am I!

It's a cold wave that warms nobody's business. The ice man's loss is the coal man's gain.

"All I ask is a square deal," says Judge "Three Cheers" Weller. That appears to be what the ladies wish to give him.

"Rockefeller defies the Government."—Daily paper. "Oil King fleeing to Honduras."—Daily paper. Apparently the Rockefeller defiance is like that of the short-tailed bull in fly time.

"Our insane asylums should be enlarged," says Governor Johnson in his message to the Legislature. Wouldn't it be better to build a new one exclusively for the veterans of the grand army that fought the battle at Armageddon?

As the British peerage is supposed to be tottering Eugenists will doubtless watch with interest the result of the marriage of one of the peers and the young lady of the Gaiety chorus who is known as the girl with the Chippendale legs.

"In no part of the government of the State did the old system make itself so manifest as at the harbor front."—Governor Johnson. Quite right, and nowhere does the new system represented by Tom Finn make itself so manifest as at that very same harbor front.

Now that he has invented the Kinetophone Edison thinks the stage is doomed. The great wizard has too much faith in the virtue of canned goods.

Los Angeles organized a committee of one thousand to put an end to municipal extravagance. San Francisco is organizing a similar committee to do the other thing.

Caisteal-Na-Sithan

By R. B. Cunninghame Graham

It was indeed a castle of the elves. Over all, hung an air of melancholy. From the deserted lodge, behind the high beech hedge, which shut the place off from the lake, the avenue led through a sea of billowy mounds, on which grew trees as thickly as in the tropics, some dead and some decaying, some broken off by storms and left to die or live just as they chose.

Moss had spread like a carpet over the deeply rutted road.

Here and there by its sides stood foreign shrubs, some of them growing rankly, and others which had died years ago, standing up dry and sere, inside their iron cages, as a dead body in a life-belt floats upon the sea. The bracken met the lower branches of the trees and formed a screen, through which rabbits had made their runs, like little railway tunnels.

They fed upon the mossy grass outside, retreating slowly when they were alarmed, conscious they were at home, and that a passer-by was an intruder into their domain. Where the trees fell, they lay and rotted, covered with lichens and with a growth of ferns that sprang from the dead bark.

The neglected woods seemed to have bred a strange and hostile air. Instinctively one looked around, as if some power of nature, which cultivation kills, was still unchecked, had just declared a war upon mankind, and was about to open its attack.

The passing of a roe through the deep under-wood, a passage ordinarily so fairy-like and light, there, sounded ominous, and the sharp cracking of a decaying twig under its flying feet, or the soft rustling of its body through the ferns, sent a thrill through the listener, as if some monstrous creature of a dream was going to appear.

Even in summer everything seemed dank, and in the peaty soil the water oozed beneath the foot-

steps, making the ground seem treacherous and false.

Sometimes at sunset, when a red gleam fell on the tops of oaks, turned all the bracken fiery, and lighted up the overhanging hills which peeped above the tops of the high trees, the air of menace was dispelled and a breath from the outer world brought back security. When the last gleams had vanished, and a cold, chilly air, especially before an autumn frost, crept through the brakes and stirred the frozen tufts of bulrushes in the black, awful-looking ponds, fringed with dark rhododendrons, and set about upon one side with towering spruce firs, a panic seemed to creep into the soul.

The thick white mists that rose up from the pool hung in the trees, and seemed as if they were alive, so stealthily they crept about the branches, and twined like serpents, twisting and writhing in the air.

Owls floated like gigantic moths across the avenue, or sat and called to one another in the recesses of the woods. All was so silent and so still, you seemed to feel the waves of sound that floated from their call, just as one hears the whirring of an old clock before it strikes its bell. In the low park beyond the wood, through which the avenue led to the house, the dun or creamy Highland cattle slept upon the hillocks, to shun the draughts of night. A chilly damp rose from the old bog-land, long since reclaimed, but showing black and peaty where moles had made their hills, which dotted the sour grass at intervals, and in the moonlight looked like animals asleep. A great moss ditch cut the low park in two, and in it the black, frozen water seemed like a stream of pitch. Birches and stunted oaks were set about the fields, their old, gnarled roots laid bare by winter rains, and by the stamping of the cattle in the summer, when they stood underneath the trees to shelter from the flies. Through the long, limb-like roots, rabbits had burrowed, and here and there a heavy stone was left, stuck in the crevices, looking like some lost weapon of the Stone Age or prehistoric club.

Just where the deep moss ditch crossed underneath the road, a high, iron, double gate barred off the avenue.

Beyond it stretched a gloomy road, winding between dark trees. At night, when you rode through it, your horse snorting occasionally when rabbits ran across the path, or birds stirred in the trees, it felt as if you were a thousand miles

from help. In front, the dark road wound, as it seemed, interminably, through overhanging trees. Between you and the world was the half-mile or so of the mysterious woods, and the black, sullen ponds.

At last, passing another gate, it led up to a shrubbery. A mossy burn fed a neglected duck-pond, upon whose waters floated feathers, and round whose sides grew tufts of pampas grass. Tall bushes of wygelia and syringa, dead at the sides, but vigorous in the middle, with flowering currants, andromeda and rank-growing thickets of guelder-rose and dogwood, concealed the house from view.

The rabbit netting, nailed to the fencing of the park, was broken here and there, and billowed like a sail. Through it the rabbits entered as they pleased, burrowing beneath the bushes, and leaving trails which led up to the lawn. Enormous beeches, and a sycamore or two, growing like cabbages, showed that at one time the neglected policies had been well cared for, and the decayed and mouldering rustic seats, set about here and there, recalled the time when children played upon the lawn, while nurses sat and watched them underneath the trees. The house itself, high and steep-roofed, with pepper boxes at the angles, and a wide flight of steps, upon whose parapet two great iron eagles, that once had been all painted in the proper colors of the coat of arms of which they formed the crest, was desolate and drear. The rough-cast plaster, which at one time had covered all the walls, had fallen in patches here and there, leaving great blotches that looked like maps, upon its sides.

Right opposite the door, a roundel of rank grass, once closely shaven, but now rank and ill-tended, lay like an island in the road. Two whinstone posts, with eight-shaped irons at their sides, for hitching horses to in time gone by, just raised their heads above the turf.

The house door, left ajar, but yet made fast

(Continued on Page 21.)

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Varied Types

CVIII—ETHEL BRANDON

By Edward F. O'Day

"I first came to dear, good San Francisco in 1882," said Ethel Brandon, "and ours was the second theatrical company to travel to this city over the Central Pacific."

Thirty years have passed since then. Much theatrical history has been made. But for thousands of San Franciscans there can be no pleasanter theatrical date to look back on than that day in '82 when Ethel Brandon first set foot in Market street. For not even Jeffreys Lewis was a greater stock favorite than beautiful Ethel Brandon of the large and lucent eyes.

"The first company to come here by the Central Pacific," continued Miss Brandon, "was Sol Smith Russell's. The second was the Jay Rial and L. R. Stockwell company. Mr. Stockwell, as you know, was my husband. We played at the Grand Opera House and the old California Theatre, giving a repertoire and a lot of Uncle Tom's Cabin. We were here for three or four weeks. The members of that company are nearly all dead now.

"I came back to San Francisco in 1886 to be leading woman at the Alcazar which Mr. Stockwell was running. Gus Levick was the leading man. Hattie Moore came from the Tivoli to be our ingenue. Fannie Young did character parts. Then there was Annie Adams, the mother of Maude Adams, and George Osborne and Frank Mordaunt, one of the greatest of American actors. He went east two years later to create the part of Scarpia in Fannie Davenport's production of La Tosca. I remember that our first play at the Alcazar was Harbor Lights."

Miss Brandon paused a moment, and her big kindly eyes that seemed to be taking in through their large glasses rimmed with tortoise shell the prosaic details of the hotel lobby were really looking back over the dear dead years.

"What great companies we had in those days!" she resumed. "I don't want to fall into the error of age by slighting the present for the greater glory of the past, but really, the training was different then. The players of today, so many of them, lack the careful training which was the rule then. When I regard their work I cannot help feeling sad and sorry. But then, they are not altogether at fault. The average stage manager cannot train beginners nowadays as the stage managers of my time did. The modern stage manager too often lacks the education himself.

"I was leading woman at the Alcazar for six years, and that I think is the record for any stock actress in California. During those half dozen years we had a great deal of talent in the company. Joe Grismer and his wife, dear Phoebe Davis who died the other day, used to come there stock starring. Then we had Mr. Stockwell and Harry Mainhall and Arthur Mowbury and Ada

Lewis in very tiny parts and Eleanor Barry who afterwards became Mansfield's leading woman and E. J. Buckley who had just left Booth and Barrett. Of course there were others whom I ought to recall, but my memory for names was never of the best.

"We were the first to produce Jim the Penman after Palmer released it for stock, and also Held by the Enemy. And Hoyt produced there his Midnight Bell. He had written the part of Deacon Tidd for Mr. Stockwell who was one of the greatest comedians that ever lived. How wonderful he was in the comic characters of Shakespeare! And of course nobody who saw him will ever forget his Lawyer Marks in Uncle Tom! We also produced at the Alcazar a lot of the Daly comedies.



Photo, Bushnell

MISS ETHEL BRANDON

"In 1892 the Stockwell Theatre was built and Mr. Stockwell relinquished the Alcazar. For the opening in Powell street he brought out the entire Daly company from New York, Ada Rehan, John Drew (it was his last season in stock before becoming a star), Mrs. Gilbert, James Lewis, Adelaide Prince and all the rest of that brilliant organization. They opened in As You Like It and continued for five weeks, giving The School for Scandal and other classics.

"After that Mr. Stockwell organized his regular company. I was the leading woman, and we had Eleanor Barry and young Aubrey Boucicault and E. J. Henley and Henry Jewett and Clarence Holt and Arthur Byron whose father sent him here so that his stage training might be started right.

"Then Jeffreys Lewis joined the company. She had been writing to Mr. Stockwell that she had a new play by Sardou, I think, but when she ar-

rived here we found that she had been misrepresenting the situation. She had no play at all, so we had to produce some of her old repertoire as she was a bad study and we couldn't afford to risk a new piece. That was a terrible failure.

"She did us a great injury, but what a gloriously beautiful woman she was. Her appearance was superb, and as a heavy woman I have never seen her equal. But in any but heavy parts she was actually funny.

"After that I suggested to Mr. Stockwell that he get a new leading woman, as I feared that the public was tiring of me after so many years. So he brought out two younger women from the east while I went on the road with Jeffreys Lewis. They were both failures. One of them is still on the stage, so I shall not mention her name; but the other has retired so there is no harm in saying that it was Marie Buress.

"Then Mr. Stockwell got Victory Bateman from the Alcazar, but that didn't work well, so he called me back from the road. The play was The Favorite and Henley was the leading man. It seems that the public had resented seeing me superseded, and they gave me a reception at my first appearance which simply took me off my feet. Henley said afterwards that it was the first time a leading woman had ever taken a scene away from him. Among the plays which were first produced at Stockwell's I recall Captain Herne, and The Man from Maine which Stockwell afterwards took east, but it was not a success. We were at Stockwell's for two years. Dan Frawley was another who played there during that time. In fact he got the idea of his own stock company from Mr. Stockwell.

"In 1895 I left San Francisco to go touring with my own company, but I suffered a nervous breakdown and returned to St. Mary's Hospital where I lay for twenty-two weeks, expecting to die and perhaps a bit disappointed at times because I didn't. Then I left San Francisco, and friends took me to Europe for two years but not to act.

"I came back here in 1905 with Ezra Kendall in Weather Beaten Benson, and I shall never forget the reception I received. I thought that I had been forgotten in the meantime, but San Francisco, God bless it! never forgets. The ovation lasted for nearly three minutes, and what between standing once more on the stage of the dear old theatre which had become the Columbia and receiving such signal marks of kindness from my dear old friends, I broke down and cried like a baby.

"Years ago I determined that I should quit leading parts before they quit me, for I think there is nothing sadder than to see an old woman struggling with a young part. Indeed, I tried to quit them before the time had really come. My first heavy part was in Drink when E. J. Buckley was leading man at the Alcazar. That was the first time I was ever hissed by the gallery, and I had not learned that hissing is a tribute to the heavy woman who is trying to blight the hero's life. But the day after the opening Mr. Stockwell had fifty letters protesting against my playing such horrid parts, so I went back to leads.

"There has been a lot of sadness in my life and a lot of joy. I have had my big ups and

(Continued on Page 13.)

INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
VISITING CARD PLATES ENGRAVED

ROBERTSON

UNION SQUARE

SAN FRANCISCO

Correspondence

A Prophet Derided

Editor Town Talk, Sir: I see that Bion Arnold, our expert at \$250 a day, has made another report—the nineteenth it's called. I should like to know if Bion thinks he is earning his salary by writing these reports. This nineteenth one is speculative and presumes to forecast population for us. Bion says we are going to double our population in twenty-six years. I venture to say that we can get just as good prophets as Bion for less money. Anyway we can get men who can see more than double our population in the twenty-sixth year hence. And one thing is certain—a prophet runs little chance of losing prestige by predicting things for the end of the second quarter of the century. I don't mind confessing I haven't much faith in our official prophet. I believe he's responsible for the Geary street cars, and they're awful. A man is in danger of being crushed to death every time he gets into one of them. The seats are too narrow and so is the standing room. We ought to sell those cars to small towns in the interior as soon as possible.

Yours truly,

—L. T. S.

Is He Really Reformed?

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: You have made some interesting points about the convicts in whose behalf Mr. Fremont Older has interested himself. But how is it you missed the case of the Mission burglar? I refer to Jack Black who was recently sentenced to one year in the penitentiary after he had regaled Judge Dunne with a lengthy statement about his fall, his misdeeds, his repentance and his yearning for the higher life. This statement which had a literary merit and was probably not written by Black, was published in full in the Bulletin. I am wondering whether Jack Black, the Mission burglar, has really reformed. If he has, all good men should rejoice, for he has a pretty tough record. He terrorized the Mission by his burglaries before the great fire, and was arrested and charged with several crimes. He was convicted on one charge, while two or three others were placed on the

reserve calendar. He was sentenced to twenty-five years in Folsom. His appeal was pending in April, 1906, and the records of his case were destroyed. The result was that he remained in the county jail from the time of the fire up to four days before Sheriff Finn went out of office and Sheriff Eggers went in. He went to the county jail in rags, but three weeks before he left the jail he appeared in court in fine clothes, with a gold watch and jewelry and wearing a money belt containing \$2700. How was this? Because he was the opium agent in the county jail. It is even said that he gave convicts their "shot of dope" from his cell. The "fiends" would approach his cell, put an arm through the bars and Black would apply the syringe, taking toll for this service. Four days before Finn went out of office Jack Black escaped from the felony wing of the jail in company with one Harry Davenport. It was a miraculous escape and has never been explained. He was out a year and was then captured at the Canadian line. Fremont Older was interested in his case, I believe, by Donald Lowrie and Ed Morrell. When Jack Black finishes his year I wonder if he'll come out to lead a Christian life? I hope so, but I'm a bit sceptical.

Yours truly,

—A Missionite.

The Army Canteen

Editor Town, Sir: Major-General Wood in his latest report to the War Department says it would be in the interest of morality and efficiency to re-establish the army canteen. I believe this is the opinion of every officer in the army. Scores of them have publicly and officially said exactly what Major-General Wood has said. But nothing is done about it. The canteen was abolished at the instigation of the agitators of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, and notwithstanding all the expert testimony in its favor Congress has not the courage to take the matter up. What a lot of pusillanimity is housed in Washington at the expense of the long-suffering public! This canteen question ought to be

taken up by the liquor interests. The men behind these interests seem to be afraid of offending the cranks who are eternally threatening to destroy their business. These cranks are powerful because of the passivity of the liquor interests. If the liquor interests would show the politicians that they have as much to fear from them as from the W. C. T. U. the public would not be so frequently tormented by the strife between the wets and the dries.

—Presidio.

Matters of Curiosity

Editor Town Talk, Sir: May I have a little of your space in which to inquire as to the social and artistic activities of the Mrs. Graham who bobs up in the Examiner every little while. The Examiner tells us this week that she is famous in Paris and London, and that she used to belong to an exclusive set in this city. What exclusive set? Is it Mrs. Shea's? Is it the exclusive swell set or the exclusive divorce set? I ask this question because when I first read of Mrs. Graham in the Examiner she was getting a divorce. When I read of her again in the Examiner she was going to Europe to become a great singer. Now I read in the Examiner she has returned a great painter. All this piques my curiosity. I am a close reader of the social columns of all the papers, and I keep in touch with the American colony of Paris and also its art colony, and yet I know of this distinguished lady only through the Examiner. I hate to be in the dark in matters of this kind, and especially I hate to be unacquainted with those native daughters of California who have won by their genius a niche in the Hall of Fame. We have really some wonderful native daughters, judging from what I read of them in the home papers. They are conquering the world. And it also appears to me that we also have five or six "exclusive sets" in San Francisco society, and it puzzles me to know how to differentiate them. Do they ever get together? What constitutes eligibility to any or all of them?

Sincerely yours,

—A Subscriber.

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

A Sultan and a Dun

American dentists are hoping that their clients will not follow the example of Mulay Hafid, the former Sultan of Morocco. The Sultan enjoyed (?) the professional attendance of a certain Dr. Cortes, a Spanish dentist, but neglected to pay the dentist's bill. Whereupon the dentist dunned the Sultan. The Sultan was indignant and had the dentist made a prisoner in the mountains outside Tangier. At last accounts the rash dentist was still incommunicado, and the attempt of his friends to rescue him had failed. It is understood that he will have to give the former Sultan a receipted bill before he is released. Sultans, it will be seen, are as ungrateful as republics. Or perhaps the Sultan had a recurrence of toothache after the dentist operated

record in favor of the land killing of seals. A law was passed last year providing for the suspension of seal killing for five years. Considering that the herds were being rapidly exterminated the disinterested hailed this law with hearty approval. But not so Doctor Jordan. He protests against the enforcement of the law and demands that it be repealed. He is joined in this demand by George A. Clark who was secretary of the Fur Seal Commission of the United States of 1896 and 1897 and special investigator of the seal islands in 1909. These two contend that the treaty entered into between the United States, Great Britain and Japan, which prevents pelagic sealing, is sufficient to conserve the herds. Land killing, they say, when confined to the superfluous males, has not endangered and cannot endanger the life of the herds. How little Doctor Jordan really knows about seals has been shown in the past, and it remains to be seen whether this report will be taken seriously.

The report was filed with the Secretary of Commerce and Labor, and has been made public by him.

For and Against Carrel

Doctor Alexis Carrel of the Rockefeller Institute, the winner of the Nobel prize, has just been made the object of a bitter attack by Dr. Doyen of Paris. Dr. Doyen says Carrel's experiments are not new, that he has proved nothing and that he is "a marvelous stage manager for scientific effect." But Professor Metchnikoff does not agree with Dr. Doyen. Metchnikoff says Carrel's researches and experiments are of the highest importance. "I am glad he received the Nobel prize as I think he deserved it," says the great Metchnikoff. Dr. Doyen is a man of high standing in the medical world, but he has a penchant for attacking people. He made a bitter and unjustifiable attack on Dr. Erlich, the discoverer of 606.

The Fur Seals Once More

Doctor David Starr Jordan is once more on

Poems About San Francisco

LXXV—IN CHINATOWN

By Grace S. H. Tytus

(This poem is taken from the Century Magazine where it was published in July, 1906. The sub-title is "San Francisco, 1904," indicating that the author saw our Chinatown in that year. Who Grace S. H. Tytus is some reader of Town Talk may know.)

A Chinese lantern swings
Above a scarcely lighted street,
Deserted; yet one seems to hear
The stealthy rub of cat-like feet,
Hurried, yet loath; one's own heart-beat
Strikes like a gong; yet far or near
No living breath the silence brings,—
Nothing—save fear.

A Chinese lantern swings
Without a somber house-front, bare
Of sign or symbol. All seems deep,
Forbidding, dreamless, sullen sleep—
The door ajar, as it had been
Held thus in hushed insistency,
A hand upon the latch within.
The night lies heavy, smothered, tense
With warning all unwarranted,
As if some voice long since had cried.
No hint of breeze moves in the dense
Strange breathlessness, no memory
Where sounds were choked. Yet, overhead,
High in the unreverberate air,
A Chinese lantern swings—swings.

The Spectator

Miller's Exposition Ode

Joaquin Miller, poet of the Sierras and hierophant of The Hights, has written an ode for the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. This was a secret, but it came out unexpectedly during a visit which George Sterling paid to the elder favorite of Apollo. The poet of Carmel stood by the bed of the poet of Dimond and said: "You ought to write the Exposition Ode." "Oh, he has already written it," said Mrs. Miller hastily. Joaquin frowned as though angered, but he made no contradiction. It should be a great ode, for Joaquin says he is now doing the best work of his career. "I am going before God with my manuscript in my hand," he told Sterling. "And if He won't accept it I'll go to the other place." He didn't say so, but he was probably referring to the Exposition Ode, the secret of which Mrs. Miller let out.

First Aid to the Drama

It was with much diffidence that I entered the Cort Theatre last Tuesday afternoon. I am sure that had I seen myself I should have detected about me the air of an intruder. I felt unspeakably abject as I slipped into a chair in the presence of so many hundreds of pounds of literary taste, for, be it understood, the theatre was almost full of members of the newly organized branch of the Drama Society and seventy-nine out of every four-score of them were of the recently enfranchised sex. I felt painfully individual and isolated until into the vacant chair alongside of me a shy, middle-aged man with a red nose hastily deposited himself. About that time I overheard the conversation of two ladies behind me, and then my heart be-

gan to leap with the sense of adventure. I was sure those two ladies were bent on no didactic mission for the benefit of the drama. They were more interested in vegetables than the revolt of Hauptmann and Strindberg and Schnitzler against conventional ideals. I looked over the audience and saw some familiar faces. To my astonishment it was an audience of plain haphazard persons like you and me. In front of me was a lady whom I know to be in her literary second childishness. Behind me there were intellectuals that I am sure could be easily swamped. In one of the boxes I saw a lady who wouldn't entertain a playwright unless she knew his birth, breeding and family history. Yet, as I learned from "Billy" Armes,—who had the center of the stage, the purpose of the society is to encourage managers to produce dramas that are likely to appeal to persons who use their brains. When he told us that the idea originated in Evanston, Ill., he excited nothing of prejudice in me. On the contrary it immediately occurred to me that as we had gone to Seattle to learn how to utilize the hammer symbolically, and to Los Angeles for the idea of a committee of a thousand, why not to Evanston for a sense of duty to the drama?

The Lions Came Forth

Presiding Officer Armes started the affair a-going by introducing to us the distinguished author Mary Austin. She looked the part. No fuss and few feathers about Mary. She was received with a murmur of suppressed excitement. It was as though the audience was thinking aloud thus: "Great Scott, the real thing the first rattle out of the box!" Mrs. Austin appeared to

be quite at home with that large audience at her feet. She spoke ten minutes, and by straining my ears I caught enough to learn that she was saying something about the great desirability of educating managers so that they shall be able to know good plays from bad. After Mrs. Austin came Mr. F. R. Benson, the pageant man from England. I was sure the atmosphere was congenial to him, as I have read about the homage that is paid to Shakespeare under his guidance at Stratford, where, each year on April 23 a couple of thousand persons, mostly women, bring little bunches of daffodils, wall-flowers and primroses to the poet's grave. Mr.

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Benson talked chiefly about Shakespeare, who, he told us, was a great man, and as though to prove it recited a specimen of rare verse, something about all the world being a stage. It is easy to see that Mr. Benson is an actor as well as a stage manager. He reminded me of what that beloved London critic Max Beerbohm says about the actor: that it is hard to detach him from his work and that his fame is the accompaniment of his own life. Mr. Benson made a nice speech about the ideals of the drama. It fitted his audience like an old coat. A little later came a Professor Chambers, who tip-toed to the front and talked as softly as Mrs. Austin. I managed to learn that he was talking about Maeterlinck's way of living, and fearing that I might learn that the author of the Blue Bird was addicted to light breakfasts I got up noiselessly and slipped out into the lobby where I met Waldemar Young who gave me a broad grin.

The Master of Pageantry

Mr. Benson, who is here to confer with the directors of the World's Fair, is not one of the celebrated Benson brothers. This Benson has many distinctions but he is not akin to the three remarkable sons of the late Archbishop of Canterbury. The three Benson brothers are Arthur C. Benson, author of many volumes of poetry, essays and biography including "The Upton Letters" and "The Altar Fire"; Edward F. Benson who wrote "Dodo" and has been denying ever since that he drew the character from Margot Tennant, now Mrs. Asquith; and Monsignor Hugh Benson who embraced Roman Catholicism, entered the priesthood and likewise distinguished himself by literary labors. F. R. Benson started life as an actor, and later became an actor-manager like Beerbohm Tree and other British thespians. He founded the well known Repertoire Theatre which made many Shakespearean productions, and has been responsible for twenty-six annual Shakespearean festivals at Stratford-on-Avon. He is the great British champion of folk drama, folk song and folk dance. Through his efforts the masque and the morris dance have become living forces once more in England.

His Impressive Festivals

Benson has made the annual pageants at Stratford a remarkable feature in the British life of today. He tells a story of being stopped in the streets of Stratford by a peasant who said to him: "God bless you, sir, for showing us them 'istory plays; they have taught me 'ow we English became what we are and 'ow we can keep so." Another story he tells concerns the presentation of Hamlet in the bard's birthplace. A peasant woman who had never seen any play before was on her knees at the end of the performance. "Mother, get up; why are you kneeling?" her daughter said to her. "Don't you see the people are leaving the theatre?" "I am sorry, dear," answered the mother; "I thought I was in church."

A Strong Personality

Just as his productions inspire the people, so does Benson's personality impress those who meet him, however casually. I talked with him for a few minutes at the St. Francis, and found him remarkably interesting. He has a face that reminds you of Forbes-Robertson's. He is careless in his attire, and lounges in all sorts of unusual attitudes. While I was in his company he was rhapsodizing over a large photograph of the Victory of Samothrace, his favorite sculpture. He balanced himself in his chair on the base of his spine and pointed at the picture with his foot. It was the exact attitude of that brother

of Isabella who reaches forward to kick the greyhound in Millais' picture of Isabella and Lorenzo. To hear Benson talk about this Winged Victory is like listening to a poet improvising. But all his talk is poetical. "I have at last heard the music of the Pacific," he said exultantly. He told me that on his way hither he devoured every page of Baedeker's United States as well as such books on Pacific Coast history as he could find. There is no doubt that the pageant he plans will be one of the greatest features of our World's Fair.

And Yet, and Yet—

So by all means let us do honor to Benson and to the enterprise of the World's Fair people in bringing him all the way from Stratford on the beautiful Avon in flowery Warwickshire. And yet, one cannot help but thinking, why have the World's Fair people overlooked local talent in this matter? Benson will tell you that the grove plays of the Bohemian Club and the outdoor productions in the Greek Theatre are known of the cultivated in Europe. Now Frank Mathieu is the man who stages the great grove plays in the Sonoma County forest of the Bohemians. He has been doing this work for years, and doing it in a fashion to win high encomiums from the masters of stagecraft who have come from alien places to the annual Bohemian jinks. Yet I have so far heard no mention of Frank Mathieu's name in connection with our World's Fair pageantry. Then there is the Greek Theatre. Garnet Holme has been responsible for many of the productions made there. He is acknowledged to be a master in his line. He has also staged the al fresco dramas at Carmel-by-the-Sea. I haven't heard any mention of his name either. Are these two men to be given the overlook? I think Benson would be the last man to slight them if he were consulted, for he has announced his eagerness to enlist local talent.

The Passion for Aliens

Our World's Fair directors have shown a passion for alien talent. They imported John Brisben Walker from Irvington-on-the-Hudson just as they imported Benson from Stratford-on-Avon. Walker was soon found to be the wrong man for the task he undertook. They imported an auditor from the Guggenheim organization, an auditor who, it must be said in all fairness, has so far provoked no adverse criticism. In other departments they have enlisted New Yorkers and other easterners, even taking one of their men from the Chautauqua circuit. Herein, perhaps, the directors are doing no more than has been done in San Francisco many times before. Our city is full of talent in all artistic lines, but it

is imperfectly recognized here. In fact a Californian must go East before his fellows realize his talents. When he has shown elsewhere the abilities which passed unnoticed here he is allowed to return for lionizing. Look over our list of painters, musicians, sculptors, poets and writers and you will find that this is so. It's too bad.

Will Sparks Was Shocked

Will Sparks, our talented landscape artist, sat in Tait's the other afternoon sipping a Scotch highball and dreaming dreams of artistic fancy. His imagination soared away to the sloughs of San Joaquin, to the hills of Piedmont or to some other favorite painting scene, and a vision was conjured. There were no painting tools handy to give the picture permanence, so Will took a plate, smoke-blackened it over the table candle and etched his dainty conceit in the soot. At a nearby table sat several lovely girls who knew Sparks. They were interested in the work and by craning they were able to see the pretty scene which the artist etched against the smudgy background of the plate. One of them plucked up courage and approached the artist. "How lovely, Mr. Sparks," she said, "won't you do my face on another plate." Graciously Sparks consented, and in a few minutes the girl's comely countenance was etched on another bit of china. "Take it home and shellac it," explained the artist, "and it will last forever." The other girls crowded about him, and nothing would do but that he should favor them in the same way. Being a very obliging squire of dames, Sparks complied. When it was all over, though, Sparks got the shock of his life. The waiter brought him his bill—sixty cents for Scotch and sodas and eight dollars for the china!

Jughaendel vs. Jordan

Envy is ever setting its seal on desert. Thus we find the great panjandarum of Palo Alto, Little Brother to the Fishes, author of Erick's Book of Beasts, Propagandist of Eternal Peace and Highest Living Authority on the Scientific Propagation of the Species, incurring the disfavor of the New York Sun. Little men of the East are envious of the intellectual giants of the West. Dr. Jordan is superficial says the Sun and to prove it quotes that small fry scientist of Patagonia Herr Professor von Jughaendel, calling him eminent and more broad minded than our illustrious word dripper of Stanford. The Sun's dissatisfaction with Dr. Jordan arises, so it says, not from the monopoly in the worthy ancestor business which he ascribes to Isabella de Vermandois but to his "unfortunate and indefensible superficiality." Says the Sun, "He only scratches the surface, he contents himself

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with a half hearted investigation and pursues his researches merely to the twelfth century, a period which to scholars is ridiculously near to our own time." It appears that Herr Professor Jughaendel goes back beyond Jordan's twelfth century ancestor. He might have gone back to Adam, but Adam was a weakling. So old dry-as-dust Judghaendel began with Noah, to whom we owe Isabella, the ancestor of Dr. Jordan. Our great scientist may well reply that in his researches, for certain purposes, he went back before the flood. If the editor of the Sun will consult Erick's Book of Beasts (copyrighted by Paul Elder in 1912) he will find that Dr. Jordan traces his ancestry back to a point just this side of the arboreal age of man.

"Jim" Keene in Pine Street

In his entertaining "History of the San Francisco Stock and Exchange Board," Joseph L. King tells a number of enlivening anecdotes illustrating the character of the late "Jim" Keene and his natural matchless aptitude as a stock broker and manipulator. Here are several selected haphazard: Whenever stocks were bought or sold in the street or in the Board, Keene would either be there or know what was going on. On a certain occasion he stood in the crowd on the street, derby hat, dark suit of clothes, a bit of writing paper in one hand and a pencil in the other, trying to sell 200 Ophir at \$64. Finally he said: "I know this 200 Ophir is a buy. If any one will take it, I will carry it for him and guarantee him against loss. I cannot honorably take it myself as a broker. I must sell it." Among the spectators was a Jake Levy, always well dressed—tall silk hat, black suit of clothes, with low-cut vest, showing elaborate white shirt with diamond studs. Jake's principal occupation was dealing in lottery tickets, he made a good income peddling them to his friends. And here was an opportunity to purchase some valuable stock without any risk, so he promptly accepted Keene's offer. Levy afterwards sold the stock at high figures, bought a lot just west of Van Ness avenue, erected two houses out of the profits of the transaction and thereafter enjoyed the rents like a millionaire.

Borrowed His Seat

Keene had very little money when he began business as a mining broker, but rapidly became very prominent. He was employed for a time as a street broker, receiving many orders from Burling & Co., then a great firm. In 1869 Charles N. Felton loaned Keene the seat in the Board to which he was subsequently elected, his partner at that time being George I. Ives, a relative of Felton. In 1870 Keene bought a seat on which Ives was elected, thus settling the loan. Probably no active broker has ever shown so great a genius in speculation as Keene. In all the big deals of his day he was prominent. Yellow Jacket, Central No. 2, Con. Virginia, California and Ophir—all helped to swell his bank account. He was a large holder of the New Bank of California stock. In addition to Coleman he had as partners Henry Williams and E. F. Hall.

One of King's Anecdotes

"To show how quickly Keene could detect an order," says King, "let me relate an incident. Mr. Flood, at times, found it to his advantage to employ other than his regular well-known brokers. Mr. B. F. Sherwood was well known to be Sharon's confidential broker. Mr. Flood met me on California street one day and asked me to tell Sherwood to meet him at a designated place. In the Board that afternoon Sherwood

began executing an order on one of Flood's well-known stocks. Keene was on his feet instantly, buying the stock. Sherwood stopped buying and sat down. Keene commenced writing down his purchases with the remark, 'Hullo, what's up, a nigger in the fence?' After the Board, Sherwood related the incident to me, speaking in high praise of the power of discernment that Keene always displayed in times of emergency."

He Taps Ralston

In Keene's early days in the Board, before becoming wealthy, being then worth about \$300,000, he could foresee a great market and higher prices in the immediate future. One day he went to Ralston, president of the Bank of California, spoke enthusiastically of the market and its future, and asked for money. A stout man, high forehead, aquiline nose, and pair of eyes that could read down into your inmost soul, Ralston was the picture as he sat at his desk, of a successful and cautious, yet liberal banker. His long experience had made him an excellent judge of the local mercantile community, and he was quick about making a loan or refusing one.

"How much do you want?" asked Ralston.

"Don't know," answered Keene. "I can't tell the exact amount, but I would like to commence buying now."

"Well," said Ralston, "you draw your checks and I will tell you when to stop."

It is said that Keene drew \$1,300,000 before he was halted. Keene was not always a winner. While ill at home, on one occasion, the stock market had a severe relapse, stocks breaking badly. Keene rose from his bed and hurried to the Board with his partner, John W. Coleman. The appearance of things was not of a nature to put health into a sick man, and they soon left the Board room. It is said Keene's stocks had shrunk \$1,000,000 in value at the time. But that was incidental to the business; in a short time stocks recovered and all were happy again.

A Compliment for Our Prison

According to a recognized authority our city prison is a better place to seek a lodging for the night than some of our missions. The statement is made by Edwin A. Brown, known as the "millionaire tramp." Brown is a cousin of W. C. Brown of the New York Central, a nephew of Zebulon Pike, the discoverer of Pike's Peak and a grandnephew of Commodore Perry. He is a man of independent means, but has gone from the Atlantic to the Pacific disguised as a tramp and has allowed himself to be arrested as a vagrant and thrown upon municipal mercy for a night's lodging for the sole purpose of finding out what becomes of the homeless man. He has been telling his experiences to a New York paper. Here is what happened to him in this city:

In the City of the Golden Gate I did not visit the police until all other possibilities of shelter were exhausted. I almost got a bed at the "Whosoever Will May Come Flop." I was too late, they told me at the mission, but I continued to the lodging house and again made application. I was roughly ejected. A poor consumptive witnessed my humiliation and came and told me he would let me down through a trap-door in the sidewalk into the dormitory. He did so, and there I found twenty or more men sleeping on rough planks under the sidewalk.

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I did not stay long. They found me and out I was bundled again. At the city prison, where I was forced to go the following night, I received better treatment than any I had ever experienced at the hands of the police. But for the noise of unruly prisoners I would have passed a comfortable night. As we "Jacks" left in the morning Turnkey McLaughlin bade us good-by, adding, "Well, boys, I hope that you will get work today."

Claus Spreckels at the Olympic

They are still telling stories about that little old last year's celebration we had on New Year's Eve. One of them is about young Claus Spreckels. In company with several congenial fellows young Spreckels went up to the club Tuesday evening to attend the ball. The affair was for members and their fair guests, and a club servant was stationed at the entrance to see that no outsiders crossed the threshold. The members Claus Spreckels was with were all habitués of the club, so they passed the outside portal without hindrance. But it was different with young Spreckels. He is a life member of the Olympic, but he had not been within its doors for a long time. For the past three years young Claus Spreckels has lived at Coronado and his visits to this city have been infrequent. In three years there have been many changes in the staff of club servants. So it happened very naturally that the servant at the door did not know young Spreckels. "I do not know you," said Cerberus. "I am Claus Spreckels," said the young man. "It's a good name," admitted Cerberus, "a very good name, but I do not know you." But Spreckels was saved from further discomfiture because half a dozen of his friends seeing him standing at the door rushed over to greet him, and Cerberus relented.

The Ways of Heney and Burns

Another victim of the infamous Burns-Heney prosecutions in Oregon has been pardoned by President Taft on the recommendation of Attorney-General Wickersham. The man to whom

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this tardy relief has come is John H. Hall, formerly United States District Attorney at Portland. Hall it appears was convicted by the methods peculiar to Burns and Heney. The jury that convicted him was selected by the agents of the unscrupulous prosecutors. But Hall was something more than a mere victim of a ruthless perversion of the machinery of justice. He was removed from the office of district attorney by President Roosevelt to give Heney and Burns a free hand. The story as told by Hall is as follows: "Strained relations between myself and Heney came about in December of 1904, after I had secured indictments against the Puter-McKinley land fraud ring and Heney had secured their conviction. Heney, who had been sent here at my request to assist in the prosecutions, had 'sweated' Puter in an endeavor to indict Binger Hermann and Senator Mitchell. Finally by dint of threats Puter made a so-called confession. Soon after Heney said to me: 'Have the dope on Binger Hermann. I can smirch old man Mitchell, but have not evidence enough to convict him.' 'Mr. Heney,' I said, 'this office cannot be used to smirch any man unless there is evidence to show he is guilty.' After that Heney secured indictments against Mitchell. Then he wired to President Roosevelt: 'Absolutely necessary in order to secure convictions against Hermann and Mitchell, John Hall be removed from office.' That same day President Roosevelt peremptorily directed Attorney-General Moody to remove me from office, which he did. Heney was then appointed in my place. To justify himself for my removal he found the case of the United States vs. W. W. Steiwer et al, in which Steiwer was accused of fencing Government lands. He also discovered I had instituted civil proceedings and not criminal, a discretion the law clearly gave me, and he thereupon declared I was in conspiracy with the defendants, although I did not know any of those concerned in the suit. I was removed from office before the case was due for trial and it never has been tried."

As to Hubert Howe Bancroft

The Salt Lake City Telegram in an editorial quotes with approval what I have had to say about Hubert Howe Bancroft and the reasons for his recently delivered "knock" at the Pioneer Society of this city. The Telegram then proceeds to pay its respects to Bancroft in this style:

"Town Talk should not mind very much what Mr. Hubert Howe Bancroft says of the pioneers or anyone else, because Mr. Bancroft has proven himself, not only not too honest, but a four flusher. He poses as the great historian of the Pacific Coast and a portion of that history, to our certain knowledge, he never saw until the manuscript was submitted to him, and though that manuscript was but a tissue of falsehoods, Mr. Bancroft published it for a consideration. Naturally, as he did not reach the coast until '52 and is therefore not eligible to join the society in San Francisco, he has figured it out that in some way he is injured thereby, and his idea when he feels injured is to get even, and he does not much care how. The order of his mind is of that kind which will not do for a historian and will not do for a critic where his likes or dislikes are in any way involved. Town Talk does him too much honor when it lifts him up to a level where it can give him a black eye."

Malini Was Pleased

About three weeks ago I told in these columns how the professional poker players of the Rialto had administered to Max Malini, the wonderful little magician, treatment known in the current

argot of Powell and Ellis street as "gypping" or the application of "Dutch Cleanser." In other words the poker players took Malini's "roll" away from him. It was a good story because it showed that the professional gamblers of our tenderloin were better poker players than the wizard who can do everything except make the cards speak. How Malini would regard the story of his defeat I did not stop to consider, because I didn't much care. But I was rather surprised the other day when Malini informed me that the story "tickled him to death." I didn't at once grasp his view point and, I suppose, showed my bewilderment in my face, for he added: "It was the best write-up I ever received, because it proved that I am an honest gambler. If I lose my money, then I must play on the square." Which, when you stop to think, is a logical proposition.

His Rule of Life

Malini insisted that I drop into his apartment at the St. Francis so that he might enlarge a bit on the subject of his poker playing. There he explained his philosophy. He told me among other things that he made it a rule of life to avoid playing poker, a game which he says he "loves to death," except among professional gamblers. He said that he was continually receiving invitations to play with friends and casual acquaintances, but that he consistently refused unless the men were men he knew very well and the stakes were very low. He said he did this for self-protection, because if he won he would, as like as not, be suspected of utilizing his wonderful dexterity in the manipulation of cards for the purpose of cheating. With the gamblers, he says, it is different. Playing poker is their business and they have no right to complain when they lose. Then he went on to say that if he wanted to be a cheat at cards he could make money enough in a month to insure his financial independence for life. Knowing the big cleanups which the blacklegs make on the big steamers from time to time I see no reason to doubt that statement.

His Dexterity With the Deck

To illustrate this point Malini showed me some of the tricks which he can do with a deck of cards. He said that he never exhibited these tricks and of course never made use of them in playing poker. "The man who cheats at cards," he said, "is a criminal, but he's a piker as well as a thief. He wants to steal but he hasn't the courage to risk his life the way the burglar does. The man who cheats at cards would pick a pocket." Some of his tricks with a poker deck made my eyes bulge. I hadn't any notion that such things were possible. Dealing from the bottom of the deck is, I presume, a common enough trick with crooked gamblers; but Malini can deal from any part of the deck. He demonstrated this to me time and time again, and though I sat right next to him and watched his hands as closely as possible I could not detect him doing it. The cards all seemed to come from the top of the deck whence they should have come, but I knew they didn't come from there because I had seen the cards on the top. Malini dealt himself aces and kings and "full" hands at will. He told me that there wasn't a professional gambler or blackleg in the world who could do these tricks. He claims to have invented them himself. Malini says the ordinary cheater is a clumsy operator whose tricks he can always detect. And he also says that he has seen prominent society people of New York and Chicago cheating guests whom they had invited to their houses for a game of

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A Physician As Eulogist

If there are physicians in San Francisco who are sceptical of the discoveries made by their townsman Dr. Albert Abrams, there is at least one physician in America with unbounded faith in the genius of him. This physician is Louis von Cotzhausen, editor of the Philadelphia Journal of Physiological Therapeutics. In the December number of that journal he speaks of Dr. Abrams as a diagnostician who has probably no superiors and as a therapist who "stands alone." He says that as an "all-round ethical medical practitioner" Dr. Abrams "is so far above the common herd of everyday practitioners that he is frequently misunderstood by them and more often maliciously misrepresented and maligned."

Exit Michael Casey

Mayor Rolph exhibited mighty good judgment in distributing patronage for the new year. No disinterested person will find any fault with the men he has introduced to his official family, and there has been much applause for his reappointment of William H. Metson and his dropping of Michael Casey. It had been rumored that the boss of the teamsters' union had a strangle hold on the job, and there appeared to be reason to fear that he had. Casey has enjoyed a long and profitable public career. He came into office with Eugene Schmitz, and he has practiced politics most successfully ever since. It was thought that he was one of the most popular of labor leaders, but when he ran for supervisor it was found that he had a very slender following.

The Latest in Transportation

"I think I have had a hand in devising the very latest stunt in human transportation," said a well known commercial traveler who dropped into town for the New Year's Eve celebration. "I was in Fresno about a week ago and after I had finished my work one afternoon I met up with a San Francisco man and a pretty well known Fresno railroad man. For some reason or other the Fresno man was bent on having an alcoholic orgy. We found it impossible to dissuade him, but felt that it would be wrong to desert him, so we trailed along from one bar to another. As a study in galloping intoxication it was scientifically interesting, but far from edifying. Our friend showed an enormous appetite for raw liquor. He insisted everywhere on getting 'a man's size drink.' Finally near midnight a bartender to whom he had thus appealed a number of times got tired of ignoring the request and served him in a beer glass. The Fresno man filled it with whiskey and drank the poison in two gulps. He got safely to the street and then collapsed. I should have mentioned that he is a man of enormous size. We tried to lift him but he was a prone and inert mass of tremendous tonnage and we couldn't budge him. We didn't know what to do. Then an inspiration came to my San Francisco friend. 'It's only a block to his hotel,' my friend suggested; 'let's roll him.' It was a great idea. I held his head up so it wouldn't get cut and my friend did the rolling. We rolled him through the mud for a solid block. We rolled him into the hotel, and we rolled him into the elevator. Then we rolled him into his room. He was an awful sight but he was safe. I've heard before of a man being 'rolled,' but this was something new. And I don't want to have the experience again."

Referred to the Chamber of Commerce

Not having seen any mention in the local papers of the fact that Portland instead of San Francisco is to be the American port of the great new line which the Hamburg-American intends to establish between the Pacific Coast and the Orient, I think it well worth while to call the matter to the attention of our Chamber of Commerce by means of the following excerpt from the New York Times:

TO START LINE FROM OREGON Hamburg-American Co. Confirms Report of Coming Pacific Service

Special Cable to The New York Times.

BERLIN, Dec. 28.—The head office of the Hamburg-American Line, Hamburg, confirms the report that the company has decided to enter the lists with the American and Japanese lines for passenger and freight traffic in the Pacific by establishing a regular service between Portland, Ore., and the Far East.

Details are withheld for the present, and it is stated that they cannot be worked out or announced until the United States Government's attitude toward foreign shipping through the Panama Canal is more clearly defined.

The company has virtually decided, however, to start the trans-Pacific service from Portland early the coming year. Preliminary arrangements for the service were discussed during Herr Ballin's visit to America last Autumn.

Funston on the Defensive

Once more the question of the ethics of the method by which Brigadier-General Funston captured Emilio Aguinaldo is under discussion. General Funston's friends have so frequently urged his right to promotion that he has many enemies in the army clique in Washington, and it is probably due to the activity of the members of that clique that he has been called upon to defend himself against the charge of violating military ethics. General Funston admits that he played the part of a spy, and says that he could have been executed under the recognized laws of war. He insists however that it is not discreditable for a soldier to risk his life in the interest of his country in the role of a spy. He points out that Hale was a spy and that he is one of the greatest of our national heroes. Funston's critics, however, charge that he did more than play the part of a spy. They say that he practiced deception on the enemy, making use of the Filipino uniform and forging a letter representing that he was hungry, thus being guilty of what is described as perfidy under the law of nations. But whatever General Funston did, the Government of this country approved and rewarded. Moreover he acted under the orders of a superior officer.

Champagne Literature

A dainty bit of literature has come to hand. It is a booklet that tells the story of the great triumph of the Italian-Swiss Colony, otherwise known as Golden State Champagne. It is interesting reading, this story of the conquest of the secret so long the pride of the French people. When the Californians employed the famous



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French expert, Charles Jadeau, to come to California to experiment in wine-making, it was because the Rheims winemakers had refused to allow Californians to study in their wineries. One of the sons of Mr. Rossi, after graduating from the University of California, sought employment in one of the big wineries and was barred. Yet about that time *Le Petit Journal* of Paris observed that Americans erred in thinking that nothing was impossible for them, and added that it was useless for Americans to study French methods. "They have forgotten one important thing," said the Journal, "the soil of France with its subtle sorcery." It is easy to conceive the feelings of the men of Rheims when at the International Exposition in Turin, Italy, a year ago, Golden State Champagne was awarded the "Grand Prix" by a jury composed of the most famous wine tasters of Europe.

Varied Types

(Continued from Page 6.)

downs during the thirty-seven years I have been on the stage. I have been as poor as poverty itself, and rich, though never very rich. But I have always tried to look on the bright side of things. Here I am on the eve of my sixtieth birthday and still able to work, thank God!"

And then Miss Brandon talked of less intimate things. She spoke of Edwin Booth and how frightened she was when she first appeared with him, playing Jessica in *The Merchant of Venice*.

"He was the saintliest man I ever knew; the only man before whom I ever wished to go down on my knees. He was the greatest actor and finest gentleman that ever lived."

Finally Miss Brandon spoke of the New Theatre where she created her present part in the *Blue Bird*. She gave me her opinion of *The Arrow Maker* in which also she appeared at the New Theatre.

"Of course," she said, "there was a great deal done to it before it was produced. It was not feasible to produce it in the shape it was in when Miss Austin submitted it. But the principal cause of its failure was the miscasting of the characters. Three Indian parts were given to players with strong English accents which was absurd. The critics naturally seized on this, and the play received such a black eye that I don't think it will ever be revived."

This is significant as showing that two competent witnesses may offer diametrically opposite testimony with regard to a theatrical

production. For only last week Mrs. Mary Austin spoke to me about her play of *The Arrow Maker* and said this which I quote from the interview:

"It was the great popular success of the New Theatre. They turned people away every night. It would have had a long run if the New Theatre hadn't set people's teeth on edge by its unwarranted high brow attitude and gone broke in consequence. The critics? They treated it better than I expected. But I had to make allowances, since none of them knew what an Indian was outside the pages of Fennimore Cooper."

How to reconcile this with what Miss Brandon told me? Is Miss Brandon right and Mrs. Austin wrong? Or vice versa? I am not competent to answer this very interesting question.

Musings of the Gentle Cynic

We have all experienced times when hard words come mighty easy.

Some men will sit down for hours and discourse on the evils of laziness.

The true test of greatness is not to allow your hat to get too small for you.

About the only people in the world who don't quarrel over religion are those who haven't any.

The society girl's coming out is really her starting in.

A man may acquire ease and plenty but not in the order named.

Some girls are such prudes that they wouldn't care to go to heaven without a chaperon.

About the only things some people seem to get out of life are the necks and drumsticks.

The girl who is to be had for the asking generally spends all her life waiting to be asked.

The suburban cook should be well trained. She frequently comes on one and goes on the next.

When a woman stays home from church because it is raining either her religion or her complexion isn't waterproof.

It's all right to fight the devil with fire, but don't lose sight of the fact that his ammunition will last longer than yours.

About the only time we believe in dreams is when they come true.

Lots of people have no use for a man who objects to being used.

The man who refuses to see the error of his way has just that much further to travel back.

The easiest thing in the world to do is to make up your mind what you would do if you were in some other fellow's place.

Not Even a Goat
Smith has a lovely baby girl,
The stork left her with a flutter.
Smith named her Oleomargarine,
For he hadn't any but her.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EUGENIA L. BENNETT, Deceased.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Eugenia L. Bennett, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of J. C. Flannery, No. 545 Mills Building, Northeast Corner of Bush and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Eugenia L. Bennett, deceased.

HAROLD E. BENNETT,
Administrator of the Estate of Eugenia L. Bennett, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, January 11, 1913.
J. C. FLANNERY, Atty. for Administrator,
545 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 1-11-5

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Queen Eleanor Rags

When we sang "Everybody's Doin' It" we made a mental reservation in favor of Mrs. Eleanor Martin. But now this mental reservation is unnecessary. For Mrs. Eleanor Martin rags. Incredible as it may appear, it is strictly true. During the past few weeks Mrs. Eleanor Martin has taken several lessons in ragging from one of the best known local teachers. Just what degree of proficiency she has attained is a secret, but as to the fact of her having taken lessons there can be no doubt. The situation has a psychological as well as a social interest. It shows that Mrs. Martin has extended her approbation to the syncopated two-step. It shows too that the queen of society, responsive in all else to the fads and fancies of the moment, has been unable to resist the contagion of ragging which has swept over our dancing sets. It must be years since Mrs. Martin has danced, at least in public. When she attends Greenways and other balls, it is simply to chat and lorgnette the younger folks who foot it on the floor. But now that Mrs. Martin has taken lessons, who knows what may happen? What a sensation would be created if Mrs. Martin actually ragged at one of our big dancing parties! It sounds preposterous, but does it not also sound preposterous that she should take lessons? For the lessons I can vouch. For what may happen next I have no method of vaticination.

Peter's Rag Party

It is interesting to remember, now that Queen Eleanor has taken lessons in ragging, that her son Peter Martin was the first to give a private ragging party in San Francisco. The party was given in the Martin home in Broadway when ragging first became a burning issue and when those of us who had learned the insinuating steps had to repair to Caesar's to execute them because they were still unknown at formal dances. Peter had the courage of his passion for the new dance. He gave a big party and everybody ragged. When the news of that party was published, some of our staid people were deeply shocked. Most of them have since recovered from the shock and have agreed to recognize the rag. But some still hold out. It was generally thought that Mrs. Martin aligned herself in their ranks, but if so she has at last deserted them. Peter must feel that he has been fully vindicated.

Father Vaughan and the Rag

Father Bernard Vaughan, the English Jesuit who is in our midst, recently added the rag to

his already large list of sins of society. Father Vaughan has expressed the opinion that the rag is the invention of Belial, the latest snare devised by Beelzebub for the entanglement of virtue. I mention this here because of a possible complication. Father Vaughan is to be in our midst during Lent. During that penitential season which is not far off Father Vaughan will deliver a series of lectures in the homes of our most prominent Catholics, and his subject will be the sins of society. He will undoubtedly lambaste the rag in some of these lectures. Now one of the first houses at which he will speak, according to my information, will be Mrs. Martin's. Suppose he should see fit to indulge in invective on the subject of ragging when he lectures there. Will it not be embarrassing for Mrs. Martin? As Father Vaughan reads Town Talk he will undoubtedly know by that time that Mrs. Martin has taken lessons in ragging. The situation is pregnant with possibilities.

The Mardi Gras, a Suggestion

Already plans are being made for the big Mardi Gras ball at the Palace. Thank heaven, we are not to dance on canvased marble this year, as the management has promised to put in a wooden floor. Last year the canvas ripped, and several dancers had bad falls. The sceptre which was held by Mrs. Fred Kohl is to pass to the hands of Mrs. Clement Tobin. It is a good choice, for Mrs. Tobin is of splendid bearing and we shall all bow with pleasure beneath her rule. Incidentally, must the queen of a Mardi Gras be blonde? Mrs. Kohl is a blonde, so is Mrs. Tobin. When will the brunettes have their inning? Thornwell Mullally was the imperial consort last year; this year Ferdinand Thieriot has been chosen. Everybody wonders what period of history will inspire the pageantry. It won't be the Napoleonic era again, of course. Why not stick to Californian history? Why shouldn't Mrs. Tobin, despite her blondness, impersonate lovely Concepcion de Arguello, a San Francisco girl? And Ferdinand Thieriot might be the Count Rezanov, her Russian lover. The suggestion is offered for what it is worth. For particulars the committee is referred to Bret Harte's poem.

He Wouldn't Fit

Since writing the foregoing I have been told that my suggestion isn't worth a cent, the reason being Ferdinand Thieriot. It had not occurred to me that possibly Ferdinand might be impossible for the role of Russian lover. I am told he is; that the role of Narcissus would be much more suitable to his complexion and physique. Mr. Thieriot I have never met. He is a new-comer, a bond broker from New York, a very active young man, who may be depended upon to play any part at a masquerade ball very seriously. He is not the first broker, by the way, to be chosen for a part at the Mardi Gras. Years ago Tony Helman played the king's jester, but Tony had a sense of humor.

Agnes Tobin Coming

Within a few weeks Miss Agnes Tobin will pay a visit to San Francisco. She is now in New York with friends, and will come on to

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this city for a while before returning to her beloved London. Miss Tobin is one of the very few women of our smart set who can hold her own with the wittiest and most cultivated spirits of London's innermost literary set. In the salons presided over by Mrs. Meynell who has taken the place which Mrs. Craigie used to occupy, Miss Tobin is regarded as one of the most brilliant conversationalists. She cares little for society as such, preferring her books, her poetical labors and the converse of friends on her own plane of cultivation. She has a gift of epigram, and many of her mots pass current among people who do not know the author. In our local smart set there are unfortunately few who have attempted so many things worth while as Miss Tobin has. Miss Henriette Blanding who has two volumes of privately printed verse to her credit and who, it is said, contemplates a translation of the Iliad from the Greek into German, is perhaps an exception worth mentioning.

Will the Baron Visit Us?

Will Baron Andre de Fouquieres pay San Francisco a visit before he leaves America? The question was raised at Burlingame the other day, and it was unanimously decided that if he did it would be owing to the invitation of Mrs. Francis Carolan. The Baron is a great man in Paris, the greatest of Parisian dandies and a man of letters of acknowledged ability as well. He came to New York armed with four thousand social introductions all nicely filed in alphabetical order in a special leather case. In New York his principal friend is Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt. Here his only friend is Mrs. Carolan. Mrs. Carolan met him in Paris, and is proud of the acquaintance as she has a perfect right to be, for the Baron is a big man in the diplomatic, literary and artistic sets of the capital of the world. Mrs. Carolan has admission to those sets too, and that is why she knows the Baron. It is just possible that she may induce him to visit us.

He Might Lecture Here

If the Baron delivered one of his celebrated lectures here he would be sure of enthusiastic patronage. He lectured the other day in New York, his subject being the two great costume balls given by the Countess de Clermont-Tonnerre and the Countess de Chabrilan. Both of these

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Miss White has just returned from New York and will teach the latest Ball Room, Fancy, National, Classical and Folk Dances. New Ball Room Dances for this season: Tango, Crab Crawl, Four Step Boston. Hall for Rent.

titled Parisians are friends of Mrs. Carolan, and she would have attended the two balls if she had been in Paris at the time. The Baron's lectures are illustrated by hundreds of color films showing the costumes of the guests and the scheme of decoration. If the Baron visits us before Lent he will be invited to some of the big parties, and may consent to dance his recently invented singing waltz dedicated to Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, or he might invent a new one and dedicate it to Mrs. Carolan. The new waltz is called "Roses d'Automne" and the dancers sing a little song of that name to the soft accompaniment of the orchestra.

The New Reno Diversion

The fair women who are tarrying in Reno awaiting the day when the courts will set them free from odious marriage ties have hit upon a new diversion. One of them who ran down to this city the other day for a few hours of metropolitan recreation was telling some of her boon companions about it. The about-to-be Renowidows are going in strong for the suffrage propaganda. Having their own opinions about the ability of men to manage the domestic menage these women have come to agree with their militant sisters that even in the field of civics men are hopelessly incompetent, so they have joined the ranks of the Nevada women who are trying to add the Sagebrush State to the list of Pacific Coast commonwealths where women may vote. The proposition is now before the Nevada Legislature, and it is said that if the lawmaking body takes favorable action on it the fair women in temporary residence at Reno will be entitled to a great deal of the credit. When it comes to coaxing a legislator to see the light there is no more effective persuader than a smiling Renowidow.

As to the Beales

A correspondent writes to correct a statement I made last week about the position of the Truxtun Beales in Washington society. The sentence my correspondent takes exception to is the following: "Mrs. Beale has assumed a definite place in Washington society, largely through the friendship of Madame Bahkmeteff, the wife of the Russian Ambassador and Truxtun Beale's sister." "You infer," says my critic, "that if it were not for the fact that Madame Bahkmeteff is the wife of the Russian Ambassador the position of Truxtun Beale's wife in Washington society would not be as prominent as it is. As a matter of fact, the Beales have always possessed such prestige in Washington that the entrance of a mere Ambassador into the family via mar-

riage could not better it. Ambassadors are common enough in Washington, but families as prominent as the Beales have always been as far from common there. Madame Bahkmeteff was just as prominent when her husband was secretary of the Russian legation (before that legation became an embassy) as she is today. And Truxtun Beale's wife naturally assumed her place in that society as soon as she and her husband took up their residence there."

The Pasquali Concert

Madame Bernice de Pasquali will give a special concert at the St. Francis on Tuesday evening in response to a number of requests from her admirers. Tickets are on sale at Kohler and Chase, Sherman and Clay and the St. Francis news stand. The program will include numbers from Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, Jomelli, Thomas Massenet and others. The list of patronesses: Mrs. J. J. Brice, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Deering, Mr. and Mrs. Francis H. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Folger, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Kelham, Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Koshland, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Langhorne, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Lent, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mr. and Mrs. John McNear, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. McCutcheon, Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. Willis Polk, Mayor and Mrs. James Rolph, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Tubbs, Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Walker.

For the Ursuline Convent

The alumnae of the Ursuline College of Santa Rosa are engaged in raising money for the worthy purpose of presenting the good nuns with an organ for their chapel, and to swell the fund they have decided to give a card party at the St. Francis on the evening of Saturday, January 18. This affair which they hope will be well attended, is under the charge of Miss Laura Kelly, president of the alumnae, Mrs. Paul J. Regan, vice-president and Miss Ella Keenan, secretary. A number of well known women will act as patronesses, among them being Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mrs. K. Mihan, Mrs. M. A. Tobin, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Miss L. Callahan, Mrs. D. C. Heger, Mrs. Joseph S. Spear, Mrs. J. M. Toner, Mrs. A. Farrell, the Baroness von Schroeder, Mrs. R. E. White, Mrs. James Shea, Mrs. J. R. Hanify and Mrs. Frank Panter.

The Decorations at Tait's

At the Tait-Zinkand Cafe this week the decorations are the most gorgeous and striking ever shown in San Francisco. The style is Oriental and is typically suggestive of the far East. One can imagine he is in distant lands while dining in the midst of these decorations. Modern San Francisco seems to be miles away, and the flight of the imagination carries ones across the sea. I honestly consider these decorations among the finest and most novel ever shown here.

American Composers at Kohler and Chase

The program to be presented at the weekly Kohler & Chase Music Matinee this Saturday, January 11, will be essentially a program of works by American composers. There will be two groups of compositions by Arthur Nevin interpreted on the Pianola Piano. The Aeolian Pipe Organ will give an interpretation of Mac-

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(Advertisement)

Dowell's Legends from the Indian Suite. The soloist will be Oscar Frank, baritone, one of the most capable concert singers in San Francisco.

New Year's Eve at Techau's

Techau Tavern was more than usually attractive on New Year's Eve, being decorated with scores of colored balloons attached to the tables at a uniform height. A novel souvenir imported from Paris by the management, was a small wooden implement, the "Mosser," much like a chocolate muddler, and used with a twirling motion to liven up the wine in one's glass. This is probably the first time these ingenious little implements have been seen in America. The management recently presented an electric auto to Miss Elsie Munster.

In the Social Spotlight

Mrs. Richard E. Mulcahy with a party of friends left Paris on Christmas bound for St. Petersburg. They will return to Paris about February 10.

Versicles

"What is a suffragette?" she was asked,
And the child in her innocent way
"The wife of a sufferer," replied,
And nobody said her nay.
He asked, "How much did Romeo?
I always do forget!"
She answered, "That depends, you know,
On what fair Juliet."

Too Truthful

Grown old in the service of his master and mistress, Price was a privileged retainer. He was waiting at table one day, when a guest asked for a fish fork. Strangely enough, the request was ignored. Then the hostess noticed the episode, and remarked in a most pre-emptory manner:

"Price, Mrs. Jones hasn't a fish fork. Get her one at once!"

"Madam," came the emphatic reply, "last time Mrs. Jones dined here we lost a fish fork."

Price has now been relegated to the garden.

Overdose of Rouge

He kissed her on
A moonlight frolic,
And later died
Of painter's colic.

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The Execution

By Bart Kennedy

I.

"I am here to do my duty," he said with an oath. "And I guess no one's goin' to stop me. My duty is to see that no man is to be stopped workin' if he wants to. And now you fellows have got it dead straight. The law's got to be kept. And by the livin' God, the man who breaks it'll die—and he'll die without gettin' the time to take his boots off. An' now you've got it I guess; an' them that doesn't like it'll not cause me to lose sleep."

Thus did the Marshal deliver himself to the crowd. He was a big, powerful, hard-faced man. And with him were three deputy marshals. But he in himself was a host. He was the sort of man who would die fighting—one who was brave and terrible. Circumstance had ranged him on the side of the law and order here at the mines.

For there was trouble at the mines. The old days were gone—the days when every man worked his own claim. Capital had come, and capital had gathered together all the claims, making the whole of them into one concern. And the men now mined out the gold for stated wages. And a dispute had arisen, as disputes will arise between the men who own and the men who toil.

No one spoke after the Marshal had finished. There was not even a murmur. But there were hard looks. A man less brave than the Marshal would have been afraid of the deadly silence that lived in the crowd. Yes, it was silence that lived indeed, for behind it were all kinds of meanings. No one could have mistaken it for the silence that comes from fear. For these men were not as the strike-crowds that one hears of in places in Europe. There were men here who were as brave and as hard as the Marshal himself.

They had come from all parts of the world to this wild place—resolute, adventurous men.

The Marshal turned round. And someone laughed. The laugh broke strangely into the silence.

"Who laughed?" asked the Marshal, harshly. He was facing the crowd again.

"I did," said a tall young man, stepping forward. He was a fair-haired young man with steady blue eyes—an Englishman.

"You're near it, I guess," said the Marshal.

"Oh, indeed," said the young man. "How odd."

The Marshal turned, after a pause, and went off with his deputies. It had been in his mind to kill the Englishman. But he had restrained himself. The Englishman had looked straight at him, and it is hard to kill a man who looks straight at you. And something had come to the Marshal. It was not fear, or even the faintest suspicion of the shadow of fear. No, the thing that came to this indomitable man was a thing outside itself. It came from the blue, steady eyes, and in a flash his resentment was gone. His desire to kill was gone. But it came again to him now as he strode along. He was puzzled to think why he had not shot him dead. It would have been the best way out of it. The crowd were a hard crowd, and they would have fought. But he was quick with his gun, and he could have answered for five or six of them almost before they could have moved. His deputies were also quick. Why hadn't he killed him.

"I was a damned fool," he muttered.

II.

He would do his duty it didn't matter what came. He was there to uphold the law. If men wanted to work they had the right to work. Who were these fellows that they should take it on

themselves to bluff people off? But they wouldn't bluff anyone off while he was there! He would call the turn! He would let them see that he was the Marshal. An insult to the law was an insult to him.

And a curious feeling of great power came over him. He in himself was the law. He was bigger than anyone else. He was bigger than the mine-owners, the strikers and the blacklegs, and all of them put together. He could act as he thought fit! If he killed a man there was no one who could say anything to him about it. He thought of the man who had laughed. And a sense of wonder came to him as to the reason why he had not killed him. Well, he had not killed him, and that was all there was to it.

He was the whole law, and the power of the law, and the force of the law.

Suddenly his mind went back to a year or so ago. He was not on the side of the law then. He was an outlaw—a "bad man"—who hung around Tombstone, Arizona. He had killed many men in many ways. Some of the ways were fair; some of them were not fair. And one day, to his surprise, a proposition had been made to him that he should become a pillar of the law. In wild, western places experience had shown that the desperado made the best Marshal. The desperado became the State's most sturdy prop.

What was the row about in the mines, any way? Why weren't the miners satisfied to keep on working, and not be bringin' on all this trouble? Why? And a thought occurred to him. It was a thought about the times when every man worked his own claim. He had been round these parts then, and he had staked a claim out of his own—but he had not been lucky.

There had been fights and dissatisfaction then, but—well, it was nothing to what it was now. And for a moment he almost felt himself leaning towards the miners. It was the Syndicate that had caused the trouble. The Syndicate had bought everybody up, and put the men working on wages. No, it was not the Syndicate that caused the trouble! It was the men who came and talked to the miners—agitators! The Syndicate had a right to do what it liked with its own. He would stand by the Syndicate, because the Syndicate had done well by him.

But over him there came a memory of years and years ago when he was a boy in the Eastern States. There came to him the memory of a strike. The face of his father came up before him. His father had been a striker. His father had worked in a mine. The owners were—but he brushed the thoughts of the past away from him. He was there now to do his duty! He was there to see that the law was upheld. He was there to stand by the Syndicate, and stand by it he would, even if he had to meet death.

He would do his duty! And his face hardened. He was the Marshal. He was the law and the might and the power and the force of the Law!

III.

The scene was a scene of grandeur and wonder. The sun was gloriously shining here in the calm mountains that raised their heads afar in the blue. The mountains that had borne snow on their heads through long reaches of time! Afar a glacier glistened, coloring strangely. Calm and strange were these mountains that had been here long, long before the coming of men. These old, strange primeval mountains that had been here in the Dawn! That had been here long, long before the Dawn. They would rise, as they were rising now, when man

was gone. A scene, clear, stupendous, strange and wonderful. A scene illuminated by the splendor of the shining sun.

Rising was the voice of waters—a wonderful harmonious voice, living in the midst of the stillness of the mighty mountains.

A man was standing with his hands bound behind him. His face was firm, and his eye was hard. Around him was a small group of men.

"You are to die," said one of the group to the man whose arms were bound. "You were warned when you came here. Have you anything to say why you should not die?"

"I did my duty," said the Marshal.

Three days had gone since he had delivered his message to the crowd. And there had been fighting and killing. And that morning he had been taken unawares and brought here. The man with the steady eyes had suddenly come upon him, and covered him with his revolver. And the Marshal knew that death was in the steady eyes, so he had obeyed the mandate to come.

"You did your duty!" echoed the voice that had spoken. "Well, perhaps you did. And you are now to receive your reward of your duty."

A flame came into the face of the Marshal. He swore horribly.

"I don't care. Do what you like. But you'll get it after I'm gone."

"You know you are going to die?" said the voice.

"Yes," said the Marshal. "I know. But I don't care. I did my duty."

"You did your duty!" blazed the voice. "You a man from the working class. You whose battle we were fighting—you became knowingly the tool of those who oppress humanity. You did the dirty work of those who crush people like yourself. We were fighting for the cause of those who work. And you came and slew for those who live upon the labor of others. You are a traitor. You are a brave man, but that only makes your treachery worse. Have you nothing better to say than what you have said before you die?"

"You lie. You are a brave man, and it is a hard thing to kill you. No one likes to kill a brave man in cold blood. But you're a traitor. But for men like you it would be impossible to ill use and grind the faces of those who labor. Come on! What have you to say?"

The face of the Marshal changed. For an instant a soft look was in it. And then it hardened.

"I have this to say," he shouted. "I don't care a damn for you all. I will fight you all. Loose me, and I will fight you all! You can go to hell! I did my duty. Loose me, and let me die fighting!"

"No," said the voice. "You must die by the rope. You must die as a traitor ought to die."

The sun was sinking and flooding the wonderful scene with softened radiance. And the voice of the waters was sounding. And the wind arose, as the sun sank down behind the mountains, and gently stirred the body of a man that was hanging.

HENRY P. TRICOU

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"The Blue Bird"

By Edward F. O'Day

Tyltyl and Mytyl (how their names ring in the ear like fairy bells!) are brother and sister in the tale the Belgian playwright tells. Wood cutting is their daddy's trade and little wordly store has he; but what of that? the youngsters live in joy and purity. One night when Mummy Tyl and Dad have tucked them in their cosy nest, good Fairy Berylune appears and starts them on their quest. The fairy says that they must go through all the world until they find the wondrous bird whose plumage blue denotes the happy mind. Of course they cannot go alone, so straight she summons to their aid the most amazing servitors that e'er through Faery strayed. There's Bread, a yeasty chap, and Milk who has the palest of complexions, and hissing Fire, and Sugar Loaf whose fingers are confections. There's Water running everywhere and trying to extinguish Fire, and Cat who purrs and preens himself, a hypocrite and liar! And then there's Dog, man's faithful friend who calls Tyltyl his 'little god,' the truest fairy animal that e'er on hind paws trod. And finally a gracious queen, a smiling, gold-crowned vision bright to guide the children on their quest, the wondrous spirit Light! And so they start, but Berylune first gives the boy a jeweled cap—he needs but turn the gem to see all past and future hap. Their journey leads the youngsters first where Berylune maintains her court, and though bad Cat plots mischief there, Dog brings his schemes to naught. And then they travel till they reach the gentle Land of Memory where dear departed folks await the thoughts of you and me. The author says folks do not die unless they pass

from out our mind; (from out our prayers too, I should say); a fancy sweet and kind. In Memory's Land their granddad dwells and Granny takes them on her knee, and all the little Tyls who died once more the children see. It is a pretty picture this; a wholesomer I never saw. And how it chides us who forget the loved ones gone before! Before they leave fair Memory's Land they find a bird of plumage blue; but soon their joy dissolves in tears—it turns to sable hue! So on they fare; perhaps the bird may dwell among the churchyard tombs. They search, but lo! at midnight all the graves are lily blooms! "Where are the dead?" poor Mytyl cries, but Tyltyl lifts her drooping head. The diamond gives him wisdom, so he says, "There are no dead!" Still led by Light the boy and girl quest onward through obscurity until they reach, more wondrous still! the Kingdom of Futurity. Here dwell the souls of boys and girls not ready yet for mortal birth, but oh! how eager most of them to make the trip to earth. They cannot choose but wait the word of grim old Father Time whose glass measures the hours that must elapse ere each to life may pass. In this strange land the children meet a little brother yet to be; he says a year must roll before old Time will set him free. And after many marvels more the Land of Future fades from view; then Light leads on, for still they lack the bird of plumage blue. The next is a tremendous scene; the children reach in great affright the gloomy kingdom that obeys the wicked Queen of Night. In sable robes she rules her realm and waves her ebon sceptre o'er Disease and Crime and haunting Ghosts and

cruel, bloody War. But Tyltyl knows that in this realm—he has to search to find just where—a beautiful bird of plumage blue is in the Night Queen's care. So bravely he essays each door until at last he finds the prize, but when he plucks it from its perch the pretty creature dies! Once more the children journey on, a bit discouraged, I confess, until their eyes are dazzled by the Land of Happiness. They learn of many precious joys I cannot pause to tell you of, but best of all they learn how great the Joy of Mother Love. And now, although their quest was vain, their trip through Fairyland is o'er and Tyltyl with his sister stands before the cottage door. Here Light and all the rest take leave,—droll Bread, and Milk of pale complexion; and hissing Fire, and Sugar Loaf (each finger a confection); and Water running everywhere, and Cat who's very glad to go; and faithful Dog who barks and howls, so bitter is his woe. The picture changes. Lo! we see the youngsters tucked within their nest, and when their mummy wakes them up, still dreaming of their quest they notice hanging on the wall, where it had hung the whole quest through, the long neglected cage that holds their bird of plumage blue! The old, old story this, you see; while up and down the world we roam in search of alien happiness, it waits for us at home! Another truth the children learn before this fairy play is finished—that happiness with others shared is deepened, not diminished. God bless you, little Tyltyl, and God bless you, Mytyl too! I think we're better for the hours that we have spent with you!

Gossip of the Theatre

The Great Godowsky

A word about this man Godowsky whom Impresario Greenbaum has brought to us. He revealed himself to San Francisco last Sunday, and filled a large audience with delight. But I wonder how many of that audience realize how great a man Godowsky is. All of us have not perfect confidence in our own senses. We are inclined to be conservative. A word of authority is reassuring. The word of authority I will quote is the word of a man we all know, himself a pianist of the front rank, none other than Pachmann, the Verlaine of the piano as he has been called. Critics say that Pachmann is the greatest player of the piano now living, and though Pachmann has a pretty high opinion of himself he sets Godowsky above all other pianists. Now there are critics who will not go as far as Pachmann, the reason being that they will not admit that Pachmann has a peer. So they disparage Godowsky; that is, they insist he is not the equal of Pachmann because he lacks Pachmann's temperament. Of his technique there is no question. It is unexcelled. His workmanship is perfect. His fingers are the nimblest ever. There is no task they cannot perform faultlessly. Godowsky is known in Europe as the "master-miniaturist." Sound is like thread between his fingers to be twisted to any pattern. He is the perfect, scholarly interpreter, but the question for each of his listeners to ask is whether he expresses the inner meaning.

—The Musician.

violin, viola and 'cello gave the fourth concert of their season and the first of the new year at the St. Francis Tuesday night. One could not



MABEL BERRA

The English prima donna who will appear in "The Eternal Waltz" next week at the Orpheum.

ask to start the musical year more auspiciously than by assisting at a Beel banquet of melody; and it is a pleasure to record that a very representative throng of musicians and music lovers was assembled in the colonial ball room to hear the inimitable four. The program began with the Beethoven Quartet in F major, opus 18, number 1, and the four beautiful numbers were listened to with breathless enjoyment, each receiving its merited applause. Then came the wonderful "Bagatelles" of Dvorak which had never been heard in this city before. This calls for two violins, 'cello and harmonium, and the last instrument was splendidly played by Mr. Henri Salz. Only a master of words equal in power to Dvorak as a master of music could do justice to the entrancing beauty of this composition. The five movements seemed all too short, and there were many who would have asked nothing better than to hear the entire composition repeated. The perfect commingling of the harmonium's mellow tones with the music of the violins and 'cello lifted the hearers to ecstasies of sensuous enjoyment. Finally there was a Brahms Quartet, another composition which music lovers must thank Sigmund Beel for, because it also had never been given here in public before. Where Dvorak was sensuous, Brahms was intellectual, appealing more to the soul and inspiring a deep-breasted exultation. The concert was over all too soon.

—E. F. O'D.

The Beel Quartet Concert

Sigmund Beel and his brother wizards of the

"The Blue Bird's Final Week

The second and final week of "The Blue Bird" engagement at the Cort, starting Sunday evening, January 12, and ending Saturday evening,

January 18, with matinees Wednesday and Saturday is announced. "Excuse Me," Rupert Hughes' Pullman carnival of mirth which was so great a success here last year, will follow. The farce will begin a run of two weeks on Sunday evening, January 19.

"Broadway Jones" Coming to the Columbia

"Ben-Hur" continues at the Columbia for another week. There will be matinees on Wednesday and Saturday, and the last performance will be given on Saturday night, January 18. "Broadway Jones," which follows for a limited engagement on Sunday night, January 19, is the latest play from the pen of the brilliant George M. Cohan. The story deals with a young man about town who squanders a fortune in an endeavor to "do Broadway," and suddenly finds himself penniless and heavily in debt. He engages himself to a rich old widow in his desperate attempt to recoup his fortune, and despite the protestations of his friends he plans to marry her. This is introductory to the story. A point of novelty is that there is no music. The cast includes John Webster who played J. Rufus in "Get Rich Quick Wallingford" last season; Ralph Morgan, Caroline Lill, George C. Staley, Daniel Burns, Jack Pierce, Marie Taylor, Fred Maynard, Grace Morrissey, Edith Luckett, George K. Kenry, Charles Henderson and Dore Rodgers.

The Godowsky Concerts

The farewell concert of Leopold Godowsky will be given at the Columbia this coming Sunday afternoon, January 12, at 2:30 p. m. The program will include works by Grieg, Brahms, Liszt and other masters, and a number of compositions by Godowsky himself, including his metamorphoses on themes from Strauss' light opera "Die Fledermaus." Tickets may be secured at Sherman, Clay & Co's and Kohler & Chase's and on Sunday at the Columbia. Next Tuesday afternoon, January 14, at 3:15 p. m. Godowsky will play in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse, offering a special program entirely different from his offerings in this city. Among the offerings will be Beethoven's Sonata Appassionata, a group of nine Chopin works including the Sonata in B flat minor with its sublime Funeral March and Schumann's Carnevale. For this event seats may now be secured at Ye Liberty.

The Sembrich Concerts

Mme. Marcella Sembrich is coming. Manager Will Greenbaum announces two concerts by this queen of song at the Columbia on Sunday afternoons, January 19 and 26. She will have the assistance of Gutia Casini, a brilliant young violoncello virtuoso, and Frank LaForge, the pianist and composer. At the opening concert the diva will sing the seldom heard Aria from "Ernani," the Air from Charpentier's opera "Louise," a vocal setting of Strauss' brilliant waltz "Tales from the Vienna Woods" and songs by Debussy, Dalcroze, Schubert, Schumann and Cornelius. The second concert will be a song recital in the strict sense of the word, Mme. Sembrich contributing the entire program of twenty-five numbers including Old Airs and Songs, Classic German Lieder, Modern German and English Songs and Folk Songs of Various Countries. These include Canadian, Irish, New Grecian, Norwegian, Polish, Russian and Hungarian melodies sung in the original languages. This will be the greatest program of the kind ever offered in this city. The box offices will open at Sherman, Clay & Co's and Kohler & Chase's next Wednesday, January 15. Mail orders may now be sent to Will L. Greenbaum at either office. In Oakland

Mme. Sembrich will give a special program at Ye Liberty Playhouse on Friday afternoon, January 20, and mail orders should be addressed there to H. W. Bishop.

The Lambardi Opera Season

The Valencia Theater is receiving a thorough overhauling and an improved heating system is being installed prior to the opening of a special season of five weeks of opera and ballet under the direction of Will L. Greenbaum. The first attraction will be the season of four weeks by Lambardi's Pacific Coast Opera Company with many new stars. The company is now playing its second season in Los Angeles, so it will come here thoroughly rehearsed in its new repertoire. A few of the principals who were with the organization at the Cort will reappear at the Valencia but the majority are newcomers, many of whom were the stars of the big season just finished in the City of Mexico. The opening performance will be given Sunday night, January

With Mlle. Genée will come the famous dancer Violinin, a complete cast of character dancers and a superb orchestra under the baton of Mr. C. W. F. Glaser of London.

Symphony and Popular Concerts

The Music Committee of the Musical Association of San Francisco has exercised the utmost care in preparing the programs for the eighth popular concert to be given at the Cort on Sunday afternoon, January 12, and for the eighth symphony concert at the Cort on Friday afternoon, January 17. The programs: Popular Concert—Tschaikowsky, Overture, "Romeo and Juliet"; Mendelssohn, Two Movements from "Scotch Symphony," Andante con moto, Vivace non troppo; Humperdinck, Dream Pantomime from "Haensel and Gretel"; Chabrier, Entr'acte from "Gwendoline"; R. Strauss, Tone Poem, "Don Juan." Symphony Concert—1. Goldmark, Overture, "In the Spring"; 2. Tschaikowsky, Symphony No. 5, F Minor, Op. 36, I. Andante sos-



LIGHT AND THE CHILDREN TYTYL AND MYTYL
In Maeterlinck's "The Blue Bird" which is attracting large audiences
to the Cort. The engagement ends Saturday, January 18.

26, when "Aida" will be given with a cast including Ester Adaberto as Aida, Blanche Hamilton Fox as Amneris, a brilliant new tenor Eugenio Falco as Rhadames, Signor Nicoletti, late of the Montreal Opera, as Amonasro and Signor Martini as the High Priest. The second night will be a gala one, for it will mark the reappearance here of Regina Vicarino, the coloratura soprano who created a sensation at the Garrick with the Bevani company. The third night our music lovers will renew their acquaintance with Lina Bertossi, the lyric soprano who made such a deep impression with the Milan Grand Opera Company which played at the Chutes. The new orchestral director is Signor Arturo Bovi. Manager Greenbaum promises revivals of "Andrea Chenier," "Fedora," "Amico Fritz," "La Tosca," "Thais," etc. The box office will be maintained throughout the season at Sherman, Clay & Co's. Following the Lambardi season Mlle. Adeline Genée and her complete ballet from the Coliseum in London and the Metropolitan Opera House will give a short season.

tenuto, II. Andantino in modo di Canzona, III. Scherzo. Pizzicato. Ostinato. Allegro. IV. Finale. Allegro con fuoco. Andante; 3. Wagner, "Siegfried Idyll"; 4. Herbert, Suite "Romantique," I. Visions. II. Anbade. III. Triumphs of Love. IV. Wedding Festival. For the convenience of the public, seats for all concerts of the San Francisco Orchestra are placed on sale at the box offices of Sherman, Clay & Co., Kohler & Chase, and the Cort.

"The Eternal Waltz" at the Orpheum

"The Eternal Waltz," Leo Fall's tabloid operetta which heads the Orpheum bill next week, is said to be the most pretentious production ever made for vaudeville. It is particularly important because it brings the work of one of the foremost contemporary composers into vaudeville. Leo Fall is known in this country as the composer of "The Dollar Princess" and "The Siren." "The Eternal Waltz" is a brilliant satire on the composer's career, depicts the waltz craze current all over the country and em-

bodies all the delightful strains of his most lilting compositions. The piece is in two scenes and will introduce Mabel Berra, the London prima donna; Cyril Chadwick, a famous comedian and a cast of fifty people, a complete chorus and an augmented orchestra. "The Eternal Waltz" was originally produced at the Wien Theatre in Vienna and was then taken to London where it is still running. Martin Beck secured the American rights and arranged with Joseph Hart for the presentation. Joe Morris and Charlie Allen are two comedians with big voices. Hugh McCormack and Grace Wallace are an Australian ventriloquial pair who will present a skit called "The Theatrical Agent." Wilsons' Comedy Circus consist of ponies and a mule. Next week will be the last of Lola Merrill and Frank Otto; Hopkins and Axtell, and the Harvey Family.



MME. SEMBRICH

At the Columbia Theater Sunday afternoons, January 19 and 26, and on Friday afternoon, January 24 at Ye Liberty in Oakland.

"Get-Rich-Quick" at Alcazar

"Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," one of the great comedy successes of today, is to be given its first presentation in a stock theatre next Monday evening at the Alcazar, with Evelyn Vaughan and Bert Lytell leading the regular company and a number of players specially engaged to portray character types. It was adapted by George M. Cohan from the magazine stories by George Randolph Chester, and has a record of two years on Broadway, an entire season in Chicago and a very profitable transcontinental tour. Few dramatists understand the American people's varied taste for stage amusement better than does Cohan, and none of the modern play-builders has made more money from his works. While he does not utilize music and a chorus in "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," he has injected into it the same speed of action that marks his lighter creations, and its fun has been enjoyed everywhere.

Cuban Athletes at Pantages

A troupe of stalwart Cuban athletes with an acrobatic offering that has been the sensation of the vaudeville world, is the headline feature on the new bill opening at Pantages on Sunday afternoon. One of the best musical acts playing vaudeville today is the Four AVALLOS, xylo-

phonists and vocalists. Bits from grand operas, popular melodies and tunes from the days of the early fifties are in their repertoire. Jenny Avallo, a beautiful girl, renders several selections. Milliar is a talkative trickster and shadow-graph artist who does feats of magic. "The Second Nancy Lee" is a spectacular nautical comedy operettas which the two Worths, Haynes and Montgomery are offering. George Rowley is a terpsichorean artist of more than ordinary ability. Eckert and Francis are "those comedy Teutons." A special attraction is the great symbolic sketch "The Devil, the Servant and the Man" presented by the Chas. Gill Co. Reels of comedy motion pictures finish the bill.

The Undertaker's Grouch

"Who is that fellow sitting humped up and muttering to himself out there on the horse block?"

"Aw, that's Ezra Tombstone, the undertaker," replied the landlord of the Skeedee tavern. "He's feeling sore over the way his business has been going of late. You see, the doctor gave Judge Feebles two weeks to live; that was six weeks ago, and the judge is up and around now and figgerin' on marryin' again. Every time Ezra meets the doctor he asks him, 'How about it, hey?' and they have a row. And now he's sittin' out there watchin' a tramp painter gildin' the weather vane of the church across the street. Ezra says, by heck, he's about ready to move away, things is so dead here."



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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Weakness in certain industrial stocks was ignored until just at the close of the week when prices were allowed to recede. But while the market was generally easier the exchanges were unimportant. American Can, U. S. Rubber and American Beet Sugar were the weak factors. The latter declined almost ten points on the directors passing the dividend on the common stock. There was also talk about impending changes in the tariff on sugar as it is one of the most heavily protected commodities. Naturally it may be expected that the tariff pruners will try to reduce the tariff on sugar. A reduction would not be the best thing for holders of sugar stocks. As to rubber, the only explanation was that some one had to liquidate because loans on it had been called. Amalgamated Copper was boosted early in the week on a report that twenty million pounds of the metal had changed hands at 17 3-4 cents. This strengthened the entire list of coppers, but the news was soon forgotten. The standard rails were almost uniformly firm, several of the leading stocks showing a fair advance. U. S. Steel was active, although at the close of the week prices are not very far from where they started. Whether the publication of advance sheets of an article by President-elect Wilson, apparently foreshadowing war on "Big Business" had anything to do with the unsettled tone in the last day of the week, is problematical. To be sure, it did not tend to stir up any bullish enthusiasm in the financial district, but the absence of any real pressure on the market even after publication indicated that the larger stock market interests do not feel that the present is an opportune moment to indicate resentment if they feel any.

Wheat—The advance of 4 cents subsequent to the withdrawal of war influences has led many to believe that the market has yielded all that is possible under existing conditions. This is not saying there will be no more recessions, but simply in a general way expressing that there will be no more perpendicular declines—no more radical loss of confidence in present prices, such as usually accompanies unsettled and hysterical sentiment. There has been a dignified and persistent support to wheat around 90 cents which has not only attracted attention but invited consideration. From what source it emanated has not been divulged, but every now and then there is quiet reference made to a large line acquired around this level and more wanted should the market go back to 90 cents. The decline has not been proportionately heavy compared with the statistical showing and has exhibited a very stubborn resistance to an amount of bearish pressure seldom witnessed, without getting very

far away from the price levels of disastrous crop periods just previous. There has been unusual zeal displayed in two branches of consumptive activity, which may be increased and which might prove the solution of the seeming paradox of excessive receipts and sluggish accumulations. If the milling demand continues, and there is every reason to believe it will, and the foreign takes his normal amount from now on, farm reserves will feel the effect. Add to this a few crop scares and we will be in for a good upward swing.

Corn—This is the period of big receipts, heavy accumulations and active competition with the corn producers of the eastern States to undersell Chicago to the New Englanders and the East generally. It is a time when corn should pile up and the price work down, especially when nature has been so partial regarding climatic conditions and perfect roads. The car situation is acute, the shortage exists all over the belt and elevators are full to capacity but there is no pressure on the market and any change is bound to be in favor of the buyer.

Cotton—The January option had the call in the cotton market last week and this option was bid up to new high levels on this movement. The other futures were allowed to drag and sold from 20 to 35 points below the January option. The strength in this option is accounted for by the heavy buying on this side against sales in Liverpool, which was said to be the undoing of straddles made some time ago. Shorts were thoroughly frightened and were anxious buyers. The fact that New York is below a parity with other spot markets and that the stock of cotton at New York is mostly in the control of one interest created a very bullish sentiment, especially in this option. At the advance there was some heavy selling of the distant futures under the strength of the January option and prices eased off again. Liverpool did not follow our extreme advance and spot sales there were very small. Exports too are falling off and are now below a year ago and it looks as if the foreigner had enough cotton for the time being at least. A good deal of talk is now being heard regarding the prospects of the new crop. The weather has been ideal for an early start, plenty of moisture having fallen all through the belt and predictions of an enormous acreage are heard from all sections. The belief is quite general that owing to the low price of grain and the high price for cotton, cotton will take the place of grain and there is lots of new ground that will go into cotton this year. As we see it the price of cotton is high at this level and with the coming tariff revision talk which will mean a let-up in all

kinds of business and the glowing outlook for the start of the new crop, the market looks like a sale on every rally especially the more distant futures.

We Know Him

If he comes to borrow ten,
I am out.
Tell him, office boy, again,
I am out.
It's the only way to win,
Or to save my hard-earned tin,
For if he should find me in,
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Caisteal-Na-Sithan

(Continued from Page 5.)

against the world by a confining chain, with the bolt running in a tube, gave just the touch of human interest required to accentuate the melancholy of the forlorn abode.

As one peeped through into the hall, covered with a well-worn oilcloth, and marked the absence of sticks, hats, umbrellas, and all that goes to give a hall a look of being the introduction to a comfortable home, one felt the owner was a solitary man, who in the summer evenings, when the owls hooted faintly in the recesses of the woods and swallows hawked at flies across the lawn, sat on the parapet of the tall flight of broken steps, between his iron eagles, and meditated on what might have been, had things gone differently.

Beyond the hall few ever penetrated, for an old woman, holding the door fast in her hand, used to peep out and answer, "The laird is oot," and then when the chance visitor had turned away disconsolate, flatten her nose against a window and watch him stumble down the road. The great, old Scottish stable, built round a courtyard, with the decaying clock upon its tower, one hand long lost, the other pointing eternally to twelve, stood, buried in the trees, whose branches swept the slates, showering them down upon the grass in gales, and dropping ceaselessly in rain, till a green lichen grew just underneath the drip.

Most of the doors had gone, and those that still fought on against the rain and wind were kept in place by pieces of coarse leather, roughly nailed on the jambs. Upon the wooden sheathing of the pump, hay seed had sprouted, giving a rank crop of grass, which in its turn had died, and hung all mildewed and with small drops of moisture oozing from the stems.

Such was the place, one of the last examples of the old Scotland which has sunk below the waves of Time. Perhaps not an example to be followed, but yet to be observed, remembered, even regretted in the great drabness of prosperity which overspreads the world.

Few people ever trod the avenue, and even tramps but rarely camped in the deserted woods, though fallen trees were plentiful, and none would have been the wiser if they had stayed a week. The owner, an old sailor who had inherited the place in middle life, had by degrees become such a recluse that sometimes weeks would pass without his being seen. Shut off from all the world, he lived with an old housekeeper, as it were in a wilderness, and if by chance he met a stranger on the road would dive behind the bushes to escape, like a wild animal. Now and then far-off relations would come down to shoot, stopping at some hotel, and now and then a neighbor would drive over, always to be received by the old housekeeper with the same formula, "The laird is oot."

Occasionally he left the country and went abroad, but always to some place near the sea-side, where he would pass long hours looking at ships, though without making any friends. Lubeck and Kiel, Riga or Genoa, were his favorite haunts, and those who met him at any of those ports used to report having seen him, dressed in his blue serge suit, and with the air of being the one man left in a depopulated world, in the same way that captains jot down in their log, "in such a latitude, in the first dog watch, passed a derelict."

By degrees his visits to far-off ports grew rarer, and at last he seldom passed the gates of his neglected grounds, except occasionally on Sunday, when he attended church, reserved and silent, speaking to none, but yet a little critical, after the fashion of a man who had read prayers on board his ship, and therefore should know something of the way in which a service ought to be carried on.

On these occasions he would stand a little in the churchyard, looking intently at a sort of pen, surrounded by a broken iron railing, in which his ancestors reposed.

Whether his thoughts ran on the instability of life, or if he only tried to make a calculation of the probable expense he would incur if he embarked upon repairs, was never known to anyone, although some said he thought of neither, but merely leaned against the rails to pass the time until the congregation had dispersed, and left him free to set off home again.

Everyone speculated on his death, some saying that it would occur some day when he was quite alone, out in the woods, and others that he would be found dead in his chair, with the Pacific Pilot open in his hand. Not a bad book for an old sailor to have consulted, when just about to weigh his anchor; but as it happened he had to make his landfall, unassisted and alone.

A bitter frost, intense and black, had bound the district, congealing the dark waters of the lake into a sheet of glass. Trees groaned and cracked, and in the silent woods a shudder seemed to run through the gaunt trees as if they suffered from the cold. Crows winged their way, looking like notes of music on an old page of parchment, across the leaden sky.

High in the air passed strings of wild geese, and in the stillness of the frost their melancholy cry was heard, till they were almost out of sight.

All nature seemed engaged in a stern fight for life, with some calamity which had attacked it unawares. The very streams stood still to watch the progress of the battle, fast in their bonds of ice.

Somehow or other, after the fashion that in Africa news travels always a day or two ahead of any traveler, it got about the countryside the laird was missing from his home. As, in the little inn, the constable, "the post," one or two farmers, and the innkeeper were talking of the

report, the housekeeper was seen hobbling along the road. Coughing and wheezing, she averred she "couldna bide alane, up in yon awfu' house." The laird, it seemed, upon the evening of the commencement of the frost, had gone out, as was usual, just before tea-time, but never had come back. She had waited for two days, setting his meals upon the table at the stated hours, and at night putting out a lantern at the front door to guide him to the house. A day and night had broken down her courage, and given her the strength to find her way alone through the deserted avenue, for, as she said, "If she had passed anither nicht alane wi' all they bogles and they howlets, she would have gone fair gyte."

All search was useless. The woods and moors guarded their secret, and had not chance revealed it, the disappearance of the laird would have been put down as the last eccentricity of an eccentric life.

Fate was not willing that the laird's last resting place should not be known, for as some boys were skating on one of the black ponds they saw what they took for birds' feathers, frozen in the ice. When they came home, trembling and pale, they said the feathers turned out to be the hair on a man's head, and that below the ice they had seen something that looked just like a muckle fish.

At once the sparse inhabitants of the wild district proceeded to the place, entering the sacred grounds from which they had been debarred for years. Their lanterns, glimmering like glow-worms over the dark pond, and shedding a fantastic light on the black ice, outlining every branch upon the leafless trees, and playing on the clumps of rhododendrons on the bank, gave a strange air of unreality to the whole scene.

One of the boys pointed out the spot, and as the ice was frozen so intensely, on a clear, windless night, they saw beneath it the laird's body, in the same way that you can see a fish which has been taken by the frost.

When they had cut it out, framed in a square of ice, it looked so life-like, laid upon the bank, in the dim, quivering light of the horn lanterns, that those who saw it always used to say, "It was the first time that they had a richt sight of the laird, and he had been a bonny man."

A Suggestion

The retailer stopped one of his oldest customers on the street.

"I want to speak to you," he began.

"Go ahead and see if I care."

"You've got to care. This bill of yours has been running a long time now."

"Poor thing! How can you be so cruel as to let it run a long time?"

"Well, what are you going to do with it?"

"I'm going to make you a suggestion. If that bill has been running for as long as you say it has give it a rest. Let it stand for a month or two."

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Citizens' Alliance of San Francisco

OPEN SHOP

Let the Closed Shop in by the window and the Investor escape by the door.

The Citizens Alliances' offices are in the Russ Bldg., Nos. 363-364-365, San Francisco, Cal. The Free Registration Bureau for labor of all kinds is located here, and open to all.

NOTICE OF TIME AND PLACE OF HEARING OF PETITION FOR ORDER TO EXECUTE AND DELIVER DEED

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 13,211, N. S.; Department No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of SARAH A. FORBES, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the above entitled Court, made on the 6th day of December, A. D. 1912, in the matter of the above entitled estate, the petition of Arthur W. Forbes, as administrator with the will annexed of the estate of the above named Sarah A. Forbes, deceased, praying that a decree of the said Court be made authorizing and directing him to execute to William H. French and Sarah J. French, his wife, a conveyance of that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, title whereunto now stands in the estate of the said Sarah A. Forbes, deceased, hereinafter particularly described, will come on for hearing before the said Court at the Courtroom thereof in the Temporary City Hall, situated on the southeasterly line of Market Street between Eighth and Ninth Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Monday, the 20th day of January, A. D. 1913, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of the said day, where and when all parties interested in the said estate may appear to make objections, if any they have, to the granting of the said petition.

The said lot, piece or parcel of land is particularly bounded and described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the northwesterly line of Burrows Street, distant thereon fifty-seven (57) feet six (6) inches southwesterly from the southwesterly line of Girard Street; running thence southwesterly along said northwesterly line of Burrows Street thirty-two (32) feet six (6) inches; thence at right angles northwesterly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles northeasterly thirty-two (32) feet six (6) inches; and thence at right angles southeasterly one hundred (100) feet to the northwesterly line of Burrows Street, and the point of commencement, together with improvements thereon.

Being part of Lot No. 4 in Block No. 13, University Mound Survey, as designated upon that certain map entitled "Map of the University Mound Tract Survey," filed in the office of the Recorder of the City and County.

For further particulars reference is hereby made to the said petition which is now on file with the Clerk of the said Court.

December 6, 1912.

ARTHUR W. FORBES,

As Administrator with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Sarah A. Forbes, Deceased.

CHARLES W. SLACK, Atty. for Administrator,
1101 Alaska Commercial Bldg., San Francisco. 12-21-5

CERTIFICATE OF CO-PARTNERSHIP

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS: That we, the undersigned, do hereby certify that we are partners transacting business in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, under the firm name and style of

HASTINGS LINOTYPING COMPANY

That the names in full of all the members of such co-partnership and their residences are as follows, to-wit: Chas. Wiedersheim, residing at Asti, Sonoma County, California.

J. S. Bartow, residing at 1822 Nason Street, Alameda, California.

Henry M. Hastings, residing at 445 Oakland Avenue, Oakland, California.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, we have hereunto set our hands this 6th day of January, 1913.

J. S. BARTOW,

HENRY M. HASTINGS,

CHARLES WIEDERSHEIM.

State of California,

City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 6th day of January, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Thirteen, before me, W. W. Healey, a Notary Public in and for the said City and County, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared J. S. Bartow, Henry M. Hastings and Charles Wiedersheim, known to me to be the persons described in, whose names are subscribed to and who executed the within instrument, and they acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office in said City and County of San Francisco, the day and year in this Certificate first above written.

(Seal)

W. W. HEALEY,

Notary Public, in and for the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California. My commission expires August 28, 1913.

Endorsed: Filed, Jan. 7, 1913. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk.
By W. B. Castagnati, Deputy Clerk. 1-11-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EUGENE G. DAVIS, Deceased—No. 14,567; Department No. 10.

Noticed is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix with the will annexed of the estate of Eugene G. Davis, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Edgar D. Peixotto, 304 Russ Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Eugene G. Davis, deceased.

JENNIE T. DAVIS,

Administratrix with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Eugene G. Davis, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 4, 1913.
EDGAR D. PEIXOTTO, Atty. for Administratrix,
Russ Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 1-4-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANN LENNON, Deceased—No. 14,486; Department No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executors of the last will of Ann Lennon, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executors at the office of G. Gunzendorfer, 127 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Ann Lennon, deceased.

LOUISE M. SULLIVAN,

EDWARD P. LENNON,

Executors of the Last Will of Ann Lennon, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 21, 1912.
G. GUNZENDORFER, Atty. for Executors,
127 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 12-21-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 45,551; Department No. 3.

JOHN FINDLEY MILLIKEN, Plaintiff, vs. MYRTLE MILLIKEN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: MYRTLE MILLIKEN, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 16th day of November, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

M. M. GETZ, ROBINSON & GETZ,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

45 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 11-23-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LAURA V. HOLMES, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor and Executrix of the last will and testament of LAURA V. HOLMES, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor and Executrix at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of LAURA V. HOLMES, deceased.

CHARLES ARTHUR GWYNN,
Executor,

LAURA V. POLE,
Executrix.

Of the Last Will and Testament of Laura V. Holmes, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 21, A. D. 1912.

A. COMTE, JR., Atty. for Executors,
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 12-21-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 45,883; Department No. 10.

TILLIE POOLLOS, also known as TILLIE POPPER, Plaintiff, vs. SAMUEL POOLLOS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: SAMUEL POOLLOS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons— if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 5th day of December, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

FRANK D. MACBETH, Atty. for Plaintiff,
706-707 Mutual Savings Bank Building, San Francisco, California. 12-14-10

CERTIFICATE OF COPARTNERSHIP

Certificate of Business Under Fictitious Name

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned do hereby certify and declare that they are the owners and doing and intend to do business in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, under the firm name and style of LEWIS AND COMPANY, with offices at 510 Battery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and that the full names and places of residence of the members of the firm are as follows, to-wit:

Harry F. Lewis, Hotel Bellevue, San Francisco, Cal.

Frederick M. Lewis, San Marco Hotel, San Francisco, Cal.

Edgar L. Lewis, 1939 Stuart Street, Berkeley, Cal.

Dated: San Francisco, Cal. December 18, 1912.

HARRY F. LEWIS,

FREDERICK M. LEWIS,

EDGAR L. LEWIS.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,

City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 18th day of December, 1912, before me, James Mason, a Notary Public, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared Harry F. Lewis, Frederick M. Lewis and Edgar L. Lewis, known to me to be the persons whose names are subscribed to the within instrument and they acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal at my office in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the day and year first above written.

(Seal) JAMES MASON,
Notary Public, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

OTTO IRVING WISE, Atty. at Law,
817 First National Bank Bldg., San Francisco. 12-28-5

NOTICE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 46,083.

In the Matter of the Application of INTERSTATE AMUSEMENT COMPANY, a Corporation, for a Decree of Voluntary Dissolution.

Notice is hereby given that Interstate Amusement Company, a corporation, organized and existing under and by virtue of the laws of the State of California, and having its office and principal place of business at the City and County of San Francisco, in said State, has presented to and has this day filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court, a petition praying to be allowed to dissolve and disincorporate; and that on Thursday, the 23rd day of January, 1913, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. on said day, or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, before the above entitled Court, Department No. 7 thereof, at its Courtroom in the New City Hall on Market Street, between 8th and 9th Streets, in said City and County of San Francisco, the said application will be heard and determined.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY,
Clerk of the Superior Court.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy.

OTTO IRVING WISE,
Atty. for Interstate Amusement Company,
817 First National Bank Bldg., San Francisco. 12-21-5

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 34,221.

JOHANNES BICKEL and MATILDA BICKEL (his wife), Plaintiffs, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting: You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Johannes Bickel and Matilda Bickel, plaintiffs, filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at the Northerly line of Fell Street at about distant thereon Fifty (50) feet Westerly from the Northwesterly corner of Fell and Scott Streets; thence running Westerly along said Northerly line of Fell Street Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Northerly One Hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Easterly Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Southerly One Hundred (100) feet to the Northerly line of Fell Street and point of commencement. Being part of Western Addition Block 446.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiffs are the owners of said property in fee simple absolute; that their title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover their costs herein and have such other relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 21st day of December, A. D. 1912.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in Town Talk newspaper on the 4th day of January, A. D. 1913.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: Names—Humboldt Savings and Loan Society (a corporation). Addresses—San Francisco, Cal.

JOHN F. HANLON, Atty. for Plaintiffs. 1-4-10

If

If all things were just what they seem,

If dross were really gold,

If milk were always rich with cream,

If women ne'er grew old,

If life were all a time of joy,

If love would always last,

If pleasure never had alloy,

If dies need not be cast,

If we were paid for having fun,

If wishes would come true,

If Fate were kind to every one,

If we had autos too,

If all our luck were always good,

If men were free from guile,

If people did just what they should,

If clothes would stay in style,

If ashes only burned like coal,

If maidens all were fair,

If humorists were always droll,

If we were each an heir,

If rent day didn't come around,

If sirloin steaks were free,

If turkey cost ten cents a pound—

How happy we might be!

Tommy—How did your mother know you were swimming? Were you caught with the goods on you?

Tommy—Naw; she caught me with the goods off.

Letters

"California Play and Pageant"

The copyright of "California Play and Pageant," a record of the plays that have taken place and the pageant customs that have developed upon the campus of the University of California, is vested in R. H. Clark and C. M. Torrey. It is, as a matter of course, of primary interest to the students and the alumni of the Berkeley college but scarcely less so to those of the general public who have regard for the beginnings of things and the origin of customs. The Greek Theatre is now almost world-famous, and perhaps it is generally assumed that some far-seeing esthete first conceived the idea, yet we are told that it came about almost by accident, in the desire of the class of '94 to hold its exercises in some place large enough to permit all to participate and allow space for the guests to see and hear distinctly. It was the fortunate selection of the site and the change in the form of Class Day observance that gave inspiration for the Greek Theatre and the open air performance. The Pajama Rally is another of the distinctly California observances, and there is a brief account of the Burial of Bourdon, which was once the chief spectacular event of the year. Included in the contents are some of the most important of the plays and extravaganzas which have been produced, notably "Two Pair" by Frank Norris, "The Gentle Miss Gellert," by Eleanor Gates Tully, "Ephraim" by C. N. Hackett and "The Parthenaea" by Anna Reardon. Considered only from the mechanical point of view apart from its contents, "California Play and Pageant" is a handsome specimen of book making. The illustrations are appropriate; the type selected with consideration for the comfort of the reader. It is printed on heavy tinted paper and presents an appearance which makes its appeal to all possessed of artistic appreciation.

A Vaughan Kester Book

"The Fortunes of the Landrays" is one of those unfortunate good books which failed to receive the attention it deserved when first published. Brought out by the McClure Company in 1905, it was snowed under, but now, seven years later, and after the death of its author, Vaughan Kester, the Bobbs-Merrill Company is sufficiently alive to its merits to issue a new edition with new illustrations, uniform with the other books of the same writer. Like all Mr. Kester's late stories, it is as much a comprehensive picture of a section of the country and a period of time as of the incidents in the lives of the characters—an illumination of history. General Stephen Landray who crossed the mountains from Virginia and settled with his slaves, his enterprises

and his capital on the old north and south road which led between the gulf and the Great Lakes, was one of the original inhabitants of the town of Benson, Ohio. He prospered and was one of the leading citizens of his community in the early years of the nineteenth century, and at his death he left a comfortable fortune to his two sons. The story proper begins when Stephen and Bushrod Landray, married and nearing middle age, are forced to recognize the fact that in their hands the competence has dwindled, that between lack of business ability, a too generous scale of living and a lordly indifference to trifles there is danger that ere they reach old age they will be uncomfortably poor. At about the time that this conclusion was forced upon them there arrived the news of the discovery of gold in California. Then follows the organization of the Benson and California Mining and Trading Company, a well equipped party provided with ample means and every reasonable prospect of restoring the broken fortunes of the Landrays and enriching their associates, with the well known incidents of departure, the arrival at St. Joseph, the encounter with cholera at Independence, and the long, weary miles of prairie travel, ending in their betrayal and the complete annihilation of the party at the hands of a band of Danites. One child escaped and his memory of the crime was to bring disaster in high places years after the incident was all but forgotten. Bushrod Landray left an infant son whose mother's second marriage and segregation of her share of the estate still further reduced the resources at Benson, and this Stephen Landray proved himself if anything less capable than the generation he succeeded. He enlisted in the Union army during the war and invested his inheritance besides what he could borrow from his aunt in a scheme for the manufacture of a repeating rifle to be sold to the Government. The mechanism was a success but after thousands of the weapons had been made and the deal was on the point of consummation it was discovered that there was an infringement on a previous patent. The scene now shifts to a boom town in Kansas with corner lots staked out all over the prairie and municipal buildings of gorgeous magnificence on paper. The second Stephen Landray, cking out a poor living as the agent of farming machinery, succumbed to discouragement and a Kansas blizzard. As the Landray fortune diminished that of Jacob Benson increased, and though Benson had been, from the time of the incorporation of the ill-fated California party, the manager of the Landray estate not a breath of suspicion had ever been blown in his direction until the sole survivor of the massacre, now a wealthy cattleman in the west, had his attention attracted and his memory focussed by accident on the old affair, with the result that into the hands of Virginia Landray, widow of the emigrant, there came at last a packet of papers and memoranda from which it was gathered that the

Landray estate had included an immense tract of wild land regarded as practically worthless and which had developed as valuable mineral property, the proceeds of the sale of which had been appropriated by Benson for his own use. Thus in the fourth generation the Landrays were to come back once more to their own. The characters are unusually well drawn and stand out distinctly from each other, and they are all typical of time and place. The successive generations of the Landray family with their inherited traits and blended characteristics and the eventual triumph of heredity over environment make an interesting study, and the whole is a panorama of the development of the Middle West. "The Fortunes of the Landrays" is a sizable volume, nearly five hundred pages.

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STATEMENT

of the Condition and Value of the Assets and Liabilities of

The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society

HIBERNIA BANK

(A CORPORATION)

(Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco)

DATED DECEMBER 31, 1912

ASSETS

1—Bonds of the United States (\$6,235,000.00), of the State of California and Municipalities thereof (\$5,355,100.00), of the State of New York (\$1,150,000), the actual value of which is.....	\$13,622,550.07
2—Cash in United States Gold and Silver Coin and Checks	2,093,803.08
3—Miscellaneous Bonds (\$6,016,000.00), the actual value of which is.....	6,039,045.31
	<hr/> \$21,755,398.46

They are:

"San Francisco and North Pacific Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$476,000.00), "Southern Pacific Branch Railway Company of California 6 per cent Bonds" (\$336,000.00), "Southern Pacific Company, San Francisco Terminal 4 per cent Bonds" (\$150,000.00), "Western Pacific Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$213,000.00), "San Francisco and San Joaquin Valley Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$120,000.00), "Northern California Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$83,000.00), "Northern Railway Company of California 5 per cent Bonds" (\$120,000.00), "Market Street Cable Company 6 per cent Bonds" (\$448,000.00), "Market Street Railway Company First Consolidated Mortgage 5 per cent Bonds" (\$753,000.00), "Los Angeles Pacific Railroad Company of California Refunding 5 per cent Bonds" (\$400,000.00), "Los Angeles Railway Company of California 5 per cent Bonds" (\$334,000.00), "The Omnibus Cable Company 6 per cent Bonds" (\$167,000.00), "Sutter Street Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$150,000.00), "Gough Street Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$20,000.00), "Ferries and Cliff House Railway Company 6 per cent Bonds" (\$600,000), "San Francisco, Oakland & San Jose Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$500,000), "The Merchants' Exchange 7 per cent Bonds" (\$1,438,000.00), "San Francisco Gas and Electric Company 4½ per cent Bonds" (\$547,000.00), "Los Angeles Gas and Electric Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$100,000.00), "Spring Valley Water Company 4 per cent Bonds" (\$50,000.00), "German House Association 6 per cent Bonds" (\$100,000.00).

4—Promissory Notes and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is.....	33,497,370.98
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The Condition of said Promissory Notes and debts is as follows: They are all existing Contracts, owned by said Corporation, and are payable to it at its office, which is situated at the corner of Market, McAllister and Jones Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the payment thereof is secured by First Mortgages on Real Estate within this State. Said Promissory Notes are kept and held by said Corporation at its said office, which is its principal place of business, and said Notes and debts are there situated.

5—Promissory Notes and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is.....	297,879.00
---	------------

The Condition of said Promissory Notes and debts is as follows: They are all existing Contracts, owned by said Corporation, and are payable to it at its office, which is situated as aforesaid, and the payment thereof is secured by pledge and hypothecation of Bonds of Railroad and Quasi-Public Corporations and other securities.

6—(a) Real Estate situated in the City and County of San Francisco (\$1,227,652.03), and in the Counties of Santa Clara (\$12,581.82), and Alameda (\$2,747.70), in this State, the actual value of which is	1,242,981.55
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(b) The Land and Building in which said Corporation keeps its said office, the actual value of which is	986,419.47
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The Condition of said Real Estate is that it belongs to said Corporation, and part of it is productive.

7—Accrued Interest on Loans and Bonds.....	279,780.94
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TOTAL ASSETS	\$58,059,830.40
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LIABILITIES

1—Said Corporation Owes Deposits amounting to and the actual value of which is.....	\$54,548,824.93
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(Number of Depositors, 84,910
Average Amount of Deposits, \$642.43)

2—Contingent Fund, Accrued Interest on Loans and Bonds.....	\$ 279,780.94
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3—Reserve Fund, Actual Value.....	3,231,224.53	3,511,005.47
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TOTAL LIABILITIES	\$58,059,830.40
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THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS & LOAN SOCIETY,

By CHARLES MAYO, President.

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS & LOAN SOCIETY,

By R. M. TOBIN, Secretary.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

CHARLES MAYO and R. M. TOBIN, being each duly sworn, each for himself, says: That said CHARLES MAYO is President and that said R. M. TOBIN is Secretary of THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, the corporation above mentioned, and that the foregoing statement is true.

CHARLES MAYO, President.
R. M. TOBIN, Secretary.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 2d day of January, 1913.

CHAS. T. STANLEY,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of
San Francisco, State of California.

DEPOSITS MADE ON OR BEFORE JANUARY 10, 1913.
WILL DRAW INTEREST FROM JANUARY 1, 1913.

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXI. No. 1065

SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 18, 1913

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXI.

San Francisco, January 18, 1913

No. 1065

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Too Much Talk

So President-elect Wilson does not believe that the country is to be saved by the formulas of the politicians! "The business future of the country," he says, "does not depend on the government of the United States; it is dependent on the business men." A refreshing sentiment this, uttered at a time when the world is revolving in a circle of philosophic systems and intellectual illusions. Many folks have been looking up to the politicians, whose brains are seething with projects for the advancement of the race, with the expectation of seeing them create a new State unsurpassable in beauty and sweetness. Along the Chautauqua circuit the notion has become fixed that Congress might some day beget sweet reasonableness, very friction generating light. The President-elect himself, giving vague shape to cloudy principles a few weeks ago seemed to be of the opinion that by the golden rule in the form of a statute every man could be compelled to do to others as he would be done by. We feared that he was possessed by an exaggerated altruism. Thus we see illustrated the mischief of talking too much. The man who talks too much is bound to be misunderstood. And therefore it is to be hoped that before Mr. Wilson sets himself at the task of governing the nation he may learn to govern his tongue in accordance with principles of prudence and discretion. A talkative man in the White House, as we learned when it was occupied by Theodore Roosevelt, is not only a bore but a menace. It is almost impossible for a President with a loose tongue to keep within the bounds of harmless preaching. Even that conservative speech made by Mr. Wilson at Chicago is not to be approved by men of sense. Mr. Wilson said among other things that it is believed in this country that men of every kind are not on an equality; that all have not an equal access to the resources of the country, and that a poor man has less

chance than a rich man to get justice. This is the kind of talk that we used to get from Roosevelt in the days before he became a self-seeking fanatic, when he was really deploring muckraking. Striving to keep the people mindful of his sympathy with the downtrodden he kept widening the circle of unrest and distrust. This has since become known as wakening the public conscience. Now when Mr. Wilson says that people believe there is inequality in this country he implies that there should be perfect equality and that it is attainable. He knows that there will be poor men and rich men till the end of time and that wherever there are "haves" and "have-nots" there will be inequality; that even absolute justice is not and never will be of this earth. So why pretend to believe that what we complain of today is peculiar to the United States in the twentieth century? Let us try to improve conditions, but let us not make them more difficult of improvement by appealing to the prejudices and distrust of the ignorant. "God forbid" as the President-elect said in his Chicago speech, "God forbid that things should be as bad as they are believed to be." But why are they thought to be so bad? If there are people, as Mr. Wilson says, who do not believe in the United States what is the reason of that unbelief? Edmund Burke once upon a time remarked that he "never knew of an instance of any general temper in a nation that might not have been tolerably well traced to some particular persons." May not we trace the general temper of which Mr. Wilson complains to some particular persons? Is it not to be justly attributed to certain very talkative persons in high places? We should like Mr. Wilson to give some thought to this question.

Our Little Father at Sacramento

Now we are going to have a commission to look after the welfare of the immigrant who is coming to our shores when the canal is opened. This idea is consistent with the general policy of the present Administration at Sacramento. Government according to the current conception is a contrivance of human wisdom to provide for human wants not by general laws but by innumerable commissions. If Governor Johnson had the miraculous power of the Hebrew lawgiver he would not rain bread on the multitude, nor would he smite the rock and give them drink; he'd appoint two separate and distinct commissions, one to feed the hungry and the other to quench the general thirst. Our Governor has great faith in the commission scheme of government, and he is strong for paternalism. Perhaps it is because of his paternalistic bent that he is strong for commissions,

since the more commissions he is authorized to appoint the more hungry politicians he is able to take a fatherly interest in. The immigration commission, we are told, is to serve without pay, but it is to have about \$25,000 to spend in salaries. It is estimated that it will take about that much to protect immigrants in the first year or two after the opening of the canal. The commission is to see that immigrants do not fall into bad hands, and it is to give them all necessary directions and assistance for the attainment of their ends. Most salutary are the purposes to which the commission is to be devoted; and now that we see how our government is increasing its functions the thought suggests itself that Governor Johnson might well appoint a commission to do as much for old citizens as is to be done for aliens. It was once thought that the object of government generally speaking was to give men their freedom to employ their industry and security in the enjoyment of what their industry acquired. But now we see that more intimate relations may exist between the government and the individual. California is going to meet the stranger at her gates, take him by the hand and lead him on his way. California is going to see that he gets decent employment at a living wage, and it is going to ensure him against evil associations and protect him against predatory adventures. Perhaps after a while California may take an interest in the heroine of the Song of the Shirt who is working for less than three dollars a week. Perhaps it may appoint a commission to safeguard the people against designing politicians who appeal for votes in the guise of reformers. If the alien is to be protected from bunko sharps why not the oldest inhabitant?

The Law That Propagates Perjury

It is popularly supposed that a disclosure of all the disbursements made by a politician in his quest of the unholy grail is required by one of the basic principles of public morality and political decency. On the strength of this supposition was passed a law in obedience to which at the end of every political campaign job-chasers file sworn statements of expenses incurred in their efforts to become servants of the people. This law serves to illustrate the futility of trying to promote morality by legislation. It is notorious that the effect of this law is to make it almost impossible for the people to put honest men in public office. The law is conducive mainly to immorality. Men who might have entered office with their self-respect having by this law been confronted with the alternative of forfeiting the office or committing perjury

have preferred to hold on to what they paid for. Human nature appears to be too weak to stand this simple test imposed by legislation in the interest of morality. Perhaps if the truth were known it was the loss of self-respect induced by this law that first weakened the character of more than one of the many public servants who have betrayed their trust. Of course it is not pleasant to confess that human nature is so imperfect as the consequences of this law indicate. We ought to think proudly of our common nature. But we cannot blink the facts. The law is openly and notoriously violated; and furthermore, as a result of this law perjury has come to be committed without compunction, and if not brazenly, at least with the assumption that in the public mind it is free from the stain of turpitude. In the circumstances we are not very much in sympathy with Mr. I. G. Zumwalt who has instituted proceedings to oust the Hon. William Kent from his seat in Congress, alleging that though the Marin statesman and patriot has sworn that the campaign cost him only \$255 he spent in the neighborhood of \$60,000. To what extent the multitudinous enthusiasm that swept over the Kent district was due to pecuniary trick and device we do not know, nor do we care. But we hope that Mr. Zumwalt may prove to be in error. Political idols are going to smash with such frequency of late that we can ill afford to view with complacency the shattering of the distinguished one that has its shrine in Kentfield. It would really be a great tragedy, the humiliation of Mr. Kent, a gentleman much celebrated for his intolerance of rascality and the author of a most unctuously pious pamphlet entitled "A Report on the Causes of Municipal Corruption in San Francisco."

Maeterlinck's Disciple

"The Blue Bird" having come to town Dr. Aked seized the psychological moment for a lecture on Maeterlinck. We are told he expounded the symbolism of "The Blue Bird," and the information is also given that the reverend gentleman when in England was one of the most ardent disciples of the Belgian poet. All of which is exceedingly interesting. It is interesting for two reasons: first, because Dr. Aked is an Englishman; second, because he represents himself to be the minister of a Christian creed. Years ago, George Meredith, writing to a gentleman who had ventured to elucidate "The Shaving of Shagpat," declared that an allegory was hateful to the English. Dr. Aked is perhaps an exceptional Englishman in that he loves allegory, and at the same time he is a typical Englishman in as much as he invites people to hear him elucidate "The Blue Bird," the hidden meanings of which are as clearly discernible as those of "The Pilgrim's Progress." Light is the friend of man, Fire his servant, Bread his ancient comrade—these are some of the things symbolized in Maeterlinck's play. Truth so simple that a child can grasp it—and Dr. Aked elucidates! Now as to his being one of Maeterlinck's

ardent disciples. Maeterlinck is a sort of agnostical mystic. He begins one of his essays by telling us he speaks for those who do not believe in the existence of a unique, all powerful, infallible judge. According to his philosophy neither heaven nor earth displays any interest in human morality. His is the worship of a Divine Posterity, a cult of temporary suspense awaiting the advent of Supermen, epitomes of all that is noblest in humanity. Is Dr. Aked of this cult? Then he, too, is a poet, one of those favored beings who may be as preposterous as they please.

Shaw Objects to Laughter

For the first time in the history of the stage objection has been raised to laughter in the theatre. We have frequently heard discussed the question of the right of an audience to hiss a play or an actor, but the question of the undesirability of an audience to indulge in the other kind of boisterous demonstration is entirely new. It has been frequently suggested that if people are expected to laugh in the theatre they ought not to be expected to refrain from hissing, but now comes George Bernard Shaw with the request that laughter be suppressed. He appeared on the stage of a London theatre the other night in the midst of a performance of his play "John Bull's Other Island," the witticisms of which were exciting loud guffaws, and he appealed for their cessation, saying that laughter was causing too much delay. "Will you think me very ungrateful and unkind," he said, "if I tell you that though you cannot possibly applaud my plays too much at the fall of the curtain, yet the more you applaud the performance the more angry you make me?" How characteristic of the man who admits that before he became known he deliberately played the mountebank to catch the ear of the stupid public. Shaw has instinct for advertisement, and he is quick to seize the opportunity of gaining publicity by doing the preposterous. What could be more preposterous than the protest of a playwright against spontaneous manifestation of approval? No play was ever more ingeniously advertised than was "John Bull's Other Island" when its author appealed to an uproarious audience to restrain its emotions. But whether we regard this as a comic stroke of the playwright's advertising genius or not, we must admit that Shaw's plays are as laughable as himself. Shaw is today the greatest humorist of the English speaking stage. He is as free from rivals as were his two great predecessors, Sheridan and Wilde, who, like himself, came from Ireland. Shaw is rendering great service to his country, not only because he is exploding it with laughter, which is a great luxury, as good as a pang or a wrench for bringing out "the ancient tears that live behind the eyes," but because he is making the people conscious of their peculiarities and absurdities and discovering to them the disguises of their self-love. His is the genial spirit of frankness that relieves the heart, cleans the lungs and clears the air of the pestilent fog of cant

and humbug. Like Moliere he is employing comedy to teach his country what ails it. There was a time when we regarded him as more of a preacher than a playwright, but he appears to have seen the evil of his ways and to have ceased the heavy moralizing of which we are wearied. This country by-the-by offers a fine field for the same kind of literature that Shaw is making in England, but such playwrights as we have lack the true comic spirit. We have a few buffoons who divert us with some mighty good nonsense, but none who is able to touch and kindle the mind through laughter. Apparently beyond the reach of all of them is the source of true wit, which is clear reason and sound sense. Our playwrights are of the mob mobbish. They have not sufficient understanding of life to deride puritanism, hypocrisy and the foibles of the multitude. The average American play dealing with politics might have been written by any demagogue in Congress. It has the flavor of the soap-box. The American playwright is half-brother of the job-chasing reformer. He may have occasion to ask us to stop laughing, but not at his play, at him.

Publicity in Private Affairs

Our esteemed contemporary the Call is indignant that an officer of a National bank should refuse to gratify the curiosity of the Pujo Committee. "National banks," says the Call, "have been placed peculiarly under the protection of the federal government. They have been given special privileges and opportunities, and have been in a sense, guaranteed by the government." In a sense, a very broad sense, this is true. The privileges and opportunities derived by National banks from the federal government are based upon a very substantial consideration, and the National banks are subject to federal control and scrutiny exercised through a legitimate channel. Through that channel the federal government can get all necessary information, and the information is accessible to the Pujo Committee. But that committee, ostensibly engaged in the pursuit of the Money Devil for the benefit of mankind, is on a "fishing expedition" for the greater glory of politicians in Washington, and it may not scruple at prying into affairs to which it has no moral or legal right to demand access. We appear to have reached a point where nothing is to be held sacred. Privacy of all kinds is rapidly becoming a thing of the past. In the early days of the republic it was supposed that publicity was essential to civil liberty, but the publicity provided for was publicity in the affairs of government. We have wandered afar from our early ideals. Publicity in private affairs is now the rule of government, and we see a tendency on the part of our progressive politicians to be secretive, as, for example when Governor Johnson was investigating charges against Glavis. At the same time these same progressive politicians are prohibiting privacy in all private affairs. Even a man's safe-deposit box is now accessible to a functionary of the government. Democ-

racy has come to a sorry pass when it deems it necessary to imitate the practices of medieval government. We appear to be drifting backward to the sheer despotism of imperial sovereignty when the spy system prevailed and everything was under surveillance. It would be well for us to realize that arbitrary power is no less arbitrary when exercised by a legislature in the name of the people. So long as it is exercised merely to the discomfort of one class of citizens there will be no widespread revolt against it, but even when thus limited precedents are established which facilitate its growth and make easy the enlargement of its sphere of mischief. But even now this arbitrary power is more extensively exercised than some of us realize. Which reminds us that it was not long ago that Congress began prying into the newspaper business. Now, what the Call says with reference to National banks is equally true with reference to newspapers. The federal government has given the press many special privileges and opportunities, but when Congress demanded information as to circulation and other things was not the manager of the Call somewhat reluctant to come forward and testify? He did come forward because he had to, but the testimony he gave we challenge any reader of the Call to find trace of. Yet every reader has our assurance that the testimony was published in the Call and in at least one copy. The Government has received the information it wanted from the Call, but the information was not widely disseminated according to the wishes of Congress. Yet Congress has asked of the newspapers information pertaining to the newspapers only. The Pujo Committee has asked of a National bank manager information about the affairs of his clients, and that is what he refused to give, thus exciting the indignation of the editor of the Call.

A Professor On His Hind Legs

The great University of California has issued a brochure by which it promulgates the political philosophy that is to be taught

in that institution at the expense of the taxpayers. The author of the brochure is Professor Thomas Reed, a lawyer who realizes that he is better equipped for the teaching of law than for the practice of his profession. Professor Reed's treatise is deserving of serious consideration serving as it does to inform us as to the quality of scholarship to be found in Berkeley. We are told it embodies a new political philosophy to be taught in the university. As a matter of fact it is nothing but a rehash of the superficialities of the half-baked philosophy that the prophets of the Progressive propaganda have been preaching for several years. The language of Teddy has found echo in the class room. The short ballot, the election of President by direct vote, the recall, a new process for amending the Constitution so that it may be tinkered early and often, the initiative, a national primary law—these are the staples of the Progressive propaganda which meet with the unqualified approval of Professor Thomas Reed, who adds a few fads and fancies, some trifles and much twaddle of his own by way of vindicating his originality. He is for "clean recreation as the best corrective of the causes of vice." He is for a public conscience that will "insist on honest party organization," but by what contrivance we are to create this public conscience the Professor does not inform us, thereby inducing the suspicion that he has patented an invention which he is not yet prepared to market. Perhaps he would municipalize the public conscience like other public utilities, for one never knows to what extreme the priggishness of progressivism will go, especially in the case of Professor Reed who has the impetuosity of an infant prodigy. It is evident that he thinks he has discovered the political centre of gravity, but as to his principles we gather that—like Artemus Ward—he hasn't any. He appears only to have faith in the day dreams of democracy over which wise men long have laughed. He has absorbed all the catch-phrases of the Progressive propaganda and accepted as gospel all that they imply. For example he

is convinced that injunctions are too easily obtained and that there should be less devotion to the interests of property. He believes of course that there should be more devotion to the interests of man. How often have we heard that! No stronger appeal can be made to the idle and dissolute than to prate about the sordidness of property interests and man's inhumanity to man. The Gracchi used that appeal in ancient Rome. But statesmen have always been aware that property may be as dear to man as life itself: that it is the bulwark of all that men hold dear on earth, the safeguard against the distress and misery of those they love. It is not the rich, as Professor Reed fancies, who are chiefly devoted to the maintenance inviolable of the right of property. The less a man has, if he has anything, the more important it is that it should be safe, and no man's property is safe when the general security of all is lost. The title to property must be universally protected or it ceases to be protected at all. Professor Reed ought to give all of us pause. He is one of the intellectuals of a university which, from his slow wittedness, we might fancy to be in a land of hall bedrooms and blind alleys where the still small voice of common sense is mute. Here is an instructor of youth who deals with conclusions that are only deductions from changing facts as though he were enunciating elemental principles of permanent value. For instance he presumes to draw universal truth from experience of the referendum in Oregon, and he tells us that by the devices which he recommends democracy will "bring under its control a rebellious economic system" and that unless this control be achieved socialism will be inevitable. We might easily prove that the Professor is a Socialist himself without knowing it, since it is a cardinal principle of Socialists that the right of property is fatal to their ism, but what's the use? The thing to be pondered is that this professor is paid by the State of California to mislead young men and women with the fantastic fallacies of a pseudo-science.

To a Turk

By G. K. Chesterton

Warrior by warriors smitten,
Gambler whose luck has turned,
Read not the small words written:
Who knows what love you earned:
You know, and none shall tell you,
What and how long and how
They did endure in silence
That smite in silence now.

A Liberal may belabor
With rods your reckless dead,
As the Tory licked your sabre
For the blood he dared not shed;
Since from the creedless chapel
And the cushioned prize-ring came
The men that feared your glory
And they that praised your shame.

With us too rage against the rood
Your devils and your swine;
A colder scorn of womanhood,
A baser fear of wine,
And lust without the harem,
And Doom without the God.
Go. It is not this rabble
Sayeth to you "Ichabod."

Because our sorrow has sufficed
And what we know we know;
And because you were great, Lord Antichrist,
In the name of Christ you go;
But you shall not turn your turban
For the little dogs that yell,
When a man rides out of a city:
In the name of God; farewell.

Varied Types

CIX—REMI P. SCHWERIN

By Edward F. O'Day

We are all aware that the superlatively sapient statesmen who sit and legislate in Washington enacted a law prohibiting steamers owned or controlled by railroad companies from passing through the Panama Canal. We shouldn't be very well posted San Franciscans if we didn't also know that the Pacific Mail Steamship Company is controlled by the Southern Pacific, the railroad owning a majority of the steamship stock. And we shouldn't be very gifted in the matter of logic if we didn't immediately infer that the Pacific Mail is debarred by the law aforesaid from engaging in passenger or freight business through the Panama Canal.

Of course we know all this; it's a matter of recent history. The remarkable point is that we are in nowise disturbed about it. We lavish on the situation no particle of regret. We don't appear to give a hang. More than that, we didn't give a hang when the situation was in the making. In cold fact, certain cits of ours who are never spoken of as anything except "representative" and "prominent" cits created the situation. It's their work, and they're proud of it.

But what does it mean to San Francisco? Is it a good or a bad thing? I went up to the beautiful office in the Flood Building whence Remi P. Schwerin directs the ships that lace our port to the Orient and Latin America, and I asked him as president of the Pacific Mail:

"How about it?"

Schwerin is a prominent citizen or a very bad man, according to the slant of the light in which you view him. To certain gentlemen of the Chamber of Commerce he is an exceedingly wicked person. I must confess that I do not share that opinion with the perspicacious chamberites. I have seen Schwerin in action when he hit hard from the witness stand at inquisitors who were pounding savagely at his own armor. He's used to that kind of battle, and I rather suspect he likes it. But in his office he is a soft-voiced, dispassionate expositor of what's what with the trained thinker's penchant for reinforcing his statements with official records. And when I asked him: "How about it?" he said:

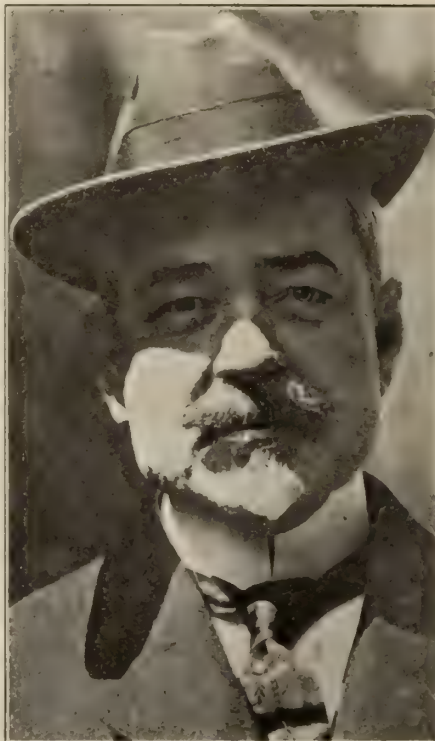
"It's history now. It's done and can never be undone. The water has passed over the dam and can't be brought back."

Nevertheless Schwerin was willing to annotate this chapter of history, and I found his annotations exceedingly interesting. I should call them valuable were it not that their value depends on the moral to be drawn from them by our business men, and I'm afraid Schwerin inoculated me with some of his pessimistic despair of our business men ever learning anything.

"The hatchet is always out in San Francisco," said Schwerin. "The condition in that respect is getting worse instead of better. The more the

people get together and yell, 'Show the San Francisco spirit,' the worse things seem to become. There are more hatchets today than there ever were. Everybody is slashing right and left."

In a prominent position among these hatchetmen of San Francisco Schwerin places the members of the Chamber of Commerce who were responsible for shutting the Pacific Mail out of the Panama Canal. And the Abou Ben Adhem of these Chamber of Commerce hatchetmen, he whose name leads all the rest, in the opinion of Schwerin, is William R. Wheeler.



REMI P. SCHWERIN

"The great cry has been, Build up the mercantile marine!" said Schwerin; "and I raised twelve million dollars for the purpose of building it up. The Chamber of Commerce and Mr. Wheeler used every effort to prevent me. The Pacific Mail intended to increase its fleet by the construction of four thirty-seven thousand ton steamers. The Chamber of Commerce and Mr. Wheeler made it impossible for us to build them. These ships would have engaged in traffic between the Atlantic seaboard and the Orient by way of San Francisco. That traffic was necessary if the Pacific Mail was to continue to exist. As it is I see no outlook for the Pacific Mail."

"I see no outlook for the Pacific Mail."

There is an ominous sentence for the hatchetmen of the Chamber of Commerce to ponder. After they have pondered it a bit, let them review their work and settle with themselves whether it was good work or bad.

"Why was this fight made by the Chamber of Commerce and Mr. Wheeler, its traffic manager, to debar steamers controlled by railroads from the Canal? In order that Mr. Wheeler by a grand stand play might show people what an influence he could wield. The Chamber of Commerce and Mr. Wheeler are responsible for that law. They directed the public opinion of San Francisco in favor of that law and against

the Pacific Mail. Mr. Wheeler said so in Washington.

"Mr. Wheeler said in Washington that the Chamber of Commerce was unequivocally and unanimously in favor of the prohibition which has debarred the Pacific Mail from the Canal. The fight was initiated here. And despite the fact that President Taft was very anxious that those four ships should be built in order that direct communication twice a month might be established between New York, San Francisco and the Philippines, the bill was passed.

"What will be the result? San Francisco will lose between four and five million dollars a year which we would have expended here if the bill had not passed. That money would have gone into all our business channels. Besides that the Pacific Mail would have handled two hundred thousand passengers a year who would spend at least twenty-five or fifty dollars apiece in San Francisco. As it is, the only local company which will use the Canal will be the American-Hawaiian. Captain Matson of the Matson Navigation Company said he had arrangements all made to put on a fleet of ships, but I haven't heard of any contracts being made.

"Of course our four steamers will not be built. It would be contrary to the law to use them. Even if we could use them it would be impossible to raise that twelve million over again. You can't raise twelve millions on a proposition requiring the strongest arguments, and then have the community act as it did and still expect financiers to risk their money. But I suppose Mr. Wheeler and the rest wanted to show their power. But it's pitiful, isn't it?

"Mr. Wheeler knows as much about the steamship business as you do. Take the case of Bates and Chesebrough. The inability of the California-Atlantic to continue in business was due to the so-called sea level rates forced on them by Mr. Wheeler through his representations at Washington. Sea level rates are not based on any one man's ideas as to what they should be or on theoretical ideas as to what they should be. They are based on the true business principle that the servant is worthy of his hire. Freight cannot be sold for less than it costs any more than the goods of a commercial house can if the house is to continue paying its obligations.

"Mr. Wheeler told the congressional committee at Washington that the Chamber of Commerce was unequivocally and unanimously in favor of the bill that debarred the Pacific Mail from the Canal. That was not true. A protest against that attitude of the Chamber of Commerce was forwarded to Washington by some of the leading members of the Chamber of Commerce.

"In connection with that protest let me show

(Continued on Page 21.)

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Mary Austin, Dramatist

Editor Town Talk, Sir: I was amused to learn a week or two ago from an interview with Mary Austin, printed in Town Talk, that the brilliant woman has no use for the technique of the drama. And when I read in another interview with Ethel Brandon that Mrs. Austin's play "The Arrow Maker," which was produced in the New Theatre in New York, was impossible and a failure I was still more amused. To be sure we have Mrs. Austin's word for it that her play was a great success, but I think we should make allowance for the illusion of the fond parent. Even though Ethel Brandon may not be acknowledged to be an authority, still she has corroboration in the circumstance that the play is not being played and that it had a very brief career on the boards. There is further corroboration in the fact that Mary doesn't think much of technique. She is not the first person who has had contempt for the technique of the drama. Why this should be so is a question that puzzles. In every other art, indeed in every trade, a certain skill is required and skill presupposes certain principles. A man cannot build a house unless he has some sort of foundation, or unless he puts the materials together in accordance with certain rules. Yet there are persons who think they can build a drama without any knowledge of technique. I think it is because they have been informed that Shakespeare had no such knowledge, and that he ignored certain principles which it had been deemed necessary to heed. The truth of course is that Shakespeare succeeded in spite of principles, but Shakespeare was an extraordinary genius, and besides he only proved that what were thought to be essentials were not so. And anyway a playwright today cannot take the same liberties that were taken in Shakespeare's day. Even the Shakespearean plays can hardly be produced now as they were written. A modern drama housed in four walls is something quite different from the drama of the Elizabethan period. It is not to be said that a playwright must comply with certain iron-clad rules. There are many ways of writing a play, there is more than one way of telling a story for dramatic

presentation, but there are more bad ways than good ways, and without a certain degree of respect for technique a playwright is very likely to fall into one of the bad ones. That appears to be what Mary did.

Respectfully,

—A Student of the Drama.

Labor's Lobby

Editor Town Talk, Sir: The newspapers report that organized labor has a lobby at Sacramento and that one of its objects is to get a bill through the Legislature prohibiting "government by injunction." What a world of power there is in a catch-phrase! The objection to "government by injunction" is that it prevents destruction of private property, disturbance of the peace and murder. No decent law-abiding citizen objects to the power of the courts to issue an injunction when it appears that without it crime may be committed. Yet Organized Labor which was but recently shown up in Indianapolis as a combination whose leaders are not averse to wholesale cowardly assassination is today openly maintaining a lobby in the capital of this State for the purpose of obtaining greater opportunity for the perpetration of crime! And in none of our newspapers does one find a word of protest or criticism. I suppose that if organized capital were to establish a lobby in Sacramento to fight the lobby of organized labor the newspapers would howl their heads off.

Respectfully,

—A Merchant.

Blind Pigs

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: I see the police raided a blind pig on Rhode Island street the other day. Good work! I hope it will continue. The blind pigs hurt our business, both financially and otherwise, but principally otherwise because the vile liquor sold in the blind pigs intoxicates quickly, and legitimate saloons are blamed for the evil for which the blind pigs are responsible. Heaven knows, we're responsible for enough trouble without being made the scapegoats for the sins of the blind pigs. So I hope the police will go on raiding these outlaw joints. The

police have their work cut out for them. Blind pigs flourish hereabouts. If I told you how many there are in this city you wouldn't believe me. But I can tell you how to find out for yourself. Just ascertain how many men are paying the internal revenue license but not the municipal license. The blind pigs may evade the tax collector, but they can't escape Uncle Sam.

Yours truly,

—A Saloon Keeper.

The Hog With the Gun

Editor Town Talk, Sir: My letter to you printed in your issue of January 4 wherein I said that "when game of any kind is thinning out the proper, quickest, square-deal way of increasing the supply is for all hands to quit shooting for awhile," and that it would be well for us to keep our eyes "on the legislators who stand in with the hog with a gun" appears to have touched many responsive chords. Senator Strobbridge of Alameda, taking my tip, has prepared a bill providing for a closed season for all hands until 1915, and the newspapers of the whole State have taken the matter up with enthusiasm. Moreover many of them are now referring to the sporting gent who wants a special privilege to the disadvantage of all of us as the "hog with a gun." I congratulate myself and Town Talk on having roused the right kind of resentment, but we must not think the fight is won. The hog is now running about with the story that deer are increasing rapidly and that there should be no closed season for them. He says that as there are no more hide-hunters and as all hunters are now more sportsmanlike than formerly the deer is no longer in need of conservation. This is not so. I am a deer hunter myself. Last season I visited several counties in quest of deer, and though I had the average luck I know that the species is not increasing. I am an enthusiastic huntsman and I am getting along in years. If hunting be prohibited till 1915 the probability is I shall never shoulder my gun again, but I will not complain. I think that common decency ought to prompt every sportsman to approve the Strobbridge bill.

Sincerely yours,

—L. T. D.

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

Britain's White Slave Law

A new and drastic law aimed at the suppression of the white slave traffic has just been put in force in Great Britain. Under the provisions of this law male procurers and men who benefit pecuniarily by women's life of shame are liable to the lash. The day the act came into force crowds of such men were warned out of England and fled to the Continent. The supporters of the act saw in this evidence of the efficiency of the act; but the first case under it before a London magistrate raised an outcry because the names of the procurer, the prisoner, the victim and all the witnesses were suppressed. It is admitted that the feelings of the victim might deserve consideration, but it was held that in the case of the accused and the witnesses justice might have been handicapped by the secrecy either to the detriment of the accused or "the people," for publicity in such

cases might bring to light evidence which would materially affect the defense or the prosecution.

Cleaning St. Sophia

The Mosque of St. Sofia is now free from the crowd of cholera patients who were driven into it about a month ago to die there together. The state of filth in which they weltered was indescribable and there was no escape for them, as the building was surrounded by soldiers. The only outsider who succeeded in entering the mosque while it was still so used as a "hospital" was a German military doctor, who afterward confessed that he was appalled by the scenes which he witnessed. In one way, however, the thorough pollution of the ancient basilica did good; it compelled the Turks to cleanse the floor thoroughly. No less than three layers of matting were discovered on the floor, each layer having been laid down after a great cholera epidemic and the crowding of the building with

cholera patients. All this matting has now been removed, with the result that for the first time in this generation the noble marble pavements originally placed there by the Byzantine Emperors are entirely laid bare.

The "Goddess of Reason"

Within a month there died in Paris a woman past 90 years old, whose lineage was very exalted indeed. She was the granddaughter of no less a personage than the Goddess of Reason, who more or less gracefully accepted divine honors from a throng of worshipers (?) during the Terror. The recently deceased scion of the stock of the august Goddess was strangely lacking in enthusiasm as to her family tree. For many years she had sought to atone for her ancestress' fame of a certain kind by endless devotions at the great altar so strangely profaned. Surely time's whirligig brought in a complete revenge in this case.

Perspective Impressions

The burning question of the moment: Who will marry Anna Held and De Wolf Hopper?

There seem to be several niggers in this Hearst-Standard Oil woodpile.

Those jokes that Fra Elbertus got fined for were not only smutty—they were very, very old.

An ideal occupation—searching through the world for the modern Venus de Milo.

Why not put Maxim silencers on some of the big guns of the Legislature?

If the State Board of Control has saved the taxpayers three-quarters of a million dollars what an awful leak there must be somewhere considering the big deficit.

Wasn't there something said about a Committee of a Thousand? Or have we been dreaming?

The Labor Commissioner proves by the divorce statistics that Californian marriage is ceasing to be an infant industry.

While Judge Weller was on the verge of tears, the Occanside ladies hissed and laughed. Is this the spirit of the recall?

In a nutshell the charge is that the Slingsby baby was born not in wedlock but in eugenic congress.

So that old familiar piece de resistance Du Paty de Clam is back on the bill of fare!

The news that the Kaiser took a bracelet off his arm and presented it to Pavlowa is interesting not because of the graciousness of the act but because the bauble on the arm of a man is symbolic. The Kaiser is of course a Caesar but why should he remind us rather of Heliogabalus than of Caius Julius?

When it was learned that Senator Caminetti's eyesight was getting dim the question arose, Is it an asset or a liability from the standpoint of his constituency?

So we are to have the referendum on a proposal to cut telephone rates. Great idea! But why not extend the principle, and reduce the cost of living? Is the landlord who gets the benefit of the unearned increment and the interest thereon to go unscathed? Let us remember that the land belongs to the people; also the fatness thereof.

After reading the handbook of "new politics" issued by Professor Tommy Reed of Berkeley the suggestion appears to be in order that the campus should know him as Professor Tommy-rot.

The little shepherd of Aurora finds that goatish humor doesn't pay.

Beginning Again

By Filson Young

The first fortnight of January is the great Monday morning of the year, when, after the pause and disorganization of Christmas and the annual tidying-up of various temporal matters, we settle down into our normal routine, and Begin Again. During the fortnight before Christmas it has not been worth while to begin anything; we are hypnotized by the shopkeepers into the idea that the only suitable occupation of those weeks is feverish buying, and between Christmas and the New Year we are often in a state of exhaustion or reaction, wondering what the fuss was really about. But there comes a day when the excitement, real or artificial, of the season is over, and the reaction also; when we look out of the window some foggy morning at the blank grey winter sky, and realize that no exciting event is likely to happen in our world for some time: that, in fact, there is nothing left to do but to Begin Again. To people who live a normal and quiet life it is the dulllest and least inspiring of moments. There are, perhaps, no great successes to be repeated, or no great failures to be redeemed, no triumphal or sorrowful way to be retraced—nothing but just to Begin Again the ordinary and unexciting round of life. It is the Monday morning outlook intensified, with its perspective extended into the dimness of the unknown year. It is a curious moment, and, like every moment of our lives, worth examining and savoring before we pass on and leave it behind.

I suppose that the people to whom Beginning Again is most formidable are the successful people. To the man whose career is a succession of great and triumphant achievements the most difficult moment must surely be that when, after the successful issue of a great endeavor, he must

Begin Again. He must deliberately begin to do something at least as great and successful as he has done before—probably something greater, for there is no such thing as really level progress; if the road is level the burden becomes greater, or if the burden grows lighter the road becomes steeper. The man who writes or produces a successful play every year must feel, when he Begins Again, that not only the success of his next play, but the success and justification of his whole life depends on this new beginning. The statesman who has distinguished himself in one office must feel, when he Begins Again in another, that he must distinguish himself still more; for if he does not advance, people will say that he is failing. The financier who has just successfully launched some vast scheme must immediately Begin Again on something vaster. No doubt all these successful people would like, after their great triumph, to work at something small and easy, which would be a rest from their strenuous exertions; but that is not the rule of life. The burden and penalty of success is more and more success. If your income has been four thousand a year and it falls to two thousand, you will be regarded as one who is going back in worldly prosperity, although there may have been a time when two thousand a year would have represented riches and success to you. But if your career be that of making money you must Begin Again to make the four thousand five, and the five thousand six; and consequently as you grow older, Beginning Again becomes a more and more formidable thing.

Perhaps the only person who really loves Beginning Again is the incorrigible failure. To him these recurring moments are really sunny and agreeable. For the man who addresses himself with gusto to such occupations as Turning Over a New Leaf, Making a Fresh Start, or Cleaning the Slate, Beginning Again can have no terrors. It is the one moment in which the man who always fails has a bright vision of success; he almost hastens through the later stages of his previous failure, almost welcomes disaster, so that he may engage in the inspiring business of Beginning Again. Such a man frequently talks about Cutting his Losses. Indeed, he makes

haste to cut them sometimes before he is quite sure whether they need be regarded as losses or not. Such a man, it need not be said, would also cut his winnings if they went on too long, for the simple reason that either losses or winnings, until they are cut, stand as a mark on what would otherwise be a clean slate, and sully the fairness of what would otherwise be a new leaf. Cut them he must before he can indulge in the luxury of Beginning Again. Such people think that there is virtue in actual beginnings, not realizing that the real virtue lies neither in beginning nor in ending but in continuing, which is the most difficult and important thing for men to do. There is excitement about beginnings and endings, but there is no essential virtue in them. There is such a thing as beginning wrong. The clean slate and the new leaf may be great snares; and it might have been better to struggle along on the old sheet, confused as it may have been with mistakes and crossings-out, and even blotted with tears, in the hope of writing some brave word at the end. But it is always easier to Begin Again on a new sheet, even although we know in our hearts that it will never be completed, but in its turn merely soiled and forsaken for a clean successor. There is apparently no age which is free from the illusion of Beginning Again, and beginning wrong. Even China has in these latter days taken it into her head to Begin Again, and, in the opinion of Europeans most competent to judge, to begin wrong. The idea that a governing body can be formed which will be representa-

(Continued on Page 21.)

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Poems About San Francisco

LXXVI—SONG OF THE SUNDOWN

By Herman Scheffauer

(This poem by one of our most gifted singers contains what many regard as an unsurpassed description of sunset in San Francisco. It is taken from Herman Scheffauer's "Looms of Life" which was published by the Neale Company in 1908.)

Across the prone Pacific vast,
Struck into emerald laced with white,
With gold enchased, and overcast
With red, the homeless sun took flight.

Loth from the vantage of his gaze
The fast harmonic law compelled
His westward plunge to build the days
Round Orient ranges citadelled.

Magnificent his min'stry trode,—
The apparelled clouds bore mountain crests,
And to their lord, as down he rode,
Offered their broad, emblazoned breasts.

Yet golden, golden ran a lane
From sun to city o'er the sea;
The trend of tides that swept the plain
Flickered, then crossed it brokenly.

Then reached the blue horizon up
And seized the rondure of the rim
Of the great globe; the ocean's cup
Trembled with glory to the brim.

The fervor of his passion's thirst
Sank slaked within the emerald wine,
While reddening vapors curled and burst
Like fumes of myrrh above a shrine.

So the strong sea bore down the sun,
Nor any more his splendor fell
Upon the city's hills, though one
Rose ghostly with a dim farewell.

Yet for a space two fiery lips
Lay smouldering on the darkening green;
A farewell trembled to the ships,
And Day was lulled in dusk serene.

Slowly aloft the landward skies
Now mounts the rolling, argent sphere;
The pointed stars unseal their eyes
Each sharpened with a gleaming tear.

Then one by one the lamps awake
Where loom the city's barriers dun;
Her streets begin to bloom and break
With points of lustre, one by one.

The waves lap on, the breezes stray;
Her stony pomp is robed in light;
She that flamed golden to the Day,
Now glitters silvern to the Night.

The Spectator

Eshleman In Training

From Sacramento comes the news that Railroad Commissioner Eshleman is in training for the gubernatorial job with the warm approval of Governor Johnson. It would be lovely, the representatives of the Progressive machine say, to employ Eshleman for its perpetuation. It would be lovely for Johnson to name his successor and be "close up" in the day to come, and it would be lovely for all the boys. Also from Sacramento comes the news that the Governor and Chester Rowell are not as friendly as formerly. The Governor is reported to have made some biting comments on Rowell and the other Progressives who kept him misinformed during the campaign about the situation in his home State. And the Governor, 'tis said, has been finding fault with some of the men who were appointed to office at Rowell's solicitation.

He's Easily Peeved

The Governor is reported to have a grievance against several of his old cronies. According to gossip in Sacramento he has had so much to worry him of late that he is easily peeved, but he is doing politics every minute. He played a subtle role in the speakership fight with the aid of Signor Caminetti who is on the "inside," having had a son appointed to a job in the office of the Board of Control. Whenever the Governor needs "Cam" the veteran statesman is on deck. He kept the Democrats from interfering with the Governor's program when the speakership contest was on.

Kingsbury To Be Punished

The Secretary of State is not the only functionary whose scalp the Governor is said to be after. There are rumors of reprisals to be made against Surveyor-General Kingsbury for having had the audacity to stir up the Glavis scandal. The friction engendered by that episode exemplifies how important it is to the people to have the long instead of the short ballot. With Governor Johnson as the crew and the captain too of the ship of State the probability is there never would have been a Glavis scandal. The Administration tried hard to suppress it. The man who unearthed it was a reporter named Todd of the Sacramento Star. He brought it to light during the Presidential campaign, and the Administration induced the owner of the Star to ship him to Washington. Then Kingsbury got busy, but it was deemed expedient to postpone the investigation till after the campaign owing to the part that Glavis had played in the conspiracy against President Taft. Finally the star-chamber investigation was held, and if the bridling of Kingsbury's tongue had been possible nothing much would ever have been heard about the affair.

Hiram's Blunder in History

"In one respect only will I refer to the last election. We accomplished one great thing at least. The geographical barrier is battered down, and a man from the West may now aspire to any position within the gift of the people. I was

the first Californian to go over the mountain barrier to battle at that geographical barrier." Thus Governor Johnson, addressing the members of the Assembly. Hiram should hie him to his history books. California has given the country three presidential aspirants, and the same number of vice-presidential candidates has come from the Pacific Coast. The first candidate for President on the Republican ticket in 1856 was General John C. Fremont who was credited to California, as the tickets will show. General Bidwell was a candidate twenty years ago on the

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the future fully and as they must know. Emmet Hinnel lived at Chicago. U. D. Wiggan, who was an A. P. A. candidate for President, and then was State in 1884, a Scotch Lanc. or Oregon girl save by two votes, vice-president in 1860. Job Harrison, a native of this State, was the vice-presidential candidate of the Socialists in 1900. So Johnson was not the first but the sixth to battle at the geographical barrier of the Rockies.

Bourbons After Morrow's Place

There are already a number of Bourbon judges in the race for the dignified position on the federal bench which Judge W. W. Morrow will vacate this coming summer. And the lists are not yet closed, so there will probably be more entrants. Among those whose names I have heard so far are three judges of the superior court in this city: Judges Graham, Murasky and Lawlor. Then there is Judge Dooling of Hollister. In the north I hear of Judge Nicholl, a brother of that popular Democrat, the late Frank Nicholl of Stockton; also Judge Emmet Seawell of Santa Rosa. They all have friends who are trying to persuade central to connect them with President Woodrow Wilson.

Will Close Local Saloons Too

Assemblyman Bohnett of San Jose is drawing a bill which will provide that no saloon may do business within a mile and a half of any university. It has been pointed out that if this bill becomes law about twenty saloons in the neighborhood of the University of Santa Clara and the University of Southern California at Los Angeles will be shut-up. But I have not seen it mentioned anywhere that such a law would put some well known houses of cheer in this city out of business. The Jesuit College of St. Ignatius has recently become the University of St. Ignatius with colleges of law, medicine and engineering. St. Ignatius University is within a block of Tom's Cabin where joyriders stop for a highball and a rag before they start their spin through Golden Gate Park to the Cliff House and the cafes along the Ocean Boulevard. Tom's Cabin would be the first place to go. Then again, the Casino, one of the favorite resorts of the night life, is within the mile and a half radius. So that would be closed too. There are a number of other places of less renown, some of them more famous in the years past than they are today, which would likewise succumb to the proposed law. But it is sufficient to mention Tom's Cabin and the Casino. Listen for the howl which will go up when these cherished tarrying places of the joyriders are threatened.

Dynamite and the Recall

Judge Weller was his antagonist at the Open Forum the other night to defend himself against the attacks that have been made on him by many indignant and incensed wives and mothers who wish to have him recalled for reducing a bail bond. Weller soon found that he was in somewhat exotic company. The atmosphere was charged with hostility which found curious expression. From the general tenor of sentiment in the audience it was evident that the recall was favored on general principles not on account of the presumption of misconduct on Judge Weller's part but because he was a representative of government. One speaker said that it would be well to begin with Weller, and then go up the line to men in higher station. The judge was asked if he thought it right that a higher bond should be exacted from a man found with dynamite in his possession than from a man charged with assaulting a woman. The

speaker made it clear that he was much in sympathy with any man who carries dynamite on his person. Another speaker remarked on the outrage of prohibiting a man from carrying dynamite from one State to another. The meeting appeared to have dynamite on the brain. It was an eye-opener to several citizens who attended the meeting out of curiosity. One of them remarked that there appeared to be a bond of affinity between dynamite and the recall.

The Indictment of Fra Elbertus

The reputation of an idealist once acquired is a fine asset. It is as potent in its way as a bad name when acquired by a dog. In the case of the dog the judgment is hanging, in the case of the putative idealist the result is an exceptional degree of immunity. Yet it has been shrewdly observed that if you disturb any social rubbish heap idealists will crawl out like earthworms. We take our idealists too seriously. An idealist after all is only a man who professes high aims. The other day the most popular idealist in all the country was indicted for sending obscene matter through the mails, and he pleaded guilty to one charge to escape prosecution on five others which will be kept hanging fire to ensure good behaviour. This idealist is none other than Elbert Hubbard, who has made idealism pay. This man who styles himself Fra Elbertus, like Thompson's "little round, fat, oily man of God" is given to glistening with ungodly dew, but he has a great army of worshipers who regard him as the leaders of religious cults are regarded by their devotees. The case of Hubbard proves that a man can be at once an idealist and a Borborite; also, that enthusiasm for the higher things of life may co-exist with a facility in gratuitous obscenity. Hubbard has been much given of late to a gross humor, such as one finds in the pages of the London Pink-Un. The lubricity of the lupanar has been tainting the pages of the Philistine. Hubbard writes like a man in whom double entendre has become an irremediable infirmity. Coprolitic witticisms drop from him as easily as slime from the man who has just emerged from a cesspool. He bemerds his readers and himself with a gusto that betrays a proneness to rank and unsavory thought. It is no wonder that he was indicted; but what a shock to his worshipers!

Behind the Scenes in Jaffa

When the war was on in the Balkans the despatches were full of news of massacres in the

Holy Land. The Moslems were said to be most rampageous in and about Jaffa where many Christians had been put to death. This news prompted a gentleman of this city to write to a friend in Jaffa about whom he was solicitous, expressing anxiety and the hope that all was well. An answer to the letter arrived last week. The man of Jaffa advises his friend in this city to assuage his anxiety. "Don't believe what you read about massacres," he says; "they are inventions of the good missionaries who find that such horrors are a very excellent means of stimulating the flood of coin hitherward. In a little while you will find that there is a campaign on in America for the raising of funds for the relief of Christian missionaries whose property was destroyed by the Moslem horde. Meanwhile the missionaries are leading a placid existence in beautiful homes supplied with every modern convenience and some luxuries. Why they are called missionaries I have never been able to find out. They make no converts, the heathen being entirely satisfied with his religion. They conduct nice schools to which the heathen sends his children for what they can get out of them, and though the children pretend to be getting religion nobody has ever seen a Christian Turk hereabouts. Don't think me prejudiced. I have no complaint to make of the missionaries, though I think it a little ungrateful of them to libel a people who are not only tolerant of them but who furnish them with a pretext for a vocation."

The Woman and Her Status

The woman who was formerly the wife of William Guggenheim and who recently sought to have a court decree that they were never legally divorced is not unknown in California. She is a native daughter of this proud commonwealth, her birthplace being Santa Rosa. Grace Brown was her maiden name. Her first husband was Lieutenant Herbert, son of the man who was Secretary of the Navy under Grover Cleveland. He sued her for a divorce in this city and she obtained a decree on a cross-complaint. A little later she married Guggenheim, and he gave her a fortune to get rid of her. Then she married a Frenchman named Wahl. Meanwhile Guggenheim married again, and he has several children. It would be a grievous injustice to the present wife and her little ones for a court to hold that Guggenheim had never been divorced from his first wife, and happily a court has refused to so hold. A somewhat similar case was tried not long ago before Judge Sturtevant, Samuel M.

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THE TEST
OF AGES
AND IS STILL
THE FINEST
CORDIAL EXTANT

At first-class Wine Merchants,
Grocers, Hotels, Cafes,
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New York, N. Y.,
Sole Agents
for the United States



Shortridge representing the defendant. Judge Sturtevant held that it would not be in furtherance of justice or the interests of society to disturb the second marriage. In his opinion the wife of that marriage and her children were entitled to the protection of the law. This appears to be the rule, especially in cases where the divorced woman is merely concerned about her status and has no hope of resuming marital rights and duties. I believe there is still another case, similar in many respects to the Guggenheim case, which was tried not long ago before Judge Van Nostrand and which is now under advisement. Both the plaintiff and defendant in this case remarried after their divorce, and the defendant has both wife and child, and the woman is merely desirous I believe of having her status determined. It wouldn't take me ten seconds to determine it for her.

Casey and King

That was an interesting story the Call had the other day about the discovery of documentary evidence of the fact that James P. Casey who was murdered by the Vigilantes for killing James King of William really served time in Sing-Sing. But it would have been much more interesting if there ever had been any question as to Casey's residence in the penitentiary. According to the Call James King of William charged in the Bulletin that Casey was an ex-convict and for refusing to retract was killed. Thus is history garbled by the whirligig of time. Casey never denied that he was in Sing-Sing. Casey never asked James King of William to retract. James King of William said that Casey had been sent to the penitentiary, and Casey demanded that the editor tell the whole story. The editor refused and was killed. Casey was one of Senator Broderick's henchmen at a time when San Francisco was experiencing a bitter political feud. Casey was classed among the

ballot-box stuffers of the day, and when he was charged with being an ex-convict the purpose was to give the impression that he had a record for rascality and wickedness before coming to California. The truth was that he was sent to jail at the instigation of his mother-in-law. At the time of his marriage his mother-in-law gave his wife a little money to buy furniture. Just then came the news of the discovery of gold in California, and Casey resolved to use the money to defray the expenses of a trip to California. Mother-in-law demurred, wife went back to mother and Casey started alone, whereupon he was arrested for embezzling the money. That is the plain, simple story that he asked James King of William to publish. And it was for taking satisfaction with a pistol that he was hanged by the Vigilantes.

The Cruelty of Brady

Some time ago Harry Goldberg, the Ibsen of the Olympic Club, sent the manuscript of a dramatic masterpiece to William A. Brady of New York. The Goldberg chef d'oeuvre was entitled "The Better Way," and its author is free to confess that it makes Eugene Walter's "The Only Way" look like a Theodore Kremer melodrama. "There is an interval of six weeks," as they say in theatrical programs, and still the grocer-Shakespeare receives no word from the play producer. So Goldberg sat him down and in his most recherche diction composed a telegram of two hundred words. He told Brady that he was packing his trunk to go on to New York for the rehearsals; that he would himself defray the cost of the trip; that he would lend his aid without asking compensation in the assembling of an all-star cast; and that he was even prepared to share the preliminary expenses of the production in the complete confidence that he would be quickly reimbursed from the box office when "The Better Way" started its all-year run on Broadway. A brief wire was Brady's response to this communication. Brady telegraphed: "Where shall I send your manuscript?"

Welcome to Our Midst!

Who is it that approaches
To receive our low salaam?
All hail! We're glad to see you,
Great Du Paty de Clam!

For years you've been neglected,
And I'm tickled, yes! I am!
To see you redvivus,
Great Du Paty de Clam!

We all recall how Zola
Hit you many a slam,
But he couldn't ink your valor,
Great Du Paty de Clam!

You had to go in hiding—
Was it Turkey or Siam?
But once more you're in the limelight,
Great Du Paty de Clam!

It's true your late emergence
Put your country in a jam,
But that will never feaze you,
Great Du Paty de Clam!

They say that as a soldier
You were something of a sham;
But I do not believe it,
Great Du Paty de Clam!

And why? Because you have a name
More succulent than ham;
You're the toothsome of bi-valves,
Great Du Paty de Clam!

So I hail you as a credit
To your sire and your dam,
Hail you greater than the lobster,
Great Du Paty de Clam!

Benson and the Bohemians

The good old spirit of the Bohemian Club revived last Saturday night when the Men of the Owl entertained Benson of Stratford-on-Avon. Members who ought to know say that the dinner and the entertainment reminded them of the good old days when wits were more plentiful than millionaires in the club. The speakers, Doctor "Jack" Shiels, President George Richardson, "Charley" Field and the rest were at their happiest. Pictures of the last grove play were flashed on the screen for Benson's benefit, and Field told in his inimitable light way just what they were all about. Benson had arranged to show some of his Winchester and Stratford pageant pictures, but when the Bohemian films were displayed he leaned over to President Richardson and said admiringly, "I have nothing like that to show." At the conclusion of the dinner a burlesque pageant was given, and Benson enjoyed it hugely. A good deal of fun was derived from the varying pronunciations of the word

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HUMAN INGENUITY
CANNOT MAKE BETTER
WHISKEY THAN

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SCIENTIFICALLY DISTILLED
FROM SELECTED GRAIN
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Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

STOP SQUINTING and wear

**Equipoise eye
glasses** and there
will be no trouble
to keep them on se-
curely and comfortably.
They are made to be com-
fortable and you will be made
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**Wear Equipoise
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(W. D. Fennimore J. W. Davis A. R. Fennimore)

181 POST ST., SAN FRANCISCO
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'pageant.' Benson gave it the long 'a' while others gave it the short. When Field, in explaining the grove pictures, came to one showing the trap shooters he said, "We've had pad-geantry and pay-geantry; here we have pigcontry."

Frank Powers' Criticism

While on the subject of the Bohemians it is worth recording that Frank Powers administered a scolding to a certain element in the club when he spoke at the Christmas dinner. Powers spoke right out in meeting, declaring that too many members of the club slighted the true spirit of Yuletide. He said they thought too much of the fleshpots, and not enough of the holy events which Christmas commemorated. He was interrupted from time to time, and handled his interruptors without gloves. But they were hard to quell, and the more Frank criticized the more they heckled him. When it was all over the more serious members averred that the rebuke he administered was deserved, but they doubted whether it would do a great deal of good. Some of the Bohemians are incorrigibly trivial.

Bispham and the Tax Collector

David Bispham was dragged from his comfortable bed at the Bohemian Club at what he regarded as an ungodly hour Monday morning. The telephone was ringing madly. "Who is it? What do you want?" roared the sleepy and disgusted baritone. "This is the tax collector," said a voice at the other end of the wire; "you haven't paid your license yet." "Go to blazes," growled Bispham, hanging up the receiver and toddling back to his cosy couch. At luncheon he told his friend Percy Long, the City Attorney, about the matter. "Some mistake," said the City Attorney; "you don't have to pay any license that I know of." So Bispham let the matter rest there. But it was not allowed to rest by the tax collector. That zealous official sent a deputy to the St. Francis Monday evening, and the deputy got the ear of Bispham just before he went on the platform in the colonial ball room to charm a throng of music lovers with "Danny Deever" and "King Robert of Sicily" and Henry Hadley's Pan music. "What do you want?" asked Bispham. "I want your five dollar concert tax," said the deputy. "Are you the chap that woke me up this morning?" asked Bispham grimly. "I'm the man that rang you up," said the deputy. "Well, I won't pay," said Bispham. "Why not?" asked the deputy. "On

the advice of my lawyer," said Bispham. "Who's your lawyer?" demanded the deputy. "City Attorney Long," was the singer's reply. The deputy scratched his head, stared at the singer to see if he was spoofing and then went his way unpaid. Later Bispham discovered that Percy Long had forgotten about the ordinance which provides for a five dollar concert tax. And the tax collector vows he'll get Bispham next time as sure as death and taxes.

Revenue Overlooked

Of course amusement has always been taxed in this as in other cities. The theaters pay a yearly license tax; circuses are pretty heavily taxed; and for a public concert the tax is five dollars. But this tax is not always levied. It is hard even for a social bavarde to keep track of all the concerts that are given in this music-loving city, so how can a mere license collector who never reads the social columns be expected to keep accurate tab? Nearly every night there is a concert or some other sort of taxable entertainment in the colonial ball room of the St. Francis. Most of the artists giving them have gone tax free, not through any evasion but simply because the license collector didn't call around. But one day recently a deputy in the tax collector's office strolled down Peacock Alley in the general direction of the wine room. He wasn't in a hurry, and he paused to scan the bulletin board on which the daily announcements of hotel activities are displayed. There was to be an entertainment that afternoon, a concert that night, and several more during the following few days. The deputy tax collector whistled softly to himself. "A lot of perfectly good revenue for the city being overlooked here," he muttered to himself. When he returned to the City Hall he told his chief about it. The result was that David Bispham was awakened from his beauty sleep at the ungodly hour of nine in the morning. Hereafter the tax collector will keep a closer watch on the bulletin boards of the big hotels. And artists who have been paying one hundred dollars for the colonial ball room—that's the standard hotel charge—will henceforth "come through" with an additional five dollars to the municipality. The cost of artistry, like everything else, seems to be going up.

Genthe's Success in New York

Arnold Genthe has achieved a great artistic success in New York. His photographs of people and places are all the rage. He is interviewed in the newspapers. Society from McDougall Alley to Fifth Avenue has been making a lion of him. Perhaps this is due in great measure to the patronage of J. Pierpont Morgan.

Just before Morgan left for Egypt he gave Genthe a commission to make colored photographs of his library, art gallery and other beautiful apartments of his New York mansion. The colored pictures were made into handsome volumes, and Morgan distributed them among some of his intimate friends. Of course where Morgan leads everybody who can follow. So Genthe has as much work as he can personally attend to. He could have more, but he is wise enough not to take it.

A Difficult Lion

Genthe is used to being lionized. He became thoroughly familiar with the practice while he had his studio in this city. But he is not easy to lionize. In fact, a most difficult lion is Genthe. Many have found this out to their cost. There was, for instance, the gushing woman who attended his illustrated lecture on Japan in this city. It was just after Genthe's tour of the Orient, and his pictures were marvelously beautiful. After the lecture the gushing woman rushed up to Doctor Genthe. "Oh doctor," she gushed, "how perfectly wonderful it all was, and how indescribably beautiful. Next time you must take us up Fuji." "Yes," replied Genthe without the trace of a smile, "and when I do I shall be careful to leave you there."

Wingfield's Latest Enterprise

George Wingfield, the Nevada multimillionaire with the Midas touch, has been trying to buy Santa Cruz Island. Where is Santa Cruz Island? It's off the coast at Santa Barbara, and it is said to be one of the most romantically interesting spots in California. Robinson Crusoe's ocean domain was hardly more fascinating, if the descriptions I've heard are accurate. Santa Cruz Island has hill and lowland, dark wood and sunny glade and purling streams. Game abounds, but the principal product of the island is sheep. Sheep overrun Santa Cruz Island, and they

GOLDEN STATE CHAMPAGNE

produced by the Italian-Swiss Colony is described at length in a beautifully illustrated booklet that may be had on application.

A Very Superior Train to

Los Angeles and San Diego

The ANGEL: From the Ferry 4:00 p. m. daily.

It maintains its superiority by the excellence of its cuisine, equipment and courteous service.
World-wide travelers say it is superior.

Road bed oiled—No dust.

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The

**Egyptian
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AROMATIC DELICACY

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At your Club or Dealer's or
THE SURBRUG CO., Makers, New York

GLADDING, McBEAN & Co.

MANUFACTURERS CLAY PRODUCTS

CROCKER BLDG. SAN FRANCISCO

WORKS, LINCOLN, CAL.

haven't been sheared in six years. "What's the result?" says Harry Dunn, the Nevada sheep man who was down there recently. "Why, there's enough wool hanging on the thickets of Santa Cruz Island, to say nothing of the wool hanging on the backs of the sheep, to put a crimp in the woolen trust." Be that as it may, George Wingfield wanted to buy the island. But the owners wouldn't sell their principality. It belongs to the heirs of old Justinian Caire who founded the well known local firm which manufactures chemists' and assayers' implements. Wingfield is disappointed, for he's a great sportsman and he'd like to have a hunting and shooting preserve on Santa Cruz. Failing to buy the island outright Wingfield has been buying the sheep from the Caires. I think he has negotiated for twenty thousand of them.

Arnold's Melancholy Prophecy

Bion J. Arnold, the expert traction man to whom we are paying two hundred and fifty dollars a day has discovered by this time that it was not wise for him to assume the role of prophet and make a solemn official report of his forecast of the growth of the population of this city. He has been pretty hard hit for his gratuitous prophecies. He has been taken to task not only in editorial columns but in advertising columns. That most enthusiastic of San Franciscans, J. Charles Green, the effervescent bill-poster man, could not sit idly by and hear a stranger dressed in a little brief authority figure out that the city will not have a population of one million till 1945. So Green bought a page in the Call and another in the Chronicle to air his views. This method, by the way, of pumping your own views into the public ear is becoming the vogue in San Francisco. Though our daily papers are chiefly personal organs anybody may use them as a medium of self-expression by paying the regular advertising rates. It is a curious commentary on the press, which is supposed to voice sentiments in harmony with public interest, that the newspapers have to be hired by such a body as our Chamber of Commerce to give publicity to its views, while space is given away to organized labor and reporters are employed to assist the propaganda of the unions.

Green and the Press

In the advertising columns as a result of the new method of addressing the public one finds much good news. For instance Green tells us

what is thought about the public growth of San Francisco's population by men who may be regarded as pretty good authority. He tells us that I. W. Hellman Jr. thinks there ought to be a million people here by 1925 instead of 1945, that Postmaster Fisk says we'll have a million in twenty-five years, and so on. Green himself is sure we can get a million in a very short time by "going after it." Of course he means by advertising, for he is an advertising man, who has made a fortune showing folks how to use printers' ink to advantage. It seems to me to be something of a joke on the dailies that Green should use them to boom his specialty, especially as they are right now trying to destroy the powerful competition that he gives them by means of poster advertising and spectacular electric displays like the startling one that he is making at Sixth and Market streets. The newspapers are conducting the war against billboards ostensibly on esthetic grounds, yet we find that some of them are so inconsistent as to advertise on fences, thus paying tribute to Green and his method of promoting publicity. On the other hand Green himself, such is his passion for printers' ink, when he finds that newspaper publicity suits his purpose has no hesitation in buying whole pages from the men who are trying to drive him out of business. Thus does professional zeal rise above mere personal feeling.

Fun and Prizes

Those who were on Market street in the vicinity of the Bankers' Investment Building on New Year's Eve witnessed a pretty sight. One thousand balloons were turned loose from the offices of the Cooper Advertising Company. Attached to each was an envelope inclosing a New Year's greeting and an order for a gift. Cars were stopped by jolly merry-makers in their efforts to secure balloons. There was humor in the distribution of the presents on January 2. The first recipient was a woman of middle age. Her coupon called for four large cans of sardines. A little boy of fourteen got one of the round trip tickets to Los Angeles and his remark was: "Gee, here's where I go South." One old lady drew a package of flower seeds for which she said: "I thank you very much." Following her was a girl just out of her teens whose prize was a five-pound box of candy. "Wrap it up," she said curtly. It was wrapped. A Swedish tar drew a dinner party at Tait's. A bachelor was handed a can of Biscola. "Thanks, awfully," he said, "but I can't use the deuced thing."

It Pays

At the urgent request of the advertising department we reprint this bit of logic from an unknown source.

"When a duck lays an egg she just waddles off as if nothing had happened.

"When a hen lays an egg there's a whale of a noise.

"The hen advertises. Hence the demand for hens' eggs instead of ducks' eggs."

San Francisco "Overland Limited"

Leaves 10:20 A. M. Daily
Arrives at Chicago in 68 Hours

Pullman equipment of latest design.
Electric lighted throughout.

Rotunda Observation Car contains Library, Parlor and Clubroom.

Daily market reports and news items by telegraph.

Excellent Dining Car Service
Meals a la carte.

Every attention shown patrons by courteous employees.

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Via

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Grand Canyon of the Feather River

and

The Royal Gorge

TWO FINE TRAINS

THE "PANAMA-PACIFIC" EXPRESS
with Observation Cars

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THE "1915" MAIL

Equipment

Standard Drawing Room and Tourist Sleeping Car
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J. G. LOWE, D. P. A.,
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DEWAR'S SCOTCH WHISKY



Distillers to His Majesty, King George V

John Dewar & Sons held this Royal Warrant also to Queen Victoria
and King Edward—a record that no other Distillers have ever attained

Sherwood & Sherwood, 41-47 Beale St., S. F., Pac. Coast Agents

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

The Jadwin Tragedy

The hearts of all go out to the relatives of poor Minna Van Bergen Jadwin on this occasion of their heart-rending sorrow. An unusually beautiful and charming girl with the delicate blonde coloring of a Dresden shepherdess, she was at the same time gentle, of a refined delicacy of mind and manner, the idol of all who had the pleasure of knowing her. She was raised in an atmosphere of luxury and wealth, but her training was not overcast by the golden glow which so often vitiates the atmosphere of money; it was the training that a girl only receives in a happy, unostentatious home where wealth promotes kindness and makes for cultivation of the truer graces of life. When trouble came into her domestic life the secret of it was so closely guarded that even the most intimate friends of the family were not aware that anything was amiss.

The Engagement a Surprise

The announcement of the engagement of Miss Van Bergen to Donald Jadwin came as a surprise to society in the latter part of October, 1911. The engagement of Miss Van Bergen's dear friend Marie Louise Foster to Eldridge Green was made known at the same affair. The girls had just returned from their trip abroad, and one day they asked some of their girl friends to drop over to the house in Pacific avenue and sip a cup of tea while they talked about all that had happened in their absence. There was no thought of an engagement announcement in anybody's mind when the Misses Lee Girvin, Constance McLaren, Helen Bertheau, Albertine Dietrick, Dorothy Page, Edith Lowe, Cora and Fredericka Otis, Christine McNab, Muriel and Florence Williams, Martha Foster, Marian Crocker, Evelyn Barron and others greeted the returned travelers. So everybody was greatly surprised when Miss Van Bergen with a pretty blush acknowledged that she had lost her heart on an Atlantic steamer while on her way to Europe. The exclamations of surprise and the happy felicitations were still being uttered when Miss Foster supplemented Miss Van Bergen's confession by one of her own which implicated young Green in a conspiracy hatched by the love god. The friends of Mrs. Jadwin cannot but recall that happy afternoon when they were utterly unaware that the spectre of tragedy was in their midst.

An Ocean Romance

The two cousins had left San Francisco six months before heart-whole. To all the joking

references of those who wished them bon voyage and a happy romance to spice their trip, they replied with exclamations of "nonsense!" But it happened that their fate was waiting for both of them on that trip. Donald Jadwin and Eldridge Green crossed the ocean with them, and before the steamer docked pledges of affection had been exchanged. The engagement rings were alike—large sapphires set in platinum and encircled with diamonds. Jadwin came here in January, 1912. It was thought at first that there was to be a double wedding as well as a double engagement announcement, but this plan was not carried out.

They Were Seasick

The aeroplane received its cachet from the top-notchers of the Burlingame set last week. They tried it and pronounced it good, thus settling the question once and for all. During the Tanforan aviation meet several of the most spirited women from the peninsular stronghold of athletics, sport and society essayed the upper spaces under the pilotage of Roy Francis. Miss Ethel Dean was one of the first. She alighted to declare that the experience was ripping. Miss Virginia Jolliffe was the next to fly. She returned to terra firma, she said, with extreme reluctance, so much did she enjoy her spin through ether. Then Mrs. Walter Martin mounted to the clouds. Words were inadequate to express her delight. And when Mrs. Eugene Murphy came back after her trek to the sky she was overflowing with enthusiasm. More daring than the others, Mrs. Leonard Hammond accompanied the aviator in a flight across the bay, and her adjectives were all raised to the superlative degree when she talked about it. I was curious, so I had a friend ask Roy Francis about these society flights. "Aw, how could they know anything about it?" he demanded; "every last one of 'em was seasick."

Millionaires and Millionaires

The snobbish pretensions of some of the nouveau riche communities across the bay is nowhere better exhibited than in the claim of Piedmont to recognition as the richest community per capita in California. Compared with Hillsborough Piedmont is a poorhouse. The aggregate wealth of the down-the-peninsula exclusive sections runs into the hundreds of millions rather than into millions. It is said there are thirty-three millionaires in Piedmont, but it is highly improbable that the thirty-three mentioned are all millionaires. The list includes Mrs. I. L. Requa, Mark Requa, F. C. Havens, Wickham Havens, Wallace Alexander, Mrs. Alexander, James K. Moffitt, and Mrs. Delia Moffitt. So far so good. The Requas, the Havens and the Alexanders are indisputably in the millionaire class. James K. Moffitt, cashier of the First National Bank of San Francisco and his mother, Mrs. Delia Moffitt, unquestionably belong there also. But has Arthur Breed made millions out of Broadmoor and his other real estate activities? Has L. A. Redman, the attorney for the Southern Pacific, found his job so profitable? There is no doubt about the plethoric fortunes of A. A. Moore, Jr., (who is putting close to a hundred

thousand dollars into a Piedmont mansion), Edson Adams, Henry Rosenfeld, Louis Titus or Mrs. McDermott. But how about folks like Henry Nichols, Miss Playter, C. E. Wingate, and W. C. Barnard? It is to be feared that the tabulator of the wealth of these Piedmont residents has "sprung" their fortunes a paltry few hundred thousands. However, if we compare the rich folks of Piedmont with the Crocker, Sharon, Tevis, De Sabla and other families down the peninsula they will appear to be poverty stricken. But there is no question that little old Piedmont is coming along. Somebody was telling me the other day that six residences, each costing \$50,000, are in course of erection on one little hilltop at the present time. In one respect, Piedmont shows evidence of the true millionaire spirit. The exclusive, hill-slope community refuses to pay its bills. A week or so ago the city of Oakland, which, like an obedient drudge, attends to the disposal of Piedmont's garbage, had to threaten suit against the town in order to get paid. This is the true spirit of the millionaire, as many a grocer down San Mateo way knows. The proper patrician attitude is to be above such common, ordinary things, as bills and never to pay one until it is at least a couple of years old.

Miss Leavitt's Devotion

Helen Leavitt and her fiance Dr. James Eaves are setting up a new standard for devotion among engaged couples in the smart set. The way society girls treat the men whom they have promised to marry during the months preceding the wedding day would furnish material for a treatise on feminine psychology. Devotion is so tempered by jealousy, exploitation, monopoly and general fussing that the wonder is that either of them endures the strain or that they have courage to go on and enter the state of matrimony. But Helen Leavitt and Dr. Eaves are so settled that they are amazing their friends. They have been photographed together by one of the artist photographers, and when Miss Leavitt makes formal calls she leaves the visiting cards of her fiance with her own. These two little customs have heretofore been considered wifely prerogatives, and they have been claimed for the first time in San Francisco by this pretty little bride-elect as a special tribute of devotion to the man she is engaged to.

MISS MARION BELLE WHITE ...School of Dancing...

2868 CALIFORNIA ST. Tel. Fillmore 1871

Pupil of Mr. Louis H. Chalif, Mme. Elizabeth Menzeli, Gilbert Normal School of Dancing of New York City.

Miss White has just returned from New York and will teach the latest Ball Room, Fancy, National, Classical and Folk Dances. New Ball Room Dances for this season: Tango, Crab Crawl, Four Step Boston. Hall for Rent.

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The Question of the Hour

It is always pertinent as the season draws to a close to ask, Who has been the most popular girl of the winter? Margaret Casey and Phyllis de Young who are very close friends have had the most spectacular affairs given for them, with the possible exception of the Sharon ball given in honor of Miss Louise Janin. But this was practically the only large affair given for Miss Janin. Mrs. W. H. Crocker's ball for Sophie Beylard and "Peggy" Nichol was also the only big event to the credit of those debutantes. But both Margaret Casey and Phyllis de Young have been entertained continuously at a succession of brilliant affairs. So they may share honors as being the two debutantes most frequently entertained. Arabella Morrow is the only debutante of the winter to announce her engagement before the close of the season, and upon this she might base a claim to the distinction. But then again, a girl whose name one hears frequently coupled with expressions of admiration is Miss Nell Grant, daughter of Mrs. Jesse Grant who is spending the winter here. She is an especial pet of Mrs. Eleanor Martin and with Josephine and Rosita Nieto has been seen everywhere with her. The service men adore her, and every eligible beau in local society has danced attendance on her. The question cannot be settled off-hand.

To Marry a Murat

So Helena Stallo is going to marry a Murat! The news which came a few days ago from Paris where the alliance will take place (one always speaks of an "alliance" when there's a prince concerned) proved of great interest here and in Burlingame where the pretty girl to whom old Alexander McDonald of Long Beach left seven and one-half of his oil millions is very well known and liked. Marrying some princes is no great achievement when one's grandfather has been thoughtful enough to leave one half a dozen American millions, but marrying a Murat is quite a distinguished thing to do. It's not done every day, for there are not enough Murats to go round among title-hunting Americans. And yet there are quite a number of Murats at that. The one that Helena Stallo is getting is identified as being Prince Michel Murat. He is also described as a nephew of the Empress Eugenie. That can't be correct for Eugenie is a Spaniard of the Montijo family, but of course any Murat can be regarded as of the Napoleonic blood royal, and Napoleon III did so regard one of them.

Murats Marry Americans

Helena Stallo of California is not establishing

a precedent by marrying a Murat. American girls have done it before. In fact, the royal line founded by the son of a French inn-keeper has been a good deal identified with this country. The good-looking but violent swaggerer who rose to be a marshal of Napoleon and King of Naples had two sons. The first was Napoleon Achille Murat, prince royal of the Two Sicilies. He came to America after his house fell on evil days and reached a proud republican eminence when they made him postmaster of Tallahassee, Florida. He married a great-niece of Washington. King Joachim Murat's second son was Napoleon Lucien Charles Murat. He also came to America and married a Baltimore heiress named Georgina Frazer. But I'm afraid he wasted her wealth, for she had to support him in the princely style (more or less) to which he had been accustomed by teaching school. But better times came when Napoleon III recognized him as a prince of the royal blood, gave him two million francs to pay his debts and an income of one hundred and fifty thousand francs a year. This Prince Murat had three sons; Joachim who died in 1901 leaving a son who is now in his fifty-seventh year and the head of the Murat family; Achille who died in 1895; and Louis who is now in his sixty-second year. From one of these I suppose comes handsome young Michel who is going to show a family trait by taking for bride an American with a pot of money. Congratulations to Helena Stallo, for the Murats make ardent lovers and brilliant husbands.

A Precedent for Debutantes

A rather unusual precedent for debutantes was established at the Bachelor and Benedick Ball last Friday night. Marion Stone gave a dinner in the Laurel Court preceding the ball at which the girls were all of her own age and the men were of the same debutante set. At the close of the dinner, instead of proceeding to the ball-room with the conventional enthusiasm of youth for dancing, they bundled into their wraps and overcoats and went to the Orpheum. They returned to the ball in time for supper and then danced until morning. Hitherto the custom of going to the theater before a ball has been considered the special prerogative of the older members of society who have little desire to dance and a reluctance to monopolize the men. It was just one more evidence of the indifference of the youth of San Francisco to establish traditions.

Mrs. Crocker Commutes to Paris

Mrs. Will Crocker who returned from New York a day or two ago, following her husband's arrival last week, will not tarry long at New Place. She is planning to leave in the spring for Paris where Mary Ethel has spent the winter with her aunt Princess Poniatowski. Mrs. Crocker goes to New York and back with as little concern as a commuter going to Berkeley. Lately she has taken to commuting to Paris, making the trip several times a year. Jennie Crocker Whitman who outcounted all others in her annual total of transcontinental trips, is, I hear, entertaining her California friends and relatives in royal fashion in New York. She recently had Mrs. Richard Hammond as her guest at her Fifth avenue mansion. She has promised to visit California next summer. The Crockers are a loyal clan. By the way they call Jennie

Crocker Whitman Adelaide in New York. She was christened Jane Adelaide, but the latter name sounds strange to her old friends to whom she has been "Jennie" since childhood.

Miss Kempff's Illness

Cornelia Kempff, the admiral's interesting daughter, has been an invalid for weeks at the Mare Island hospital. Happily she is on the way to recovery and will soon be her bright witty self again. Since his retirement Admiral Kempff has lived in San Mateo but Cornelia prefers Menlo and is identified with the set of the Hopkins sisters there. There has been genuine and widespread regret for her illness and several of her friends have taken the trip to the Navy Yard to see her. In the meanwhile friends are caring for Kimball O'Hara, Miss Kempff's famous Apricot Pom. Miss Kempff is one of the few genuinely witty girls of the smart set and is considered wonderfully well read. Her books have been her amusement in the weeks of convalescence.

The New Hop Room

An unusual compliment to one of the season's belles will be the dance at Fort Winfield Scott for Miss Sadie Murray. The hosts will be officers of the Coast Artillery stationed there, and the affair will be the first in the new hop room of the new post. A dedication of the hall with Miss Murray to lead the first dance surely ought to be auspicious. The daughters of General Murray of whom Carolyn became Mrs. Ord last month, are by far the most attractive army girls who have graced parties of the service set in many seasons. Sadie Murray is bright and pretty with a genuine charm of manner that makes her a favorite wherever she goes.

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(Advertisement)

Pizella as a Sculptor

Pizella, the painter from Paris who has put many of our beauties in oils, shows his versatility now by going in for sculpture. His first attempt, a bust of Mrs. George Pope, has given that patroness of art a great deal of satisfaction. Pizella came here with many letters from Paris and was immediately taken up. His private views in his Paris studio were always attended by the smart set, so he had no difficulty in making good here. Among those whose portraits he has painted are Mrs. Templeton Crocker, Mrs. Arthur Chesebrough, Mrs. Athole McBean, Mrs. George Pope and Mrs. George Newhall.

The Bourns Returning

Friends of the Billy Bourns are preparing to welcome them home after their long expatriation. It was feared for a while they would take up their residence on the other side, become thoroughly Anglicized and forsake the land of their birth and fortune. Not so. Billy Bourn, I am told, is the most loyal of Californians and re-sents the suggestion that he belongs to that interesting race of expatriates in Europe. He has never missed a chance to boom San Francisco and the exposition in his absence, and it is safe to say that in the vicinity of Muckross where his daughter's Irish estate is situated the natives know more of California than they did before the visit of Bourn.

Concert at Crocker Home

The concert given last Wednesday evening at the Crocker Home (Old People's Home) by the Misses Theresa and Lily Sherwood was the usual New Year's Concert held at the "Home" for the entertainment of the inmates and friends of the institution. The program was greatly enjoyed and included selections by members of the Neapolitan Mandoline and Guitar Club, songs by

Mrs. Arthur H. Jordan, the charming Spanish soprano, monologues and child impersonations by Mrs. Lillian Swale Slemmons and mandoline and guitar duets by the Misses Sherwood.

The Ben Hur Company at Tait's

One of the first things that the owner of the Ben Hur Company, now playing at the Columbia Theatre, did upon his arrival in San Francisco was to arrange a dinner party for his entire company at the Tait-Zinkand Cafe. This organization is an English concern and it hasn't been many moons since it left the British Isles. The owner of the company is a bon vivant with a cultivated passion for the sort of fare that Brillat-Savarin loved. He says he got it at Tait's. "I heard of the San Francisco reputation for distinguished cuisine when I was in New York," he remarked to Jack Tait. "But I didn't think you had anything to touch Delmonico's or Sherry's. I didn't expect to find out here on the edge of the world a place comparable with the Chat Noir or the cafes of the Rue de la Paix. They tell me people call this the city loved around the world. Well, gourmets should love it. I'm for you. You've appealed irresistibly to my pet weakness."

Sport at Coronado

The past week at Hotel del Coronado has been an endless whirl, with dinner dances, musicals, suppers, golf and tennis tournaments and polo. Polo enthusiasts are flocking from all parts of the country to see the games which will be played there this season. Handicaps will be played every Saturday and Sunday during the months of January, February and March for the Daniels Trophy. The contestants must hand at least six scores to the professionals, the holder of the best net score winning the cup. Scores made on Saturday and Sunday in other play must be turned into count in this competition. A handicap golf tournament for the silver cup has been played. The open championship games for the trophy presented by the Coronado Country Club will be played January 25, 27, 28, 29 and 30. Qualifying round, 18 holes, sixteen to qualify. Gold medal for best score, prize for winner of second flight, also runner up in first and second flight. For the famous Hotel del Coronado Cup, February 15, 17, 18 and 19. Handicap for men, qualifying round 18 holes, 16 to qualify. Cup for winner, also prizes for runner up and winner of second flight. Subordinate events, such as consolation handicap, weekly competitions for silver cups, etc., will be held through the season. There will be numerous events for women in the golfing line. The polo season commenced with an Inauguration Match on the first of the year and will close with the Eighth Annual Tournament in March. The schedule of play during the months of January and February will consist of cup matches between the Canadian, Hawaiian, Coronado and the United States Army and Navy, and visiting teams each week-end will practice during the week. A series of handicap matches has also been arranged under the rating of the American Polo Association for two handicap cups. During the month of March the Eighth Annual Polo Tournament will take place. The trophies to be competed for are the All-America Polo Trophy, the California Challenge Trophy and the Junior Championship Trophy.

Doings at the Green

During the past week Hotel Green, Pasadena, has been the scene of many banquets, affording a pleasant time for many of the citizens and out of town guests. On Thursday evening the Cauldron Club dined and perfected plans for their annual show which will be given at Clumes the

latter part of February. The membership of the Cauldron Club is composed of Pasadenans who are noted for their talents along artistic lines, musical and otherwise. The Elks banquet was also one of the many enjoyable times of the early winter season. Thirty-two jolly fellows gathered round the festive board. The Inter-City Commission composed of representatives from all the cities of the San Gabriel Valley, gave a banquet Friday evening. Many subjects of much importance were discussed. The first of the regular Saturday evening dances was held in the Romanesque Room. A large number of dinner parties was given by the guests and society people of Pasadena and Los Angeles. A rare treat is in store for those fortunate enough to hear Gottfried Galston, the wonderful German pianist in his recital to be given at the Green this evening. On the evening of January 27, the great Russian baritone, Mr. Janpolski will be heard in concert at the Green.

In the Social Spotlight

Mrs. Julius Paul Smith is about to leave her home at Olivina Vineyard, Livermore, for a trip abroad. In London she will be the guest of Lady Horne of Cranley Gardens.

Frank M. Hutchinson and his mother have arrived at the Green, Pasadena, for the winter season. Another old patron Mr. W. B. Snyder has arrived. Willis M. Baldwin of Chicago and Mr. J. B. Breese of New York have taken apartments for the winter. Arthur Carpenter and mother of St. Louis are among the recent arrivals. Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Wilson of Chicago joined their many friends this week. Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Story of Chicago have returned to the Green again after taking in some of the many side trips adjacent to Pasadena.

Kohler and Chase Musicale

The program to be presented at the Kohler & Chase Matinee Musicale this Saturday afternoon will be interesting because of the variety of its numbers. There will be compositions by Liszt, Nevin, Schubert, Clay and Wagner for the Piano and the Aeolian Pipe Organ. The soloist will be Charles Robinson, bass, who is one of the most prominent and best liked concert singers in California.

Reasonable

Emerson—Say, Jerry, I have a nice little job on my farm I want you to do for me this summer.

Baldwin—What is it?

Emerson—I am looking for some one to dig up my potatoes.

Baldwin—Ar, g'wan. Why don't you get the guy who planted them? He knows where they are.

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Gossip of the Theatre

Legs and a Line

The biggest thing at the Orpheum this week (those wise men, the critics, agree) is "The Eternal Waltz." It certainly has size, and it has color, too, and wit, and it is tuneful and smart. On the whole it is rattling good stuff. But there is one thing at the Orpheum this week that made a deeper impression on me than "The Eternal Waltz." What the house rises to with the greatest spontaneity is a line, a sentence, a question, which in its comic pertinency is the cleverest thing I have heard at the Orpheum in a long while. The effectiveness of this line is due to a pair of legs cased in white silk hose, the priceless asset of Grace Wallace. Gleaming and flashing in airy dance they held the gaze like



REGINA VICARINO
Coloratura soprano with Lambardi at the big season
at Valencia Theater.

some phantom of delight. Those legs might have been carved in alabaster by a Polycletus. Were it not for the perfectly obvious fact that their owner was a living, breathing daughter of Eve they might have been taken for the legs of a porcelain shepherdess or of an ivory Venus. They gripped the audience like the catastrophe of a sensational drama. Never was an Orpheum audience so absorbed in legs. I wonder what the psychology is of this fascination. Have legs that scintillate out of swishing draperies some diabolic power of their own, some mesmerism? The problem suggests itself to my scientific mind. But to go on with my story. Grace Wallace, the lady with the legs, and her partner Hugh McCormick, were doing a team dance, but Hugh might just as well have been in the Klondyke. The audience was spellbound as though enthralled by some golden epiphany. Suddenly McCormick thus: "Why don't you look AT ME?" That's the line. There isn't an epigram in it, but how magical its effect! The essence of the ludicrous and the comic is in the abrupt transposition of our ideas, the unexpected loosening of any kind of stress on the imagination, and that is what happened when Hugh McCormick produced a jar on the emotions last Sunday afternoon. Next to the comicality of that line is to be ranked the wholesome, forth-

right nonsense of Cyril Chadwick, the comedian of "The Eternal Waltz" company. Chadwick is the typical English comedian adapted by nature for "silly oss" roles. But he is not the whole show. Indeed he is only about one-fiftieth of it. More than a year ago Martin Beck said in an interview in Town Talk that it was his ambition to infuse comic opera into vaudeville. More than once he has given us a foretaste of it in not very palatable doses. With "The Eternal Waltz" he almost realizes his ambition. It is not comic opera, but it is first-rate musical comedy, and for elaborateness of production it has never been approximated at the Orpheum. There is good music in it and some good singing and some fine ensembles, and one of its features is a troupe of violinists, six of them, all women.

—Theodore Bonnet.

"Excuse Me" at the Cort

"Excuse Me," the merry Pullman farce that made for the two funniest weeks of the Cort's last season, is coming back to that playhouse for a two weeks' engagement, beginning Sunday night, January 19. Henry W. Savage again presents the piece and announces a company and a production on a par with the notable one of last season. "Excuse Me" is by Rupert Hughes who has reproduced in humorous fashion the idiosyncracies of many characteristic American types. He has taken as his locale a Pullman train on the way to the Pacific Coast from Chicago. Willis P. Sweatman, greatest of the old time minstrels, is in his old part of the colored porter. Sidney Greenstreet will again be seen as "Little" Jimmy Wellington and Lalive Brownell as the missionary girl. Other well-known folk in the cast are Robert W. Frazer, William V. Stunz, Reeve Greenwood, Rita Otway, Enid Gray and Ethel Weir. "The Blue Bird," Maeterlinck's exquisite fantasy, will be seen for the last time this Saturday night.

The Sembrich Concerts

Mme. Marcella Sembrich, the glorious queen of lyric song whose name is a synonym for everything that is great and good in the art of music and who is regarded by all the other famous singers as a model for all to follow, will give her first concert at the Columbia Theatre this Sunday afternoon, January 19, at 2:30 p. m., assisted by the young Russian violoncello virtuoso Gutia Casini and Frank LaForge, the always welcome composer, pianist and master-accompanist. The program has been changed slightly, the diva adding several more numbers. She will sing the brilliant aria from Verdi's "Ernani," a group of six works by Schumann, Cornelius and Brahms, another group by Rachmaninoff, Debussy, Dalcroze and Massenet and a brilliant vocal setting of Strauss' waltz "Tales from the Vienna Woods." Gutia Casini will play 'cello solos by Davidoff, Chopin and Klengel, and LaForge will offer two of his own pianoforte works and the "Toccata and Fugue" of Bach-Taussig. The second and positively last Sembrich concert will be given Sunday afternoon, January 26, when the program will take the form of a song recital of works in German, French, Italian and English. The special feature will be a group of folk songs in their original languages, including Canadian, Irish, Russian, Polish, Hungarian, New Grecian and Norwegian. In all there will be twenty-five gems on this program. Tickets for both events are now on sale at Sherman, Clay and Company's and Kohler and Chase's, and on Sunday at the box office of the Columbia. Next Friday af-

ternoon, January 24, at 3:15 p. m., Mme. Sembrich and her artists will give an exceptionally fine program in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse, the diva again singing a group of the folk songs. For this concert the seats will be ready at Ye Liberty next Monday morning.

The Lambardi Season at the Valencia

On Sunday night, January 26, the Lambardi Pacific Coast Opera Company of one hundred and twenty-five members including a triple cast of principals, a chorus of forty and Lambardi's own magnificent orchestra of forty under the direction of Maestro Arturo Bovi, will open a short season at the Valencia Theater. Since its last engagement here the company has been



EUGENIO FOLCO
Lambardi's new dramatic tenor.

greatly strengthened and is now, without doubt, the very finest operatic company ever assembled to play at popular prices. Nowhere else in America can grand opera on this scale be heard for as little as fifty cents. The opening work will be "Aida" with Ester Adaberto, late of the Metropolitan Opera House, Blanche Hamilton Fox, who has just returned from a triumphal season with Bonci in the City of Mexico, Eugenio Folco, the new dramatic tenor who is making his first visit to this country, Signor Nicoletti and Signor Martino in the cast. On Monday night, January 27, Regina Vicarino will make her reappearance in this city after an absence of three years in "Lucia" with the popular tenor Agostini as Edgardo. On Tuesday night Lina Bertossi, the splendid lyric soprano of the Milan Opera Company, will appear as Marguerite in "Faust" with a new lyric tenor, Signor Bellingeri, in the title role and Signor Martino as Mephisto. Wednesday night "Rigoletto" with Vicarino, Fox and Folco; Thursday night "La Tosca" with Adaberto, Agostini and Nicoletti; Friday night the double bill of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci" with Fox, Folco and Giovacchini and Bertossi, Folco and Giovacchini; Saturday matinee "Lucia" with the same cast, and Saturday night "Aida," will complete the offering for the week. The sale of seats will open at Sherman, Clay and Company's next Wednesday morning. The

second week's repertoire will be "Fedora," "Thais," "La Tosca," "Faust" and "Mignon." Manager Greenbaum announces that special car service has been arranged for at the conclusion of each performance and that the theatre will be adequately heated and made absolutely comfortable.

The San Francisco Orchestra

The San Francisco Orchestra this week gave the last concerts but three of the series announced for its regular season of 1912-1913. This Friday afternoon the orchestra held its eighth symphony concert. Goldmark's Overture "In Spring Time," Tschaikowsky's wonderful Sym-



EDITH LOCKETT

With "Broadway Jones" at the Columbia Theater.

phony No. 4 in F minor, opus 36, Wagner's "A Siegfried Idyl" and the Liszt Polonaise No. 2 in E major, arranged for grand orchestra, were included in the Friday program. On this Sunday afternoon the orchestra gives the ninth popular concert, and the music committee announce the appearance of Frances Rock-Shafter, pianist, as soloist. She is a pupil of Theodore Leschetizky of Vienna. Before the fire Miss Rock gave recitals of much interest to lovers of pianoforte music. The complete program for Sunday afternoon follows: Mozart, Overture, "Marriage of Figaro"; Saint-Seans, Concerto for pianoforte, No. 2, G Minor, Op. 22, Frances-Rock-Shafter; Moszkowski, Suite, "From all Nations," Russia, Germany, Poland, Spain, Italy, Hungary; Wagner, Wotan's Farewell and Magic Fire Scene from "The Valkyrie." On Wednesday night, January 22, the orchestra will give a special concert at the new Knights of Columbus Hall, Golden Gate avenue near Jones street. An excellent program including Herbert's "Irish Rhapsodie" will be given. On Sunday afternoon, January 26, a special concert will be given in the Auditorium of the new German House, Polk and Turk streets. The program will be devoted entirely to the works of Richard Wagner. Seats for all concerts are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.

St. Francis Musical Art Society

Mme. Sembrich will appear before the St. Francis Musical Art Society on Tuesday night, January 21, offering a special program including an aria from a Russian opera never before heard

in America. A few guest tickets are still to be obtained for this important event.

Rider-Kelsey and Cunningham Concerts

On Sunday afternoon, February 2, Manager Greenbaum will introduce to us the two foremost American concert singers, Mrs. Corinne Rider-Kelsey, soprano, and Mr. Claude Cunningham, baritone. This will be the first visit to the coast of these artists who in the East are considered the most popular of all the concert artists. The rendition of beautiful duets is made a feature at their joint recitals.

Mischa Elman

The next of the famous violin virtuosi to favor us with a visit will be Mischa Elman, the young Russian artist who can make his violin sing into the hearts of his audiences.

Ralph Herz at the Orpheum

The Orpheum bill for next week may be aptly styled a vaudeville revelation, for it will contain three of the greatest headline acts in vaudeville. Ralph Herz and Will M. Cressy will be the two new stellar features. Mr. Herz who is one of musical comedy's most popular stars created and was featured in the principal role in "Madame Sherry" and subsequently appeared for several seasons as the star of "Dr. Luxe" and "The Charity Girl." His appearance in vaudeville is therefore quite an event of note. During his engagement many of his original descriptive songs will be heard for the first time.

legitimate means and carefully refrain from anything that approaches coarseness or suggestiveness. Grant and Hoag will present an amusing skit called "The Troublesome Trunk." "Those French Girls" (Amoras Sisters) who will be included in the novelties of next week sing, dance and are skilled exponents of physical culture. They are also handsome and symmetrical. Next week will conclude the engagement of Leo Fall's operetta "The Eternal Waltz" which is proving the greatest sensation San Francisco vaudeville has ever known. It will also be the last of Morris and Allen and Wilson's Comedy Circus in which is the kicking mule. Sunday matinee, January 26, Mrs. Langtry (Lady de Bathe) begins an engagement in "The Test," an adaptation of Victorien Sardou's play "A Wife's Peril."

David Warfield Coming

The Columbia Theater on Monday night, January 27, will be the scene of the first appearance here of David Warfield in his latest success "The Return of Peter Grimm." He will appear in what is declared to be his most impressive portrayal, the cheery, gentle-hearted flower merchant Peter Grimm. "The Return of Peter Grimm" was written by David Belasco and is looked upon as his most inspired work. The production has, of course, been placed upon the stage under the personal direction of Mr. Belasco, and all details of the production as it was presented at the Belasco Theater all last year



SCENE FROM HENRY W. SAVAGE'S PULLMAN FARCE "EXCUSE ME" Which returns to the Cort Sunday, January 19.

Will M. Cressy and Blanche Dayne, than whom vaudeville has no greater favorites, will appear in Mr. Cressy's own sketch "Town Hall Tonight" with its famous town hall manager and the kerosene circuit actress who is unhappily separated from her husband. Cressy is in the forefront of a certain type of rural comedians. He is a New Englander and knows all the ins and outs of New Hampshire bucolics so well that his clever acting of them seems mere naturalness. Miss Dayne has a spirit of humor of her own, reflecting back the rays of her husband's merrymaking. Cressy and Dayne are respected as well as admired all over the United States for though they never fail to compel their audiences to hearty laughter, they do so only by

in New York, together with the company that was seen with Mr. Warfield then, will be seen here. In "The Return of Peter Grimm" it is said that the combination of the great actor and the great stage producer are seen under ideal circumstances. The advance sale of seats will open Thursday morning, January 23.

"Broadway Jones" at the Columbia

The attraction at the Columbia beginning next Sunday night will be George M. Cohan's latest and what has been conceded his smartest play "Broadway Jones." Already this play has enjoyed a New York run of many months, and has been received by critics and audiences with marked enthusiasm wherever offered, which has

been in but few cities. "Broadway Jones" comes almost direct from the Atlantic Coast to the Pacific, and en route has made stop-overs only at Denver, Salt Lake City and Los Angeles. The engagement here is limited to one week with matinees Wednesday and Saturday. The appeal in "Broadway Jones" is its cleanliness. It does not offend in thought, utterance or action. On the contrary young Mr. Cohan has taken a simple homelike idea and constructed an ingenious play absolutely free from any suggestion of coarseness but so full of real hearty fun, that the audience which views it, is kept in a constant state of laughter from the first till final curtain. An excellent cast has been entrusted with the several good parts in "Broad-

cisco as this dramatization by George M. Cohan of the famous "easy money" stories that have brought fame and fortune to George Randolph Chester. As a provoker of mirth it is irresistible. All kinds of folk in the Alcazar audiences have been compelled by it to laugh long, loudly and with heartiness. Throughout its four acts there is not an instant of dullness. Its action is thoroughly Cohanesque—which means the speed limit. No sooner is one brisk scene completed than another obtains rapid headway. Neither the movement of the actors nor the attention of the audience is allowed to lag. And amid all the bustle there is ever discernible the coherent development of an interesting plot. "The Dawn of a To-morrow" which is scheduled to follow "Wallingford," was one of the big hits during the last Vaughan-Lytell season at the Alcazar, and its revival is in response to popular request.

(Continued on Page 22.)

AMUSEMENTS

Orpheum Safest and Most Magnificent Theatre in America
O'FARRELL and STOCKTON & POWELL

Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon. Matinee Every Day
A VAUDEVILLE REVELATION

RALPH HERZ
One of Musical Comedy
Favorite Stars

WILL M. CRESSY
and
BLANCHE DAYNE
In Mr. Cressy's Own
Sketch "Town Hall
To-Night"

GRANT & HOAG; "THOSE FRENCH GIRLS"; JOE MORRIS & CHARLIE ALLEN; WILSON'S COMEDY CIRCUS, featuring the unrivaled Mule Obey; "A GUILTY CONSCIENCE"; Last Week—Greatest Vaudeville Sensation Ever Known, Leo Fall's Famous Operetta "THE ETERNAL WALTZ" with Mabel Berra, Cyril Chadwick and Company of 50. Augmented Orchestra.

Coming January 26th
MRS. LANGTRY
(Lady De Bathie)

Evening Prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, \$1.00.
Matinee Prices (except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c.
Phones, Douglas 70 and Home C 1570.

Pantages Theatre

Market Street, Opposite Mason
Week Commencing Sunday Matinee, January 19th

Ned Wayburn's Stunning Girl Creation
"THE SURF BATHERS"
With 10 English Daisies.

JUNO SALMO, The Devil Dandy.

TED BAILEY'S POSING DOGS.

"THE COLLEAGUES," a Comedy of Newspaper Life.

KILLIAN and MOORE
"Songs and Sayings of Now-a-Days."

WELLS & HENRY, Those Two Happy Pals.

LIBONATI, Xpert Xylophonist.

Matinee Daily at 2:30. Nights, 7:15 and 9:15. Sunday and Holidays Matinees at 1:30 and 3:30. Nights Continuous from 6:30.
Prices—10c, 20c and 30c.

COLUMBIA THEATRE

The Leading Playhouse. Geary and Mason Sts.
Phones, Franklin 150 and Home C 5783

EIGHT NIGHTS and TWO MATINEES

Beginning Sunday Night, January 19th. Cohan and Harris Present George M. Cohan's Latest and Smartest Play

"BROADWAY JONES"

Six Months at the Geo. M. Cohan Theatre, N. Y.
Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays

Last Time Sunday Night, January 26th

Monday Night, January 27th: David Belasco presents DAVID WARFIELD in "The Return of Peter Grimm."

ALCAZAR THEATRE

O'Farrell, near Powell. Phones, Kearny 2 and Home C 4455
Monday Night, January 21st Starts the Second and Positively Last Week of

EVELYN VAUGHAN and BERT LYTELL

Leading the Alcazar Company in George M. Cohan's Great Comedy Success

"GET-RICH-QUICK WALLINGFORD"

Splendidly Played and Staged

Prices: Night, 25c to \$1; Matinees: 25c to 50c.
Matinees: Thursday, Saturday and Sunday

CORT Leading Theatre

Ellis and Market
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Last Time Saturday Night—"The Blue Bird"
Commencing Sunday Night, January 19th—Two Weeks
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday

Henry W. Savage Offers
The Pullman Carnival of Fun in Three Sections

"EXCUSE ME"

With WILLIS P. SWEATNAM and N. Y. Cast
(By Rupert Hughes)

Prices—50c to \$2.00. Popular Wednesday Matinees.

SAN FRANCISCO ORCHESTRA

HENRY HADLEY-CONDUCTOR

EIGHTH SYMPHONY CONCERT

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 17, 1913

At 3:15 o'clock

CORT THEATRE

Prices, 75c to \$2.00.

NINTH POPULAR CONCERT

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 19, 1913

At 3:15 P. M.

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Soloist FRANCES ROCK SHAFER, Pianist

Prices, 35c to \$1.00.

Seats on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co., Cort Theatre and Kohler & Chase.

MME.

SEMBRICH

Assisted by Gutia Casini, Violoncellist

and Frank La Forge, Pianist

COLUMBIA THEATER

THIS SUNDAY AFT., JAN. 19 at 2:30

And SUNDAY AFT., JAN. 26 at 2:30

Tickets, \$2.50, \$2.00, \$1.50 and \$1.00, at Sherman, Clay & Co's Kohler & Chase's and on Sunday at the Columbia.

SEMBRICH IN OAKLAND

NEXT FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JAN. 24th, at 3:15
YE LIBERTY PLAYHOUSE

Baldwin Piano Used

Coming—CORINNE RIDER-KELSEY, Soprano and CLAUDE CUNNINGHAM, Baritone in Joint Recitals.

VALENCIA THEATRE

Direction—Will. L. Greenbaum

LAMBARDI PACIFIC COAST GRAND OPERA CO.

125 People, 8 New Stars

Starting Sunday Night, January 26th

Sunday "AIDA," Adaberto, Fox, Folco, Nicoletti, Martino.

Monday "LUCIA," Vicarino, Agostini, Giovacchini.

Tuesday "FAUST," Bertossi, Bellinger, Martino.

Wednesday "LA TOSCA," Adaberto, Agostini, Nicoletti.

Thursday "RIGOLETTO," Vicarino, Fox, Folco, Giovacchini.

Friday "CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA," Fox, Folco.

"I PAGLIACCI," Bertossi, Folco, Giovacchini.

Saturday Matinee "LUCIA," Cast as above.

Saturday Evening "AIDA," Cast as Above.

POPULAR PRICES

\$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00, 75c and 50c.

Box Office Opens Next Wednesday, January 22nd at Sherman, Clay & Co's, corner Kearny and Sutter.

Second Week—"THAIS," "FEDORA," "MIGNON," "FAUST," "LA TOSCA."

SECOND SEASON OF THE KOHLER & CHASE

MATINEES OF MUSIC

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AT 3 O'CLOCK

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Featuring eminent California Soloists, the Pianola Piano and the wonderful Aeolian Pipe Organ.

No Cards of Admission Required
Open to the Public



BLANCHE DAYNE

Who in conjunction with Will M. Cressy will present "Town Hall To-night" next week at the Orpheum.

way Jones," and many of those to be seen in this play have already established themselves as favorites through previous good work. The cast includes John Webster, Ralph Morgan, Grace Morrissey, Edith Lockett, Dore Rodgers, Jack Pierce and many others.

Another Week of Rufus

That opening presentation of "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford" in the Alcazar Theater last Monday evening sufficed to assure a fortnight run, for everyone who witnessed it went forth to sound unqualified praise of the play and the players, and thus the management was satisfied that the regulation ten performances would fall far short of accommodating all the people who would apply for admittance. Consequently no surprise should be conveyed by the announcement that "Wallingford" is to be retained a second week, with the usual matinees. It has been a long time since any comedy production has so thoroughly captivated San Fran-

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Two distinctly opposite currents in the movement of prices on the stock exchange imparted an irregular tone to the market last week. Standard shares were strong, but the so-called specialties were again under selling pressure. The trading plainly disclosed a tendency to break away from stocks which have owed their strength to pool operations, and to purchase those issues which are sustained by intrinsic merit. Conspicuously weak were Mexican Petroleum, California Petroleum, America Beet Sugar and Western Maryland. The latter passed its dividend on the preferred stock. Most active among the rails was Union Pacific. The others followed its lead with very fair sales. There were more substantial reasons why traders should look kindly upon railroad issues and they are just beginning to pay heed to them. These reasons are the excellent reports the Street has been getting from these two properties during the last week or two. Another was added to the list in the case of Great Northern. While the tone of the market was good on the whole and buying was of a satisfactory character, business continued to be on a restricted scale. It was obvious that the larger market interests are not prepared to encourage an upward movement at present notwithstanding the splendid earnings of the carriers and the prosperity of the steel industry. The Supreme Court is expected to hand down its decision in the Minnesota rate case. It is expected to be in favor of the railroads, but large interests are not crossing any bridges before they get to them. In the more distant future looms the prospect of tariff revision. This is not necessarily a danger. The half of the population that voted for Wilson did not do so because they wanted a panic or a setback to the nation's prosperity as reflected in the business reports. Their judgment was that the change would be for the better. But the part of caution is to await developments.

Wheat—The market has disclosed a disposition to come back from the depressions, and to sell back from the advances. It appears on the surface to be just backing and filling, until something develops which will incline the trade to take a positive position one way or the other, and, while allowing that the demand for wheat is surprisingly large, it is equally true that supplies are more than ample for immediate requirements, as disclosed by the increase in the visible supply each week. In addition to these complex conditions there are other distracting influences that work as a restraint on any decided initiative action, and which create a wonderment in the minds of many, whether the wheat market is not in the position of a stalled railroad train that must back up a little before

it can steam ahead. Undue importance is given to the movement of spring wheat, for while the receipts at Minneapolis and Duluth show an increase of nearly sixty million bushels, at the same time the stocks in store at those two terminals were four to five million bushels less than those of 1911. It follows of course that the excessive arrivals at Minneapolis and Duluth have been ground up or shipped away. Another feature in this connection is that considerable wheat that was raised in the Northwest last year was shipped to points in the Northwest and Southwest, and did not appear in the visible supply, whereas this year the movement where the big production has been was eastward, and has all shown up in the visible supply. This of course has made the production of spring wheat appear abnormally large compared with the crop of 1911. We believe that wheat is cheap around this level, and before the new crop is available wheat will be selling well above the dollar mark.

Corn—Values the last week have ascended to a higher point than has been reached for several weeks. This was the result of a good domestic and foreign demand, in conjunction with an over-sold speculative market. At the advance there seems to be but little indication of fresh export business, and on the other hand there is more corn being loaded in the country day by day than is received in Chicago and only the scarcity of cars to ship the grain in restricts more liberal supplies than are now being received. Present prices still look cheap for feeding purposes, compared with existing prices of hog products and cattle, but regardless of this feature the supply that will naturally come to market the following few weeks will be too large to warrant any investment enterprise except at prices lower than are now prevailing.

Cotton—Cotton futures have been on the decline the past week owing to the failure of the trade demand to improve after the holidays, and as a result liquidation of long contracts was more or less general in all options, and large interests were said to be unloading, as more cotton is expected from the south to apply on contracts for January delivery. At times there was buying, said to be for spinners, which gave the market temporary rallies but this cotton was supplied on the advance by the local trade who are extremely bearish. Advices from Liverpool were generally mixed but said offerings from the American South were increasing, although local interests stated that holders were not relinquishing much cotton. Spot sales at Liverpool were moderate, although there were claims of impending labor troubles at Manchester. Foreign trade advices are mixed, with some bad reports, emphasizing the effects of the Balkan war.

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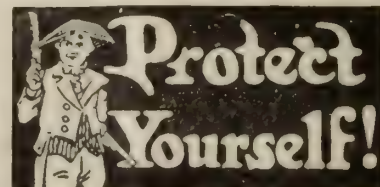
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Varied Types

(Continued from Page 6.)

you a remarkable telegram which was sent to Mr. Wheeler by Mr. James K. Lynch. Mr. Lynch is president of the First National Bank and chairman of the traffic bureau of the Chamber of Commerce. The telegram was read in the Senate by Senator Works who made a very bitter speech in which he voiced the sentiments of Mr. Wheeler. Here it is in the Congressional Record."

So I read the following telegram:

San Francisco, Cal., July 5, 1912.

William R. Wheeler,

New Willard Hotel, Washington D. C.

Robins McIntosh and other members of executive committee think best have Congressman Knowland appear as guest and address meeting of board of directors of the Chamber on the 9th. We all feel that our present position is a good one, and a general meeting of the Chamber at this time, when so many are out of town, might be controlled by Pacific Mail henchmen, who are extraordinarily active. Have seen your letter to Mann; congratulate you again on the work you have accomplished. The lineup of signatures to protest is amusing. Leaders are firms under business obligations to Pacific Mail and the others fall for bull about American flag. Would just as easily sign petition on the other side if asked. Under circumstances don't consider it necessary for Teal to appear.

JAMES K. LYNCH,

Chairman Traffic Bureau, Chamber of Commerce.

"That I think is a most remarkable telegram," continued Mr. Schwerin. "And who were the protestants that Mr. Lynch found so amusing? Who were the henchmen of the Pacific Mail? The firms under business obligations to the Pacific Mail? The men who fell for the bull about the American flag? Here are the men and firms which signed that protest:

"Dunham, Carrigan and Hayden, by Andrew Carrigan; James K. Armsby; Captain Barneson; H. M. McAllister of Otis, McAllister; Louis Getz of Getz Brothers; L. Blum of Roth, Blum; W. B. Webster, vice-president of the Home Industry League; John Rosenfeld's Sons, by Louis Rosenfeld; the Western Fuel Company, by James B. Smith; the Union Iron Works, by J. J. Tynan, general manager; Edward L. Eyre; H. R. Williar; O. Rich, manager of the Palace Hotel; the St. Francis Hotel, by James Woods; A. C. Rulofson Company; the Columbia Steel Company, by Charles M. Gunn, president; George E. Dow Pumping Engine Company; Charles Nelson Company, by James Tyson; Sunset Lumber Company, by James Tyson; Northern Redwood Lum-

ber Company, by H. W. Jackson, president; Consolidated Lumber Company, by James Tyson, president; Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company, by Henry T. Scott; Mercantile Trust Company, by Henry T. Scott; Charles Templeton Crocker; N. C. Bradley; Alaska Packers Association, by Henry T. Fortmann; McNab and Smith; Charles R. Allen.

"Those were the men whom Mr. Lynch in his very remarkable telegram described as henchmen of the Pacific Mail and men who would fall for bull about the American flag."

Taking all this into consideration, remembering that Schwerin stated in a letter to Mr. Robbins, the president of the Chamber of Commerce, that "it will be absolutely impossible to continue the service (of the Pacific Mail) solely between San Francisco and the Oriental ports;" that he also said in the same letter that "the only way we can continue to exist is by operating from the Atlantic seaboard to the Orient"; and that he told me, "I see no outlook for the Pacific Mail"—considering all these things, would it not be well for the hatchetmen of San Francisco to ask themselves whether they have done well or ill?

Not that it will do the Pacific Mail any good now. The damage has been done and it is irreparable. But the hatchetmen might come to realize in time that the weapon of the highbinder is out of place in the business world. They might even come to think that Remi P. Schwerin is not such a wicked man after all. They might, improbable as it may seem, reach the conclusion that the steamship company which has kept the American flag flying in the Pacific against the heavily subsidized British and Japanese lines was not indulging in "bull," as Mr. Lynch so elegantly put it, about that American flag.

But let us drop these subjunctive clauses before we float off in millennial dreams. The hatchets are still sharp; the hatchetmen are still on the job. Remi P. Schwerin says so, and he ought to know.

Beginning Again

(Continued from Page 8.)

tive of four hundred millions of the most undemocratic people in the world, or, indeed, representative of anything but itself, would be strange enough even without the experience of other Republics which, to clear-seeing eyes, have already sufficiently demonstrated the doubtfulness of that form of Government. But there is an epidemic at present in the world of Beginning Again—an epidemic of Clean Sweeps and New Regimes which, like the housemaid's matutinal labors, raise a great deal of dust that generally settles comfortably down again when the sweeping is over. What has France written on her new page? And what will Portugal write comparable with what France and Portugal

wrote on the old pages? A beginning which involves a break with tradition seems for nations to be almost always a wrong beginning; and the Englishman who loves his country and who looks back into her history will pray that England, at any rate, will be spared the disaster of Beginning Again.

But we have drifted into great matters which are somewhat beyond the scope of this little essay. It is probable that you and I, reader, are not concerned with any of these great considerations; that we have neither dazzling triumphs nor inevitable failures to record; but when as at this time we Begin Again, we simply take up the ordinary life of ordinary mortals in this world—a life of plain duties, and some joys I hope, and certainly many cares; in a word, we take up the burden again. I do not like that imagery which always shows the carrier of a burden as staggering and bending beneath it, bent almost double to the ground and groaning and complaining of his task. There are many ways of carrying burdens, and if we make up our minds that they have certainly to be carried, the only respectable method is to carry them with a good grace. The women of India are trained from their earliest years to carry heavy weights on their heads, with the result that they have a bearing and carriage of incomparable grace, so that it is a delight to see them walk. Burdens may thus be made ornamental, interesting, and even amusing. We can contrive all manner of knots for the better securing of them; we can invent means of distributing them about our persons so that one part does not feel the whole strain; for some men carry their burdens almost entirely on their heads, and others almost entirely in their stomachs. We can arrange the load so that it presses more evenly everywhere; so that the head relieves the heart, and the shoulders take what share they can. When we Begin Again thus to carry our burdens, instead of bewailing them it is worth while to study this question of distribution and see if, in fact, they cannot actually be made to improve our bearing through life. For the rest, we may surely take the advice that Goodwill gave to Christian in Bunyan's allegory: "He told him, as to his burden, to be content to bear it, until he came to the Place of Deliverance; and there it would fall from his back of itself."

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY BRISLAN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix and Executor, respectively of the last will of Mary Brislan, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executrix and executor at the office of Stafford & Stafford, Room 504 Grant Building, 1095 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Mary Brislan, deceased.

CATHERINE DIETERICH, Executrix and
WILLIAM DIETERICH, Executor of the
Last Will and Testament of Mary Brislan, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, January 18, 1913.

STAFFORD & STAFFORD, Attys. for Executors,
504 Grant Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 1-18-5

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NOTICE OF TIME AND PLACE OF HEARING OF PETITION FOR ORDER TO EXECUTE AND DELIVER DEED

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 13,411, N. S.; Department No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of SARAH A. FORBES, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the above entitled Court, made on the 6th day of December, A. D. 1912, in the matter of the above entitled estate, the petition of Arthur W. Forbes, as administrator with the will annexed of the estate of the above named Sarah A. Forbes, deceased, praying that a decree of the said Court be made authorizing and directing him to execute to William H. French and Sarah J. French, his wife, a conveyance of that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, title whereunto now stands in the estate of the said Sarah A. Forbes, deceased, hereinafter particularly described, will come on for hearing before the said Court at the Courtroom thereof in the Temporary City Hall, situated on the southeasterly line of Market Street, between Eighth and Ninth Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Monday, the 20th day of January, A. D. 1913, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of the said day, where and when all parties interested in the said estate may appear to make objections, if any they have, to the granting of the said petition.

The said lot, piece or parcel of land is particularly bounded and described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the northwesterly line of Burrows Street, distant thereon fifty-seven (57) feet six (6) inches southwesterly from the southwesterly line of Girard Street; running thence southwesterly along said northwesterly line of Burrows Street thirty-two (32) feet six (6) inches; thence at right angles northwesterly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles northeasterly thirty-two (32) feet six (6) inches; and thence at right angles southeasterly one hundred (100) feet to the northwesterly line of Burrows Street, and the point of commencement, together with improvements thereon.

Being part of Lot No. 4 in Block No. 13, University Mound Survey, as designated upon that certain map entitled "Map of the University Mound Tract Survey," filed in the office of the Recorder of the City and County.

For further particulars reference is hereby made to the said petition which is now on file with the Clerk of the said Court.

December 6, 1912.

ARTHUR W. FORBES,

As Administrator with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Sarah A. Forbes, Deceased.
CHARLES W. SLACK, Atty. for Administrator,
1101 Alaska Commercial Bldg., San Francisco, 1-11-5

CERTIFICATE OF CO-PARTNERSHIP

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS: That we, the undersigned, do hereby certify that we are partners transacting business in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, under the firm name and style of

HASTINGS LINTOTYPING COMPANY

That the names in full of all the members of such co-partnership and their residences are as follows, to-wit:

Chas. Wiedersheim, residing at Asti, Sonoma County, California.

J. S. Bartow, residing at 1822 Nason Street, Alameda, California.

Henry M. Hastings, residing at 445 Oakland Avenue, Oakland, California.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, we have hereunto set our hands this 6th day of January, 1913.

J. S. BARTOW,

HENRY M. HASTINGS,

CHARLES WIEDERSHEIM

State of California,

City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 6th day of January, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Thirteen, before me, W. W. Healey, a Notary Public in and for the said City and County, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared J. S. Bartow, Henry M. Hastings and Charles Wiedersheim, known to me to be the persons described in, whose names are subscribed to and who executed the within instrument, and they acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office in said City and County of San Francisco, the day and year in this Certificate first above written.

(Seal) W. W. HEALEY,
Notary Public, in and for the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California. My commission expires August 28, 1913.

Endorsed: Filed, Jan. 7, 1913. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk,
By W. B. Castagnatti, Deputy Clerk. 1-11-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EUGENE G. DAVIS, Deceased—No. 14,567; Department No. 10.

Noticed is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix with the will annexed of the estate of Eugene G. Davis, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Edgar D. Peixotto, 304 Russ Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Eugene G. Davis, deceased.

JENNIE T. DAVIS,
Administratrix with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Eugene G. Davis, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 4, 1913.

EDGAR D. PEIXOTTO, Atty. for Administratrix,
Russ Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 1-4-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANN LENNON, Deceased—No. 14,486; Department No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executors of the last will of Ann Lennon, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executors at the office of G. Gunzendorfer, 127 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Ann Lennon, deceased.

LOUISE M. SULLIVAN,
EDWARD P. LENNON,

Executors of the Last Will of Ann Lennon, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, December 21, 1912.

G. GUNZENDORFER, Atty. for Executors,
127 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 12-21-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 45,551; Department No. 3.

JOHN FINDLEY MILLIKEN, Plaintiff, vs. MYRTLE MILLIKEN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: MYRTLE MILLIKEN, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 16th day of November, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

M. M. GETZ, ROBINSON & GETZ,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
45 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 11-23-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LAURA V. HOLMES, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor and Executrix of the last will and testament of LAURA V. HOLMES, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor and Executrix at the law office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of LAURA V. HOLMES, deceased.

CHARLES ARTHUR GWYNN,

Executor,

LAURA V. POLE,

Executrix.

Of the Last Will and Testament of Laura V. Holmes, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 21, A. D. 1912.

A. COMTE, JR., Atty. for Executors,
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 12-21-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 45,883; Department No. 10.

TILLIE POOLLOS, also known as TILLIE POPPER, Plaintiff, vs. SAMUEL POOLLOS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: SAMUEL POOLLOS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 5th day of December, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

FRANK D. MACBETH, Atty. for Plaintiff,
706-707 Mutual Savings Bank Building, San Francisco, California. 12-14-10

CERTIFICATE OF COPARTNERSHIP

Certificate of Business Under Fictitious Name

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned do hereby certify and declare that they are the owners and doing and intend to do business in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, under the firm name and style of LEWIS AND COMPANY, with offices at 510 Battery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and that the full names and places of residence of the members of the firm are as follows, to-wit:

Harry F. Lewis, Hotel Bellevue, San Francisco, Cal.

Frederick M. Lewis, San Marco Hotel, San Francisco, Cal.

Edgar L. Lewis, 1939 Stuart Street, Berkeley, Cal.

Dated: San Francisco, Cal., December 18, 1912.

HARRY F. LEWIS,
FREDERICK M. LEWIS,
EDGAR L. LEWIS.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 18th day of December, 1912, before me, James Mason, a Notary Public, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared Harry F. Lewis, Frederick M. Lewis and Edgar L. Lewis, known to me to be the persons whose names are subscribed to the within instrument and they acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal at my office in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the day and year first above written.

(Seal) JAMES MASON,
Notary Public, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

OTTO IRVING WISE, Atty. at Law,
817 First National Bank Bldg., San Francisco. 12-28-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EDWARD E. FITLER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the estate of Edward E. Fitler, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of his attorneys, Geo. F. Hatton and Hartley F. Peart, Rooms 514 to 518 Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Edward E. Fitler, deceased.

JOHN A. BECK,

Executor of the Estate of Edward E. Fitler, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, January 18, 1913.

GEO. F. HATTON and HARTLEY F. PEART,
Attorneys for Executor,
Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 1-18-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EUGENIA L. BENNETT, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Eugenia L. Bennett, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of J. C. Flannery, No. 545 Mills Building, Northeast Corner of Bush and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Eugenia L. Bennett, deceased.

HAROLD E. BENNETT,

Administrator of the Estate of Eugenia L. Bennett, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 11, 1913.

J. C. FLANNERY, Atty. for Administrator,
545 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 1-11-5

NOTICE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 46,083.

In the Matter of the Application of INTERSTATE AMUSEMENT COMPANY, a Corporation, for a Decree of Voluntary Dissolution.

Notice is hereby given that Interstate Amusement Company, a corporation, organized and existing under and by virtue of the laws of the State of California, and having its office and principal place of business at the City and County of San Francisco, in said State, has presented to and has this day filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court a petition praying to be allowed to dissolve and disincorporate; and that on Thursday, the 23rd day of January, 1913, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. on said day, or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, before the above entitled Court, Department No. 7 thereof, at its Courtroom in the New City Hall on Market Street, between 8th and 9th Streets, in said City and County of San Francisco, the said application will be heard and determined.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY,
Clerk of the Superior Court.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy.

OTTO IRVING WISE,
Atty. for Interstate Amusement Company,
817 First National Bank Bldg., San Francisco. 12-21-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY LEASE OF REAL PROPERTY SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 7441, N. S.; Department No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of REUBEN H. LLOYD, Deceased.

John Galloway and Charles W. Slack, as the executors of the last will and testament of the above named Reuben H. Lloyd, deceased, having filed herein their verified petition, praying that an order be made herein authorizing, empowering and directing the said petitioners to lease certain real property belonging to the estate of the said deceased, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at the point of intersection of the southerly line of Turk street with the westerly line of Polk street; running thence southerly along the said westerly line of Polk street one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the northerly line of Elm avenue; thence at right angles westerly along the said northerly line of Elm avenue ninety-seven (97) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles northerly and parallel with the said westerly line of Polk street thirty (30) feet; thence at right angles easterly and parallel with the said southerly line of Turk street thirty (30) feet; thence at right angles northerly and parallel with the said westerly line of Polk street ninety (90) feet to the said southerly line of Turk street; and thence at right angles easterly along the said southerly line of Turk street sixty-seven (67) feet and six (6) inches to the said westerly line of Polk street and the point of commencement.

NOW THEREFORE, IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that all persons interested in the said estate be and they are hereby required to appear before the said Superior Court on the 27th day of January, A. D. 1913, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. of that day, at the Courtroom of the said Superior Court, Department 10 thereof, in the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why the said real property should not be leased for the period of ten (10) years, commencing on the first day of the month following the date of the lease, as mentioned in the said petition, and at the total rental of sixty-two thousand four hundred dollars (\$62,400), in gold coin of the United States, or, of equal to, the present standard of weight and fineness, payable in equal monthly installments of five hundred and twenty dollars (\$520) per month in advance on the first day of each and every month during the said term or period, commencing on the said first day of the month following the date of the said lease, and for further particulars reference is hereby made to the said petition.

AND IT IS HEREBY FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be published once a week for two (2) successive weeks next before the said date, in Town Talk, a newspaper of general circulation, published in the said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated this 10th day of January, A. D. 1913.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

WALTER H. LINFORTH and PERCY E. TOWNE,
Attorneys for Executors,

Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 1-18-2

Stage

(Continued from Page 19.)

Another "Girlie" Hit at Pantages

Another of Ned Wayburn's big "girlie" productions is the stellar attraction on the new bill at Pantages. Wayburn calls his latest effort "The Surf Bathers," and he has mounted the piece with magnificent stage settings. With "The Surf Bathers" are the famous English daisies comprising eight dashing maidens recruited from the music halls of London. The principals in the act are George Ebner, a comedian who introduces a number of great impersonations, and Elizabeth Mayne, a stunning actress with an elaborate wardrobe. Ted Bailey's posing dogs take second position on the bill. "The Devil Dandy" is Juno Salmo who has been one of the sensations of the Wintergarten, Berlin. Salmo is a contortionist who uses weird and creepy electrical effects. Sherburne and Montgomery have a playlet entitled "The Morning After." Killian and Moore have a novelty specialty in songs and sayings. Libonati, the xylophone expert, has proven one of the musical finds of the season. Two prime local favorites are Wells and Henry in the entertaining stunt "Those Two Happy Pals." The Pantages management announces the exclusive privilege of showing for the first time on the Pacific Coast the great allegorical pictured masterpiece "The Pilgrim's Progress." It will be presented for one week commencing Sunday, January 26.

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 34,221.

JOHANNES BICKEL and MATILDA BICKEL (his wife), Plaintiffs, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting: You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Johannes Bickel and Matilda Bickel, plaintiffs, filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at the Northerly line of Fell Street at about distant thereon Fifty (50) feet Westerly from the North-westerly corner of Fell and Scott Streets; thence running Westerly along said Northerly line of Fell Street Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Northerly One Hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Easterly Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Southerly One Hundred (100) feet to the Northerly line of Fell Street and point of commencement. Being part of Western Addition Block 446.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiffs are the owners of said property in fee simple absolute; that their title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover their costs herein and have such other relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 21st day of December, A. D. 1912.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in Town Talk newspaper on the 4th day of January, A. D. 1913.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: Names—Humboldt Savings and Loan Society (a corporation). Addresses—San Francisco, Cal.

JOHN F. HANLON, Atty. for Plaintiffs.

1-4-10

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Letters

Lampton as a Satirist

William J. Lampton has thoughtfully dedicated his book to "such nature fakirs as may still survive," its title being "Tame Animals I Have Known"—with apologies to such wild animals as may feel aggrieved by the comparison. There are a dozen brief, humorous and satirical sketches of men and women variously compared with as many animals, and it is to be noted that though the ass, the dove, the cat, the lamb, the hog, the goose, the shark, the lobster and the spring chicken all hold their places in disesteem there is no dog enumerated. It is often said that those who work amongst animals take on their characteristics and something of a facial resemblance, but Mr. Lampton's aggregation appear to have been single and solitary, either the tyrants or the victims of their associates, and all helplessly and hopelessly unable to be anything but themselves, the class who learn nothing by experience but can be victimized indefinitely in the same way as long as it is profitable for any one to exploit them or who, without shame or compunction, will practice the same arts of deception as long as there is probability of gain. Mr. Lampton is known to the American world as the author of light verse and the originator of the variety known as the "yawp." This volume of prose sketches—is it his first?—is of the same light and pleasing character without pretensions but well worth the doing. From the Neale Company.

A Good Book for Boys

Francis Rolt Wheeler has added a fourth to his excellent series of books for older boys, dealing with various branches of government service. These are entirely unlike the usual "juvenile" of foolish school monkey-shines and athletic stunts, but explain, through the medium of some ambitious youth and his experiences, something of the scope, aim and accomplishments of the survey, forestry, census and fisheries bureaus, the methods of procedure by which employment is to be obtained, the nature of the work, and the opportunities afforded for ambitious, industrious and reliable boys, while at the same time there is introduced sufficient adventure, romance and the lure of uncertainty in results to keep the plain facts from dullness. "The Boy with the United States Fisheries" gives a glimpse of fish-hatching, mussel-pearling, experimenting with the prevention of disease, the introduction of new varieties of food fish, and a score of other projects of which the man on the street has no knowledge. The manuscript was edited and censored by the fisheries bureau and its information can be relied upon. Illustrations, chiefly from photographs, are numerous. From Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.

An ounce of prevention may be worth a pound of cure, but it is just as well to be supplied with a little of both.

HENRY P. TRICOU

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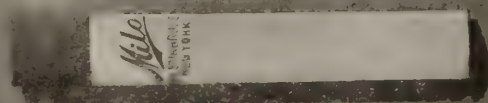
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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXI. No. 1066

SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 25, 1913

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If You Have Never Cooked With Gas

You cannot realize its simplicity and satisfactory operation. Many are prejudiced against gas as a kitchen fuel because they think it is expensive and that its use involves complicated maneuverings in order to get good results. To these we say that the using of gas is simpler than the telling.

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THIRD ANNUAL REPORT

Western States Life Insurance Company

HOME OFFICE, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

Incorporated October 11, 1909.

WARREN R. PORTER, President.

Paid-Up Capital \$1,000,000

LICENSED TO BEGIN BUSINESS JUNE 25, 1910

To our Policyholders, numbering nearly 4,000, and to our more than 2,500 Stockholders, and to our friends, you, loyal Westerners, who "keep your money in the West"

We are pleased to announce that on December 31, 1912, we had

**3,997 Policies for
\$9,384,550 Paid-for Insurance in Force**

RESULTS IN 1912

The following figures show the condition of our business on the evening of December 31, 1912:

Total paid for insurance in force Dec. 31, 1912, 3,997 policies for.....	\$9,384,550	New insurance paid for in cash in 1912, 2,803 policies for	\$6,060,750
Total paid for insurance in force Dec. 31, 1911, 1,884, policies for.....	5,140,775	New insurance paid for in cash in 1911, 1,634 policies for	4,356,575
1912 GAIN, 2,113 policies for.....	\$4,243,775	1912 GAIN, 1,169 policies, for.....	\$1,704,175
Total premium income during 1912.....	\$362,604.61	Admitted assets December 31, 1912.....	\$1,461,792.41
Total premium income during 1911.....	200,098.74	Admitted assets December 31, 1911.....	1,385,825.62
1912 GAIN	\$162,505.87	1912 GAIN	\$75,966.79

WHAT WE DID AT HOME

Total paid-for Insurance in force in California, December 31, 1912	2,932 policies for	\$7,265,950
Total paid-for Insurance in force in California, December 31, 1911	1,586 policies for	4,300,675
1912 GAIN	1,346 policies for	\$2,965,275

SPECIAL NOTICE: No policy or amount of insurance is included in the Company's report for the year 1912, as new issues or otherwise, except where the first premium therefor, as provided in the contract, has been paid to the Company, in cash.

Expected mortality, American Experience Table and 3½ per cent interest, 1912, \$71,964.36; actual mortality, \$36,331.41

The above figures are taken from the Company's Annual Statement for the year 1912, filed with the Insurance Department of California, January 7, 1913.

WESTERN STATES LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

**Is the First Insurance Company of Any Kind to File Its Annual Statement for 1912 with
the Insurance Department of California**

Western Money, Western Made, Should Stay at Home for Western Trade

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXI.

San Francisco, January 25, 1913

No. 1066



MRS. LANGTRY

(Lady de Bathe) who will appear this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum.

TOWN TALK

Published Weekly by
PACIFIC PUBLICATION COMPANY (Inc.)
88 First Street, San Francisco
Phone Douglas 2612

Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
Chas. W. Raymond.....Business Manager

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Our Legislature

The passion for freak legislation is once more rampant in Sacramento and naturally we are all more or less apprehensive. The legislature is a biennial disturbance of the peace. There is no telling what may come out of the capital when ignoramus dressed in a little brief authority are aflame with zeal for the reconstruction of the State, the banishment of ills and introduction of benign innovations. The ideal democracy is that in which the people choose for their rulers the most instructed and the ablest persons who can be found, and having done so allow them to exercise their knowledge and ability for the good of all. The very antithesis of this democracy is what we have degenerated into, as is evident from a study of the character of men that we elect to the legislature. The average of intelligence in the legislature is hardly above the average of intelligence in any county in the State. We elect to the legislature men who are capable of attaining distinction nowhere else. The average professional man in the legislature is a mediocrity in his profession. The skill to be found in the legislature is chiefly of the kind required for leading a hand-to-mouth existence in politics. No wonder then that we are threatened with disaster every time our statesmen from the highways and byways and cow paths get together. What must we expect from half educated men and men with no education at all whose minds and aspirations and faculties are below the level of the herd, who have no conception of their own incompetency, yet who consider it their duty to conquer the difficulties which encumber our social arrangements?

Some of the Freaks

Every question that comes up in the legislature is discussed and decided on its own basis, with never a thought of the possibility of there being principles more extensive than the question itself. Each member thinks he knows precisely what's wrong with the world, and that he has the perfect device to fill the long felt want. Hence a session of the legislature is a debauch of hobbies. One man wishes to revive the whipping post; a hayseed banker has a scheme for opening up the State treasury to farmers; a rural politician has a bill to

perfect the recall; another is concerned about the medical profession and wishes to make it easier to increase the army of doctors; and of course there is the inevitable, perennial sectarian laboring under the delusion that man was made for the Sabbath, for one particular Sabbath, and that nothing is so sinful as competition in restraint of a dwindling church traffic. This representative of the jarring sects who bobs up at every session of the legislature is our pet aversion. We believe it was for his peace of mind that the Baptists extinguished hell fire in the Bible, for no man had more reason to dread eternal damnation, and we are much in favor of devising some particularly excruciating form of torture to bring this pestiferous bigot to a sense of the mean and unholy spirit that possesses him. What an exasperating manifestation of trynannical puritanism is this which is made every two years at Sacramento by the mouthpiece of a little band of narrow-minded clergymen who would make the people of the whole State observe the Sabbath in conformity with their conception! Because it is their idea that certain forms of recreation and pastime should not be indulged in on Sunday they would have all our favorite diversions interdicted by act of the legislature. Catholics and Jews and the multitude of Christians who have no conscientious scruple against enjoying the Sabbath, these pin-headed sectarians, direct descendants of the ear-croppers of England and the blue-law ascetics of Connecticut would condemn to drear monotony on the one day in the week which the average citizen looks forward to for relaxation and pleasure. If a crazy legislature is to revive the whipping post let us pray that it may have a lucid interval in which to make the bigot liable to the lash.

Poison Recommended

Some months ago we heard a great deal about Joseph J. Ettor, the "martyr" of Lawrence who was under arrest for instigating strikers to murder. He had some sympathizers in San Francisco, emotional women with a passion for self-expression in the limelight. Ettor is again a promising candidate for the penitentiary. He delivered an address to the striking hotel waiters in New York the other night, and he advised them that in the event of their going back to work under unsatisfactory conditions to go back with murder in their hearts. This is his language: "Go back with your minds made up that it is the unsafest thing in the world for the capitalist to eat food prepared by members of your union." This is of course an open plea for sabotage, which is one of the doctrines of the I. W. W. Sabotage means the injury or destruction of property as a weapon against capital. The principle carried to extreme means injury to health or menace to life of those opposed to labor. Everybody is deemed in opposition to labor who puts money in the purse of any employer against whose business a strike is being conducted. Of course the officers of the American Federation of Labor do not endorse the advice given to the waiters by

Ettor. They are opposed to open promulgation of the doctrine of sabotage, but from the testimony given at Indianapolis we know that the boycott may be but a preliminary step on the part of the representatives of the Federation toward cold-blooded assassination not of employers but of the unsympathetic disinterested. To what extent Samuel Gompers is opposed to sabotage we may estimate from his remarks since the Indianapolis trial. Because the murderous conspirators were convicted Gompers has been abusing the court.

Our Recall Movement

Town Talk has never advocated the election of Police Judge Weller, nor will it ever advocate his election. Neither will it advocate his recall for reducing a bail bond. Town Talk will never be in sympathy with a movement to punish a police magistrate or any other juridical officer for exercising a discretion vested in him by law unless it can be shown that he acted from unworthy motives. Judge Weller may be guilty of conniving with an attorney to facilitate the escape of a man accused of crime, but we are not to be convinced that such is the case merely by the circumstance that he allowed the man to deposit \$1,000 in cash in lieu of a \$5,000 bond or by the testimony of aggrieved persons that his decisions have not been just. While in Judge Weller's fate we have not the slightest interest, and while we are not in sympathy with the movement to recall him, we are inclined to hail that movement in the case of so unimportant a person as a blessing, since it brings into play all the unreason and stupidity, all the infirmity of mind and littleness of heart which should warn us against arming the sapheaded multitude with weapons for its own destruction. We see that the chief reason urged for the recall of Judge Weeler is not that he reduced a bail bond but that he reduced the bail bond of a man accused of attempting to outrage a girl. This character of crime always arouses deep resentment, and for that reason it is a crime for which men should be prosecuted with exceeding caution. Judges and penologists know that innocent men are more frequently convicted of this than of any other crime. For this circumstance there are three reasons: first, the revengeful spirit of women scorned; second, the natural preference of a young woman to pose as the victim of an assault than to admit that she is unchaste; third, the prejudice against men accused of the crime, especially in small communities where it is often tantamount to public sentiment. Now it is not to be suggested that the man who escaped with Judge Charles Weller's assistance may be innocent. His flight warrants the presumption that he is guilty; but he was not a fugitive when his attorney appeared before Judge Weller, and nobody pretends to believe that Judge Weller knew the man intended to forfeit his bail. It is said that Weller has been lenient toward men accused of this crime, and this may seem to be so as Judge Weller is probably aware of the frequency with which revenge

actuates the accuser in such cases. But it is hardly to be supposed that Judge Weller, a husband and father, is instinctively sympathetic toward men addicted to acts of brutish depravity. One of the witnesses against him testifies that in dismissing a case he remarked that anyway the girl was not chaste. This testimony appears to have been accepted at a meeting vibrant with hysteria as conclusive of Judge Weller's partiality. Yet the remark attributed to Judge Weller may have been quite pertinent. If it was shown that the complainant in a rape case was a woman of evil repute, an unchaste person; the evidence of that fact might properly operate on the mind of the judge in favor of the defendant. The presumption is that a man doesn't have to rape a woman as unchaste as himself. But there was no thought of this presumption at the meeting which devoted itself to wild-eyed execration of the police magistrate. There was room for but one viewpoint at that meeting, which was not called to give Judge Weller a trial, but to give him a lambasting; and, after all, so far as he was concerned it would have made no difference what the purpose. Judge Weller would have been no less a fool had he attended a trial by mob than he made of himself by presuming to conciliate a meeting called to give emphasis to a prejudgment. And that meeting at which disappointed and aggrieved persons reviewed judicial proceedings from their standpoint to prove the unfairness and iniquity of a judge was precisely the kind of meeting justified by the principle of the recall. It is at such meetings that the machinery of the recall will be set in motion with the approval of a licentious and unscrupulous press which is mindful above all things of competition for subscribers.

The Probable Effect

The whole police bench was thrown into panic fright by the movement to recall Judge Weller. This perhaps is not to be deplored. A little more attention to p's and q's may be a good thing in police court circles. But is it a good thing to frighten and intimidate judges? The probability is that for some time to come men accused of crimes against women will be treated with great severity in the police courts. Unthinking women will assume that this is as it should be. If it be brought home to them, however, that as a result of their agitation injustice may be done they will change their opinion. A mother may suffer from an outrage to her son or to her husband as well from an outrage to her daughter, and many a mother's son and many a wife's husband has suffered humiliation in the police courts as a result of unjust accusation. It is well to remember that connected with the guarantee of personal liberty is the privilege of bail. All nations not wholly depraved in a political sense have adopted the principle that a man shall be held innocent until proved by process of law to be otherwise. Indeed as much is implied by the very idea of a trial, which calls for affirmative proof of guilt and

a preponderance thereof. As it would be unjust to put an innocent person in prison persons accused of crime are permitted to give bail, and the amount of bail must depend not wholly on the seriousness of the charge but also on the means of the charged person. In times past the fear was not that judges might make it easy for a prisoner to give bail, but that they might exact exorbitant bail, and hence it was enacted in the year of William and Mary that no "excessive bail" should be required. Our police magistrates will probably hereafter be on the safe side. It is but natural that they should prefer to keep even an innocent man in jail, and go back to the days before William and Mary than to incur the wrath of a host of enfranchised women with the gallant and calmly philosophic and ever magnanimous Rudolph Spreckels giving them his benediction and encouragement.

The Horns and Others

Thackeray tells us in his chapter on clerical snobs that if there are clerics who do wrong there are a thousand newspapers to cry "Fie upon them!" but few to take notice of the tens of thousands of honest men who lead Christian lines. This is as true today as when observed by Thackeray, but in these degenerate days there are more ministers figuring in public scandals than there were when the Book of Snobs was written. The case of the Rev. Frank Horn of Richmond is more commonplace than shocking, and the Horns of the pulpit are bringing much discredit on a noble profession, attracting as they do more attention than the many good and unobtrusive teachers of religion whose conception of duty is in harmony with the best traditions of the Christian creed. If the prestige of the clerical office has been greatly diminished in recent years, if the church has been steadily losing its influence it is not because the instinct of worship has died out in the human heart, nor because men feel less than formerly the need of religious instruction, nor because Science has removed the veil of sacred obscurity from the mysteries of life. What chiefly is the matter with the church is the church itself. It is fallen into evil and into incompetent hands. The question is frequently asked nowadays, Why do not people go to church? The preachers who ask this question are the preachers who do not meet adequately the wants of religious sentiment. They are the theatrical and book-bitten preachers who present Christianity as a part of their own individual experience and process of thought. They are expositors rather of their own crochets and hobbies than of religious sentiment. No sooner does one of them learn a commonplace of what passes for new thought than he amplifies it and passes it around, as though he were a gospel of revelation in himself born to the end that he should give not the bread of truth but the stone of a second-hand philosophy. This type of preacher if a little more conspicuous is hardly less injurious to the cause of religion than the one who grasps at the pleas-

ures of life, whose code of honor neither keeps him out of the divorce court nor saves him from lying and trickery and debauchery. It is of course deplorable that there should be so many ministers whose social philosophy is that of the essential male in a position of advantage. The minister who prostitutes his office makes a mockery of religion in the sanctuary; and the demoralization he is responsible for is immeasurable. But is not the whole body of clergy to blame that notwithstanding the frequency of pulpit scandals one never hears of a movement to put God's house in order. The clerical profession is full of Savonarolas with a consuming passion for the extinction of vanities, clamorous for reformation—of everything but the church. They are for exorcising Satan everywhere but in the pulpit, where he can do more harm in a minute than he can do in the tenderloin, on the race-track or in the saloon in a year. It appears to be the easiest thing in the world for a rogue to get into the pulpit and the hardest thing in the world to get him out. Take the case of Horn for example. Horn has been flitting from flower to flower with amazing abandon, leaving a trail of discarded females in his wake. Apparently when a flock needs a shepherd there are no questions asked. Before a housewife hires a cook she demands references, but a church takes a minister on his looks. And when a clergyman is caught in an intrigue the good deacons hush up the scandal as was the case in a fashionable church in Oakland about two years ago, the result being that the amorous buck finds his way to pastures new with reputation unsullied, with no past to blight his prospect should he see fit to make new conquests. Surely something should be done to rid the pulpit of its rogues. Something also should be done to make it difficult for men of vicious proclivities to get into the pulpit. We have heard it said that the minister is a man peculiarly subject to temptations owing to the dangerous intimacies that he cannot avoid forming. This is nonsense. Anybody that knows human nature knows that a woman, even a bad woman, is not likely to manifest immodest or unchaste desires in the presence of her spiritual adviser. In other words it is only the rare and freakish woman who deliberately chooses a minister for her lover. It is not the minister who is in danger of contracting an illicit alliance; it is the women who are accessible to the Horns of the clerical profession. No good clergyman will tell you that he ever feels the need of a barbed wire fence. Were George Herbert living today would he find that he endangered his soul by abandoning court for clerical aspirations? There are men of the Herbert type in all churches today, but they are not sensational preachers. Indeed they are less given to preaching than to holiness and lowly kindnesses. They would rather spiritualize humanity by Christian faith and practice than regenerate it with the help of the police. They are men of sweet tempers and gentle, who comfort sorrow, relieve distress and radiate virtue and piety.

Varied Types

CX—REV. F. W. CLAMPETT

By Edward F. O'Day

He has honest gray hair, a clear, healthy skin, a level gaze and a vigorous voice with just a touch of Ireland's softest accent. He brings the same indomitable enthusiasm to the cure of souls at Trinity Episcopal Church as to a game of handball at the Olympic Club. His mind was trained at Trinity College, Dublin, (where he had a scholarship at the age of eighteen), and the zealous shepherding of Christ's flock has brought him broadening experiences that make his opinion worth while. So it is no wonder that the Reverend F. W. Clampett is one of the most popular clergymen in San Francisco.

He bids fair to become more popular. Not that he's looking for popularity. I cannot imagine a sincere clergyman bothering about the applause of the many. But Doctor Clampett stood up for San Francisco a few nights ago when the reputation of this city was unjustly assailed, and that is a deed for which every loyal San Franciscan stands his debtor.

That Doctor Clampett entered the lists for San Francisco against a man of the clerical cloth who was besmirching the city only makes the defense more noteworthy. A layman who crosses swords with a clergyman may easily be placed in a false position, but when cleric clashes with cleric the fighting is equal. The fact that too many clerics hesitate from false delicacy to take issue with their brothers when they know their brothers are wrong should be held in mind, for it places the significance of Doctor Clampett's protest in its proper relief.

Loyal San Franciscans will be glad to know that Doctor Clampett refused to sit in silence when Doctor Aked made an unjust assault upon the morals of their city.

Doctor Aked's diatribes are becoming a bit monotonous. The pastor of the First Congregational Church has plucked the jarring string so often that our ears are a trifle weary. We are becoming impatient of Doctor Aked. Even a man of the cloth may lose patience when patience ceases to be a virtue, and when Doctor Aked made an outrageous attack on San Francisco, Doctor Clampett lost patience. What he describes as the "Irish in me" got the upper hand, and he sailed into Doctor Aked with a vehemence which left the scold speechless and flabbergasted.

The occasion was the meeting of Thursday evening, January 16, attended by "persons interested in the suppression of vice." Doctor Aked assumed the leadership in that gathering. He had the most to say, and the most of what he had to say was derogatory to San Francisco. Elsewhere in this issue of Town Talk the principal parts of Doctor Aked's amazing address are republished from a stenographic report. Here let me quote what Doctor Clampett said in reply:

"Mr. President and Ladies and Gentlemen: I have lived thirty-one years in America and going on fourteen years in San Francisco, and I want to offer a protest at this time against the attitude taken by Doctor Aked in relation to the city of San Francisco. The man on the committee who made the threat which Doctor Aked suggested, would be without knowing it one of the greatest enemies San Francisco ever had. If we have any fault to find, if we have any reform to effect, if we have any work to do, in God's name let us do it in the area of San Francisco, and not go beyond.

"As a member of the committee I speak with great respect and I speak boldly because I do not intend to be part of the spirit of the address which you have just heard. I have lived, as I have said, fourteen years in the city of San Francisco, and if you are going to make a choice between the moral life of cities, I will venture to say that San Francisco will compare favorably with New York. May I suggest to the Reverend

Brotherly Love, is face to face with the same condition.

"Now if we are going to enter upon this subject sanely, not with the poetry of an exaggeration, and not with the statement, 'If this thing is not done, I will go before America and tell America what an awful wicked city San Francisco'—is that loyalty to San Francisco? Is that civic patriotism? 'I threaten you, Mr. Mayor, if you do not close these houses, I will go to New York and tell New York of the abominable wickedness of San Francisco.' Never! I will not join with a committee that will take such an attitude as this. Ladies and gentlemen, let us go at the matter sanely. A number of matters have been brought before us and endorsed. Let us take them one by one. This moral wave is not going to sweep through San Francisco in a short time. It will take years to effect it. But let us take them up one by one, and let us stand shoulder to shoulder. Let us be sane in the presentation of this matter, and then I as a man, as a member of this committee, will endorse the action that will be taken."

I am glad to be in a position to state that applause interrupted this manly protest and crowned its conclusion. The applause showed that not all the men and women interested in the suppression of vice in San Francisco were willing to sit by and hear Doctor Aked rant. They were glad to hear Doctor Clampett demur.

I sought out Doctor Clampett in order to have him discuss this matter further. The discussion included a good deal of talk about Doctor Aked.

"Doctor Aked, I am sorry to say, does not impress me as a sincere man," said Doctor Clampett. "There is in his talk an extravagance of flattery and an exaggeration of attack which does not ring true. It seems to me that Doctor Aked is trying to become a leader here, and that he is eager to achieve leadership in the shortest time possible. As I listened to his harangue of about forty-five minutes the thought came into my head that he was not sincere. I could not convince myself that he believed all he said. And I became indignant that such a man should so attack this city. The consummate cheek of the thing angered me. The Irish in me made me want to get up and say to him and to that meeting, 'It is a lie.' Doctor Rader who sat next to me told me I was too angry to speak calmly, but I felt that I must voice my protest. So I urged a sane presentation of the matter and a sane way of saving the situation. I insisted that we could never accomplish anything with the harangues of Doctor Aked.

"I have been impressed by the various ways Doctor Aked speaks on different occasions. When he is eager to build a new church and asks

(Continued on Page 23.)



REV. F. W. CLAMPETT

Doctor Aked who doubtless has gone along the streets in London between eight o'clock and one in the morning, when thousands of prostitutes prowled the city of London, that vice is not more open here in the city of San Francisco than it is in the heart of London? May I suggest to him that if he ever lived in the city of Glasgow, whether the immorality of that city, as shown in its streets, for instance, is not infinitely greater than in the city of San Francisco? He has lived in Liverpool. So have I. And the vice of Liverpool is keener far than that of San Francisco.

"As a member of this committee I want it to be understood that if we are going to aim as high as we ought to aim, as Colonel Weinstock has wisely put it, we must put this question upon a sane basis. We must go forward before the people, not with a threat but with the statement that the difference between all great cities is about the same. Doctor Aked has lived five years in America; I have lived thirty-one and I speak with more authority. I have lived six years in New York. There is not a more desperately wicked city in the United States. I have lived eight years in Baltimore. The number of evil houses in Baltimore exceeds the number of similar houses in the city of San Francisco. And, taking all vice, even Philadelphia, the City of

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Perspective Impressions

Now that we know through the spiritists that the dead pragmatist is opposed to woman suffrage we may expect to hear that the shade of Susan B. Anthony hurled a spirit brick at Professor James' spirit head.

Storms! The name prefigured trouble, so it's no wonder Hiram won't have the mineralogist in his personally conducted Cave of the Winds.

We read that "the rioting in Belfast was the tamest on record" after Home Rule was passed. The Westminster frost has blighted the Orange-men.

The local patriot who says he is disappointed because Ireland is not to have a king probably expected to be appointed court fool.

"I personally made that report. I stand for it. The State Mineralogist is a liar."—J. Francis Neylan. Thus the Governor of the State receives ample corroboration from the Loeb of the West.

The poltergeist will hit you with an ink bottle if you don't watch out.

"The great value of the Brandt case is the lesson it teaches."—William R. Hearst. The lesson it teaches is that the Governor of a great State may be a very serviceable tool in the hands of a powerful newspaper proprietor who sympathizes with the defamer of a wife and mother of spotless reputation.

In dispensing with an inaugural ball President-elect Wilson is bestowing the sincerest form of flattery on the Governor of California. Perhaps the Governor of New Jersey has taken the Governor of California for his model.

Our statesmen at Sacramento are very busy devising ingenious schemes for increasing revenue. To none of them has it occurred that it might be well to formulate a simple plan of retrenchment.

The universe, says the director of the Lick Observatory, is "half again as large as the world supposed"; which probably explains why Professor James cannot be heard distinctly in Boston.

President Taft says he has not been a success of late in politics. Considering the present state of politics is it not to his credit that he has been a failure?

Governor Johnson is so obsessed with the importance of eating that when he wants to crush an undesirable office-holder he says, "He bites the hand that feeds him."

Governor Johnson obtained a judgment of \$10,000 for a client, and then got her a job. The question is, What became of the \$10,000?

The Examiner appears to have forgotten about that Committee of One Thousand. Has San Francisco quit backing up?

Correspondence

Elevated Road Route

Editor Town Talk, Sir: In the dailies of January 14, I find mentioned a proposed "Elevated Road" for this city. I beg leave to state that the suggestion made by Engineer Mark R. Daniels, and presented to the Board of Supervisors through Supervisor Wm. McCarthy, somewhat harmonizes with the report made by the undersigned some eight months ago and submitted to the Tunnel Committee through Supervisor Byron Mauzy, and to Robert Atkins, Esq. of the Chamber of Commerce. The route of the proposed elevated road was as follows (and differs from Mr. Daniels' suggestion by connecting with the proposed Twin Peak tunnel as a surface road at Market and Hermann streets), thence easterly over the Ocean Shore terminal, likewise to Minna street, easterly on Minna to First street, then southerly on First street to Folsom, reaching ground level and to be used to accommodate the Rincon Hill and water-front districts, thence easterly on Folsom to the Embarcadero, then in rear of the Ferry Building so as not to detract from the peristyle design of Willis Polk made in 1891 and to serve the double purpose for rapid transportation to and from the ferry boats without the necessity of passengers descending to the street level. Continuing as an elevated road northerly from the Ferry Building and becoming a surface road at Montgomery avenue so as to connect with the Union street line, which reverts to the city during the year of 1913, thence in a northwesterly direction to Bay street or through a short tunnel three blocks in length to Van Ness avenue and the exposition grounds. This as has been suggested by others ought to connect with a municipal surface road on Van Ness avenue, Eleventh street and Potrero avenue. By following this suggestion in connection with the city map the feasibility of such a municipal road not only gives rapid transit from the ferry north to the exposition grounds and west to the ocean, via Twin Peak Tunnel, but also gives to the city a direct cross-town line, transferring to

the "L" road and connecting Geary street and the Union street roads, resulting in a belt line in both directions. I will state in conclusion that the matter was also taken up with Mr. Allan Pollok, the supervisor, some years ago and I delight that other minds have been directed to a logical solution of the passenger problem.

Yours very truly,

—M. J. Lyon.

The Wise Man of Berkeley

Editor Town Talk, Sir: I enjoyed what you said about Professor Tommyrot Reed of Berkeley. He's a wonder, isn't he? Doubtless regarded as a profound thinker—in Berkeley. I fancy that if Professor Reed were called on for a speech he would begin by saying, "The rich are growing richer, the poor are getting poorer." He has been inoculated with the patter of Chautauqua. And he's a man of some distinction and a brilliant past having been Governor Johnson's executive secretary and stoned by the Socialists of Berkeley.

Respectfully,

—L. F. C.

A Tip From Redlands

Editor Town Talk, Sir: I see that a legislator from Los Angeles has prepared a bill requiring the deposit of \$3,000,000 of State funds in the banks of Southern California ostensibly to aid the citrus growers. I would suggest that it might be instructive to look up this man's connections in Los Angeles. Who are the financiers behind him? He certainly doesn't represent the citrus growers. Is there a shortage of money in the Los Angeles banks?

Yours truly,

—A Citrus Grower.

Redlands, January 18, 1913.

The Canteen

Editor Town Talk, Sir: What you say about the canteen and the liquor interests is quite true.

Your sentiments are echoed among the wives of officers stationed here. By the way did you know that the fight for the re-establishment of the canteen in the army has again been carried before Congress? Last week Mrs. Alice Burbank appeared before the House Committee on Military Affairs and presented a petition in favor of the Barthold canteen bill. She represented the wives and daughters of the enlisted men of the army. The petition was signed by 2,300 women. May it not be well for you to suggest that the women of California now that they have the franchise should get behind this bill which has the endorsement of Secretary of War Stimson, Major-General Wood, Major-General Wotherspoon and other ranking officers. It is by showing their good sense in matters of this kind that women help the cause of suffrage everywhere.

Respectfully,

—Army Woman.

Presidio, June 20, 1913.

Shreds and Patches at Berkeley

Editor Town Talk, Sir: Your editorial on Professor Reed was timely and sound. Professor Reed's statement of what is to be taught in our universities is an unconscious indictment of the system of education in that institution. It is evident that Professor Reed conceives it to be his duty to make partisan politicians out of the students at Berkeley. Like most persons who speak from their feelings about matters of which they have an imperfect knowledge, this cocksure pedant is imposed on by words. He has yet to learn that the great end of education is to teach us rather how to think than what to think. Principles are what the students of a university should be made familiar with, not the shreds and patches of an art or science.

Respectfully,

—Louis A. Breidrich.

A Link With The Past

By Desmond MacCarthy

My lecture was over; the sparse audience had melted away, and I was wondering where I could get a clean supper in such a dismal neighborhood, when an elderly man in a shabby coat touched me on the elbow.

"Well, mister, there was one thing you didn't tell 'em to-night, I could have told 'em."

"I dare say there were a great many," I replied rather testily, "but what I wish you could tell me is where I can get something to eat."

He offered to show me and to keep me company, so we stepped out together into the dingy street.

Why, out of all the various subjects I had offered to the choice of the Lecture Committee, they should have chosen "Rousseau and Voltaire: A Contrast," I had been at a loss to guess, nor had the nature of the audience enlightened me. While lecturing I had noticed my friend in the shabby coat listening intently, with an occasional nod of approval, and a slim smile on his lips, as though he knew the inwardness of all this history, and was following just to see what blunders I might make. But no one else had seemed much interested.

"I have a drop of French blood in my veins myself," he said when we had gone a little way; "my grandfather on my mother's side was a Frenchman. He was a garcon."

I waited for him to go on, and then said I was not surprised to hear that. "He was a waiter," he continued. "Did you ever hear of a cafe, the Marroniers a la Rappee?"

I said I had not. "Did you ever hear tell of the Marquis de Puymaurin?"

"No, I think not."

"Did you ever hear of the Count de Puymaurin, now?"

"No."

"Did you ever hear—" One has plenty of sympathy with a man who, after sitting for an hour like a passive bucket to be pumped into, wants in his turn to experience the pleasure of imparting instruction, but in this case he seemed determined to prolong unduly the savour of superior knowledge.

"No," I said quickly, "I have heard of none of these people. What have they to do with Rousseau and Voltaire?" My companion walked on a few steps in silence.

"You were right, you man, when you told 'em this evening, those two eminent men could never agree. They both helped on the Revolution, but they were on opposite sides for all that. He was a game old cock, that Voltaire; but an aristocrat of aristocrats, that's what he was. Common men were so much dirt to him—can-ile he called 'em. It's queer to think of him and a man like Rousseau shoving things along the same road, but they did. In my opinion, if that dandy old joker of Ferney had only known where his sharp tongue would be driving the world, he'd have held it first. The less those two 'forerunners,' as you called 'em, say of each other, the better for the cause; for the nearer they came together, the

more they understood and loathed each other. It's a funny thing, but did you happen to know, afterwards their two heads were shaken up in the same sack?" He interpreted my blankness and went on: "Ah, I thought not; that's what I'm meaning to tell you about. That's where my grand-dad and the Marquis and the Count come in.

"It was just before Waterloo in 1814. Louis XVIII., the fat King, who was so fond of strawberries, he was sitting on the throne, looking just as though nothing would move him again. Giving away diamond snuff-boxes by the hundred he was; making the high-born stand behind his chair as though he was a sort of sacred idol, while he ate his dinner—and glad they were to do it. Teaching Nap's Generals to know their place, he was too. Everything had gone slap round again, and you'd have 'ardly known there had ever been an Emperor, let alone a Revolution. It didn't last long, but while it did the old-fashioned sort, who'd been a bit out of it, or terrible stand-offish, had it all their own way again. And they had a second inning, too, after Waterloo, as you know. Well, among them was the Marquis, whose name you didn't seem quite to catch just now. He was my grand-dad's master. He and his brother the Count had been exiled and suffered a lot. They were as pious as they were proud, and as proud as they were pious. The 'ouse was always full of Abbes and Bishops. And though the common run of folks seemed to have forgotten everything that had happened before, they hadn't, as you will see.

"One afternoon my grand-dad—he was serving as a lad in the stables—was sent for by the Marquis himself. He was told to take a spade and a pick and to go off to a piece of waste ground on the outskirts of Paris. He would find there a sack of quicklime, and he was to dig a round hole as deep as he could, and put the lime into it. Then he was to wait on the spot till the master himself came, even if he didn't come till the next morning. And on no account was he to take a lantern.

"Well, my grand-dad found the place right enough; it was screened off from the road by a hoarding. He dug the hole and put in the lime, and it was sunset by the time he had finished. Then he started waiting. As it was a May night it wasn't cold; but when he'd done wondering and wondering what the mischief the Marquis could be up to, the time began to hang very heavy on his hands. It couldn't be murder; it wasn't like the old boy, who was, if anything, too particular. But what else could it be? He was only a lad, and he began to get more than nervy, I can tell you, sitting there in the dark for hours, with his legs dangling into the hole. There was only just a nail-paring of a moon, and in those days the town didn't throw up a sort of comfortable glow into the sky all night as towns do now. But just when it began to light enough again for a bit of color to come into the grass, and he had thought for perhaps the fiftieth time that he would cut and run, he heard a sound of wheels coming up, and presently some one began trying to push the door of the hoarding inwards. He ran to help, though his heart was knocking his ribs, and when he got the door pulled open, there, outside, was a shut carriage and two horses standing still, as black as pitch. It wasn't my lord's carriage, and it seemed chocked full of heads; but his lordship

was standing by, so wrapped up to the eyes he didn't recognize him, till he held up his hand in an awful silent, commanding way. Presently two others dropped out of the carriage into the road; then three more—all cloaked. The last one was the Count lugging a big sack behind him, which made a rustling, chinking noise when it bumped off the carriage step on to the road. They signed to my grandfather to shoulder the sack and follow. When they got to the hole, they all stood round like a lot of mutes, the Marquis with his arms folded and frowning like fate; while the Count showed that the sack was to be emptied into the hole. It wasn't very easy to untie its mouth, and when he had managed it, there was a bad fusty smell. A lot of old bones and two skulls tumbled out. One, with some hair still on it, rolled on to the grass, which the Marquis broke with his heel and kicked in with the rest. My grandfather now thought that he ought to start shovelling in the earth again; but he was stopped, and there was some whispering between them. After that, they all stood around the hole again, and some one handed the Marquis a cloth bag. After fumbling in it he took out a book, held it at arm's length above his head, and said loud and solemn, for all the world as though he was asking for a bid—"The Contract Social," and let it drop on to the bones; then he took out another book and said, "The Dictionnaire Philosophique," and let that drop too, and then another and another. After the earth had been stamped down, the Marquis gave my grandfather a louis, and told him he might get his breakfast, and that if he kept mum it would be greatly to his advantage. And so it was, for that's how my grandfather got some money and started at the Marroniers. A fine place I've heard my father say it was.

"But where do you think, now, the carriage had been that night? Blest if they hadn't been and driven round to the Pantheon and grubbed up Rousseau and Voltaire! So you didn't know that those two were all muddled up together at last, and buried in each other's arms, so to speak? There's a sort of moral in it."

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Poems About San Francisco

LXXVII—SAN FRANCISCO

By Allan Dunn

(The following poem is taken from "Care-Free San Francisco," an appreciation of our city written by Allan Dunn and just issued by A. M. Robertson. The following extract from the book explains the poem: "Next year (1775), on the fifth of August, Commander Ayala sailed the 'San Carlos' through the straits, over waters never ridden before, save by the rude crafts of natives, certainly never by a navigator. One hundred and thirty-three years later the stately war fleet of the United States steamed in proud line where Ayala's clumsy barque had led, and four years later still the monoplane of Latham soared like some great seabird above the waters and over the hills of San Francisco.")

Ayala 1775

Sad sand dunes, treeless, desolate. About them wreathes
The fog that creeps before a wind that coldly breathes
In vagrom, sullen rhythm with the pulsing bay.
Then, dimly through the mist, a barque that holds its way
To drop an anchor in an unknown sea.

Latham 1911

Sky argosies triumphant in the blue,
Before the vibrant trade-winds steering true.
The sparkling bay, a city fair that rides
The hills with gallant mien, and one who glides
Along the air-trails 'twixt the sea and sky.

* * * * *

Mist-mantled, sun-kissed, wind-blown, wave-swept town,
All elements combine thy course to crown.
With arms wide open to the Nation's quest,
Fair San Francisco, Empress of the West.

The Spectator

The Vice Meeting

A very remarkable meeting was held on Thursday evening, January 16, in the assembly room of the Pacific Building. It was a meeting of persons "interested in the suppression of vice." It was called with no blare of trumpets, with secrecy in fact, and the chairman expressly asked that newspapermen refrain from making its proceedings public. The purpose of this secrecy is not apparent, and as publicity in these matters is of the utmost importance I am going to tell what I have learned from a careful reading of a stenographic report of the entire proceedings. It seems that some time ago twelve or fifteen men met at a luncheon to discuss vice conditions here. They appointed a committee of five for further study and to prepare a program of reform. Reverend Bradford Leavitt, Doctor Aked and Rabbi Martin Meyer were members of this committee. When their program was prepared they called the meeting which was held a week ago Thursday, inviting representatives from all sorts of civic bodies, uplift clubs and fraternal societies to attend. There were in all about two hundred present. Doctor Leavitt explained that the originators of the movement wished to lay seven recommendations before the assemblage in order that they might be endorsed and carried to the Mayor and the Police Commission for enforcement. Supposing that they are not enforced? "We have a very big stick to use, if need be, later on," said Leavitt. Perhaps he meant the recall.

Doctor Aked's Speech

The meeting was organized by the election of Harris Weinstock as chairman and the Reverend George E. Burlingame as secretary. Then Doctor Leavitt called on Doctor Aked for a speech. Doctor Aked was primed. He spoke, he said, "with a shrinking sense of responsibility and with a heavy heart." Also "with the saddest of feelings, for if I could have escaped the burden of tonight and the burden of this crusade which I share with the men and women who have called the meeting, God knows that I certainly should have done so. It is a subject which I dislike intensely to touch; it is a waking and a shrinking horror to me; it is something which, if my own

sense of citizenship, my self-respect, my feeling of local patriotism, my sense of duty to men and women would allow me to escape, I should certainly escape." After this preamble Doctor Aked reiterated Doctor Leavitt's hope that there would be no newspaper publicity. "My feeling is that to say outside the city to everybody, to every careless and to every evil-minded and to every jealous-minded and to every foul-minded person everywhere, the things which you and I in the frankness of our good-fellowship have to say to one another, would be a mistake. We do not want to wash our dirty linen in public. We do not want to advertise throughout the length and breadth of the American Union the infamies of the Barbary Coast." And so on. It will be seen shortly that Doctor Aked threatened so to advertise our "infamy" if his program was not put through by the city officials. At the same time it will be noted that Doctor Aked is getting afraid of publicity. The adverse criticism he has received since Town Talk made public his violent diatribe at the Chamber of Commerce banquet must have opened his eyes.

His "Love for San Francisco"

"I love San Francisco," continued Doctor Aked. "I came to San Francisco because I had fallen in love with the city. I love the city more today than on the day I came." And so on until we come to the "but." "It seems to me," he went on, "to be an iniquity of iniquities that this Queen City of the Sea, so gloriously situated, with so much to make life bright and beautiful and sweet and splendid, should have her reputation stained and shamed, her life blood poisoned, her very life blood degraded, should herself be made a plague spot, the center of physical and of moral pollution for the sake of the money interests of a small section of the community who are willing to make their ungodly profits out of the debauchery, the degradation, the bedevilment of the men, women and children in our midst. . . . You must know, ladies and gentlemen, you MUST know that throughout the American continent and in lands beyond the sea, the name of San Francisco is too often spoken with a sneer, with a fatuous, imbecile smile sometimes, with an idiotic leer and grin sometimes.

We know that the name of San Francisco is too often associated with civic corruption, with degrading sports, with a night life that has been pushed beyond the boundaries of indecency, and with the exploitation of vice."

The Program of Reform

Then Doctor Aked presented his committee's program of reform. First, the abolition of the all-night liquor license issued for special occasions. Second, the closing of saloons from midnight till six in the morning. Third, no public dancing on premises holding retail liquor licenses. Fourth, no sale of liquor or soliciting for liquor orders by women. Fifth, no harboring of prostitutes on licensed premises. Sixth, that the laws and ordinances relating to prostitution, houses of prostitution and assignation be rigorously enforced. Seventh, that the municipal clinic be abolished.

"Facts About San Francisco"

Doctor Aked then went on to tell some "facts about San Francisco." One of the first was

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"that those who are still responsible for the affairs of this city are so profoundly ignorant, so grossly, stupidly, wickedly ignorant of what is going on all over the world." He cited the attempts to regulate prostitution in Chicago, Minneapolis and Paris, and reiterated of this city: "Those who are maintaining this horrible system in our midst are grossly and stupidly and culpably ignorant. The world has long passed them and they don't know it." "I know Chicago and New York," continued Aked, "and Liverpool—a seaport not unlike San Francisco in the way it attracts people from all over the earth—I know London and I know Paris well. And I declare that you cannot find in Chicago and New York, in Liverpool or London or Paris the sights of San Francisco nights. Hundreds, thousands of young men and boys are surging through those districts, going through those houses, only to see the sights, the indecent exhibition of women and girls—you can't find that in Chicago or New York or any of the cities I have named." Later on in the meeting another speaker pointed out that the only houses in the restricted district to which this description could apply had been shut up long since.

Aked's Threat

Finally Doctor Aked resorted to a threat, despite what he had said about the undesirability of washing dirty linen in public. "I am not going to apologize for having said these things to you. I repeat that the time may come when we shall have to say them in public. And it is possible that we shall have to say them outside of San Francisco. I listened to a speech by a minister of the gospel in this city, a minister who has served the city for many, many years, and he, by reason of his ability and integrity and devotion, has deserved well of the community. He pledged himself before that meeting and before this committee to go through this country as far as he could, and by tongue and pen to tell America of the infamies of San Francisco, if San Francisco would not enforce her own laws and the State's laws against the exploitation of women and girls. Now conceive what this will mean to San Francisco if some of us do that. Let me say a personal word, for instance. In a week or two I am going on a little lecture tour to the East. I begin with a lecture at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York City, and there will be a very, very fashionable audience. I know, because my agent tells me about the sale of the tickets. So I know who are going to be there. I am going to lecture to a representative, influential audience upon San Francisco. Supposing I were to say to that audience some of the things I have been saying to you tonight. There is not a newspaper printed in America that would not report it. What does that mean? Suppose half a dozen of us, ten of us, twenty of us are doing that certain thing about San Francisco." Aked added that officials of the Panama-Pacific Exposition had come to him, asking him to prevent the Federation of Churches of America, representing eighteen millions of Protestant Christians, from boycotting our World's Fair. The Fair people, he said, believed that this would be done "unless San Francisco dealt with protected vice within its borders." Aked said the Federation contemplated nothing of the kind. But he added: "The Federation of Churches will do that before 1915, and Christian people will be asked to stay away from San Francisco, unless San Francisco enforces her own law and the law of the State, enforces the law which her officials have sworn they would enforce. I put the case to you."

Enter Doctor Laughton

It was this speech by Aked which aroused the ire of Doctor Clappett and evoked his spirited protest. His remarks are published elsewhere in this issue of Town Talk. When Doctor Clappett sat down amid applause, the Reverend Doctor Laughton arose to defend Doctor Aked. You probably have never heard of Doctor Laughton. He hasn't been long in our midst. Doctor Aked imported him recently, from Great Britain, I believe. Like Aked he has learned all about us within a very short time. Laughton said that Doctor Clappett was raising "false issues." He said it didn't matter whether San Francisco was as bad as other cities. "The fact is that San Francisco is bad enough." A versatile man is Laughton, for he is a master of medicine as well as of divinity, has been a newspaper correspondent in London and member of a vigilance committee in Belfast. "I have never in my work on the vigilance committee, in my work as a newspaper correspondent, seen the flagrant, protected vice that anyone can see in San Francisco. Not only that, but visitors who come from various cities, who have not any particular cause to do so, declare that the soliciting and other conditions we find in this city cannot be equaled in any other city in the world, not even in Calcutta where vice is idealized." It will be seen that Laughton is eager to out-aked Aked, if that is possible. He also roasted the municipal clinic, declaring that "there is no reason, scientific, anatomic, economical, therapeutic or pathological" for its existence. As a student of medicine he averred "that it is absolutely impossible, by the strictest examination they can give in a city like San Francisco, to declare immunity from possible infection." How does Laughton know? "This statement is backed up," he says, "by all the authorities from Aristotle, the first great author, to the leading specialists and microscopists of the world." Finally he said that Doctor Clappett had read into Aked's words a meaning that was not there. Rolla V. Watt didn't agree with Laughton about Aked's meaning. He

said he stood with Doctor Clappett against "reprisal." "It is absolutely unnecessary," he said, "to make any threat of what we are going to do if we don't succeed. We do not want to be in the position, in the language of the street, of running a bluff."

Acting on the Program

Then the meeting got down to business. The first item of the reform program advocating the abolition of the all-night license was unanimously adopted without debate. Then came the matter of closing all saloons at midnight. Doctor Meyer thought it should be one o'clock instead of twelve. Aked insisted on twelve o'clock. "I cannot admit," he said, "that Chicago is more virtuous than San Francisco." Doctor Meyer asked whether this would apply to saloons only or also to restaurants. "All licensed places where liquor is sold," explained Aked. He conceded the extra hour, however, thus admitting that San Francisco might be less virtuous than Chicago. And in that form the second item was approved, though Rabbi Meyer rather posed the gathering by asking, How about the St. Francis and other big hotels? "We don't want to make ourselves ridiculous by any half-baked propositions," said Meyer. But the point was not satisfactorily cleared up. Then came the proposition to forbid public dances on premises holding retail liquor licenses. Here Doctor Aked, growing cautious, asked if that would prohibit a dance at the Fairmont. He was told it would. There was more confusion, for even Doctor Aked didn't want to stop the Greenways. But that reform item was also adopted. So were the propositions that women be prevented from selling liquor, and that the harboring of prostitutes on licensed premises be forbidden. Finally the propositions to abolish the segregated district and to abolish the municipal clinic were taken up. There was lengthy debate, Aked acting as the chief abolitionist. Reverend Nat. Fried wanted to know what would happen to the women driven from the segregated district. Aked replied airily that

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that question could be settled later on. Those who were so bold as to favor segregation he accused of being behind the times. Both propositions were finally carried, though Doctor Meyer refused to be put on record as against the clinic.

Doctor Porter on "Quixotes"

Doctor Langley Porter, the well known physician, was not overwhelmed by the wisdom of this gathering. "There are a great many Don Quixotes in this room tonight," he said, "a great many. It is a long time since the first chapter of Genesis, and since that time prostitution has been and prostitution will be. The enforcement of the law, above all things else, is required, but the law has got to look things squarely in the face, and it must accept conditions that must always be. Now this gathering of men and women comes here with the ultimate hope of bettering things in San Francisco. You cannot bring the millennium in San Francisco tomorrow. And if the gentleman who has been so eloquently urging us to adopt morals had been in London as recently as I have, and had lived there as I have lived there for five years in a London hospital, seeing what unsegregated, unregulated vice means, he would have seen that it means that your wife and your daughter and your children can't go on the streets after five o'clock in the afternoon without coming face to face with the situation we are attacking." Which was another slam for Doctor Aked.

The Result of the Meeting

When the seven items of the reform program had been adopted it was resolved that a committee of five be appointed to confer with the Mayor and with the Police Commissioners and the Board of Health in order "to give them in private the findings, the sense of this committee." In other words the proper officials are to be requested to carry out the program Aked put through so expeditiously. Among other things there is to be no liquor retailed in the city between one and six in the morning; there are to be no dances held on licensed premises and vice is no longer to be segregated. If the proper authorities do not carry out these recommendations of a secret meeting the "big stick" mentioned by Doctor Leavitt is to be employed.

The Mayor Is Sore

A stenographic report of the proceedings of this secret meeting was made and was in the hands of Mayor Rolph the following day. When Rolph read it he was mad clean through. He resented Aked's attack on San Francisco, was furious at his veiled threats and wasn't exactly complimented by the frequent references to the crass stupidity or worse of the officials of the city government. I shall be interested in learning how he receives that committee of five. I shall be delighted to hear what he tells them. I

wonder if he'll say anything about the tailors of Tooley street?

The Retort Courteous

One day in Sacramento Secretary of State Frank Jordan presented Ned Hamilton of the Examiner with a fine mess of clams. The next morning Frank had the dubious pleasure of reading in the Examiner a sizzling roast of himself done in Hamilton's best literary manner and signed with Hamilton's name. "When I gave Pop those clams," said Jordan ruefully, "I didn't know they were going to make him sick."

Neylan and the Regents

The Regents of the University of California are saying harsh things about J. Francis Neylan, the president of the State Board of Control. Without mincing words they charge him with acting in bad faith, with breaking his word of honor. The trouble came to a head at a stormy meeting in the Governor's office at which were present Governor Johnson, Neylan, Ralph Merritt, the comptroller of the university and Guy C. Earl of the Board of Regents. The University is one of the State institutions which is not subject to the control of Neylan's board. This seems to be a sore point with Neylan. He wants to gather every institution of the State under the protecting wing of the Board of Control, and he sees no reason why the University should not be included. So he suggested to the Board of Regents that when their budget was ready for submission to the Legislature they submit it first to the State Board of Control, instead of sending it directly to the Ways and Means committee of the Assembly or the finance committee of the Senate. Neylan's idea was that if the Regents of the University did this other State institutions which are not required by law to submit their budgets to the Board of Control would follow suit, and the power of the Board of Control would be aggrandized greatly. In other words he wanted the University to act as the bell-wether of the institutions independent of his Board, ringing the bell which would lead them to Neylan's specially prepared pastures. He explained this to the Regents and at the same time assured them that his Board would in no way interfere with their budget. The filing of their budget with his Board would be a mere formality. He would not cut any of their appropriations. He simply wanted the budget of the University to pass through his office in order to establish a precedent.

An Appropriation Cut

The Regents of the University balked at first. They considered themselves the best judges of the needs of the University, and they saw no reason for submitting to a formality which the law did not demand. But in the end they agreed to do as Neylan asked. They did this on his

positive assurance that he would not lay the pruning knife to any of their figures. Relying on this assurance the Regents prepared the budget with great care. They put no "velvet" in it. For the benefit of the uninitiate it may be explained that when an appropriation is asked of the Legislature for a State institution, it is frequently the practice to ask for more than is expected, so that when the Legislature cuts down the amount, as it frequently does, it will not be cutting below the actual needs of the institution in question. In past years the Regents have not been above putting this sort of "velvet" into their budgets. But relying on the assurance of Neylan that their figures would re-

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give the endorsement of his Board, they left out all the "velvet" this year. They asked for exactly what they needed and expected to get. What was their surprise therefore to find that when their budget reached the Legislature an item for the agricultural department had been sliced in half, cut from eight hundred thousand to four! They couldn't understand it.

Neylan's Explanation

Ralph Merrit and Guy C. Earl hurried to Sacramento to see the Governor. They were mad as hatters and let the Governor know it. Faith had been broken; they had been tricked. The Governor sent for Neylan. "You promised that our budget would not be cut," they said to Neylan in the Governor's office. "You assured us that it would go to the Governor and from the Governor to the Legislature just as we presented it." "Mr. Neylan, did you give the Regents those assurances?" asked Johnson. "Yes," replied Neylan, "and in keeping with my promise I submitted the figures just as they reached me. But I did not promise the Regents that I should not recommend any reductions. I did not make the cut myself; I recommended that it be made."

The Importance of Neylan

Naturally this explanation did not satisfy the officials of the University and they went away from Sacramento indignant and disgusted. And now it is being asked whether Neylan wants to run the whole State government. Many think he does, since he thus steps outside his authority. Others point out that he is justified in this course because Governor Johnson regards him as the brainiest man in his cabinet. It is true that Neylan's was only a newspaper training before he took office under Johnson, but it is said that the Governor regards him as a marvel in mastering the intricacies of State machinery. I have even heard speculation as to whether Johnson may not be grooming Neylan to succeed him in the gubernatorial chair.

Two Interesting Personalities

Some time ago a merry dinner party in the luxurious apartments of Mrs. Rose Brown in Bush street was rudely interrupted when it was discovered that bold bad burglars had broken into her boudoir and rifled it of gems and jewelry valued at \$14,000. The loss was a severe one but fortunately the collection of Mrs. Brown was in-

sured. One policy was for \$5,000, and this was paid by the Pacific Coast Casualty Company of which Marshall A. Frank is vice-president. Trouble arose for this latter concern when it tried to collect a reinsurance policy of \$1,000 from the National Surety Company. The National Surety refused to pay and its attorney made some mean insinuations when the case came into court. An effort was made to show a cordial friendship between Mrs. Brown and Marshall A. Frank. "Has Mr. Frank not loaned you money for several years? Did not Mr. Frank furnish you with the money to buy the house in which you are living? Was not Mr. Frank a frequent visitor at your house? When did Mr. Frank last call on you before the burglary?" These were some of the questions which were put to Mrs. Brown, to her natural indignation, and which her attorney instructed her not to answer. I call attention to all this because Mrs. Brown and Marshall A. Frank are two of the most interesting persons who have been called to public attention through the medium of the courts for a very long time.

A Noted Rider

Mrs. Rose Brown was formerly a Miss Thornton. She belongs, I am told, to a distinguished Kentucky family. Certainly she is a woman of stunning appearance, and before her jewels were stolen she was the envy of less fortunate women, with such an air did she wear them when she appeared in public. She is a graceful and accomplished horsewoman, and is frequently seen in the drives of Golden Gate Park and along the Ocean Boulevard mounted on a mettlesome steed. Mrs. Brown has the Kentuckian love of fine fast horses, and I understand that it was a great disappointment to her that she could not appear at the recent Horse Show held in connection with the Society Circus. That function at which she would undoubtedly have captured a prize or so was held just after her boudoir was burglarized, and Mrs. Brown did not care to appear at such a smart gathering unless she could wear all her magnificent jewels. She feels that one should be properly arrayed when one touches elbows with the smart set. So she stayed out of the Horse Show.

Marshall Frank's Career

Marshall Frank is even more interesting to the student of human nature than the fascinating Mrs. Brown. His has been a remarkable career illustrating as it does that opportunities are always to be had by the man keen enough to know where to look for them. He comes of a good, wholesome Jewish family of Baltimore. As a youth in Baltimore he was a high flyer, exhibit-

ing a spirit of adventure and a fondness for the sport of kings and other pastimes that sharpen the wits and enliven existence. He would spend the day at the race track, and would gamble by night on one of those miniature electric tracks which are almost as exciting as the real thing. Even in San Francisco I have heard of Frank dropping as much as \$27,000 at a single sitting before a roulette wheel. He came to this city nineteen years ago and for a time gambling with its ups and downs was his only avocation.

His Big Idea

But with a change of scene and environment came a change of ideas. The once devil-may-care youngster settled down in San Francisco as a business man. He met a very attractive woman who had come to this city from the Orient with quite a tidy fortune, and a romance of ardent love and marriage followed. The late Daniel Meyer was his friend, and I think, helped him with some of his investments. But Frank's big idea was his own. He became a soliciting agent for a casualty company and went to Butte where he insured mine owners against accidents to their employees. That was something which had never been thought of before. In other words Marshall Frank was a pioneer of employer's liability insurance. It is said that in the first six months of his venture in Butte he wrote \$50,000 in liability policies, earning premiums of about \$20,000. That was a record in the insurance business. He came back to San Francisco and put his money into the Marshall A. Frank Company which became the general agent for the Pacific Coast Casualty Company of which Frank is now vice-president. He has a big and lucrative business; has made trips abroad and round the world with his wife; owns automobiles and is luxuriously prosperous in every way. One of his eccentricities is to carry bond coupons instead of gold. Waiters sometimes gasp when he pays a score with a Pennsylvania Railroad or Union Pacific coupon instead of a twenty dollar bill. He likes to do it, and it's a harmless ostentation. It won't put a crimp in his finances if the National Surety refuses to pay that one thousand of insurance.

Double Wire Service

The Associated Press is going to make two wires hum with news where one hummed before. This city is to be connected with Chicago by a double wire service. In other words the facilities for sending and receiving the news of the world are to be doubled for the benefit of San Francisco and the Pacific Coast. I asked Arthur Copp, the very capable newspaperman who is at the head of the Associated Press service in this city what the change meant, and he said: "It means that the importance of San Francisco as a news centre has increased to such an extent that a single wire is no longer adequate to handle the business. The volume of news that goes out of this city to the rest of the Coast and to the

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intermountain territory has been steadily growing larger. The increase has reached the point where it justifies a service twice as large as that which we have had hitherto."

A Sign Language Mistake

Douglas Tilden, the well known local sculptor, is a deaf-mute. So is Redmond, the painter. Both are members of the Bohemian Club, and they were seated side by side at a recent club affair. In the midst of the entertainment Tilden suddenly turned to Redmond, and in the sign language which both use he said to him: "I don't like you, Williams." He illustrated the remark in the universal sign language by smashing his fist into Redmond's face. Redmond is a big man, capable of giving a good account of himself in that particular kind of sign language, but he was too surprised to retaliate. He drew back and replied, not with his fist but with his fingers: "But I'm not Williams." Tilden used his fingers also, saying with them: "You lie! You are Williams!" And once more he landed on Redmond's countenance. At this point other Bohemians interfered. Redmond is still wondering who Williams is.

"Priests and Policemen"

At one of the round tables at the Bohemian Club where a coterie of bon vivants lunch together the talk was of Ireland and Home Rule. "What does Ireland produce," demanded a well known physician, "except priests and policemen?" He repeated the phrase "priests and policemen" banteringly till a young lawyer of Irish extraction got a bit riled. "Yes," said the young lawyer, "Ireland does produce priests and policemen. The priests cure by faith where you doctors fail, and the policemen put you in jail when you go wrong." The laugh and the cock-tails were on the doctor.

Our Big Life Insurance Company

Once upon a time, not so long ago, people had very strange notions as to the wisdom of life insurance. Happily that day is now passed. Today it is considered that the man who has not protected his family is flagrantly remiss in his duty. Once upon a time the Eastern life companies furnished all the insurance protection that obtained on the Coast, and the people of the Coast annually sent away millions of dollars in premiums. This vast fund went to build up Eastern enterprise, and in some instances it has become a valued pawn in the great Wall Street game. It was in response to a desire and neces-

sity to have a big company on the Coast that would offer ample protection and pour its accumulations back into the channels of Western industry, that the Western States Life Insurance Company came into being in the fall of 1909. And with it came the slogan "Western Money, Western Made, Should Stay at Home for Western Trade." Equipped with a million dollars of paid in capital and an ample surplus, the company wrote its first policy in June, 1910. Since that time, it has placed insurance on its books aggregating nearly \$9,500,000. The statement filed with the Insurance Department of California at the close of 1912 shows that the company wrote more than \$6,000,000 of business during the year. This certainly is turning the tide of eastward-flowing premiums. The company showed an increase in policies in force over the year 1911 of nearly a million and three-quarter dollars. It also showed a gain in the amount of its admitted assets in the sum of \$76,000. These are some evidences of the substantial growth of this institution. Under the able amangement of Warren R. Porter, the president, the company's accumulations are being invested in Western mortgages and bonds. Porter's success in this direction is shown by the fact that there has been no default in any of the company's loans and that the average interest rate earned by all of the company's funds is more than six per cent. Very few companies in the United States can show the same uniform high yield. No small share of the success of this young company is due to H. J. Saunders, its second vice-president and manager of agencies. To him has fallen the work of organizing and building up an efficient agency staff. How well this has been done is shown by the amount of business produced and the low lapse rate. Saunders has placed the company's policies all over the Coast from Alaska to Arizona and even in the Hawaiian Islands. The importance of this work is best appreciated when it is understood that Saunders did his work without resorting to the old expedients of high pressure salesmanship and "special board" contracts. It may be noted as an example of the efficiency with which this company's records are kept, that it was enabled to return a complete and detailed report of the business done last year to the Insurance Department of the State of California on the seventh day of January of this year. The Western States Life was the first insurance company to return an account of its business to the Insurance Department. With the present wise management, the company is destined to become one of the big financial institutions of the Coast.

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By TANTALUS

Exclusiveness at the Cinderella

The Cinderella balls are called "exclusive." Granted that they are, but what is excluded? Evidently the roughneck husband is not excluded. At the last Cinderella he was present in a peculiarly disagreeable variety. The representative of the species got into a jealous rage at his wife, took her home and, it is said, tried to chastise her when he had her alone in their apartments. His public exhibition of jealousy at the Cinderella was the feature of the exclusive affair. It lent the evening its only excitement. But should an exclusive Cinderella function have that kind of excitement? Or if such an exhibition is inevitable as long as members of the exclusive set have roughneck husbands should a ball at which the exhibition is staged continue to be designated as exclusive?

Why Mrs. Oelrichs Is Here

The unexpected arrival of Mrs. Herman Oelrichs on Tuesday caused a flutter in society. She is at the Palace during her stay and I saw her in the court the other day looking handsomer and younger than ever. Mrs. Oelrichs is here to supervise the transfer of her parent's tomb from the old Calvary Cemetery to Holy Cross. She was always a devoted daughter and made the journey across the continent in the height of the New York season to be present at the ceremony of re-interment. Her old friends to whom she is loyally attached have entertained her in an informal way. Of the bridesmaids at her wedding Maud O'Connor, Belle Smith and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, (Nellie Jolliffe) have greeted her and doubtless recalled the ceremony at the old Fair mansion in Pine street nearly a score of years ago. Mrs. Vanderbilt did not accompany her sister to California, and I am told her health is not of the best. She is spending the winter at her New York home.

Best Gowned Debutante?

As to who is the best gowned debutante of the season I cannot say, but there seems to be a consensus of opinion that Miss Harriet Pomeroy is the most popular, Miss Beatrice Nickel the prettiest, Miss Henriette Blanding the cleverest, and Miss Dorothy Dean the best dancer. But the vote for the best gowned is not yet cast. Miss Phyllis De Young brought many handsome frocks from Paris for her first season, and I have heard her named. She is a striking looking girl who wears her clothes well and I shouldn't be surprised if the palm went to her. Miss Margaret Casey is said to have appeared in a different cos-

tume at every dance of the season and all of them Parisian. It may be a tie between Phyllis De Young and Margaret Casey. Beatrice Nickel is undoubtedly the beauty of debutante row. She is slender and extremely graceful with a charming face full of life and color. For a season or two hence I predict a sensation in the matter of debutante beauty when Miss Eleanor Tay, the daughter of Mrs. Henshaw is introduced to society. Her pulchritude is an inheritance as her mother who was Helen Walker was known as the most beautiful girl in San Francisco.

Mr. Schwerin's First Name

A correspondent writes to point out that a mistake was made by Town Talk last week when Mr. R. P. Schwerin was called Remi P. Schwerin. "Remi is not Mr. Schwerin's first name," writes this correspondent. "Those who know Mr. Schwerin as well as I do know that his name is Rennie P. Schwerin. He was named after a sturdy old Scotchman named Peter Rennie. A woman employed on one of the papers as a society reporter called Mr. Schwerin Remi some years ago, and the mistake seems to have taken root in journalism. It has even crept into that usually reliable publication, The Social Register."

Ethel Dean's Romance

Miss Ethel Dean is following an unusual program in announcing her engagement only a week before her marriage to Fred Hussey of New York. The whirl of entertainments that engaged girls are plunged into these days by well meaning friends makes them tired and dispirited looking brides more often than not, and Miss Dean wisely kept her betrothal a secret until she was ready to ask her intimates to the quiet wedding planned for next week at the home of her grandmother, Mrs. Simeon Wenban. Society has not quite recovered from the surprise of the announcement, though close friends guessed the engagement when Miss Dean returned from a hunting trip in Canada last fall. The Walter Martins, Miss Jolliffe and Miss Dean were members of a party that went to Banff and enjoyed the novelty of a bear hunt at Lake Louise where Fred Hussey owns extensive lumber and fur preserves. He met the San Francisco party with several friends from New York and they spent two weeks at his lodge. The betrothal is a romantic result of the trip, though the wealthy young New Yorker has known his fiancée two or three years. They met on a tour of the world when Miss Dean was traveling with friends and later she visited the summer camp of Mrs. Hussey Sr. in the Adirondacks. The Husseys were originally Pittsburg people but after accumulating an eight figure fortune Hussey pere removed to New York with his family. Ethel Dean is one of the beauties of San Francisco and was voted the beauty of her class at Vassar. She is tall and graceful with a piquant loveliness of face. Last winter she was a striking figure in black with black furs and a black plumed hat, accompanied by her famous black French poodle. Her sister, Mrs. Flora Dean Magee will be her only attendant at the wedding.

"Bud's" Bride and Oakland Society

That "Bud" Havens and his bride have been

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forgiven and blessed by Havens pere et mere is evidenced by the elaborate reception planned for them next week at the Havens home in Piedmont. When he decided to essay matrimony a second time "Bud" didn't take his family into his confidence and news of his marriage reached them in a telegram the day after it was celebrated. But, I am told, the charm of dainty little Estelle Houghton that was proved irresistible and she has been cordially welcomed into the family circle. The reception on February first is designed to introduce her properly to Oakland society, and an imposing list of matrons will assist at the launching. Mrs. Hiram Johnson, Mrs. Victor Metcalfe, Mrs. Isaac Requa, Mrs. William Henshaw, Mrs. Oscar Fitzallen Long and Mrs. George McNear are a few of those who will be in the receiving party.

The Family Well Represented

The royal personages at the Roman Court which is to be the feature of the Mardi Gras ball on February 4 include several members of the de Sabla family. Ferdinand Thieriot, the king, is Eugene de Sabla's nephew. Mrs. Clement Tobin, the queen, is his stepdaughter; Vera de Sabla, the lady in waiting, is his daughter; and Laura Parkes, one of the attendants, is Mrs. de Sabla's niece. The refusal of Enid Gregg to be one of the attendants is being greatly regretted as her fascinating personality will be missed in the pageant, but as she herself says, she will probably have more fun with the maskers.

Elsie Sperry Dosch Coming Here

Another Californian who has made good in the East is coming home to draw from the local wells of inspiration. I refer to Arno Dosch who went to New York four years ago and established a reputation in the magazine world after he had been a reporter in San Francisco for several years. Dosch married the beautiful Elsie Sperry, niece of Mrs. Will Crocker and the Princess Poniatowski. They had a charming home in the Bronx where they entertained California friends, and were members of the interesting literary circle that Edmund Clarence Stedman founded. It was Stedman who built one of the first handsome homes in Bronx Park where Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin Riggs was his neighbor. Dosch, I am told, has contracts with Eastern magazines to

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write California "stuff" that it will take several years to fulfill.

Frank Stimson Married

News of the marriage of Frank Stimson in Papeete recently reached his friends in San Francisco. He was married early in the winter to Miss Margaret Perry, a descendant of the famous admiral, whom he met soon after going to Tahiti last summer. Mrs. Stimson was visiting relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Alphonse Bersot at their estate near Papeete, and the wedding was celebrated there. The young couple have set up their lares and penates in the South Sea metropolis and expect to remain there indefinitely. Frank Stimson was one of the most popular bachelors in San Francisco society before his departure, and his engagement to one of our most prominent belles was persistently rumored at the time. He was a devoted admirer of Miss Genevieve King one winter and gossip predicted another match, but the predictions failed. Stimson is a graduate of the Beaux Arts and is, I presume, pursuing his profession in Papeete.

A Dream of the Orient

The Oriental decorations shown at the Tait-Zinkand Cafe during the past two weeks have caused much favorable comment among those

could make a confirmed dyspeptic eat and relish corn beef and cabbage.

An Opera Talk

Miss Esther Mundell, the soprano who recently returned from Paris where she was for four years a pupil of Jean de Reszke, gave an "Opera Talk" on "Thais" last Thursday afternoon at Century Club Hall which was largely attended by a very appreciative audience. Miss Mundell presented the work in a very clear and interesting manner, her beautiful voice being heard to advantage in the principal arias of the opera. Being a talented pianist she played her accompaniments and the principal motifs with great charm. She intends giving a "Talk" on "Louise" in the near future.

Mrs. Rees at Kohler and Chase

Mrs. Richard Rees, the well known and highly accomplished California concert soprano, will introduce quite an innovation in local circles at the Music Matinee to be given at Kohler & Chase Hall this Saturday afternoon. This new feature will consist of a group of national folk songs which will be sung in their original tongues. Mrs. Rees has also made a deep study of the various languages. Preceding each song Mrs. Rees will make a few explanatory remarks regarding the story and also the national char-

a reception at their home, 864 McAllister street, in honor of the betrothal of their daughter, on Sunday afternoon, February 2.

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who have seen them. They are distinctly out of the ordinary and decidedly pleasing. They give a charm to the atmosphere of the place which is hard to define. But these decorations, gorgeous as they are, are not the only features of the cafe. The music and entertainment are of an unusually high standard and the service is faultless in every respect. The food? Some time when you're not really hungry and "nothing appeals to you" go to Tait's and make a selection from the varied menu. You may not intend to eat all of your order but you will. This cafe has a chef who "Knows how." I really believe he

acteristics of the music. In addition to the numbers to be interpreted by Mrs. Rees there will be several instrumental numbers for the Pianola Piano and the Aeolian Pipe Organ which will prove of more than passing interest.

Distinguished Guests at Techau's

Mr. C. A. Gilbert, general manager of the United States Tire Company, gave a delightful dinner to a large group of friends at Techau Tavern Monday evening, January 13. The confectioner of the tavern excelled his customary skill by the production of an automobile carved from a block of ice and bearing the monogram of the tire company. On Saturday, January 11, Count and Countess Valle de Salazar entertained the Royal Spanish Envoy to the Panama Pacific-International Exposition, Marquis de la Vegas y Inclan, at a banquet at the Tavern. The chief table decoration was the royal arms of Spain carved in ice. The menu, also, was typical of the occasion.

In the Social Spotlight

Miss Bessie Langendorf surprised a number of friends Friday afternoon by the announcement of her engagement to Mr. Louis Young of this city. Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Langendorf will hold

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Gossip of the Theatre

The Great Sembrich

Always welcome to San Francisco is Mme. Sembrich—welcome for her art and the memories she brings. Last Sunday she was greeted by a large audience at the Columbia, and all were delighted to find so much of the native beauty in her splendid lyric voice. Mme. Sembrich has had a long operatic career, and through the greater part of it she has stood in the first rank of coloratura sopranos. It is natural that people should look for flaws in a voice that has been used so long, but they look in vain. True she does not put it to the severe tests of other days, she does not flaunt its flexibility in showy arias, but in the songs that she gives us the quality of her tones is unimpaired, the breath control and fidelity to pitch are as they were in the heyday of her career. But why should this not be so? The voice should last as long as the singer herself, and Mme. Sembrich is a woman to all appearance in the zenith of life. She is not only virile but vivacious. There should be many years

tiny little trill. It was in her pianissimos that she was at her best. In these she has never been surpassed. The 'cellist, the young Casini, who accompanies Mme. Sembrich on this visit, has made a tremendous hit. This young man has the soul as well as the technique of an artist.

—H. M. B.

Cohan's "Broadway Jones"

Will the time ever come when people will speak of the Cohan comedies as they once spoke of the Hoyt farces? It may be. George has abandoned musical effort and is going in for comic types. He has a pretty keen eye for humorous character and is an adept at stringing together the flip witticisms that appeal to the average man. He is an industrious writer, so he may go on producing plays like "Broadway Jones" until he finds himself in possession of a nook all his own in the house of American drama. According to Brander Mathews who is sometimes regarded as an authority on the drama George is a wizard of

laughs in it. The other acts are slower but enjoyable because the story started in the first act is an interesting story and is worked out with a great deal of comic zest. You have no difficulty in laughing at any stage of "Broadway Jones." Another good thing about George is that he doesn't get too sentimental. Of course



DAVID WARFIELD

To play a two weeks' engagement in David Belasco's thrilling play "The Return of Peter Grimm" at the Columbia Theater beginning Monday night, January 27.

of song ahead for the great diva. Let us hope so anyway, for women of her exquisite artistry are few and far between. There may have been singers with greater voices, but in sheer artistry her supremacy has been seldom disputed. In both her concerts, the one at the Columbia and the other at the St. Francis, while she indulged but little in florid singing, she lavishly displayed her remarkable steadiness of tone. In the few cadenzas she sang she revealed the same flexibility as of yore, but she vouchsafed us only one

playwriting technique. Certainly he is very ingenious, and he assembles his types in situations which make for interesting though not high class comedy. "Broadway Jones" is a good play, but it is particularly interesting because one may expect its author to do better. It is a much better play, because much funnier, than the Wallingford effort. George is progressing. He is learning how to get speed into his action without the aid of music and dancing. The first act of "Broadway Jones" moves quite fast. There are lots of



CORINNE RIDER-KELSEY

America's greatest concert soprano, Scottish Rite Auditorium, Sunday afternoon, Feb. 2 and Tuesday and Thursday nights, February 4 and 6.

there is sentiment in "Broadway Jones," but the curse of mawkishness is taken off it by the dexterous way in which George gives it a funny twist. George has apparently no desire to make your eyes moist except from laughter. That's a healthy sign. It would have been a treat to see George himself play Broadway Jones, but George, it seems, has retired from the stage in order to devote himself entirely to writing. The young man who assumes his role does well by it. He pays George the compliment of as close an imitation of the Cohan mannerisms as he can achieve.

—Edward F. O'Day.

Road Show at Pantages

The anticipated annual Road Show comprising the cream of Pantages acts will open at Pantages on Sunday afternoon. The bill is one of the strongest that has been sent in years and carries nine acts with the famous and original Pony Ballet, direct from London, as the principal feature. The ballet has six bewitching English maids who offer one of the niftiest novelties in vaudeville. The girls introduce dances of all nations with appropriate costumes, and finish with a clever novelty musical number where the girls use tiny xylophones attached to their dresses. A true story of New York tenement life is "A Fourth Ward Romance" to be presented by Janet Loudon and company. Tom and Edith Almond are singers, dancers and musicians who carry special scenic effects. Hazel Folsom is a Pantages find discovered in Seattle. Miss Folsom bills herself as a "simple singer of simple songs" and has been one of the pleasing features of the show. "Fun in the Swamps" is an acrobatic specialty with funny "props" which Rice, Bell and Baldwin will offer. Murry K. Hill who has won fame through his songs on the phonograph record will present his original monologue. The Serenada Trio are harpists of exceptional ability. Singers from Sunny Spain are Guistat and Berrio. The added feature will be a pictured story of John Bunyan's immortal allegory, "The Pilgrim's Progress."

David Warfield in "The Return of Peter Grimm"

The time is approaching for David Warfield's engagement at the Columbia, and theatregoers are soon to enjoy his latest character of absorbing heart interest "Peter Grimm," which, we are told, is looked upon as the crowning achieve-



LINA BERTOSSA

Lyric soprano to appear at the Lambarth popular season of opera at the Valencia Theater.

ment of both David Belasco's and David Warfield's careers. All matters pertaining to the play and the character are of the liveliest interest. "The Return of Peter Grimm" is said to breathe in a new way and with a new delight all the sweet charm of noble manhood that characterized "The Music Master." Peter Grimm has led his life in the fields as a grower of flowers, and the sweetness and simplicity of their natures are unconsciously his. But when fierce dramatic moments occur in the trend of events, he rises to the situation just as did Herr Von Barwig in "The Music Master," and in a unique manner voices his soul in the heat of dramatic fervor. "The Return of Peter Grimm" is looked upon as Belasco's greatest artistic achievement, even when placed beside his other successes, "Du Barry," "The Darling of the Gods" and "The Girl of the Golden West." The entire New York production and company will be seen here with Mr. Warfield, the cast including Marie Bates, Janet Dunbar, Marie Reichardt, Joseph Brennan, Walter D. Greene, Thomas Meighan, William Boag, John F. Webber, Percy Helton and Tony Bevan. The engagement of David Warfield at the Columbia will positively be limited to two weeks. Matinees will be given on Wednesday and Saturday. There will be no Sunday performance. The engagement opens Monday night, January 27.

The Farewell Sembrich Concert

This Sunday afternoon, January 26, at the Columbia Mme. Sembrich, the greatest of all the singers now before the public, will give her farewell program and it is said to be the most beautiful and remarkable offering ever presented in this city. The diva will sing twenty-five gems of song and all in their original languages. This offering will be divided into four parts: "Old Airs and Songs," including compositions by Beethoven, Paradies, Handel, Munro and an anony-

mous Italian work; "Classic German Lieder," which includes three Schumann works, two by Brahms and one by Schubert; "German and English Songs" by Richard Strauss, Grieg, Hugo Wolf, LaForge and Arthur Foote; "Folksongs of Various Countries," charming melodies of Canadian, Irish, Norwegian, New Grecian, Polish, Russian and Hungarian origin. The sale of seats is in progress at Sherman, Clay & Company's and Kohler and Chases's, and on Sunday the box office will be open at the Columbia.

The Beel Quartet

The Beel Quartet will give its fifth concert in the colonial ballroom of the St. Francis next Tuesday night, January 28. The novelty will be the sonata for viola and piano by the Russian composer Paul Juon, played by Mr. Nathan Firestone and Mr. Eugene Blanchard. Schubert's quartet in A minor and Smetana's "Aus Meinem Leben" will be the offerings of the quartet. Tickets may be secured at the usual music stores.

and a number of special orchestral players. The costumes and scenic creations were revelations even to the blasé New York critics. The complete organization of some fifty people including electricians, mechanical force, etc., will leave New York for a tour of the West, and Will Greenbaum has secured the attraction for a short season at the Valencia following the Lambardi season.

Rider-Kelsey and Claude Cunningham

America's foremost concert artists, Corinne Rider-Kelsey, soprano, and Claude Cunningham, baritone, will give a series of three joint recitals at Scottish Rite Auditorium under the direction of Will Greenbaum, the dates being Sunday afternoon, February 2, and Tuesday and Thursday nights, February 4 and 6. Mme. Rider-Kelsey has the distinction of receiving the highest salary ever paid a church singer in this country, her stipend at the Christian Science Church in New York having been \$5,000 for one solo each Sun-



CAROLINA WHITE

Dramatic soprano of the Chicago Grand Opera Company who will soon be heard in concert.

The Adeline Genée Ballet

The season of ballet performances being given in New York by the greatest dancer of them all, Adeline Genée, and her supporting company of dancers and orchestra of selected players is creating as great a furore as did the Pavlova-Mordkin season. With Genée is Alexander Violinin, the famous Russian dancer; Mlle. Schmolz, who was here with Pavlova; and her own assisting dancers from the Coliseum in London. She has also her own musical director

day for forty weeks. She was also a member of the opera company at Covent Garden, London, for three years. Her voice is said to be one of the most beautiful in the world. Claude Cunningham first toured in a professional capacity with Mme. Adeline Patti on her last concert tour, and it was his beautiful voice and splendid art that really saved those events. The programs of these artists are models of good taste and musical importance. Each artist will sing important groups of songs, and a special feature will be the

duets. At the opening concert the ensemble numbers will be the duos from "The Magic Flute" and "Don Giovanni," Mozart; "Lieberprobe" and "Der Beste Liebesbrief" by Cornelius and two works by Sinding. The complete programs may be secured at Sherman, Clay & Company's and Kohler and Chase's, where the sale of seats will open Wednesday, January 29.

The San Francisco Orchestra

The San Francisco Orchestra will give a special Wagner Concert in the Auditorium of the German House, Polk and Turk streets, Sunday afternoon. The following program will be given: Vorspiel, "The Meistersinger"; Vorspiel, "Lohengrin"; Siegfried's Rhine Journey from "Die Gotterdaemmerung"; Forest Murmurs from "Siegfried"; Prelude and "Isolde's Love Death" from "Tristan and Isolde." The tenth Symphony Concert will be given Friday afternoon, January 31, at the Cort, and the tenth Popular Concert Sunday afternoon, February 2.

able, impossible situations. "Excuse Me" reproduces types and scenes from real life. The second and final week of the engagement starts tomorrow night. Florence Webber, the girl who skipped lightly into stardom in a single night, comes to the Cort Sunday night, February 2, in "Naughty Marietta," the most tuneful comic opera that the prolific Victor Herbert has yet turned out. The producer is Oscar Hammerstein who has recruited many of the singers in the company from his numerous grand opera organizations. A special augmented orchestra will be in evidence.

Carolina White Concert

Carolina White, prima donna soprano of the Chicago-Philadelphia Grand Opera Company, (which W. H. Leahy and Andreas Dippel will bring West), is coming to San Francisco in advance of the company. Under the direction of W. H. Leahy and Frank W. Healy she will be heard in concert at Scottish Rite Hall Wednesday night, January 29, and at the Columbia Theater

markable Aida ever heard in Chicago. Until European operatic engagements permitted the return of Tetrassini and Mary Garden to the Chicago-Philadelphia Grand Opera Company, Mr. Dippel was compelled to put considerable dependency upon Carolina White. A record of six operatic performances and one concert in one week is held by her, and her trip to California is in the nature of a respite. Seats will be on sale Monday morning, January 27, at the box office of Sherman, Clay & Co.



CLAUDE CUNNINGHAM

The eminent baritone who will appear in joint song recitals with Mme. Ridel-Kelsey.

The Lambardi Season

With by far the finest company ever organized in America to give grand opera at popular prices, the Lambardi Pacific Coast Opera Company, numbering one hundred and twenty-five people, will open the second half of its annual season at the Valencia this Sunday night, January 26. The class A playhouse has been put in first-class order, and Will Greenbaum will attend to the business affairs. The opening bill will be Verdi's "Aida" with a quite exceptionally strong cast, including Ester Adaberto from the Metropolitan, Blanche Hamilton Fox from the National Opera in Mexico, Eugenio Folco, the new dramatic tenor, F. Nicoletti, G. Martino and B. Marco. Signor Arturo Bovi, the new principal conductor, will make his San Francisco debut on this occasion. On Monday night Regina Vicarino, the splendid coloratura soprano who has been sharing the honors with Bonci in Mexico, will appear in "Lucia" with the popular favorite, Agostini, in the tenor role. Wednesday night "Faust" will be given with Lina Bertossi as Marguerite, a new tenor named Belligeri as Faust and Signor Martino as Mephisto. Wednesday night's opera will be "Rigoletto" with Vicarino, Agostini, Nicoletti and Fox. Thursday night "La Tosca" will be given with Adaberto, Folco and Nicoletti. The ever welcome double bill of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci" is announced for Friday night. At the Saturday matinee "Lucia" will be repeated, and in the evening "Aida," on which occasion Signor Avedano, one of the finest tenors that ever sang in this city but whose voice has changed to a baritone of exceptional beauty, will sing the role of Amonasro. The box office will be open at Sherman, Clay & Company's throughout this season and on Sundays and evenings after six at the Valencia. The repertoire for the second week will include Massenet's sensational opera "Thais," Giordano's "Andrea Chenier," Mascagni's lyrical gem, "Amico Fritz," "Faust" and "Il Trovatore."

Mrs. Langtry at the Orpheum

The fascinating Mrs. Langtry (Lady de Bathe) is now making her farewell tour of this country



REEVE GREENWOOD

A dainty and clever member of the "Excuse Me" Company at the Cort Theater.

Another Week of "Excuse Me"

"Excuse Me," the Rupert Hughes Pullman carnival, returned to the Cort last Sunday night and coralled quite as many laughs as it did last season. "Excuse Me" is of the type of farce-comedy that does not cloy with frequent seeing. It does not stale. It is just as refreshingly mirth-provoking now as when it was first put on the boards. The reason is very simple. Hughes has departed from the regulation farce methods. He has kept away from the French notion which has to do with mistaken identities and improb-

Sunday night, February 2. She is one of the most valued members of the Chicago-Philadelphia Grand Opera Company. General director Andreas Dippel entrusted her with the title role of "Manon Lescaut," the opera with which the present season was inaugurated at the Auditorium in Chicago. With the wonderful tenor Zenatello, the splendid baritone Sammarco, Conductor Campanini and the remarkable ensemble which Dippel presented to an audience representing the wealth and culture of Chicago, Carolina White gave what the critics stated to be the most re-

and will begin a two weeks' engagement at the Orpheum next Sunday matinee. She will appear in a playlet called "The Test," an adaptation from Victorien Sardou's drama "A Wife's Peril" in which she scored one of her greatest successes. It affords her abundant opportunity for the exhibition of her histrionic ability and the display of that sartorial adornment for which she is justly famous. Mrs. Langtry will be supported by her own company. Lolo, a little sixteen-year-old Sioux Indian girl from the Pine Ridge in South Dakota, will be an interesting feature of the coming bill. She is gifted with what might be termed a sixth sense. It is an amazing power of second sight. Many scoff at the possibility



BLANCHE HAMILTON FOX

The new contralto with the Lambardi Opera Co. who will appear at the Valencia Theater.

of such a thing but the little mystic astonishes and confounds the most skeptical. Besides reading while blindfolded letters, telegrams and other documents supplied by the audience she also does some marvelous sharp-shooting. Since she was four years old she has been the wonder not only of her tribe, but also of the white people of South Dakota. The Chadwick Trio, consisting of father, mother and daughter will appear in their skit called "For Sale Wiggins' Farm." Ida May Chadwick is a scream and as a buck and eccentric dancer she is without a peer. Roxy La Rocca, the famous Italian harpist will be heard in classical and popular selections. The harp he uses was presented to him by the King of Italy. Will M. Cressy and Blanche Dayne will present "One Night Only," another of Mr. Cressy's famous

(Continued on Page 23.)

SECOND SEASON OF THE KOHLER & CHASE

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EVERY SATURDAY AFTERNOON
AT 3 O'CLOCK

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AMUSEMENTS

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SAN FRANCISCO ORCHESTRA

HENRY HADLEY-CONDUCTOR

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 26, 1913

At 3 O'clock Sharp

In the Auditorium of the New

GERMAN HOUSE

Polk and Turk Streets

PROGRAM

Vorspiel "The Meistersinger"
Vorspiel "Lohengrin"
Siegfried's Rhine Journey from "Die Goetterdaemmerung"
Forest Murmurs From "Siegfried"
Prelude and "Isolde's Love Death" from "Tristan and Isolde"
Tickets, \$1.00. All Seats Reserved

Seat sale now open at Sutter Street Box Office, Sherman, Clay & Company. After Saturday at Box Office German House.

OTHER CONCERTS

Tenth Symphony—Friday Afternoon, January 31, 1913.
Tenth Popular—Sunday Afternoon, February 2, 1913.

CAROLINA WHITE

QUEEN OF DRAMATIC SOPRANOS AND THE
ARTISTIC SENSATION OF THE CHICAGO
GRAND OPERA COMPANY

In Two Splendid Concerts

SCOTTISH RITE HALL,

WEDNESDAY NIGHT, JANUARY 29th

COLUMBIA THEATRE,

SUNDAY NIGHT, JANUARY 2nd

Theodore Sturkow Ryder at the Piano

Prices: \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00. Seats on sale Monday,
Sutter Street Box Office, Sherman, Clay & Co.

Direction W. H. LEAHY and FRANK W. HEALY.

Pantages Theatre

Market Street, Opposite Mason

Starting Sunday Matinee January 26, 1913

ROAD SHOW WEEK

9—ALL-STAR FEATURES—9

Matinee Daily at 2:30. Nights, 7:15 and 9:15. Sunday
and Holidays Matinees at 1:30 and 3:30. Nights Con-
tinuous from 6:30.

Prices—10c, 20c and 30c.

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Monday Evening, January 28th, and Throughout the Week

EVELYN VAUGHAN and BERT LYTELL

Leading the Alcazar Company in Mrs. Frances Hodgson

Burnett's Beautiful Dramatic

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"THE DAWN OF A TOMORROW"

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Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon. Matinee Every Day
A GREAT NEW BILL

MRS. LANGTRY (Lady De Bathe) and her Com-
pany in "The Test"; LOLO, the Sioux Indian Mystic;
CHADWICK TRIO; ROXY LA ROCCA; WILL M.
CRESSY & BLANCHE DAYNE in Mr. Cressy's Own
skit "One Night Only"; WORK and PLAY; THOSE
FRENCH GIRLS; NEW DAYLIGHT MOTION PIC-
TURES Last Week Immense Hit of RALPH HERZ.
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"EXCUSE ME"

By Rupert Hughes

With WILLIS P. SWEATNAM and the N. Y. Cast
Com. Sm. Night, Feb. 2 FLORENCE WEBBER in
"NAUGHTY MARIETTA"

Prices—50c to \$2.00. Popular Wednesday Matinees.



SEMBRICH

Farewell Concert

THIS SUNDAY AFTERNOON,

JANUARY 26th at 2:30

COLUMBIA THEATRE

Box offices: Sherman, Clay & Co., Kehler and Chase's
and on Sunday at Theatre.

Prices: \$2.50, \$2.00, \$1.50 and \$1.00.

Baldwin Piano

CORINNE RIDER-KELSEY

Soprano

and

CLAUDE CUNNINGHAM

Baritone

In Joint Recitals

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SUNDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 2nd

TUESDAY NIGHT, FEBRUARY 4th

and

THURSDAY NIGHT, FEBRUARY 6th

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Steinway Piano.

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FEBRUARY 9th and 16th

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day, "LA TOSCA"; Friday, "CAVALLERIA RUS-
TICANA" and "I PAGLIACCI"; Saturday Matinee,
"LUCIA"; Saturday Night, "AIDA."

Prices, \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00, 75c and 50c. Box office at
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Second Week, "THAIS," "ANDREA CHENIER," "AMICO
FRITZ," "IL TROVATORE" and "FAUST"

Steinway Piano

Coming: ADELINE GENEVE BALLET CO.

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The copper bubble has burst at last. Copper stocks and copper metal went down together, and no matter what the "official" quotations were no one could tell what was the real price of the metal. The situation was somewhat similar to that which prevailed in steel circles four years ago when persistent price cutting by small producers at last provoked the steel war and open slaughter of values in February, 1909. The cut in copper so far has not stimulated business but it did break the price of the stocks. While the copper stocks held the center of the stage the whole list was weak. When it was announced that the Supreme Court would not render judgment in the Minnesota rate case a sharp decline followed in which Lehigh and Reading were the chief sufferers. Union and Southern Pacific received fair support on account of the management of their respective boards of directors in accordance with the wishes of the Attorney General which was taken to mean that these railroads would be able to make satisfactory arrangements regarding the disposal of the Southern Pacific stock in the hands of the Oregon Short Line and thus secure a favorable mandate from the Court. Industrials in general followed the course of the copper shares to lower levels. U. S. Steel common sold below 62 under pressure of heavy selling. The money market remained easy with most of the loans at 2 3-4 per cent. and time money plentiful. Sterling exchange was lower. As trading on the stock exchange was largely in the nature of liquidation it did not create a demand for money. The heavy short interest outstanding in Amalgamated Copper and Steel Common was the source of most of the buying on the decline, the bears taking profits freely towards the close. When this short interest is eliminated by profit-taking the market will need some real support to check breaks.

Wheat—The wheat market last week continued to exhibit the strong underlying influences which have characterized it for so long and has recorded an advance of 5 1-2 cents per bushel, which to the processor of this cereal has been a cheering change from a preceding long drawn-out depression. The appreciation in values has been in the face of such stubborn resistance and skepticism that it seemed at times as if the major part of the trade must have taken a binocular view of the situation with the large end of the instrument directed to the receipts and the small end turned towards the disbursements. The movement has been so large and confusing both as regards receipts and distribution that it becomes necessary every little while to adopt the custom of the careful merchant and take stock and

analyze the figures and arrange them in some sort of comprehensive form. Primary receipts from July 1 to January 15 have been 275,178,000 bushels compared with 172,540,000 bushels for the same time in 1911, showing that the movement to the terminal centers has been 102,406,000 bushels greater this year than it was last year. And yet the visible supply is but four million bushels larger than at the same time a year ago. This implies that the excess production of one hundred and nine million bushels this year over that of 1911 has been absorbed or disappeared. The movement to the terminal centers may proceed for a time faster than can be absorbed, giving the impression that the crop has been underestimated; or there may be a lull in the demand that may cause some temporary reaction, but the domestic situation, while subject to some recession, is fundamentally sound and strong, and the wide parity of foreign quotations so long maintained above values on this side of the Atlantic implies an insistent demand from abroad that is far from being satisfied and which is more liable to be augmented than lessened by the exigencies of the critical political situation existing in Europe.

Corn—The upward course of corn values like those of wheat affords a striking example of a market that has been unduly depressed by a trade that has overestimated the movement from the farms and underestimated domestic and foreign demand. It is not unlikely that the advance in prices will stimulate a more liberal marketing from the farms, and it may temporarily restrict the demand, but the present prices of livestock are so far above the parity of corn that any fair reaction in value to this cereal will tend to check sales from the farms and enlarge the consumptive and investment demand.

Cotton—There was a very irregular cotton market the past week, although prices on the whole were much lower than the previous week, especially the distant futures as well as the new crop futures. Spot interests are said to be in control of the nearby futures as well as the actual cotton held in New York, and they have protected themselves by selling the more distant futures short, which accounts for the irregularity in the option market. The demand for spot cotton is reported dull in all markets but the price has not declined with the futures and it is said there are long lines of spot cotton being held in the south which has been hedged in the New York market by selling of the July option. This option has been the target of the principal selling the past week and is now selling more than a hundred points below the price quoted for spot cotton. The trade are all bearish and take ad-

vantage of every little upturn to put out more shorts as they confidently believe that spot cotton sooner or later will have to yield. Liverpool does not show any snap and the quotations show a tendency to decline, and this with business at Manchester far from satisfactory. Receipts of cotton from Bombay and Egypt are increasing and it is said the foreign crop is much larger than was thought possible some time ago. Spinners in this country are said to have bought all the cotton they require for the present and are anxiously awaiting the report of the committee on tariff revision. Business of all kinds has received a check and it seems to be a waiting policy in the cotton trade. The new crop conditions are beginning to come forward as a factor and already we hear of the large acreage that will be planted to cotton this year owing to the big price received for last year's cotton crop. The weather this season has been ideal as plenty of rain has fallen all through the belt which should allow an early start. We have had a big decline in price and a fair recovery should be in order, but we believe cotton can still be sold for much lower prices.

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CERTIFICATE OF CO-PARTNERSHIP

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS, That we, the undersigned, do hereby certify that we are partners transacting business in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, under the firm name and style of

HASTINGS LINOTYPING COMPANY

That the names in full of all the members of such co-partnership and their residences are as follows, to-wit:

Chas. Wiedersheim, residing at Asti, Sonoma County, California.

J. S. Bartow, residing at 1822 Nason Street, Alameda, California.

Henry M. Hastings, residing at 445 Oakland Avenue, Oakland, California.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, we have hereunto set our hands this 6th day of January, 1913.

J. S. BARTOW,

HENRY M. HASTINGS

CHARLES WIEDERSHEIM

State of California,

City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 6th day of January, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Thirteen, before me, W. W. Healey, a Notary Public in and for the said City and County, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared J. S. Bartow, Henry M. Hastings and Charles Wiedersheim, known to me to be the persons described in, whose names are subscribed to and who executed the within instrument, and they acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office in said City and County of San Francisco, the day and year in this Certificate first above written.

(Seal) W. W. HEALEY,

Notary Public, in and for the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California. My commission expires August 28, 1913.

Endorsed: Filed, Jan. 7, 1913. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By W. B. Castagnatti, Deputy Clerk. 1-11-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY BRISLAN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix and Executor, respectively of the last will of Mary Brislan, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executrix and executor at the office of Stafford & Stafford, Room 504 Grant Building, 1095 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Mary Brislan, deceased.

CATHERINE DIETERICH, Executrix and WILLIAM DIETERICH, Executor of the

Last Will and Testament of Mary Brislan, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 18, 1913.

STAFFORD & STAFFORD, Attys. for Executors, 504 Grant Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 1-18-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 43,883; Department No. 10.

TILLIE POOLLOS, also known as TILLIE POPPER, Plaintiff, vs. SAMUEL POOLLOS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: SAMUEL POOLLOS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—or if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 5th day of December, A. D. 1912.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk. FRANK D. MACRETH, Atty. for Plaintiff, 706-707 Mutual Savings Bank Building, San Francisco, California. 12-14-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EMILE GIRARD, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Emile Girard, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of S. J. Brun, Esq., her attorney, Room 905 of French American Bank of Savings Building, No. 110 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as the place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Emile Girard, deceased.

VIRGINIE GIRARD,

Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Emile Girard, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 25, 1913.

S. J. BRUN, Atty. for Executrix, Room 905, 110 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal. 1-25-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EUGENE G. DAVIS, Deceased—No. 14,567; Department No. 10.

Noticed is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix with the will annexed of the estate of Eugene G. Davis, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Edgar D. Peixotto, 304 Russ Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Eugene G. Davis, deceased.

JENNIE T. DAVIS,

Administratrix with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Eugene G. Davis, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 4, 1913.

EDGAR D. PEIXOTTO, Atty. for Administratrix, Russ Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 1-4-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 43,551; Department No. 3.

JOHN FINDLEY MILLIKEN, Plaintiff, vs. MYRTLE MILLIKEN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: MYRTLE MILLIKEN, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful desertion of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 16th day of November, A. D. 1912.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

M. M. GETZ, ROBINSON & GETZ, Attorneys for Plaintiff, 45 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 11-23-10

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 34,221.

JOHANNES BICKEL and MATILDA BICKEL (his wife), Plaintiffs, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting: You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Johannes Bickel and Matilda Bickel, plaintiffs, filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at the Northerly line of Fell Street at about distant thereon Fifty (50) feet Westerly from the North-westerly corner of Fell and Scott Streets; thence running Westerly along said Northerly line of Fell Street Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Northerly One Hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Easterly Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Southerly One Hundred (100) feet to the Northerly line of Fell Street and point of commencement. Being part of Western Addition Block 446.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiffs are the owners of said property in fee simple absolute; that their title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover their costs herein and have such other relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 21st day of December, A. D. 1912.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in Town Talk newspaper on the 4th day of January, A. D. 1913.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: Names—Humboldt Savings and Loan Society (a corporation). Addresses—San Francisco, Cal.

JOHN F. HANLON, Atty. for Plaintiffs. 1-4-10

CERTIFICATE OF COPARTNERSHIP

Certificate of Business Under Fictitious Name

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned do hereby certify and declare that they are the owners and doing and intend to do business in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, under the firm name and style of LEWIS AND COMPANY, with offices at 510 Battery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and that the full names and places of residence of the members of the firm are as follows, to-wit:

Harry F. Lewis, Hotel Bellevue, San Francisco, Cal.

Frederick M. Lewis, San Marco Hotel, San Francisco, Cal.

Edgar L. Lewis, 1939 Stuart Street, Berkeley, Cal.

Dated: San Francisco, Cal., December 18, 1912.

HARRY F. LEWIS,

FREDERICK M. LEWIS,

EDGAR L. LEWIS.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,

City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 18th day of December, 1912, before me, James Mason, a Notary Public, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared Harry F. Lewis, Frederick M. Lewis and Edgar L. Lewis, known to me to be the persons whose names are subscribed to the within instrument and they acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal at my office in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the day and year first above written.

(Seal)

JAMES MASON,

Notary Public, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

OTTO IRVING WISE, Atty. at Law,

817 First National Bank, Bldg., San Francisco. 12-28-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EDWARD E. FITLER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the estate of Edward E. Fitler, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of his attorneys, Geo. F. Hatton and Hartley F. Peart, Rooms 514 to 518 Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Edward E. Fitler, deceased.

JOHN A. BECK,

Executor of the Estate of Edward E. Fitler, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 18, 1913.

GEO. F. HATTON and HARTLEY F. PEART, Attorneys for Executor,

Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 1-18-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EUGENIA L. BENNETT, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Eugenia L. Bennett, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of J. C. Flannery, No. 545 M.H. Building, Northeast Corner of Bush and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Eugenia L. Bennett, deceased.

HAROLD E. BENNETT,

Administrator of the Estate of Eugenia L. Bennett, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 11, 1913.

J. C. FLANNERY, Atty. for Administrator, 545 M.H. Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 1-11-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY LEASE OF REAL PROPERTY SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 7441, N. S.; Department No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of REUBEN H. LLOYD, Deceased.

John Galloway and Charles W. Slack, as the executors of the last will and testament of the above named Reuben H. Lloyd, deceased, having filed herein their verified petition, praying that an order be made herein authorizing, empowering and directing the said petitioners to lease certain real property belonging to the estate of the said deceased, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at the point of intersection of the southerly line of Turk street with the westerly line of Polk street; running thence southerly along the said westerly line of Polk street one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the northerly line of Elm avenue; thence at right angles westerly along the said northerly line of Elm avenue ninety-seven (97) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles northerly and parallel with the said westerly line of Polk street thirty (30) feet; thence at right angles easterly and parallel with the said southerly line of Turk street thirty (30) feet; thence at right angles northerly and parallel with the said westerly line of Polk street ninety (90) feet to the said southerly line of Turk street; and thence at right angles easterly along the said southerly line of Turk street sixty-seven (67) feet and six (6) inches to the said westerly line of Polk street and the point of commencement.

NOW THEREFORE, IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that all persons interested in the said estate be and they are hereby required to appear before the said Superior Court on the 27th day of January, A. D. 1913, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. of that day, at the Courtroom of the said Superior Court, Department 10 thereof, in the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why the said real property should not be leased for the period of ten (10) years, commencing on the first day of the month following the date of the lease, as mentioned in the said petition, and at the total rental of sixty-two thousand four hundred dollars (\$62,400), in gold coin of the United States, of, or equal to, the present standard of weight and fineness, payable in equal monthly installments of five hundred and twenty dollars (\$520) per month in advance on the first day of each and every month during the said term or period, commencing on the said first day of the month following the date of the said lease, and for further particulars reference is hereby made to the said petition.

AND IT IS HEREBY FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be published once a week for two (2) successive weeks next before the said date in Town Talk, a newspaper of general circulation, published in the said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated this 10th day of January, A. D. 1913.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,

Judge of the Superior Court.

WALTER H. INFORTH and PERCY E. TOWNE,

Attorneys for Executors,

Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 1-18-2

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Varied Types

(Continued from Page 6.)

for funds he describes Market street as a glorious thoroughfare thronged with the splendid youth of the city, young men and women glowing with the joy and the exultation of life, bright and beautiful to look upon. When he arises at a banquet of the Chamber of Commerce to address the representative men of the city he tells of his tremendous love for San Francisco, the Queen City of the world. And then at the recent meeting he described this same city in terms of denunciation which made Sodom and Gomorrah seem like cities of the saints. His utterances cannot be reconciled, and they do not ring true.

"To make the picture he drew more awful he told of a friend of his, a member of the House of Commons who went down to our Barbary Coast while he was here. Then this friend of Doctor Aked returned to London and from his cosy desk in the House of Commons he wrote to Doctor Aked that San Francisco was very near the mouth of Hell!

"But worse than all else was his threat against San Francisco. Doctor Aked has denied that he threatened, but the stenographic report of that meeting contains the words of his threat. What right has Doctor Aked to threaten this city? And was it not overweening vanity for him to declare that if he exposed the wickedness of this city in a lecture at the Waldorf-Astoria every newspaper printed in America would report his utterances? For a man who has been in this city only two years this is going pretty far. I was never so astounded in my life as at the utterances and the veiled threats of this man who has been only two years in San Francisco.

"This city is not a whit more immoral than any of the great cities of the United States. The difference is this—here vice is at present segregated, so you can walk through the streets without being accosted. I do not know whether segregation is a good thing. I am floundering on that problem. I was for the municipal clinic when it was started. I stood with Doctors Rader, Guthrie, Leavitt and Meyer at that time, honestly believing that it was right. But I now think that the clinic is a failure; that the examinations are worthless. I don't believe it solves the problem.

"This matter of segregation is hard to settle. When I was last in Los Angeles I was told by members of the police department that the abolition of the tenderloin had scattered the unfortunate women all over the city. I know you could see them on the streets with their faces daubed. The Parkhurst crusade in New York had the same effect. It sent these women into the residence districts. And yet on the other hand the cities of France and Germany are doing away with segregation. They find that segregation does not regulate the evil and that clinics do not accomplish their purpose.

"The great question is, what to do with these women. If we could take care of them I'd say, Sweep the evil away. But Chief White tells me that there are more than 2,500 of them. What are we to do with them? Doctor Aked said they got rid of them in Chicago, and when asked where they went, answered, 'That's their affair.' That is no solution. The whole system is repugnant. It ought to be eliminated if we could save the women. As the father of six boys I feel the responsibility of agreeing to any compromise. But as Doctor Langley Porter said, 'What's to become of them?'

"Let us remember that ours is not an extreme condition. London is much worse. There is solicitation in the streets; they live in private

houses; they have their tenderloin. In Manila, Hong Kong, Tokio conditions are much worse. Our vice conditions are no worse than those of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago."

The sane language of a ripe man who does not anticipate the millennium, who hates vice and would curb it, but who has no sympathy for the insincere ranting of an Aked. More power to Doctor Clampett!

Stage

(Continued from Page 20.)

s' etches and a sequel to "Town Hall To-night." Work and Play are two capable comedians and tumblers. Next week will conclude the engagements of Those French Girls and Ralph Herz:

"The Dawn of a Tomorrow" at Alcazar

"The Dawn of a Tomorrow" which is to be given at the Alcazar next week only, was one of the big hits during the last season of Evelyn Vaughan and Bert Lytell in that theatre, and its revival is in response to popular request. It was dramatized from Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's story with similar title, and by stage folk it is usually alluded to as "the Christian Science play," probably because it is an exposition of the doctrine on which that religion is based. London is the place and today the period of this remarkable play. Assurance is given by the Alcazar management that "The Dawn of a Tomorrow" will be capably acted and elaborately staged. There are twenty-five speaking characters in the cast. With Miss Vaughan and Mr. Lytell are Louis Bennison, Thomas Chatterton, Charles Ruggles, Rhea Mitchell, Burt Wesner and the remainder of the regular company and a number of extra players as London "types." "The Talk of New York," one of George M. Cohan's latest and most successful comedies, is booked to follow "The Dawn of a Tomorrow," with Evelyn Vaughan, Bert Lytell, the complete Alcazar company and a specially-engaged chorus.

Joseph Lhevinne

Joseph Lhevinne, the Russian pianist, made his first appearance in New York this season as soloist with the Philharmonic Orchestra under Strinsky. This artist has developed into one of the world's really great pianists. He will be heard here under the Greenbaum management in late March.

The Mischa Elman Concerts

The opening date of a series of three concerts by that genius of the violin, Mischa Elman, is announced for Sunday afternoon, February 9, at Scottish Rite Auditorium. This artist has just reached his twenty-first birthday.

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SAN FRANCISCO

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXI. No. 1067

SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 1, 1913

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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No. 1067

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The Abominable Issue

Speaking of the controversy over the canal bill that highly respectable family journal, the Call says: "The issue is cunningly made one of national honor and international morals. Nothing is said about the plain commercial questions involved." Terrible if true! But we are sceptical. It has seemed to us that the bill was passed as a tribute to the great god Commerce the presiding deity of our beautiful democracy. It would be blasphemous for us to put such trivial considerations as those mentioned by the Call above the thing that is paramount to all of us. But we are convinced the Call is in error. In our imperfect judgment it is wholly because of the commercial questions involved that there is any controversy at all over the proposal to arbitrate the dispute. What care we for national honor or moral considerations? Commerce is the all-absorbing interest in this glorious land of the free and home of the knave, and by the side of it nothing else counts. Our grand mission is the commercial conquest of the world, and to Europe we are the new Barbarians knocking at the door. Let the effete aristocracies of the Old World be guided if they will (or hypocritically pretend to be) by principles of international usage grounded in the highest morality and justice, but for us there must be no other rule of action but expediency. Away with the traitors and silly sentimentalists who would cunningly make the issue one of national honor and international morals!

A Reformer's Progress

Comes the news from Washington that the Hon. William Kent, young Croesus of Kentfield, has decided to take program from the White House under the new dispensation. We are told that the foremost Progressive from California will be found working shoulder to shoulder with the Democrats of the House. And thus, it is believed, will he vindicate his patriotic non-partisanship. How ingenuous are the newspapers that study the psychology of reformers! Espe-

cially fortunate in this respect is the reformer with a fortune who spends his money with the prodigality of a drunken sailor. In view of the fact that Congressman Kent is charged with having "got by" the voters of his district by blinding them with gold dust, it may be very much to his interest to conciliate the powers that be in Washington. But it seems to be a case of perish the thought that the good Mr. Kent should ever be moved by selfish considerations. In view of the immunity enjoyed by multimillionaires of the Kent stripe it is strange that more of our plutocrats do not vociferate themselves into that favored class. Kent, Perkins, Bourne, Flynn, Spreckels and scores of others—all serve to illustrate the predisposition of the public to accept as genuine the ostentatious righteousness of the ridiculously rich. The exemplification in the case of Kent is stronger and more vivid than in the case of any other. Kent it appears has been encouraged in his advances toward the President-elect, the reason being, according to the press despatches, that he is an authority on Western lands. And this isn't at all ironical. Yet Kent it will be remembered was not so long ago involved in a scandal that grew out of the fencing of government lands in Nevada. When there was talk at that time of criminal prosecution Kent's friends whined about a political conspiracy, and we have since learned that it was for not prosecuting men criminally for the very same thing that Kent's bosom friend Heney hounded a federal attorney of Portland into jail. If we keep this sort of thing up on this whirling old sublunary sphere the laughter of the gods will eventually shatter the firmament.

The Shining Hour

If we were sure that the water problem could be solved by an agreement as to the amount that should be paid for the Spring Valley plant then we should be deeply interested in the controversy between the corporation and the servants of the people. But we have not the slightest hope of its being solved in that way. When all is said and done then shall the voice of the people be heard. It is for the people finally to determine whether they should purchase the water plant at any price, and the indications are that public sentiment is not strong for further ventures in municipal ownership. The probability is that the Spring Valley Water Company will continue to supply this city with water for many years, and therefore we appear to be wasting much good time that ought to be spent by the officials of the corporation in improving and enlarging their plant. However, the shining hour is here for the alert opportunist of politics, and he is improving it to beat the band. Consider the craftsmanship of

the charming and serene Percy V. Long, inexhaustible fountain of ways and means of diminishing the worries and anxieties of the dear people. It was but the other day that out of the teeming brain of him fluttered the long sought blue bird that has the secret of all financial problems in its beak. And Percy was off to Sacramento in the morning to lay the foundation of a State bank. Immediately on his return he was in labor again, and promptly he was delivered of a scheme to suspend the reactionary principle of due process of law simply by legislative enactment. Apparently it is not to Percy's interest to discontinue any pregnant controversy.

The Spirit of the Times

The plan to solve the water problem by vesting Governor Johnson's railroad commission with power to determine arbitrarily for the purpose of condemnation the value of the plant of a private corporation savors somewhat of Caesarian democracy, but it has the merit of being in absolute harmony with the spirit of the times. Also it reflects the character of the men elected to office during a moral spasm of the people. These fine, high toned public servants are so eager to hold the affections of the people they stand ready to commit any crime from pitch-and-toss to manslaughter that would seem to be for the advancement of the public good. Considering the ardor of their devotion to the people their failure to take more drastic means of disciplining and harassing capitalistic combinations must be due wholly to lack of imagination. After all they are somewhat slow in conceiving schemes for the intimidation of capital. One should suppose that they would vindicate their zeal for gratifying the predatory mob by adopting the principle of direct action. Instead of showing deference to the formal processes of government they might seize the property of a troublesome corporation outright. Surely it is not a question of ethics or decency that deters these lovely gentlemen from giving expression to their demagoguery in feats of larceny. We cannot believe there is one of them who would not rob a hen-roost if assured of police protection.

California's Progressiveness

Town Talk is not in sympathy with the demands of the Spring Valley Water Company. Town Talk will never advocate the purchase of the Spring Valley plant. Whatever may happen to the rich stockholders of that corporation will never concern us deeply, but we know of many things that ought to happen to certain pestiferous demagogues who would confound the public interest with their lust of office. It is proposed by these men that we abrogate the right of trial by jury to the end that they

shall have the power to confiscate the property of a public service corporation. In other words to facilitate the solution of the water problem they would nullify a fundamental principle of government and so alter the machinery of government as to empower the servants of the people to invade at all times the sacred right of property. This is the first time in the history of this country that it has been proposed to place the property of any man or corporation at the disposal of any other power than that of the department of justice. But the proposal is not so preposterous as it may seem at first glance; not at any rate at this time. We are in the heyday of Democracy. The all-powerful people are being taught that it is to their interest for the State to play the despot, and they are following in the footsteps of the Democracy of Australia, which country is now, as a result of the insecurity of most of the natural rights of man, recognized as the best place in the world to keep out of. San Francisco is right now in the midst of a movement to empower the mob to fix telephone rates. If the mob is to have this power there is no reason why it should not fix the rate of house-rent, and assuredly there is no reason why it should not confiscate some miles of water pipe or tear up railroad tracks. California is becoming the most progressive State in the world. And as yet there are no signs of the pendulum swinging backward.

Eshleman Meets Ripley

President Eshleman of Governor Johnson's immaculate railroad commission appears to have assuaged himself somewhat of late. It will be remembered that when President Sproule of the Southern Pacific appealed at a banquet of the Chamber of Commerce for fair play to railroads, Commissioner Eshleman indulged in a flight of indignation and alighted on a platform, there to denounce the conspirators who are trying to prejudice the unsophisticated and always fair-dealing public against railroad regulation. The virtuous and patriotic Eshleman was mad clean through. Yet the other day President Ripley of the Santa Fe, addressing himself to the fiery Eshleman in his presence went much further than Sproule. We quote from one of the Governor's official organs, the Bulletin: "Ripley responded that the buyer of railroad stocks was in reality a gambler, taking chances on the 'whims' of dozens of legislative and rate-making bodies and on various other rate speculative factors." Being a courteous gentleman Mr. Ripley excepted present company, thus apparently placating Mr. Eshleman. But Mr. Ripley said other things which ought to make it clear enough that in his opinion the railroads are very much in need of a square deal, and that in fact our politicians are, as James J. Hill has said, threatening the country with economic disaster by depriving the railroads of the means of keeping pace with the commercial progress of the country. "The law," said Mr. Ripley, "established a roof beyond which the earnings of a railroad may not climb, but it does not build a floor to keep

the road from sinking into financial oblivion." Thereupon Mr. Ripley was asked by the astute Mr. Eshleman if he thought that a railroad "should be allowed year after year to pile up a surplus and to put the money back into its properties instead of dividing it among its stockholders." A remarkable question for a statesman to ask, but apparently Mr. Eshleman asked it in all seriousness. But of course Mr. Eshleman is not a railroad man. His business is politics, and therefore it is not strange that he should be of the opinion, (which he expressed) that public ownership of railroads would be a good thing because the public would only be required to pay interest on present valuation. Naturally he modestly refrained from suggesting the infinitely more important advantage of public ownership, namely, that roads would be run by Eshlemans instead of Ripleys.

The Hunters of Vice

Many years ago there lived a reverend gentleman by the name of Sydney Smith who is remembered not only because of his contributions to literature but because of his activities as a reformer. The Rev. Sydney Smith in all probability rendered greater service to mankind than all the divines in California would be able to render were they to live a thousand years. It was he that insisted in the columns of the Edinburgh Review that prisoners on trial for their lives should have the benefit of counsel. It was he that first aroused sentiment against the British slave trade, that originated agitation for the repeal of the oppressive laws against debtors and for the amendment of cruel game laws, and it was to him more than to any other individual that Englishmen are indebted for the extinction of religious intolerance in their country. In the days of Sydney Smith there were Dr. Akeds in England and by them was organized a society for the suppression of vice. The Rev. Sydney Smith had something to say about that society in the columns of the Edinburgh Review. We will quote a few of his observations:

A suppressing society hunting everywhere for penalty and information has a direct tendency to revive ancient ignorance and fanaticism.

It is hardly possible that a society for the suppression of vice can ever be kept within the bounds of good sense and moderation.

It is of great importance to keep public opinion on the side of virtue. To their authorized and legal correctors mankind are on common occasions ready enough to submit; but there is something in the self-erection of a voluntary magistracy which creates so much disgust that it almost renders vice popular and puts the offense at a premium.

The state of morals at any period depends much more upon opinion than law; and to bring odious and disgusting auxiliaries to the aid of virtue is to do the utmost possible good to the cause of vice.

Beginning with the best intentions in the world such societies must in all probability degenerate into a receptacle for every species of title-tattle, impertinence and malice—men whose trade is rat-catching love to catch rats; the bug-destroyer seizes on his bugs with de-

light, and the suppressor is gratified by finding his vice.

We regret that mankind are as they are; and we sincerely wish that the species at large were as completely devoid of every vice and infirmity as the president, vice-president and committee of the suppressing society; but till they are thus regenerated it is of the greatest consequence to teach them virtue and religion in a manner which will not make them hate both the one and the other.

You may drag men into church by main force and prosecute them for buying a pot of beer, and cut them off from the enjoyment of a leg of mutton—and you may do all this till you make the common people hate Sunday and the clergy and religion and everything which relates to such subjects.

A robber and a murderer must be knocked on the head like mad dogs; but we have no great opinion of the possibility of indicting men into piety or of calling in the quarter sessions to the aid of religion. You may produce outward conformity by these means; but you are so far from producing (the only thing worth producing) the inward feeling, that you incur a great risk of giving birth to a totally opposite sentiment.

The soundness of those sentiments expressed by the country curate one hundred years ago has been demonstrated often enough in this country, but the vice hunters eager for their prey are not to be repressed.

An Unconscious Humorist

Unconsciousness in a person of his own ludicrousness is a great heightener of the sense of absurdity. It is the romantic gravity of Don Quixote in his laudable attachment to the incongruous that convulses us with laughter. On the very same principle Mr. Carl Westerfeld of Governor Johnson's Fish and Game Commission appeals to our emotions. Mr. Westerfeld is a fine unconscious humorist. In a long letter to the Bulletin this comical functionary resents criticism of the commission he ornaments, and pictures the porcine huntsman as one of the noblest of public spirited citizens. We find no fault with Mr. Westerfeld for his attitude, as he is himself addicted to the slaughtering of birds and beasts. Indeed we rejoice in his prepossession since we are indebted to it for the Pickwickian essay he has written in support of the proposition that the sale of wild game should cease. There are fifteen reasons, it appears, why the hog with a gun should be given a vested and exclusive interest in the palatable fowl of the air. All of these reasons are more or less droll, but we shall glance at only a few of them. One is that "the greatest value to be derived from any game bird is in seeing it and photographing it, enjoying its living company in its native haunts and pursuing it." This is the sentiment not of Westerfeld the huntsman but of Westerfeld the poet and nature lover. A poet of a new cult is he, loving nature for her fauna alone; for he exclaims: "Who will love the forests and marshes when they become destitute of wild life and desolate?" Another reason: "Because those who legitimately desire game for their tables can be supplied from

the game farms and preserves now coming into existence, and also from game *imported from foreign countries.* Thus we learn that some persons illegitimately desire game for their tables, and that canned goods are good enough for the average man. Commissioner Westerfeld's maxim is that if you cannot get a duck try finnan haddie. Commissioner Westerfeld's whole argument appears to be based on the assumption that game is to be propagated by hunting it for pleasure and exterminated by hunting it for a living. Yet his figures belie this assumption. He tells us there were 250,000 wild ducks sold in this city last winter, and he also tells us that 30,000,000 shotgun shells are sold to sportsmen in this State every

year. Now if 250,000 wild ducks were sold in San Francisco it is not likely that more than 1,000,000 were sold in the whole State. And if 30,000,000 shotgun shells were sold the probability is that considerably more than half were purchased for the shooting of wild ducks. What was the effect of the use of so many shells? The inference appears to be that there was a prodigious amount of wanton slaughter by sportsmen. Yet Commissioner Westerfeld would have us believe that it is the market hunter who threatens to render the State duckless. Commissioner Westerfeld in his ineptness gives too many reasons in support of his position. It might have been better for his case to have omitted the fifteenth reason

which is that "\$15,000,000 is spent here annually in the pursuit of game." Surely a very small part of that sum is spent by the men who sold 250,000 wild ducks in San Francisco. Nine-tenths of it must have been spent by the hog with a gun. And right here we have the milk in the cocoanut. Behind the shooting preserves of this State are the big manufacturers of sporting goods, shells and fire-arms. There are no nature lovers or poets among the representatives of the big supply houses. It would put a big crimp in their income to prohibit all hunting for two years, and they are therefore ardently in sympathy with the hog with a gun who desires special legislation for his exclusive benefit.

Treetops

By J. G. Squire

There beyond my window ledge,
Heaped against the sky a hedge
Of huge and wavering treetops stands
With multitudes of fluttering hands.

Wave they, beat they to and fro,
Never stillness may they know,
Plunged by the wind and hurled and torn
Anguished, purposeless, forlorn.

"O ferocious, O despairing,
In huddled isolation faring
Through a scattered universe,
Lost coins from the Almighty's purse!"

"No, below you do not see
The firm foundations of the tree;
Anchored to a rock beneath
We laugh in the hammering tempest's teeth.

"Boughs like men but burgeons are
On an adamant star;
Men are myriad blossoms on
A staunch and cosmic skeleton."

Perspective Impressions

The dispute between Prexy Wheeler and Starr Jordan should be referred to the Hague Tribunal.

If Indian Jim Thorpe had been an Englishman should we have found out about that professionalism?

Mare Island is a places of mysteries. Recently it was, Who threw the wine bottle? Now it is, What hit the California?

Down in Los Angeles a girl of 105 years is to marry a*lad of 80 but the eugenists are not worrying about the issue.

Dr. Bradford Leavitt will be sorely missed from his pulpit. If we must have a clerical undertaker, why not Aked?

When it comes to sabotage the London suffragettes make the Ulster Orangemen look like eliminated white hopes.

John D. Rockefeller Jr. leads organization which seeks practical, permanent remedy for social evil.—Examiner headline.

Is there anything for which it is not easy to find the permanent remedy in this enlightened know-it-all age?

It's about time for Britain to put the spank in Pankhurst.

It is now more than four weeks since we were to be blessed with the Committee of One Thousand.

So the Federation of Churches will boycott our Fair if we do not improve our morals! But the Federation has a hard enough time trying to get people to go to church.

President-elect Wilson is going to run over to the Philippines to see for himself. He reminds us of the Englishman who inspects America from a car window and writes a large book about our manners and customs and the future of the country.

"The voice of the people will be the voice of God," said Supervisor Vogelsang anent the proposed vote on the purchase of Spring Valley. And yet the Examiner thought we needed a Committee of One Thousand!

Common honesty required that the Governor should have quoted the Controller correctly.—Senator Curtin.

Common honesty? In Sacramento? Pshaw!

The Johnsonian uplift may now be measured in terms of the boosted tax rate.

In all California is there a crank with a hobby who hasn't had it presented to the legislature in the shape of a bill?

Our day-of-rest Pharisees are respectfully reminded that Christ had something to say on the subject when hands were raised in holy horror at the spectacle of a certain man carrying his bed on the sabbath.

The source of our freak legislation appears to be the legislature of the State of Washington. But the pinheads of California to catch up with the sapheads of the north must propose the establishment of a marriage bureau "where a register of bachelor maids can be maintained for the benefit of those seeking a mate."

The Rev. Franklin K. Baker, chaplain of the Assembly, has been accused of being a lobbyist because he included in his prayer a plea for a Sunday law. He may yet redeem himself with the following: O Lord I frankly confess that I have the impudence of the devil and that it would please me to make the foot of an honest man itch to perpetuate an assault on the seat of my intelligence. Thou, God, seest me and the spectacle I make of myself but in thy loving kindness have mercy.

Varied Types

CXI—GROVE L. JOHNSON

By Edward F. O'Day

Blood is thicker than water, if we may believe what aphorists of the bromidic school tell us. Maybe that's why it has a way of coagulating and becoming bad blood. In the history of families in these parts we have many instances of this trouble-breeding coagulation. A notable one is found in the Johnson family. Everybody in California knows that Grove L. Johnson is not on friendly terms with his son the Governor. How the bad blood started is neither here nor there; the public was made familiar with the situation when old Grove put his harness on his back and went forth to smite his son Hiram in the region of his gubernatorial aspirations. A very nifty smiter is old Grove, but in that instance he smote in vain. Not so Hiram when he began to smite back. He fought his father's re-election to the Assembly during the last campaign, the result being that Grove is just now in a position to devote all his time to a lucrative law practice.

"I was a thorn in my son's side," says Grove. "He wanted me out of politics and he got me out."

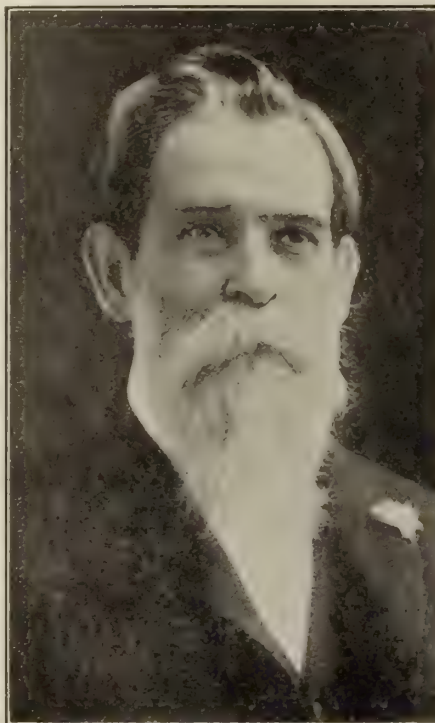
That is about as far as Grove goes in discussing the Governor for publication. Which is as it should be, of course. But Grove discusses the State administration quite frankly, and as the State administration is Governor Johnson and little more, the uncomplimentary things he says about it have a very personal application to Hiram.

A very young old man is Grove L. His seventy-two years of tumultuous activity in law and politics have left him almost unscarred of time. His hair is gray but plentiful, and he parts it with the care of a young beau. His whiskers, perhaps the best known whiskers in California today, are snowy white but they are very far indeed from being the symbol of mental or physical decrepitude. They jut jauntily over his boiled white shirt and nestle cosily against his collar with no neck-tie to distract attention from them. Grove L. never wears a neck-tie, a distinction which he shared with John P. Irish until the Democrats returned to power and released our former Naval Officer from a sixteen-year old election bet. Only a few wrinkles have appeared in Grove L.'s smooth white skin, and they radiate from his keen eyes, the wrinkles of a close, appraising vision rather than of age. There is always a white flower in the lapel of his carefully brushed black coat; and his boots—for, like George Knight and Henry Gage, he wears the boots of a past age—shine with a fleckless burnish. In fact old Grove looks as Father Time might look if he dropped his scythe and glass and had himself tailored for rakish conquest.

Listening to old Grove L. as he sits in his Sacramento law office and talks in that high-pitched voice of his, you think of his years not as an encumbrance but merely as the messengers that have brought him experience. Varied in-

deed is the experience that has come to him as his seventy-two twelve-months of mortal coil unwound themselves. No man in California politics has been more lampooned and attacked; no man has dealt more swinging blows against political adversaries. His political era has passed, as he cheerfully admits. The party he belongs to is disorganized, its old leaders discredited. But you won't catch him saying that the change is for the best.

"We are worse off than ever," he told me. "We have no party left but the Democratic and



GROVE L. JOHNSON

that is rent with dissensions. The Republican party is like the old farmer's horse; it didn't die, it just 'gin out.' The Bull Moosers in the present Legislature call themselves Republicans, but we don't recognize them. There is really no Republican party left in California. It has no State committee and only a few scattering County committees. The outcome will depend on Congress. If the Democrats in Congress make good the people will be satisfied to let conditions continue as they are. Of course the Republican party will be reorganized in time. It has its distinct principles, and as long as the tariff remains the main issue of politics there will be need of the Republican party. But it will not be reorganized by letting Roosevelt and the Bull Moose gang control it. Nor will it be reorganized by the old leaders. I have confidence in the honesty and loyalty of Cannon and the rest, but the majority of the people don't share my faith. New leaders like Hadley, Borah, Cummins and Job Hedges will be necessary.

"The Bull Moose party, like every other party founded on malice and hate, will disintegrate, die and go to Hell where it belongs. That is bad language, but I get mad whenever I think of the Bull Moose. It is dying now. There is no more fight in it. It may make sporadic attacks like the Mexican rebels, but its only cohesive power is public plunder and as a national factor it's gone.

"It is strong in California for two reasons: the personality of my son who worked it up strong, and the unpopularity of the old regime. It came at a time when the old regime was drunk with power. Now it is drunk with power in its turn.

"It claims that it has made reforms in California, but its reform claims are as baseless as the fabric of a drunken man's dream. It has done nothing except raise taxes, increase the number of officeholders and concentrate power in the hands of the Governor. I don't consider the initiative, the referendum and the recall reforms. The eight-hour law for women was a Democratic measure, though the Bull Moosers claim it. If anybody in the State can point to anything else they have accomplished I shall be much obliged to hear of it. They boast about freeing the State from S. P. domination. Well, you have read Aesop and you remember King Log and King Stork. We're in that condition. The Bull Moosers are animated by the desire to get power, and they use their power to put their friends in office. Why, in this Legislature there are bills providing for seven new commissions to be appointed by the Governor.

"I expect to see the Governor's machine go to pieces next year. No one can succeed in politics who builds up his power without recognizing the power of the other fellow."

Grove L. Johnson served six terms in the Assembly and one in the State Senate. He says the best session of his time was when Arthur Fisk was Speaker of the Assembly because "we all pulled together and everybody had a good time." But he admits that the men he served with in the Legislature were not great men; that there was no great wit or humorist; no great orator, "though a lot of them thought they were great"; no man whose name stands out from the rest.

I asked him whether, if he had his life to live over again, he'd go into politics.

"Yes," he said with decision. "Because I've enjoyed politics. It was a relaxation. The law is a jealous mistress, and a lawyer needs change. I found it in the Legislature. When the session began I locked the door of my law office. When the session ended I came back thoroughly refreshed. And I'm proud of my record. They used to charge me with being friendly with the S. P. Why, any man who did politics in Sacramento and wasn't friendly with the S. P. was an ass."

He's out of politics to stay out, he says. He's going to do a little work and a lot of playing from now on. In May he will start with his wife on the European tour, to be gone two years or so. He has acquired a passion for travel, and is more excited when he talks about Europe than when he lambastes his son's administration.

"Last time I was abroad I spent five weeks in

(Continued on Page 23.)

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The Defense of Tommyrot

Editor Town Talk, Sir: I see that Professor Reed of Berkeley has a defender in the editor of the Call, who warmly approves the course in the science of government that has been outlined by the young progressive teacher. "A university," the Call tells us, "should be an open forum for the discussion of aspects of government and history." Again: "For a college faculty to ignore those political doctrines which are styled progressive because they are new, or even because the majority of the faculty might not approve of them is to be as false to the responsibilities of the teaching profession as it would be for a medical college to ignore anesthesia because it was not practiced in the fourth century B. C." Nobody, as I understand it, objects to the discussion of political doctrines of any kind in the university. On the contrary all intelligent persons believe that almost everything under the sun should be discussed in a university. But discussion is something different from cocksure dogmatism. The objection to Professor Reed is that he presumes to settle once and for all certain questions of government and to create a bias in the minds of students in favor of certain political hobbies. "Direct elections and the short ballot," says the Call, "will be supported in the new course at the University of California." Why should they be supported at the university? If anything is to be supported at the university why should it not be the system of government that furnished the university to the State? Direct elections are contrary to the spirit of our government. Does Professor Reed know they are right and the government wrong? Woodrow Wilson says he taught the students at Princeton for fourteen years that the principle of the initiative and referendum was wrong and woke up the other day to find out that he had been teaching bosh. How does Professor Reed know that he isn't about to become a teacher of bosh? Ought the University incur the risk of having bosh taught by Professor Reed? The editor of the Call thinks that the objection to the Progressive schemes of government is that they were found futile in

Greece and Rome. The objection to them is that they postulate of a people an intelligence and probity and virtue the attainment of which would render any kind of government entirely unnecessary.

Yours truly,

—Thornton Adams.

Oakland, January 27.

Sure! Why Not?

San Francisco, Cal., Jan. 27, 1913.

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: I unqualifiedly endorse these progressive efforts to develop and expand the efficiency of the recall of judicial discussions and judges. The recall of a judge is but the exercise of a power inherent in the people and is a step in the right governmental direction, but it should go further. The people should revise judicial decisions. In this, Colonel Roosevelt is eminently correct and advocates a sound principle of democratic government. Why resort to the long delays and efforts at the enactment of legislation when in the last analysis the people govern. Judges are but humans; their decisions but the products of human minds, not free in all cases from bias, prejudice or interest. Mistakes are made frequently, and because of these conditions, a revisory power should exist somewhere. We should proceed further: the men who compose our modern juries are swayed by passion, blinded by ignorance, and frequently convict innocent men; do much injustice and oppress their fellow creatures. Jurors are more likely to commit errors than judges, because of lack of training and experience; hence the power should not be finally exercised by a body of untrained men. There should be a method by which the people could revise the verdicts of juries as in the case of judicial decisions. Both are human results, partaking of all the frailties of human nature. Injustice is the result of both. The only safe method is to have the people stand as a factor of safety against their officers performing duties of government. The usual argument against the proposition of a revision of the verdict of juries is that the pardoning power exists with the Governor; but he is the servant

of the people. Why should his opinion stand in the people's way? He may contumaciously refuse to act. An illustration exists now; ninety per cent of the people of this city would vote to revise and rescind the verdict of the jury convicting Abe Ruef, yet Governor Johnson turns a deaf ear to the petitions for a pardon. If the people rule, why not rule in all things and over all their servants?

Respectfully submitted,

—John T. Mason.

A Dance and a Debate

Editor Town Talk, Sir: Would you mind settling a dispute I have had with a friend of mine? It was about a certain eminent gentleman who once upon a time investigated conditions in our red light district in the company of a policeman. Among the places they visited was a house where the gentleman was asked if he cared to see a woman dance in the altogether. He said that it was his desire to know just how much iniquity was tolerated in San Francisco. So the dance was given. My friend argues that the man was guilty of an offense against decency, that it was a crime for him to be a party to a spectacle of that character. He says that the law forbids a person to induce another to violate the law even though the motive be good. I think my friend is in error. There are times when the end justifies the means. The end in this instance was the securing of evidence of the awful character of our underworld. Undoubtedly the woman in this case was in the business of catering to pruriency, and it was adding nothing to the burden on her conscience to induce her to dance on this occasion. I think it might be said that the purpose of her dance on this occasion was not harmful. She was aiding the cause of virtue, she was not exciting an unholy passion, but merely furnishing proof of the wickedness that exists and that ought to be suppressed. My friend merely scoffs at my argument. Is he not unreasonable?

Yours truly,

—A Reader.

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

For Merely Getting Drunk

A great railway system tied up because an engine driver took two glasses of rum is the remarkable spectacle to which the British public has been treated as the latest development of labor unionism in that country. An engine driver of the North-Eastern Railway Company became intoxicated and was arrested and fined \$1.25. He was off duty at the time, but the company, not believing it safe to intrust passenger trains to such a man, degraded him to the position of driver of a pilot engine. Thereupon the employees of the line struck, "for the right to get drunk," as the papers say. Because this engine driver, Nicholas Knox, had a weak head and could not swallow more than two small glasses of rum without becoming drunk, the whole of the business in the North of England has been paralyzed; miners are thrown out of work; shipping is at a standstill, and the cost to the community, if it could be computed in pounds, shillings and pence, amounts to thousands of pounds a day. Nor does what seemed a trifling episode

stop here. Anxious questions have been addressed to responsible Ministers of Parliament; a leading metropolitan police magistrate has been despatched on a special mission to the north to reopen the case concerning Nicholas Knox, the railway driver, while special counsel have been engaged, through whose dialectical skill it is hoped to square the circle; and all this because Knox is a member of a trade union which upholds the sacred principle that a man may be drunk without his employers having the right to object!

Moroccan Slavery

Remarkable revelations of the extent of the Moorish slave trade and of harem life are contained in an article contributed to a Paris paper by Mme. Legey, a French doctor who lives at Marrakesh in Morocco. Mme. Legey says one of the first duties of the French protectorate is to abolish the revolting narem system of decadent Morocco, and, having liberated the unfort-

unate women of the country, educate them and furnish them with means of earning a livelihood. The centre of Moroccan slavery is at Marrakesh, where, in a great slave market authorized and controlled by the Makhzen, the Moorish Parliament, thousands of men, women, and children are bought and sold like cattle. A male slave can be purchased at a price as low as \$14, but females go as high as \$400. Newborn babies are frequently torn from the breasts of sobbing mothers, who never see them again. "None can form an idea of a Moorish harem and the number of women concealed behind the walls," says Mme. Legey. "I have seen a single harem of more than 500 women. Monogamy is non-existent, even men of small means possessing sometimes more than twenty wives. The Sultan's harem surpasses the imagination. Besides the women he possesses at Fez he has at Marrakesh in reserve more than 3,000 females. The royal harem at Marrakesh has a special organization of its own. Each town and each tribe has its debt to pay in women to this modern Minotaur."

Romance—Three Gleams

By John Galsworthy

I.

On that New Year's morning when I drew up the blind, it was still nearly dark, but for the faintest pink flush glancing out there on the horizon of black water. The far shore of the river's mouth was just soft dusk; and on this near shore the dim trees below me were in perfect stillness. There was no lap of water. And then—I saw her, drifting in on the tide—the little ship, passing below me, a happy ghost. Like no thing of this world she came, ending her flight, with sail-wings closing, and her glowing lantern eyes. There was I know not what of stealthy joy about her thus creeping in to the unexpected land. And I wished she would never pass; but go on gliding down there for ever with her dark ropes, and her bright lanterns, and her mysterious felicity; so that I might have for ever in my heart the blessed feeling she brought me, coming like this out of that great mystery, the sea. If only she need not change to solidity, but ever be this visitor from the unknown, this sacred bird, telling with her half-seen, trailing-down plume-sails the story of uncharted wonder. If only I might go on trembling, as I was, with the rapture of all I did not know and could not see, yet felt pressing against me and touching my face with its lips. To think of her at anchor in cold light was like flinging to a door in the face of happiness. And just then she struck her bell; the faint, silvery far-drawn sound fled away before her, and to every side, out into the utter hush, to discover echo. But nothing answered, as if fearing to break the spell of her coming, to brush with reality the dark sea-dew from her sail wings. But within me, in response, there began the song of all unknown things; the song so tenuous, so ecstatic, that seems to sweep and quiver across such thin golden strings, and like an eager dream dies too soon. The song of the secret-knowing wind that has peered through so great forests, and over such wild sea; blown on so many faces, and in the jungles of the grass—the song of all the wind has seen and felt. The song of lives that I should never live; of the loves that I should never love—singing to me as though I should. And suddenly I felt that I could not bear my little ship of dreams to grow hard and grey, her bright lanterns drowned in the cold light, her dark ropes spidery and taut, her sea-wan sails all furled, and she no more enchanted; and turning away I let fall the blind.

II.

Then what happens to the moon? She, who, shy and veiled, slips out before dusk to take the air of sky, wandering timidly among the columned clouds, and fugitive from the staring of the sun; she, who, when dusk has come, rules the sentient night with such chaste and icy spell—whither and how does she retreat?

I came on her one morning—I surprised her. She was stealing into a dark wintry wood, and five little stars were chasing her. She was orange-hooded, a light o' love dismissed—unashamed and unfatigued, having taken all. And

she was looking back; with her almond eyes across her dark ivory shoulder at Night where he still lay drowned in the sleep she had brought him. What a strange, slow, mocking look! So might Aphrodite herself have looked back at some weary lover, remembering the fire of his first embrace. Insatiate, smiling creature, slipping down to the rim of the world, to her bath in the sweet waters of dawn, whence emerging, pure as a water lily, she would float in the cool sky till evening came again. And just then she saw me looking, and hid behind a holm-oak tree; but I could still see the gleam of one shoulder and her long narrow eyes pursuing me. I went up to the tree, and passed its dark boughs to take her; but she had slipped behind another. I called to her to stand, if only for one moment. But she smiled and went slipping on, and I ran, thrusting through the wet bushes, leaping the fallen trunks. The scent of rotting leaves, disturbed by my feet, leaped out into the darkness, and birds, surprised, fluttered away. And still I ran—she slipping ever further into the grove, and ever yet looking back at me. And I thought: "But I will catch you yet, you nymph of predition! The wood will soon be passed, you will have no cover then!" And from her eyes and the scanty gleam of her flying limbs I never looked away, not even when I stumbled or ran against tree stems in my blind haste. And at every clearing I flew more furiously, thinking to seize all of her with my gaze before she could cross the glade; but ever she found some little low tree, some bush or birch ungrown, or the far top branches of the next grove to screen her flying body and preserve allurements. And all the time she was dipping, dipping to the rim of the world. And then I tripped; and, as I rose, I saw that she had lingered for me; her long, sliding eyes were full, it seemed to me, of pity, as if she would have liked for me to have enjoyed the sight of her. I stood still, breathless, thinking that at last she would consent; but, flinging back, up into the air, one dark-ivory arm, she sighed and vanished. And the breath of her sigh stirred all the birch tree twigs just colored with the dawn. Long I stood in that thicket, gazing at the spot where she had leapt from me over the edge of the world, my heart quivering.

III.

I embarked on the estuary steamer that winter morning just as daylight came full. The sun was on the wing, scattering little white clouds as an eagle might scatter doves. They scurried up before him with their broken feathers tipped and tinged with gold. In the air was a touch of frost, and a smoky mist-drift clung here and there above the reeds, blurring the shores of the lagoon so that we seemed to be steaming across boundless water, till some clump of trees would fling its top out of the fog, then fall back into whiteness.

And then, in that thick vapor, rounding, I suppose, some curve, we came suddenly into we knew not what—all white and moving it was, as if the mist were crazed; murmuring, too, with a sort of restless beating. We seemed to be passing through a ghost—the ghost of all the life that had sprung from this water and its shores; we seemed to be drawn out of reality, to be traveling through live air.

And the fantastic thought sprang into my mind: "I have died. This is the voyage of my soul in the wild. I am in the final wilderness of spirits—lost in the ghost robe that wraps the

earth." There seemed in all this white murmur to be millions of tiny hands stretching out to me, millions of whispering voices, of wistful eyes. I had no fear, but a curious creepy wonder, the strangest feeling of having lost myself, and become part of this around me; exactly as if my own hands and voice and eyes had left me and were groping, and whispering, and gazing out there in the eeriness. I was no longer a man on an estuary steamer, but part of sentient ghostliness. Nor did I feel unhappy; it seemed as though I had never been anything but this Bedouin spirit hovering.

We passed through again into the stillness of plain mist, and that feeling went—leaving behind it nothing but curiosity to know what this was that we had traversed. Then suddenly the sun came flaring out, and we saw behind us thousands and thousands of white gulls dipping, wheeling, brushing the water with their wings, bewitched with sun and mist. That was all. And yet—that white-winged legion through whom we had ploughed our way were not, could never be, to me just gulls—there was more than mere sun-glamor gilding their misty plumes; there was the wizardry of my past wonder, the enchantment of romance.

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Poems About San Francisco

LXXVIII—SAN FRANCISCO DESOLATE

By Edwin Markham

(This poem was written by Edwin Markham just after the catastrophe of April, 1906, and was read by Mrs. Fiske at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York on May 4 of the same year. It was later published in the Dramatic Mirror and republished in Current Literature, July, 1906.)

A groan of earth in labor-pain,
Her ancient agony and strain;
A trembling on the granite floors,
A heave of seas, a wrench of shores,
A crash of walls, a moan of lips,
A terror on the towers and ships;
Torn streets where men and ghosts go by;
Whirled smoke mushrooming on the sky,
Roofs, turrets, domes with one acclaim
Turned softly to a bloom of flame,
A mock of kingly scarlet blown
Round shrieking timber, tottering stone;
A thousand dreams of joy, or power,
Gone in the splendor of an hour.

The Spectator

That Committee of One Thousand

What has become of the Examiner's Committee of One Thousand? What mysterious fate has overtaken that great body of civic patriots which was to see to it that San Francisco stopped "backing up"? Has it succumbed to "outside influence," that vague impersonal busybody in affairs civic to which Captain Mooney introduced us? Has it gone into hiding with the Reverend Frank Horn's twin brother and Repsold, the perfumed burglar? Where, oh where is it? More impenetrable is the cloak of dubiety which wraps it round than the fog which covers the paternity of the Slingsby baby. Here is the mystery of mysteries compared to which "what song the siren sang," the riddle of the Sphinx, the name of the dark lady of Shakespeare's sonnets, the identity of the Man in the Iron Mask, the fate of Louis XVII and the age of Anne are to be considered lucid commonplaces not worth the trouble of the expert problem solver. Day after day we were assured that Mayor Rolph had about concluded picking the preliminary Committee of Fifty. The town trembled with expectancy. All of us wondered whether our humble names would be found in that Roll of Honor. And then all of a sudden the Examiner was silent. Mayor Rolph was no longer quoted as saying that he was nearly ready. The thing was dropped. No explanation was made public. The whole matter was as a dream that had passed. Mum was the word. What happened?

What Rumor Says

In the absence of reliable information tending to the elucidation of this mystery of mysteries rumor hath had a busy tongue. There is a story, for instance, that Mayor Rolph ran on a snag in a most unexpected quarter. The story goes that he named in his Committee of Fifty a prominent civic patriot who had strong backing but whose antecedent activities in the dead past included a hearty devotion to the principles and practices of the A. P. A. The story further runs that a strong protest against the naming of this man came from Catholic churchmen. Rolph, saith rumor, was placed in a quandary. He could not offend the Catholics, and he could not dis-

appoint the backers who had urged that civic patriot's name. So he cut the Gordian knot by throwing the whole scheme overboard. That is one story, and I give it for what it may be worth. Another is that Rolph heard so many mighty knocks against the entire project that he recognized its un wisdom. The Chronicle had been attacking it. Curtis Lindley went to the bat against it. So did others whose counsel the mayor seeks and values. So he finally decided that he was merely putting up his name for membership in the "In Bad Club" and flatly refused to go any further. Perhaps there was wisdom in his action, but he dealt a smashing blow at the gaiety of San Francisco life. That Committee of One Thousand would have been better than a circus and almost as good as a road show at the Orpheum.

A Warning

To "A Christian" I would expedite my grateful acknowledgment. He writes:

Dear Spectator: Under separate cover I am sending you a copy of "The Nation," my favorite London weekly, dated March 18, 1912. I wish to call your attention to a communication therein signed "Edward Porritt, Hartford, Connecticut, U. S. A." It appears under the caption "English Free Church Pastors in American Pulpits." I send you this by way of warning that unless Dr. Aked receives more courteous treatment in San Francisco than he has been receiving from Dr. Clappett and others (yourself included) he may fold his tent and steal away.

—A Christian.

When Dr. Aked Was Homesick

I have received, read and inwardly digested. The burden of the Porritt letter to The Nation is that there is nothing in this country for an English free church pastor but homesickness. He says that "to Englishmen long resident in the United States it did not come as a surprise that Dr. Aked should be disappointed with his conditions of work in New York city, or that he should admit his homesickness for the religious, social and political movements of England." The reason that this country is not congenial to Eng-

lish pastors, according to Mr. Porritt, is that "American life is largely divided into water-tight compartments" and that the pastor has to fit into one of them. It is no place, says Porritt, for a man with a message. Naturally the man with a message will feel disposed to say to himself as Mr. Aked had the courage to say aloud to an interviewer: "I must candidly confess that my heart is in English movements. English movements and English religious papers appeal more to me than do American movements and American religious papers. English movements I understand, American movements I do not understand. In England I felt strong enough to dogmatize about this or that. I might be wrong; probably I often was; but at the same time I had convictions, and even if I was wrong I could give reasons for the faith that was in me and go ahead bravely and hopefully. Here I should hesitate to say I know what America should do in these or those circumstances, as I could and used to say what England ought to do." My correspondent is needlessly alarmed. Dr. Aked is now very much at home. He has become acclimated. The foregoing sentiments he uttered just before he heard the Macedonian cry from San Francisco. Times have changed, Dr. Aked

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also. Why, bless your soul, dear Christian, Dr. Aked has forsworn allegiance to the whole bloom-in' country across the pond. He's an American citizen, and proud we are of him! English movements? Bah! And as for the man with a message, why Dr. Aked is exuding messages, and if San Francisco doesn't behave he'll spring one of them on the upper classes of New York. That's what he'll do. Just like that.

Where Is That Report?

What happened to the report made by the Board of Control on our Harbor Commissioners? Where is it? Why has it not been made public? A careful reading of the first biennial report of the board over which J. Francis Neylan presides fails to reveal any mention of any investigation of our harbor administration. Yet such an investigation was made. It consumed some time, and the findings of the investigators were embodied in a lengthy report which was duly filed with Mr. Neylan. It was to be expected that it would be made public. Neylan's report is exhaustive on the subject of the investigations made under his board's direction of the State Printing Office, the Napa State Hospital, the Southern California State Hospital, the State Board of Medical Examiners, the Optometry Board, the State Mining Bureau, Folsom Prison and the State Board of Health. But not a word about our Harbor Commission. Not a hint that it was investigated. Why is this? Perhaps the circumstances of the investigation will afford an explanation of Neylan's reticence on this point.

The Mistake of the Sleuths

An investigation of the books and affairs of the State Board of Harbor Commissioners in San Francisco was ordered by the State Board of Control and actually begun in January of last year. It was conducted by Avery and Ferris, two accountants in the employ of the Board of Control. From all indications they did their work thoroughly, for they were on the job for three months. As a matter of fact they did their work too thoroughly. They did not confine their attention to the books of the Harbor Board but indulged in a good deal of detective work. Whether they were instructed that their work included gum shoe activities I do not know, but

at least they construed their duties that way. In their role of sleuths the two accountants cultivated the confidence of Sapph who was at that time an assistant State Engineer detailed to the Harbor Commission by the then State Engineer Nat Ellery. Sapph was not in sympathy with the present State administration. So when the two sleuth-accountants went to him for "inside dope" they learned that the Harbor Commission was in a very bad state so far as efficiency was concerned. They learned that the pay roll was crowded with political hangers-on who had been appointed in recognition of their services during the campaign and who yielded the State no adequate return for the handsome salaries they enjoyed. They received names and figures to substantiate this. Avery and Ferris made their report to the Board of Control last April. It was a voluminous document. It represented the biggest undertaking of the Board of Control. But when J. Francis Neylan read it he must have gone up in the air. It was one long slam at the State administration. It was a personal affront to Governor Hiram Johnson. It was an indictment of the sacred "Man Must Eat" principle of government. So that report is probably pigeon-holed in Neylan's desk. It has not seen the light, and I suppose, never will. Three months of hard work on the part of Avery and Ferris went for nothing. And all because they sleuthed in the wrong direction.

Suppressing Anti-Jap Legislation

The officials of the Panama-Pacific Exposition are afraid that the Legislature now sitting in Sacramento may pass laws which will offend Japan. The government of Japan has signified its intention of spending one and one-half million dollars on an exhibit at our World's Fair, and the Fair directors fear that if legislation inimical to the Japanese is passed at this session the Mikado will change his mind and refuse to exhibit. As Japan is to be one of the biggest exhibitors here that would be a tremendous blow to our Fair. So it is no wonder that the Fair directors are worried. We have had trouble with Japan already over jingo legislation, but if that trouble recurs we shall be in danger of losing a great deal more than was at stake four years ago when Phil Stanton felt the ground slipping from beneath his feet. The Fair directors realize this more keenly than the rest of us, and the situation has caused them a deal of anxiety. At the same time, the methods they resorted to in attempting to handle the delicate situation are not entirely above criticism. These methods seem to include star chamber procedure and the muzzling of the press.

What the Directors Said

When the present session of the Legislature was only a few days old a committee representing the World's Fair directorate appeared in Sacramento. It included President Charles C. Moore, Reuben Hale, Frank L. Brown, Henry Eickhoff, Louis H. Mooser and Charles Vogel-sang. These men had a private conference with the Governor. They asked the Governor to use his influence with the members of both houses to prevent the introduction of bills which might prove offensive to Japan, explaining that Japan's participation in the Fair might depend on the outcome. It is said, though on this point I am not sure, that they told the Governor the daily newspapers of San Francisco had promised not to mention any such offensive bills if they were introduced. I believe that the Governor promised them his assistance. Then the members of the committee discovered that the legislators from whom they had the most to fear were the

Democrats. They made a mighty effort to curb the anti-Japanese activities of the Democrats.

A Conference with the Democrats

The directors arranged a conference with the prominent Democrats in the Legislature, and put forward Louis H. Mooser who is a Democrat himself as their principal spokesman. The Democrats were told that the Republicans and Progressives in the Legislature had promised not to introduce any anti-Japanese bills if the Democrats refrained. They were told that the Fair people feared the disapproval not only of Japan but also of Germany and other nations which expect to further their Japanese trade through exhibits in this city in 1915. They were told that prominent labor leaders would come out and say that they did not favor any anti-Japanese legislation at this time. There were intimations even that if they persisted in introducing such bills President Woodrow Wilson would be asked to interfere. There was talk of invoking the referendum if the bills became law. The Democrats were unruly. They pointed out to the Fair directors that a plank in their platform pledged them to introduce and push such bills. "Why not let that plank hang in the air a while?" they were asked. "Such things have happened before to the best of planks." But, the Democrats objected, would it not be bad faith to postpone such legislation until Japan committed herself to exhibiting at our Fair and then pass them when we had received what we wanted from the Mikado? To this the reply was that Japan expected some such legislation in the end but would be placated by a postponement at this time. The Democrats refused to pledge themselves.

An Ineffectual Effort

One of the San Francisco papers had a few lines about this visit of the Fair directors to Sacramento; the rest remained silent. They were silent too when the objectionable bills were introduced. For the efforts of the Fair people proved ineffectual and bills aimed at the Japanese were introduced. No less than five bills prohibiting aliens not capable of becoming naturalized citizens from owning land in this State have been introduced in the two houses. These alien land bills were introduced in the Senate by Sanford of Ukiah and Birdsall of Au-



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burn; in the Assembly by Cary of Fresno, Bradford of Sacramento and Shearer of Yreka. Of these men Sanford, Bradford and Shearer are Democrats while Birdsall and Cary are Republicans of Progressive or Bull Moose tendencies. Birdsall, by the way, was opposed to this sort of legislation in former sessions. Senator Sanford twitted him with his change of mind when the stout solon from Auburn introduced his bill. "But the Japanese have been invading my district," said Birdsall. "Oh, I see," said Sanford; "it depends on whose ox is gored." Furthermore, Senator Sanford introduced a joint resolution indorsing Congressman Raker's bill extending the terms of the Exclusion Act to all Asiatic labor. I think the Chronicle was the only San Francisco paper which made mention of these measures which are so objectionable to the Fair people, but I have been told that the other papers have come to the conclusion that they made a mistake in suppressing news of such an important kind and have decided to give the legislative action on the bills full publicity. The Fair people made the statement that prominent labor leaders indorsed their stand about anti-Japanese legislation. As if in answer to that statement, the day after it was made two labor leaders appeared in Sacramento and opened headquarters for the session. They were Paul Scharenburg, secretary of the State Federation of Labor, and Charles H. McConaughy, secretary of the San Francisco Labor Council. They announced through the Sacramento press that they would push not only the alien land bills but also bills to segregate Mongolian school children and a bill to make alien fishermen not eligible to citizenship pay a fishing license. They said they were "more determined than ever despite outside influence," referring of course to the efforts of the Fair people to block legislation. So it is evident that the committee which went to Sacramento accomplished nothing. It looks as though they will have to appeal to President Wilson, or invoke the referendum.

"Muzzling" the Sacramento Union

The Sacramento Union is a very wide awake paper, and it reported in detail the efforts and failure of the World's Fair committee in this matter. The day the first news article appeared the editor received a telephone message from President Moore asking that nothing further be said, but the request was not complied with. On the contrary the Union made a feature of the "story" and devoted editorials to its discussion. One of these editorials was headed "Save the Tea Garden!" and contained this: "Rome was burned to make a Nero's holiday; we are to sacrifice our welfare to make a Japanese tea garden. . . . We are to rub the Japanese fur the right way until we get what we desire from them—to-wit, a tea garden—and then we will be at full liberty to deal them a solar plexus." The

Union is in favor of alien land laws and makes no bones about its stand. It roasted the Fair people for adopting star chamber methods to suppress free legislative action and to muzzle the press. Perhaps the Fair men realized that they had made a serious tactical blunder, that they had tackled the problem by the wrong end; but just the same they tried to have the Union silenced. Somehow or other they got the impression that I. W. Hellman owned the paper. They sent to him and asked to have the editor silenced. Hellman laughed when he was credited with owning the paper, but promised to write a letter to L. E. Bontz, the owner and publisher. Then they went to Thornwell Mullally, having heard somewhere that the United Railroads was in control of the Union. "So!" said Mullally, "first Mr. Hellman owned the Union; now we own it!" The Fair people gave up the effort to muzzle the Union.

Sacramento Is Sore

It may be pointed out in this connection that Sacramento is a bit sore on the World's Fair directorate. Sacramento wanted to have a Forty-nine Celebration of its own during 1915 in order that visitors to the San Francisco and San Diego fairs might be lured up the valley and made acquainted with the fertility of the soil and the general advantages of living in that region. But the Fair people put the crusher on that project, declaring that it would interfere with the plans of prospective concessionaires at the Fair in this city. Sacramento doesn't agree with that view but she submitted with more or less grace. But she doesn't feel any too kindly toward San Francisco, and will fight to a standstill the proposed million dollar State Building in our Civic Centre.

Senator Newlands, Humorist

Senator Frank Newlands of Nevada appeared in a new role recently. He made his bow to an admiring constituency as a humorist. At least, it is the general guess that Senator Frank was indulging in unexpected humor. There seems no other explanation. It came about when the Reno Commercial Club addressed a letter to Senator Frank requesting him to stand as a candidate for a position in the Wilson cabinet. The letter recited Senator Frank's great achievements in the United States Senate, laying the proper stress upon his fight for irrigation and the reclamation of arid lands. The letter said that if any statesman out of the West deserved a fauteuil at the Wilson cabinet table, it was certainly Senator Frank. It was a letter as was a letter! a model of encomiastic rhetoric. In reply Senator Newlands told his admirers of the Reno Commercial Club how deeply he appreciated the compliment they had paid him. He said that service for his constituents, tireless, unselfish, never-ending service was the purpose

of his life. But, he pointed out, the United States Senate not the Cabinet, was the proper place for the rendering of that service. He said he had much to do in the Senate. His fight for irrigation and the reclamation of the great arid reaches of the West was not yet completed. So with regrets he would have to decline to stand for a Cabinet. Then came the stroke of humor. It came where a woman puts the important part of her letter, in the postscript. In the postscript Senator Frank suggested that the Reno Commercial Club and all loyal Democrats in the Sagebrush commonwealth support for a position in the Cabinet the Hon. Clay Tallman of Tonopah. Clay Tallman of Tonopah is hardly a national figure. He is in fact an inconspicuous law practitioner in Tonopah who was beaten for Congress by Ed Roberts to the tune of sixty-five votes. In the Reno Commercial Club they are marveling at Senator Frank's newly acquired humoristic tendency.

Would Like St. James'

This letter by the way did more than reveal Senator Newlands in the role of a humorist. It was taken to mean that Senator Newlands had discovered that he was not slated by President Wilson for a Cabinet position. That is considered the import of the diplomatic language located to the north of its funny postscript. For

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Senator Newlands is not wedded beyond all possibility of divorce to the United States Senate. In fact it is said that Senator Newlands has a hankering for an ambassadorship. The one he would like best is that which is vacant now through the death of Whitelaw Reid. Senator Newlands would like to go to the Court of St. James. He has the fortune necessary to support the tremendous expenses of Dorchester House during the London season, and he has the adequate social position. Mrs. Frank Newlands is a leader in Washington society. She is a daughter of Hall McAllister and inherited her father's social tact as well as a great deal of his brilliance.

Irish Catholics Want a Job

James D. Phelan of San Francisco may get into the cabinet of the next President in the guise of an Irish Catholic. The news comes from New York, where some powerful politicians of Irish extraction who are communicants of the Catholic church have started an agitation to persuade Mr. Wilson that it would be to his interest to appoint a prominent Irish Catholic to his cabinet. The Gaelic American which voices the sentiment of these politicians has published a small list of eligibles which includes the name of our former mayor, whose Catholicism, by the way, is the least of his burdens. Why Mr. Wilson should be expected to give recognition to Irish Catholics rather than to German or Italian Catholics, or, for that matter, to Scandinavian Lutherans some of us might find it difficult to say, were it not for the argument of James K. McGuire, former mayor of Syracuse, who is one of the most active of the eligibles. According to McGuire, himself and Senator O'Gorman and William G. McAdoo conducted a bureau during the campaign which extinguished a feeling of resentment against Mr. Wilson that existed among Irish Catholics all over the country. It is estimated that as a result of the activities of this bureau Wilson received 65 per cent of the Irish Catholic vote, while Roosevelt received only 20 and Taft 15. What the basis of this estimate is or how it was made we are not informed. However it is quite probable that Roosevelt got more than Taft of the Irish Catholic vote. There were many Irish Catholics in this city, all in good standing in the Knights of Columbus, who were strong for Roosevelt. Yet Taft never insulted the Pope, whereas the Colonel not only did that very thing, but insulted all the Catholics of America by assuming that the incident was likely to set the whole country by the ears. When Taft appointed a Catholic chief justice of the United States he doubtless thought only of the man's qualifications

and never inquired whether he was of Irish descent, and therefore he was not entitled to the professional Irish Catholic vote. Taft never paid tribute to Irish Catholics as Roosevelt did when he appointed John Callan O'Loughlin his private secretary for the African trip.

The Erroneous McGuire

Explaining further why Mr. Wilson should appoint a Catholic of Irish descent to his cabinet, McGuire says: "There is undoubtedly a feeling among many Irish Catholics that although many of their persuasion have furnished many men of great intellect and attainments no one of the number for the last three generations has been invited into the cabinet of a President." Mr. McGuire is in error, but his error is excusable. Joseph McKenna who is now a justice of the Supreme Court of the United States is a Catholic, a very ardent and good Catholic of Irish descent and he was a member of President McKinley's cabinet. But he is not distinguished as an Irish Catholic, and therefore McGuire probably doesn't know but that he is an Orangeman.

Professional Irish Catholics

The New York Sun discussing the McGuire-O'Gorman job-chasing propaganda says there are Catholic Irishmen and Irish Catholics and that of the latter are the men who want a cabinet portfolio. The Sun does not perceive the real distinction between Catholics of Irish extraction. The men of the McGuire-O'Gorman persuasion are professional Irish Catholics. They are called professional because they avail themselves of their religion and their blood for political purposes. Their influence in politics is with the Roosevelt brand of politicians who think that Catholics are like a band of sheep. Among Catholics generally they are detested, for Catholics realize that it is these blatherskites that give ignorant people the impression that the Catholic church is a force in American politics. With two Catholics on the Supreme bench of the United States—and one of them the Chief Justice—it is not likely that Catholics, Irish or any other kind feel that they are neglected.

Our Fair Poet

"Pop" Cahill doesn't think much of the poetry of James Henry MacLafferty, odesmith of the Panama-Pacific Exposition and author of that exquisite lyric, "The City Loved Around the World." The MacLafferty Muse reminds Mr. Cahill of the menu of a square meal, and the charming ode to the California meadowlark, which Professor Reed of Berkeley regards as sweeter music than anything ever written by

Keats or even by his favorite poet Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Mr. Cahill recommends as a plaster for Assemblyman Stuckenbruck's sore toe. Mr. Cahill is unjust. He judges MacLafferty by ordinary standards, but MacLafferty is no ordinary poet. He is an extraordinary poet. Most of his poetry is written in his sleep, and therefore it has that spontaneity which is the mark of the highest poetry. By spontaneity is art distinguished from artifice. The carelessness that is simulated by the artificer is characteristic of all the MacLafferty verse. For example:

Loveliest city of the State
I hail thee grand! I hail thee great!
I sing thy praise both far and near,
On land and sea and also here:
If not above, the reason's plain—
I've yet to ride in aeroplane.
O fairest city of the earth,
More beautiful than Tyre or Perth,
How meet that thou so debonnaire
Should be the site of great World's Fair!
So frolicsome and yet demure,
To know you is a blessing, sure,
As all will testify who come
In nineteen fifteen rum-tec-tum.

In those lines is to be found a cry wrung from the inmost heart of the poet. The inspiration came to him in the midst of a post-prandial nap. On waking he dashed off the whole thing in two minutes by the watch. It was the beauty of this poem that excited the interest of the World's Fair directors in MacLafferty. He has been made Judge of Poetry for the Exposition, but meanwhile he is touring the country to advertise the culture of San Francisco.

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John Mackay Is Here

One of the best known figures on the American turf is just now making a short visit in San Francisco. I mean John Mackay, the great trainer who has had charge of the Haggin stable of thoroughbreds for many years. What John Mackay doesn't know about trotting and running horses isn't worth knowing. He is eighty years old now, but still hale and hearty with a good memory and the gift of telling an interesting anecdote. He is a pensioner of Haggin and travels all over the world. He knew San Francisco in the long ago and has many friends here. He had charge of the Haggin stables when they were on the Rancho del Paso, the famous Haggin Grant above Sacramento, and continued in charge when the stables were moved to Kentucky. There is more than Mackay's love and knowledge of horses to endear him to James B. Haggin. I believe he rescued Benali Haggin, the artist, from drowning when the latter was a child. During his visit here Mackay has spent most of his time in company with his old friend and fellow Briton "English Bill" Savage. Savage is a deputy sheriff now, but in the good old days he was an expert machinist at the Union Iron Works. The two pals have been recalling the time when Bill made as much as \$130 a day getting out machinery for the mines, and the later days when Bill could easily knock out \$30 a day in the work on the great battleship Oregon. And many a talk have the cronies had about that famous occasion thirty-six years ago when Bill Savage sparred four rattling good rounds with Jem Mace in this city. When Mackay leaves here his destination will be St. Petersburg.

Bailey on Hearst

The Congressional Record containing Senator Bailey's "swan song" has come to hand. According to the Hearst papers the speech was a dreary diatribe so full of personal abuse that it revolted the Senate and the galleries. The speech fills fourteen pages of the Record. It is chiefly an exposition of the principles and institutions of our government. A little more than one page is devoted to a defense of Bailey himself and the men he has associated with in public life. In view of all the murky generalities with which Bailey has been assailed from time to time it may be of interest to know what his side of the story is. I quote:

There is my record, sir; it covers more than 21 years. During that time I have participated in every great debate, and I have

voted on every important measure, but they cannot find where I have ever spoken or voted against the honor or the interest of the people whose commission I have held. They have charged me with practicing law, but the most reckless of them do not claim that I have been employed in any case which would affect legislation or which could be affected by legislation. I have here a sample of these attacks, in a magazine owned and published by one William R. Hearst, who affronts the decency of this Nation by posing as an apostle of civic righteousness. Politics with him are a trade and patriotism a pretense; he delights in assassinating the character of honest men and revels in the slime of the gutters. Without conscience, fidelity, or courage he is a moral pervert and political degenerate and a physical coward.

It was at this point that Bailey was interrupted by Senator Ashurst. Bailey said no more of Hearst.

That Standard Oil Letter

Bailey next discussed the charges made against him by a writer in one of the Hearst magazines. He said:

On one page he classified me as a Standard Oil Senator and on another page prints a letter which shows that, within the knowledge of the man who wrote it, I had little or no acquaintance with Mr. Archbold, the manager of that corporation. This would seem to convict the man who wrote this article of a stupidity almost sufficient to excuse him for lying; but we must not jump to the conclusion that he is so stupid as his screed makes him appear to sensible men. The letters which he was publishing had been stolen, and he was shrewd enough to know that the readers whose prejudices he was striving to inflame would consider it a matter of suspicion that a man's name was mentioned at all in a stolen letter. When I was a boy at the law school I was taught that the man who received stolen property, knowing that it had been stolen, was as guilty as the thief himself, and that is just as true in morals as it is in law. Up to within these last few years any man who would have hired thieves to rifle the letter books and letter files of his employer would have been ostracized from the association of honest men, and he could not have found an audience in America which would have

heard him publicly proclaim his infamy. But the times are different now, and if a man will pretend to be a reformer the people seem to forgive all his misconduct and applaud his thefts if they can be used against the reactionaries. Mr. President, there is something wrong about this letter, for if the date of it is correct the Mr. B. to whom it refers as a Member of the Senate could not have been me, because the letter is dated February 26, 1900, and I was not then a Senator. I was not elected to the Senate until January, 1901, and took my seat as a member of this body on the fourth of March, 1901. But, sir, even if I was the Mr. B. to whom that letter referred, it imputes to me no act or opinion which could reflect on me in the slightest degree either as a Senator or as a man. It represents me as opposed to the then administration's corporation policy and states that I was prepared to "make a great fight" against the right of the Government to open a man's books for the purpose of ascertaining the profits of his business. I do not recall that I ever discussed that question with Mr. Sibley one way or the other, but I never hesitated to express my position substantially as it is there stated to everyone with whom I talked on the subject. I was then, and I am now, unalterably opposed to the Rooseveltian policy of legalizing monopolies and then attempting to control them. I believe that monopolies ought to be treated as commercial outlaws and punished with severity enough to exterminate them. I am not such a fool as to think or such a demagogue as to pretend that I think that every successful enterprise is a monopoly, nor do I think that any man should be condemned either by law or public opinion simply because he has managed his business with such sagacity as to make it a large and prosperous one. I have no prejudice against any business because of its size until it reaches a size which renders it a monopoly, and then I think that the law ought to lay its hand upon it with crushing weight. The other statement that I deny the right of the Government to search any man's books and expose his business secrets merely for the purpose of ascertaining his profits will hardly be construed as a proof of corporate sympathy by any man except a Socialist or a near-Socialist.

His Tribute to Congress

In conclusion Bailey paid his respects to Congress as follows:

What we need in this country and at this time is more confidence in our representatives, because this eternal war against them has made too many of them cowards. Every man in these two Houses of Congress knows that his associates are, with rare exceptions, as upright and as honest as he is; but many of them are afraid to say that much to their constituents, lest they should themselves become suspected. Many of them hear their colleagues slandered and do not defend them, because the curse of the age seems to be that no man is considered honest unless he accuses all other men of dis-

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honesty or else sits silent when they are accused. Mr. President, I am soon to terminate my public service, and I shall henceforth have no interest in this Government other than that of a private citizen; but before I go I want to bear this testimony in behalf of the men with whom I have served; I want to say of those with whom I have differed, as well as of those with whom I have agreed in politics, that they were as much above treachery and dishonor as any equal number of men ever assembled for any work. During my 22 years in these two Houses of Congress I have been associated with perhaps 2,000 men, and among all that number I could count on the fingers of a single hand those whose absolute integrity I have ever had the slightest reason to suspect. Among them I do not believe that there have been five men who could have been bribed with any sum of money to do what they knew was wrong; but candor toward all and good faith toward the people require that I shall also say that I have known a much larger number whom fear sometimes deterred from doing what they knew was right. I do not mean that they feared any special interest, or that they feared the lobby, of which we hear so much and see so little; but, sir, they feared the displeasure of their people.

"Care-free San Francisco"

Allan Dunn of the Bohemian Club who handles the pen and the paint brush with equal facility, has just brought out through the publishing house of A. M. Robertson an interesting and beautifully illustrated book in which he attempts an appreciation of the varied charms of our city. The attempt is quite successful. Dunn writes *currente calamo*, achieving an effect of carelessness

which is more or less in consonance with the character of the town he describes. He starts off by explaining what he means by his title "Care-free San Francisco": "Not that they don't care. They do. It's because they meet Care in the open and conquer it, that they are free of it. When Bret Harte sang of San Francisco,

Serene, indifferent to fate,

he did not mean to emphasize any 'don't-care-what-happens' attitude on the part of its citizens. Indifference to the buffeting of Circumstance was the real spirit of that phrase." But of course if Allan Dunn stops to think a minute he will recall that Bret Harte did not sing,

Serene, indifferent to fate.

What Bret Harte sang was something very different:

Serene, indifferent of fate.

Ground Well Covered

There are eight chapters in this book, and the titles will indicate that the ground is very well covered. First there is "The Care-free City" wherein the story of the town is briefly traced to show how it acquired its distinctive character. Then there is "The Street"; then "The City Cosmopolitan" with adequate treatment of Chinatown, the Latin Quarter and so on; then "Indoors" dealing with the restaurants, hotels and clubs. The three other chapters, "Out Again," "The Beach" and "Round About" carry us to the Presidio, the Park, the Ocean, to the golf links and other open air places of recreation and amusement, not forgetting some of the beauty spots outside the city. It is an easy book to read, and the writer has the knack of arranging crisp phrases that say a good deal briefly.

There are one or two misspellings which should be corrected in the second edition, and of course that quotation should be made to read the way Bret Harte wrote it.

Violet Romer's Rise

One day Abraham Klaw of the producing firm of Klaw and Erlanger happened to be passing the Van Ness Theatre. It was Sunday, and the boards announced an afternoon of classic dances by Miss Violet Romer. Klaw went in and saw Miss Romer dance. The result was Miss Romer's speedy departure for New York, her success there; her invasion of London and her success there too; finally her return to New York to win new success with her beautiful dances in "Kismet." Now she not only dances but also stages dances. Thus it will be seen that her rise has been wonderfully rapid. A great Biblical spectacle called "Joseph and His Brethren" has just been produced at the Century Theatre in New York. Louis N. Parker, author of "Pomander Walk," "Disraeli" and other successful plays is the author, and the producer is George Tyler who was responsible for the gorgeous "Garden of Allah." Miss Romer staged the dances for this pretentious affair, and contributed several well executed numbers of her own. For the first time in her short stage career "Joseph and His Brethren" afforded her a small speaking part. "She delivered her lines like a veteran," said one critic.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Ho for Fat Tuesday!

Lenten Wednesday with its ashen face and its dress of sack-cloth will soon be upon us, but first comes Fat Tuesday and on that day we shall all bid a conventional farewell to the flesh at the Palace masquerade. It's to be a Roman holiday and we're going to make Rome howl. Preparations are going on apace, and some of the more enthusiastic are even trying to remember Latin tags so that they may carry out the illusion of the scene in speech. I predict however that if any Latin is spoken it will be hog Latin. All the costumers have been cleaning the togas and dusting off the sandals which haven't been used since the last production here of "Julius Caesar." Ferdinand Thieriot is going to be Emperor Augustus. I understand that Ferdinand has been reading up Suetonius (not in the original) and will give us the splendid Caesar to the life. A very naughty emperor was Augustus, and Ferdinand will therefore wear a mask of cynical wickedness on his youthful face. He will make eyes at all the ladies as Augustus used to do, but especially at the "flappers," for Augustus had a weakness for young girls. Like Augustus he will be careless but not too careless in his dress. Will he wear a beard? He should. And will he imitate Augustus by walking with a spring-halt? Augustus, we know from Suetonius, used to singe his legs with burnt nut shells to make the hair softer. Fortunately Ferdinand won't have to do this.

The Empress Livia

Mrs. Clem Tobin has decided to be Augustus' third wife Livia. It was to be expected, I suppose, that the third wife would be picked out. Augustus first married Mark Antony's step-daughter Claudia but divorced her almost at once. Then he married Scribonia who had been mar-

ried twice before, but he soon tired of her nagging temper and the divorce proceedings were speedier than any at Reno. Then came Livia Drusilla whom he took away from her defenseless hubby. She remained his wife through all the days of his splendor, so it was natural to portray her. From all accounts she was a good wife, though her Emperor was notoriously unfaithful. She was apparently above suspicion, unlike Calpurnia, Julius Caesar's wife who was impersonated, if you recall, at Greer Harrison's Circus Maximus in the old days before the fire.

The Court of Augustus

I notice that nobody is going to impersonate Julia, Augustus' daughter by his second marriage. It's just as well. Julia was as naughty a Roman matron as ever figures in the chronicle scandaleuse of that or any other period. Giuseppe Cadenasso is to be the poet Ovid. Here the committee is treading on dangerous ground. Ovid wrote warm verses and recited them, but I don't suppose Cadenasso will give us anything from the *Ars Amandi*. Later on he was banished for seeing too much. This incident of course cannot be enacted at a Mardi Gras ball for sweet charity. There are to be a lot of other court attendants, but the names don't mean anything. There is to be no Agrippa, no Maecenas in Augustus' train. Why not have Charley De Young portray one of those wise statesmen. Charley is to be chairman of the floor committee as he was last year, but why not dignify him with the role of a Maecenas which would not interfere with his duties? Then I don't see any mention of the poets who made the Augustan age glorious. Where is Virgil? Where is good easy-going Horace? Where Tibullus of the honeyed elegy and Propertius of the ardent hexameter? And where is the luxurious Sallust, and his rival in historical writing, the great Livy? Perhaps volunteers will enact these splendid parts. One thing troubles me. Augustus was a very temperate man. He drank wine sparingly and ate the simplest food. Naturally he made his court follow his example. Shall we have to check the flowing vintage and stint our supper? Herein, I'm afraid, historical accuracy will be abandoned.

Mrs. Langtry at the Sequoia

Monckton Milnes, or Lord Houghton as he became afterwards, had false teeth. This interesting fact was "divulged" (as Larry Toole would say) at the Sequoia Club last Friday night. It was divulged by no less a personage than Lady de Bathe whom everybody, including Sequoians, insists on calling Mrs. Langtry. Lady de Bathe divulged other interesting things besides the falsity of the Monckton Milnes teeth. She was in a divulging mood, so to speak. She was obviously pleased with the homage of the members and guests of the Sequoia, and rose to the occasion. Lady de Bathe frankly delights in being lionized, and the Sequoians, in no disrespectful sense be it noted, are great lion hunters and hero worshipers. They worshiped at Lady de Bathe's shrine most enthusiastically. When a representative gathering of two hundred men and women do that, the idol cannot help showing satisfaction. Lady de Bathe showed her

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pleasure by unrolling the parchment of memory. It started when Madame Fulloni recited these lines which Joaquin Miller was inspired to write the first time he met the Lily:

If all God's world a garden were
And women were but flowers;
If men were bees that busied there
Through endless summer hours;
Oh, I would hum God's garden through
For honey, till I came to you.

The Lily Unbends

That made Lady de Bathe unbend. She said she remembered the night Joaquin wrote that. It was at a dinner given by that other poet Monckton Milnes. And that reminded Lady de Bathe that Monckton Milnes had false teeth. She laughed when she thought of those false teeth. So did the Sequoians when she mentioned them. And then she said she couldn't help recalling the way Monckton Milnes "shoved his soup over his false teeth." That vivid phrase made the Sequoians roar. They roared again when she told them that General and Mrs. Grant were there, and that Mrs. Grant had fat bare arms. It was extraordinary what a lot of things Lady de Bathe remembered, and how zestfully she told the Sequoians about them. It was a very successful evening, made possible because Robert McKim, Lady de Bathe's leading man, is a brother of Madame Fulloni who is one of the leading spirits in the Sequoia Club. That made it quite easy to arrange the reception for Lady de Bathe. She enjoyed every minute of it.

They Rave About Her

The Sequoians have been raving about Lady de Bathe ever since. The feminine contingent of the club can't get over her marvelous glinty bronze hair set off with rhinestones. They rhapsodize about her wonderful neck and shoulders. They find as much mystery in her eyes as Walter Pater did in Monna Lisa's smile. They declare that her blue-green gown was a modiste's dream and that her golden slippers and stockings were more than worth going out for to see. They only found a few tiny wrinkles about her eyes. As to her figure they differ. Some say it is superb; others that it was evidently once superb. One Sequoian, on being presented, said: "After all, Mrs. Langtry, beauty

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is only skin deep." "Yes," smiled Lady de Bathe in reply, "it isn't much without brains, is it?" Which probably gave that particular Sequoian something to think about. But the other remarks addressed to her were unequivocally complimentary. President Harr. Wagner said people obtained fame in three ways: by wealth; through the praise of poets and critics; and by solid achievement. The last, he said, was the way Mrs. Langtry obtained it. The remark was unanimously applauded, and Lady de Bathe smiled a pleased smile. She had such a good time that she accepted an invitation to be the guest of honor at the annual club dinner this week.

She Came Quietly

Lady de Bathe came to town very quietly. Just walked into the St. Francis unaccompanied one day and asked for apartments. No blare of trumpets from press agents or others. She travels simply, with a colored maid, but no secretary or any other human impedimenta. Apparently it was several days before the newspapers knew she was here. The dramatic critics didn't even interview her, though Larry Toole of the Examiner "divulged" her career in a half-page article which seemed to mourn her subsidence into vaudeville. When the Lily was in Seattle at least one reporter tried to interview her. The story was told in the Town Crier, the weekly paper of that city, in interesting fashion. Helen Ross was the newspaperwoman who made the attempt. She phoned to Lady de Bathe. "Hello, is this Mrs. Langtry?" "Yes, this is Lady de Bathe" (in tones and accent unmistakably British). "Well, this is Miss Ross of the Town Crier speaking." "Good heavens, what a hideous name!" Miss Ross thinks Lady de Bathe referred to the name of the publication. Miss Ross was to meet Lady de Bathe at five in the afternoon, but alas! she was ten minutes late. She was told that Lady de Bathe could not see her. She phoned to her apartment. "Hello, Lady de Bathe." "Hello, Mrs. Ross or Cross or whatever your name is, I absolutely refuse to see you. I asked you to be here at five and it is now ten minutes past. I had allowed you ten minutes for the interview, and the time is now up, and I am engaged in other matters. Why are you so jolly late?" Miss Ross pleaded. "No indeed, young woman," came the ultimatum, "I am busy just now with a realty dealer, and I cannot see you at any time tomorrow either as I shall be busy after the theatre with my other work. I am not idle, you see." "May I ask what kind of work?" "Lit'ry work," she answered nonchalantly. "What kind?" "Oh, I am writing a book (there are at least three o's in

book as she pronounces it), a book of my memoirs and some plays and poems and that sort of thing. Goodbye."

They Were Suppressed

This is not the first time that the Lily has announced the preparation of her memoirs. About 1899 she told the world that she was about to appear in the role of autobiographer, and London society was a good deal flustered at the news, for nobody could tell just how far she intended to go in her disclosures. I believe a London publisher offered her \$160,000 for the manuscript and that an American publisher was willing to give \$110,000 for the American copyright. So it was expected that the book would be the disclosure of a purple past. It never appeared, and it has always been thought that the Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward, used his influence with the Lily (which was considerable) to have the volume suppressed.

An Interesting Volume

There is no King Edward to interfere now, and if the Lily tells her whole story her book will be a best seller. I wonder if she will tell about her family. Lady de Bathe's maiden name was Charlotte Emily Le Breton. She took the name Lillian for stage use when she was nicknamed the Jersey Lily. Her father was W. C. Le Breton who was a curate at the fashionable St. James' in Piccadilly when he fell in love and was married. He was afterwards made the Dean of St. Helen's in Jersey. Charlotte Emily was a noted beauty on Jersey before she went up to London to win fame. I have heard that she received her first proposal of marriage at the age of fifteen. She married Ned Langtry at twenty-two. Her future was assured when the Prince of Wales met her in London. "I hear you have a goddess here tonight," he said to his hostess in Mayfair one evening; and when he saw her he declared, "She is fairer than Venus." It was all over but the shouting after that, if you'll pardon the colloquialism.

Her Many Admirers

Naturally there should be a lot about the Lily's admirers in her book if she decides to write it the way George Moore wrote his "Memoirs of My Dead Life." The Prince of Wales would occupy many an enthralling chapter. Then there was "Squire" Abington Baird who presented to the Lily a diamond necklace valued at \$10,000. Of course the late Freddie Gebhardt would figure largely, for he was one of her most devoted admirers. Freddie accompanied her to San Francisco the time she took a house at Twenty-first and Fair Oaks and used to cause excitement among the housewives of the Mission as she started out every morning for her walk to Golden Gate Park. She intended to establish a residence in order to sue for a divorce, and it was gossiped that she would marry Freddie. But she didn't. She got her divorce later, and Langtry died soon after it was granted.

Her Age

There is a lot of speculation about the Lily's age. There shouldn't be. Anybody who wants to find out how old she is can satisfy curiosity by opening the Encyclopedia Britannica. That authority says that the Lily was born in 1852. She is therefore in her sixty-first year, though

justice rather than chivalry compels me to say that she doesn't look it. By the way, the Britannica calls her "Lillie" Langtry. It seems to me that isn't taking her very seriously.

To Give a Musicale

Mr. Ashley-Pettis, the pianist, will give a musicale in the ball room of the St. Francis on Friday evening, February 7. He will be assisted by Mrs. Charles W. Camm, the soprano, George Bowdin, the tenor and Miss Olive Hyde, the violinist. Among those who are acting as patrons of this interesting affair are Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sharon, Mrs. A. W. Scott, Jr., Professor William Dallam Armes, Mrs. John Darling, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Grunsky, Mrs. Horace Wilson, Mrs. Frank Howard Payne, Mr. Oscar Weil, Mrs. L. S. Sherman and Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Day.

Society at Techau's

Mrs. Langtry (Lady de Bathe) was the guest of honor at a brilliant banquet given by Signor and Signora Fulloni at Techau Tavern last Tuesday evening. On Sunday Mr. and Mrs. C. Grunauer entertained fifty relatives and friends, all wealthy society people, at a silver wedding banquet, followed by dancing. Mrs. Grunauer is a sister of Mr. Herman Liebes, founder of the well-known fur house of H. Liebes & Co. Mrs. Sam Crim entertained forty-two society ladies at bridge last Wednesday. It was a most elaborate affair.

Mrs. Jenkins at Kohler and Chase Hall

A more than ordinarily interesting program has been prepared for this Saturday's Music Matinee at Kohler & Chase Hall. Mrs. Zilpha Ruggles Jenkins, soprano, has been engaged as soloist. She is a vocalist of reputation. Among the compositions she will sing are the Ballatella from "Pagliacci" and songs by Harris and Chadwick. There will also be a number of instrumental compositions interpreted on the Pianola Piano and the Aeolian Pipe Organ, among these compositions by Wieniawski, Massenet, Lack and Saint-Saens.

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The Beautiful Langtry

By Theodore Bonnet

When one goes to the theatre to see Mrs. Langtry one has no other object in view. The person who goes to the theatre to see Mrs. Langtry impersonate somebody else is hampered with an irrelevant motive. This is not said in disparagement of Mrs. Langtry the actress. She acts well enough, as well perhaps as some of our stars who have been made to twinkle before they learned to shine. As an actress Mrs. Langtry is at a great disadvantage. She knows that people do not pay to see her act. She knows it would require extraordinary genius to divert the minds of an audience from her personality to her art. She cannot be otherwise than constantly conscious that the audience is absorbed not in the play but in her physique. So she probably thinks, What's the use? and gives us a make-shift playlet, Sardou planed down to a splinter, which serves as a medium for the display of a dress rather than for any sensitive or subtle show of feeling. But is it not enough to spend a quarter of an hour with Mrs. Langtry, the famous beauty who comes down to us from the Victorian era evoking luscious memories that give her all the dignity of a tragic poem? Mrs. Langtry is a personage to warm the fancy and delight the imagination. Consider what a pleasure it is today to gaze on a copy of George

Romney's Lady Hamilton as Ariadne, or on the portrait of Nell Gwynne or the voluptuous beauty of the Countess of Grammont as pictured by Peter Lely. These were women who exercised an imperial sway over the imagination of men that made history, women of beauty who went forth without blush to the conquest of hearts and who suffered themselves to be desired. And their spell is over us still. It is the spell of surpassingly romantic histories by which romance was beaten in its own domain. If it is a pleasure to gaze on the portrait of one of these immortal beauties, how much greater the pleasure to see in flesh and blood a woman born with the invisible sceptre like those we have loved and dreamed of across the ages! We can go to the Orpheum this week and look upon a beautiful creature who already has her niche in the temple reserved for the women beloved of the sons of Apollo and the Kings of Men. Yes, Mrs. Langtry who was persona gratissima wherever the Prince of Wales was a guest, will abide with the immortals—with the divine Sacharissa who still reminds us

How small a part of time they share,

Who are so wondrous sweet and fair—
with the daughter of Leda that "launched a thousand ships and burned the topless towers of

Ilium," with the Queen of Sheba, Cleopatra, Catherine of Russia and all the rest of them. I have seen a copy of one of the earliest portraits of Mrs. Langtry, the one by G. F. Watts. It is the portrait of a sweet and girlish girl who has seen nothing of the world. The Mrs. Langtry of today is not at all like the Mrs. Langtry that sat for Watts, but she is none the less entitled to the homage of admiration. We see little of her smile at the Orpheum, but she affects a melancholy that would unlock prison doors, and in her eyes is the light that might melt the ego of a Roosevelt. Whatever may be her temperament, she seems the incarnation of soul. It looks out from her languorous, liquid eyes, it nestles in the meshes of her silken hair. There are women for whom Gautier has a formula. He says that men should go to them straight as a bullet, and not seize them by the tip of the wing but firmly like a gendarme. Mrs. Langtry strikes me as one of that kind. But this may be due to her manner in her playlet, which may not be her manner at all. We shall know more of the lady when she publishes her memoirs on which she is now working. Let us hope that like Mme. de Genlis she kept a diary, for if so she may make a very valuable contribution to history.

"Aida" and "Lucia" at the Valencia

By Edward F. O'Day

Very auspicious indeed was the beginning of the month of opera to which Mario Lambardi, Ettore Patrizi and Will Greenbaum are treating us at the Valencia. When the curtain went up Sunday night and admitted us to the palace of Pharaoh at Memphis there was plenty of enthusiasm on both sides of the prompter's shell. Musical San Francisco from the Latin Quarter to the Mission and from Pacific Heights to Sunset was abundantly represented in the audience. And there on the stage was a new tenor. Nothing excites our opera-lovers like the chance to sip the liquid notes of a new tenor. In "Aida" the tenor doesn't have to wait long for his chance. People are hardly settled in their chairs before he is rhapsodizing about "Celeste Aida" with her "forma divina." And Eugenio Folco proved to be a very sweet, a very impassioned rhapsodizer. The trained ears in the audience almost wagged approval of his quality. If he didn't look as handsome as might be they put it down to the unbecoming hirsute impedimenta that the captain of the guard wore in the days when the concrete in the Pyramids was drying. And then came Amneris, the amorous daughter of Pharaoh, to make love to the soft-hearted soldier. Blanche Fox was rather a stout Amneris, but there was no adipose in her contralto (or mezzo-soprano?) notes, and again the audience inclined the porches of its ears in hearty approval. Ester Adaberto is an old friend, tried and found true, but one couldn't help being disappointed in her make-up. The lovely Ethiopian slave should charm us with her beauty as quickly as she rouses the jealousy of her Egyptian mistress, but there was no chance for Ester to overpower our eyes with that wig and that chocolate complexion. But what of that? Her voice was splendid, and grand opera is for the ears rather than the too critical

eyes. Who thought of her looks when Ester burst forth in her "Ritorna vincitor?" Martino was the High Priest, and he rose to his opportunity in the temple scene. The chorus was in fine voice too, with good old reliable Napoleoni singing lustily and looking as sacerdotal as possible in his Egyptian robes. A fierce old Ethiopian

king was Nicoletti, and the meeting between captive daughter and manacled father was very effective indeed. But the duet of Adaberto and Folco in the third act was what really brought down the house. That gave Folco his cachet. The music-lovers clapped and shouted their approval. He was made one of us. And how he



MISCHA ELMAN

"The poet of the violin" who will appear at Scottish Rite Auditorium Sunday afternoons, February 9-16, and Friday night, February 14.

beamed back at the beaming audience as he took his calls. How everybody beamed, including Adaberto and Bovi, the conductor, who, of course, was called to the stage. Even Will Greenbaum who is slow in his enthusiasms beamed from the back of the theatre. The last act too was exceedingly well done. Poor Radames took his imprisonment with appropriate vocal resignation which changed to vocal sorrow for his beloved when Aida stepped through a crack in the canvas masonry and announced her intention of dying with him. They died in the usual sprawling embrace intoning "O terra, addio," and everybody went home perfectly happy. Yes indeed, 'twas an auspicious opening of the season.

* * * * *

On Monday night we had the saccharine "Lucia." We knew it was going to be fine when we heard how well the orchestra gave the overture. The lady harpist had to acknowledge a special appreciation. "Lucia" brought us Regina Vicarino and Agostini. Regina hasn't been here for some time, and in her absence she played a little old last year's engagement at the Metropolitan. But she was a favorite before, and bids fair to become a greater favorite than ever. Agostini is one of our pet singers. The old Tivoli audience knew and admired him. He came to us last in "Madame Butterfly" and in better voice than ever. The combination of Vicarino and Agostini in "Lucia" was a very happy one. When Regina made her first appearance in the park of Lammermoor with her chum Alice she received

a noisy approval from the audience, even though she didn't look very well in her ugly plaid costume. But her beautiful voice atoned. Then came Agostini to an accompaniment of more pleasant noise from the audience. Remembering how little like an American naval officer Agostini looked when he sang Pinkerton, we were all glad to see how well the black velvet and lace of Edgar became him. He was in fine voice, and the duet was a gem. The second act was one continuous delight. The Enrico of Giovacchini was a fiery fellow indeed, so fiery at times that we feared Giovacchini might burst his throat. He feels the parts he sings, does this big basso. The scene between brother and sister was full of fine emotional music. Then came the great scene where we get the sextet. We have heard a lot of "Lucia" sextets, but this was worthy to be remembered, and when it was over nothing would do but that it should be repeated. I'm sure many will return to hear it at the Saturday matinee. The first honors of course went to Vicarino and Agostini, but Giovacchini and Marco who sang the chaplain's role must be mentioned admiringly too. And let it not be forgotten that Agostini acted with a great deal of passion and fire. Naturally we all waited with eagerness to hear Vicarino in the mad scene. Here she was at her best both in acting and singing. She made a very pathetic figure as she tossed her flowers about, Ophelia fashion, and her aria with flute obligato was a superb piece of coloratura. How her voice did mount and

mount the scale with no apparent effort! Nothing for her to do, naturally, but repeat it, and then came a real ovation with flowers, one of which she threw over the footlights to the deserving Bovi. We were all very sorry for poor Ravenswood when he pretended to stab himself under the left arm, but we were much more sorry because this good old masterpiece of Donizetti was finished.

Gossip of the Theatre

The Last But One Beel Concert

Many a music lover sighed with regret on leaving the colonial ball room of the St. Francis Tuesday night. The regretful sigh followed the thought that there is to be only one more Beel concert this season. In a season almost overloaded with musical offerings the Beel concerts have stood out as representative of the best in music, and it seems too bad that there is to be only one more. However, even the best of earthly things come to their appointed end, and it would be churlish not to feel grateful to Sigmund Beel for the wealth of music which he and his associates have outpoured for us during the past few months. There will be other seasons, and Sigmund Beel has promised to be with us. The only thing to carp about in Tuesday night's concert was the size of the audience. There weren't nearly as many there as there should have been. But those who attended tried to make up in hearty appreciation for those who stayed away. It wasn't difficult. One cannot help feeling appreciative at a Beel concert. Sigmund Beel gives of the best, and his best always calls forth unanimous applause. As usual the audience was given something which they had never heard before, a wonderfully beautiful sonata for piano and viola by Paul Juon. This was rendered with perfection of artistry by Nathan Firestone of the quartet and Eugene Blanchard, one of our most finished young pianists. There was also a Mozart quartet, a composition through whose four movements the suave yet sincere imaginings of the master breathed with the fragrant breath of poetry. He evokes dreams, does Mozart, and in the minuetto movement one fancied brocaded beauties smiling their challenge to satin beaus as they stepped through the courtly measures. Very different was the Quartet "Out of My Life." The unfortunate Smetana who was to die in a mad house, his ears haunted by elusive melodies, wrote his sad heart into this throbbing composition, and one catches at times the far-off cry of the spectre that lured him to unreason. A truly wonderful offering all this of Beel on Tuesday night, up to the high Beel standard. Need more be said?

—Edward F. O'Day.

The Bill Toppers at Pantages

A trio of headline vaudeville stars top the new bill opening at Pantages Sunday afternoon. In addition Walter Montague's little drama of San Francisco "Twenty Minutes in Chinatown" will be given its premier. It relates actual happenings of a recent tong war. A strong feature of the new bill is the Melnotte La Nole Troupe of wire walkers. The Four Burns Sisters offer an excellent vocal specialty. The girls are good to look upon. A hodge podge of mirth and nonsense will be presented by Dugan and Raymond billed as "The Messenger Boy and Maid." Josh Dale is a rapid fire black face violinist. The Six Abdallahs will present a whirlwind acrobatic pastime of the Arabian desert. The Spencers have high class singing selections. As usual the motion pictures will be excellent.



FLORENCE WEBBER

The delightful young prima donna of "Naughty Marietta," which Oscar Hammerstein will present Sunday night at the Cort.

Rider-Kelsey and Cunningham Concerts

This Sunday afternoon, February 2, at Scottish Rite Auditorium Manager Will Greenbaum will present two of the world's greatest concert singers, Mme. Corinne Rider-Kelsey, a soprano with a voice of unusual beauty, and Claude Cunningham, the baritone who toured America with Mme. Patti on her last visit. A program of masterpieces by Schumann, Schubert, Brahms, Grieg, Wolf and Richard Strauss will be given, both artists contributing groups of solos. A special feature will be duets of Mozart, Cornelius and Sinding. The second Rider-Kelsey and Cunningham concert will be given Tuesday night, February 4, and a special farewell program is scheduled for Thursday night, February 6. There will be a complete change of program at each concert. Program books may be secured at Sherman, Clay & Company's and Kohler & Chase's where the seat sale is now in progress.

The Mischa Elman Concerts

Mischa Elman, the young Russian violin virtuoso, will give a series of three concerts at Scottish Rite Auditorium, the dates being Sunday afternoons, February 9 and 16, and Friday night, February 14. He will be assisted by the eminent accompanist Mr. Percy Kahn. At the first concert Elman will play a Beethoven sonata for violin and piano, one of the classic Handel sonatas and the brilliant concerto in F sharp minor by Ernst, besides many beautiful works in the smaller forms. At his Friday night concert another Beethoven sonata, Tartini's "Trill of the Devil" and the Bruch concerto in G minor will be the principal features. At the Sunday afternoon farewell concert a sonata by Mozart and the rarely played concerto by Goldmark will be among the offerings. The seat sale for all the Elman concerts will open next Wednesday at Sherman, Clay & Company's and Kohler & Chase's.

Nordica to Give One Concert

Manager Greenbaum announces that he has secured the services of Mme. Lillian Nordica for a single concert which will be given on Sunday afternoon, February 23. A magnificent special program is being prepared. The concert will be along popular lines, for Nordica is a great favorite with the general public and hundreds will hear her who are not as a rule concert goers.

The Adeline Genée Ballet

San Francisco is to enjoy its second season of ballet in a few weeks. Two years ago Manager Greenbaum brought us the Russian Ballet with Pavlowa and Mordkin at an enormous risk. Now he proposes to bring us the highest example of the Franco-Italian style of pantomime and ballet. The offering includes Adeline Genée, the most artistic, fascinating and charming dancer in the world; Violinin from the St. Petersburg Imperial Ballet; Mlle. Schmolz from the Paris Grand Opera Ballet; Genée's own corps de ballet and an orchestra direct from the Metropolitan and the Coliseum of London. The scenery, costumes, etc., representing an outlay of over thirty thousand dollars, will be brought intact. The musical director will be Mr. C. I. M. Glaser of London. The entire Genée company and orchestra left Chicago (where they appeared in conjunction with the Dippel forces), last week on a special train, and are due to arrive here in time to open on Monday, February 24.

Opera at the Valencia

The Lambardi Grand Opera will give this Friday night the double bill of "Cavalleria Rusticana" with Fox, Folco and Giovacchini, and "I

Pagliacci" with Bertossi, Folco and Giovacchini. This will be given for the only time this season. At the Saturday matinee "Lucia" will be repeated, and in the evening "Aida." The repertoire for the second week is as follows: Sunday night and Saturday night, "Il Trovatore" with either Adaberto or Bertossi, Fox, Folco, Giovacchini and Martino; Monday and Thursday nights, Giordano's "Andrea Chenier;" Tuesday night and Saturday afternoon, Massenet's "Thais" with Vicarino in the title role; Wednesday night, "Faust;" and Friday night, Mascagni's "Amico Fritz." The repertoire for the third week will include "Otello," "Mignon," and Cilea's "Adrienne Lecouvreur" which has never been given in America excepting two years ago at the Metropolitan. The downtown box office at Sherman, Clay & Company's will be maintained throughout the season.

Cohan Musical Comedy at Alcazar

George M. Cohan's musical comedy "The Talk of New York" will be given its first presentation in San Francisco next Monday night at the Alcazar with Evelyn Vaughan, Bert Lytell, the full strength of the regular company, a number of specially engaged players, a large and well drilled company, and an augmented orchestra interpreting the lines and melodies. This production of the prolific Cohan is a sequel to his "Forty-Five Minutes From Broadway" which scored such a hit during the last Vaughan-Lytell season in O'Farrell street. Rehearsals have shown that it

is even more entertaining than its predecessor. It follows the career of "Kid" Burns after he has acquired fortune on the racetrack and shows him teaching his millionaire friends how to baffle the lures of confidence men and the adventuress. Through a delightful mixture of speedy farce, effective melodrama and deft character drawing are interspersed songs pertinent to the passing situations and with the typical Cohanesque swing, most of them introducing statuesque "show girls" and nimble "broilers." It is unnecessary to inform the Alcazar regulars that Miss Vaughan, Mr. Lytell and Mr. Ruggles can sing and dance no less acceptably than they act, for that was demonstrated by their work in "Forty-Five Minutes From Broadway." So can the other Alcazarans.

"Naughty Marietta" at the Cort

Oscar Hammerstein will present Florence Webber and the Hammerstein Comic Opera Company in "Naughty Marietta" at the Cort for the two weeks commencing Sunday night, February 2. The usual matinees will be given. Mr. Hammerstein, in placing Miss Webber at the head of his favorite company, selected a young American prima donna comedienne of exceptional promise. She possesses a good voice and she can act. In the East Miss Webber is a great favorite, but as this is her first trip to the Pacific Coast, it remains to be seen if she will delight us as she has the public elsewhere. In the support of Miss Webber is a company of good vocalists and comedians. "Naughty



CAROLINA WHITE

Who will give a recital at the Columbia Theatre Sunday night, February 2.

AMUSEMENTS

Valencia at Fourteenth LAMBARDI

PACIFIC COAST GRAND OPERA CO.

Saturday Afternoon, "LUCIA"; Saturday Eve., "AIDA"; Sunday Evening, "IL TROVATORE"; Adaberto, Fox, Folco; Monday and Thursday Nights, "ANDREA CHENIERE"; Adaberto, Agostini, Fox; Tuesday Evening and Saturday Matinee, "THAIS," Vicarino, Nicoletti, etc.; Wednesday Night, "FAUST."

Third Week "Otello," "Mignon," "Adrienne Lecouvreur," etc.

Tickets, \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00, 75c 50c, at Sherman, Clay & Co. and at Valencia Theatre.

Steinway Piano.

Coming—ADELINE GENEE BALLET CO.

CORINNE RIDER-KELSEY

Soprano

CLAUDE CUNNINGHAM

Baritone

AMERICA'S GREATEST CONCERT SINGERS

In Joint Recitals

SCHOTTISH RITE HALL

THIS SUNDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 2nd at 2:30
TUESDAY NIGHT, FEBRUARY 4th at 8:15

and

THURSDAY NIGHT, FEBRUARY 6th at 8:15

Tickets, \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00, at Sherman, Clay & Co's and Kohler & Chase's.

Steinway Piano.

MISCHA ELMAN

Violin Virtuoso

SCOTTISH RITE HALL

SUNDAY AFTERNOONS.

FEBRUARY 9th and 16th

and

FRIDAY NIGHT, FEBRUARY 14th

Tickets, \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00, ready next Wednesday at Sherman, Clay & Co's and Kohler & Chase's. Mail orders now to Will. L. Greenbaum.

Steinway Piano

Coming—Sunday, February 23rd, "NORDICA."
Soon—THE ADELINE GENEE BALLET.

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Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon. Matinee Every Day

THE HIGHEST STANDARD OF VAUDEVILLE

Last Week

MRS. LANGTRY

(Lady de Bathe)

Presenting Mrs. Justice Drake, a Fantasy

FIRST WEEK

JAMES H. CULLEN; BARRY and WOLFORD; THE HESS SISTERS; ETHEL MAY BARKER; SCHENK BROS.; Last Week of LOLO, the Sioux Indian Mystic; New Daylight Motion Pictures; Last Week of WILL M. CRESSY and BLANCHE DAYNE, presenting for the first time here Mr. Cressy's most recent effort "The Man Who Remembered."

Evening Prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, \$1.00. Matinee Prices (except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c. Phones, Douglas 70 and Home C 1570

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In the Ballroom of the

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at 8:30 o'clock

Tickets, \$1.00. Box Seats, \$1.50, on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co., Kohler & Chase, St. Francis Hotel and at Tupper & Reed, in Berkeley.

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The Leading Playhouse. Geary and Mason Sts.
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Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays

David Belasco Presents

DAVID

WARFIELD

In David Belasco's Thrilling Play

"THE RETURN OF PETER GRIMM"

Last Time Saturday Night, February 8th.

Monday, February 10th—Franz Lehar's Greatest Comic Opera, "GYPSY LOVE."

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Monday Night, February 3rd, and Throughout the Week,

EVELYN VAUGHAN and BERT LYTELL

Leading the Alcazar Company in George M. Cohan's
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"THE TALK OF NEW YORK"

With a Well-Trained Chorus of Pretty Girls and an
Augmented Orchestra.

Prices: Night, 25c to \$1; Matinees: 25c to 50c.
Matinees: Thursday, Saturday and Sunday

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Last Time Saturday Night, "Excuse Me."

Commencing Sunday Night, February 2nd Two Weeks

Matinees Wednesday and Saturday

Oscar Hammerstein Presents

FLORENCE WEBBER

And the Oscar Hammerstein Comic Opera Co.

In VICTOR HERBERT'S Masterpiece

"NAUGHTY MARIETTA"

Prices—50c to \$2.00. Lower Floor, \$1.00 at Wed. Mats.
Coming—"Bunt Pulls the Strings."

SAN FRANCISCO ORCHESTRA

HENRY HADLEY-CONDUCTOR

TENTH POPULAR CONCERT

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 2, at 3:15

TWO CHORAL WORKS

Massenet "Eve"
Conducted by Paul Steindorff

Lalo Overture, "Le Roi d'Ys"
Henry Hadley "In Music's Praise"
Conducted by the Composer

With soloists, full symphony orchestra, and chorus of
250 voices. John de P. Teller, Chorus Master

Prices, 35c to \$1.00. Seats on sale at Sherman, Clay &
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RECITAL OF CAROLINA WHITE

Queen of Dramatic Sopranos and Artistic Sensation of the
CHICAGO GRAND OPERA COMPANY

at the

COLUMBIA THEATRE,

SUNDAY NIGHT, FEBRUARY 2, 1913

Theodore Sturkow Ryder at the Piano

Prices, \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.00.

Seats on Sale Sutter Street Box Office, Sherman, Clay
& Co. Telephone Kearny 4000.

Direction W. H. LEAHY and FRANK W. HEALY

Marietta" has music by Victor Herbert. The book and lyrics are by Rida Johnson Young. The final performance of "Excuse Me" will be given this Saturday night.

Another Week of Mrs. Langtry at the Orpheum

Mrs. Langtry (Lady de Bathe) will present next week, the last of her engagement, "Mrs. Justice Drake" which is described as a fantasy. The action of the sketch is laid in 1920, and it is said to afford Mrs. Langtry the best vaudeville opportunity she has yet had. James H. Cullen who is now playing his fourteenth consecutive year on the Orpheum Circuit will be in the new bill. He is a storehouse of good stories and parodies. George W. Barry and Maude Wolford will present their tuneful novelty "At the Song Booth" in which they introduce their own songs. The Hess Sisters will make their first appearance here. They are in the front rank of dancers. Ethel May Barker is a youthful violinist. Schenk Brothers are a team of athletes and equilibrists. Will M. Cressy and Blanche Dayne will present next week, their third and last, a brand new Cressy playlet entitled "The Man Who Remembered" in which they will impersonate two strikingly original characters. Lolo, the Sioux Indian Mystic who is creating a profound sensation, will also close her engagement with this bill.

Last Week of Warfield

Like their Eastern brethren, local critics have been at a loss for sufficient adjectives in their praise of David Warfield who is now appearing at the Columbia in David Belasco's tensely interesting play, "The Return of Peter Grimm." There can be no question as to the success of both star and play, for one has but to visit the box office of the Columbia at any hour of the day to find that all the seats are being taken up as rapidly as the man behind the window can dispose of them. "The Return of Peter Grimm" has made an impression upon theatergoers second to no other play seen here in months. Warfield's appearance is in itself an important dramatic event. The second and final week of the engagement begins Monday night, February 3. There will be matinees on Wednesday and Saturday. The engagement will be too short to allow the box office to meet the demand for seats.

Symphony and Popular Concerts

The San Francisco Orchestra gave the tenth symphony concert of the regular season at the Cort this Friday afternoon. The tenth popular concert, the last of the series of twenty concerts included in the regular season which is to be followed by a supplementary season of six symphony concerts, will be given at the Cort this Sunday afternoon at 3:15 o'clock. Under the direction of John de P. Teller, chorus master, and Conductors Paul Steindorff and Henry Hadley, rehearsals have been in progress for the past two months for this concert. It will include two

(Continued on Page 23.)

Pantages Theatre

Market Street, Opposite Mason

Week Commencing Sunday, February 2, 1913

"20 MINUTES IN
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A Powerful Tragedy of

THE TONG WARS OF SAN FRANCISCO

Superb Scenery—Cast of 21

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Matinee Daily at 2:30. Nights, 7:15 and 9:15. Sunday and Holidays Matinees at 1:30 and 3:30. Nights Continuous from 6:30.

Prices—10c, 20c and 30c.

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—New low levels for the movement were reached by most of the active issues during the week. The chief feature was the vigorous resumption of the task of separating the goats from the sheep. Some stocks go down and stay down no matter how good a rally may take place in the general list. This sort of house cleaning has to be done periodically, and it teaches the lesson that the small speculator or investor should let alone those issues about which he knows nothing, except that the name of some successful operator is connected with them or they have been "tipped" off as good things to buy for reasons not known to the general public. While this weeding-out process is going on one stock or another breaks five points or more in a single day and is then hammered down to a point from which it cannot raise itself. Some of these stocks may be bargains, but so little is known about most of them that they are unsafe speculations for the average man. Railroad shares with the exception of Reading and Lehigh Valley were much firmer than the industrials. Some investment buying of seasoned dividend payers set in at the lower levels. Pennsylvania did not fall to its December low and thus disappointed the bargain hunters who had orders in to buy it around 120. Some good buying of Southern Pacific was also in evidence throughout the week and the strangers were in fair request. As long as crops are good the railroads will have plenty of business no matter what happens to the tariff. Another thing in favor of the stronger railroads is that they no longer fear the building of new railroads in their territory. Congress and the Interstate Commerce Commission have done so much to discourage investment in new railroad enterprises that those now in the field are likely to remain in undisputed possession for many years to come.

Wheat—The wheat market last week has received the first decided reaction it has experienced in several weeks. The advance was slow and rather reluctant and the decline was not entirely unexpected. The general conditions surrounding the market show no decided change; accordingly a recession in values may be regarded as a usual and natural occurrence at this season of the year. The first part of January is generally a period of activity and appreciating values of wheat, and the latter part is usually a season of quietude and reactions. The reason is obvious when one considers that the consumptive trade purchases more generously of the necessities of life at the beginning of the year to make up for its deficiency in this respect the last two or three weeks of the old year. The farmer about this time is reminded that his spring work is fast approaching, and accordingly he begins to market

his products quite freely, to provide for his necessary expenses between seed time and harvest. Argentine now comes forward with her wheat harvest secured and ready for the market, to be followed in succession by Australia and India and other countries in the southern hemisphere. The offering of wheat from those sources lessens the European demand from this country and causes foreign markets to lag and weaken and to depress those on this side of the Atlantic. These are the normal and recurring influences that must be reckoned with at this time every year, and which account for the depression in values of wheat that are quite certain to follow at this particular season.

Corn—The corn market is maintaining itself remarkably well, considering the bumper production this year and the bearish construction that has been given to it because of the shortage of feeding animals together with the big hay and oat crop. The price appears to be unexpectedly attractive to both the domestic and foreign demand, and if the reports of crop damage by drought in the Argentine prove true, the requirements from Europe will be unusually large this season. The movement from the farms which has heretofore been restricted on account of shortage of transportation has now increased and may keep prices in check, or cause some recession in values for a time, but any fair decline from present values will, in our opinion, enlarge the consumptive demand and afford a favorable opportunity for investment.

Cotton—Many features unfavorable to the market came to the surface during the past week and were reflected in important declines in cotton for future delivery and immediate wants. French spinners contemplated resorting to short time to the extent of 8 per cent. of capacity during the four ensuing months of the year, and trade advices from continental Europe were distinctly unfavorable as a result of the Balkan war. The United States Bureau report, contrary to general expectations, showed the American mills were well stocked with the raw material, stocks on hand December 31 totalling 372,000 bales more than the same date last year, showing that while spinners' takings were large, much of the cotton is going into reserve stocks. Labor troubles in the cotton goods garment-making establishments became more serious in New York and the surrounding territory. During the week there were rumors of possible labor troubles in Manchester at an early date which became more prevalent later in the week. Owing to the slack export demand stocks at interior towns in the south, although receipts are running smaller than last year, continue to gain on holdings of one year ago, and are larger than year before last, while

stocks in Georgia and Alabama where the crop was short, are reported above the average. The weather in the cotton belt has been favorable of late, less rain, and it is said that the recent hard freeze has destroyed insect life. Preparations for the new crop are getting well under way now and there is talk of a large increase in the acreage in all sections especially in Texas.



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KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS: That we, the undersigned, do hereby certify that we are partners in and have formed a partnership under the name and style of

HASTINGS LINOTYPING COMPANY

That the names in full of all the members of such co-partnership and their residences are as follows, to-wit:

Chas. Wiederheim, residing at Asti, Sonoma County, California.

J. S. Bartow, residing at 1822 Nason Street, Alameda, California.

Henry M. Hastings, residing at 445 Oakland Avenue, Oakland, California.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, we have hereunto set our hands this 6th day of January, 1913.

J. S. BARTOW.

HENRY M. HASTINGS.

CHARLES WIEDERHEIM.

State of California,

City and County of San Francisco—ss.
On this 6th day of January, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Thirteen, before me, W. W. Healey, a Notary Public in and for the said City and County, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared J. S. Bartow, Henry M. Hastings and Charles Wiederheim, known to me to be the persons described in, whose names are subscribed to and who executed the within instrument, and they acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office in said City and County of San Francisco, the day and year in this Certificate first above written.

(Seal)

W. W. HEALEY,

Notary Public, in and for the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California. My commission expires August 28, 1913.

Endorsed: Filed, Jan. 7, 1913. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By W. B. Castagnati, Deputy Clerk. 1-11-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY BRISLAN, Deceased.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix and Executor, respectively of the last will of Mary Brislan, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executrix and executor at the office of Stafford & Stafford, Room 504 Grant Building, 1095 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Mary Brislan, deceased.

CATHERINE DIETERICH, Executrix and
WILLIAM DIETERICH, Executor of the
Last Will and Testament of Mary Brislan, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 18, 1913.
STAFFORD & STAFFORD, Attys. for Executors,
504 Grant Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 1-18-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 45,883; Department No. 10.

TILLIE POOLLOS, also known as TILLIE POPPER, Plaintiff, vs. SAMUEL POOLLOS, Defendant.
Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: SAMUEL POOLLOS, Defendant.
YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 5th day of December, A. D. 1912.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.
FRANK D. MACRETH, Atty. for Plaintiff.
706-707 Mutual Savings Bank Building, San Francisco, California. 12-14-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EMILE GIRARD, Deceased.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Emile Girard, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of S. J. Brun, Esq., her attorney, Room 905 of French American Bank of Savings Building, No. 110 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as the place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Emile Girard, deceased.

VIRGINIE GIRARD,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Emile Girard, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 25, 1913.
S. J. BRUN, Atty. for Executrix,
Room 905, 110 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal. 1-25-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ENGINE G. DAVIS, Deceased—No. 14,567; Department No. 10.

Noticed is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix with the will annexed of the estate of Eugene G. Davis, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Edgar D. Peixotto, 304 Russ Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Eugene G. Davis, deceased.

JENNIE T. DAVIS,
Administratrix with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Eugene G. Davis, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 4, 1913.
EDGAR D. PEIXOTTO, Atty. for Administratrix,
Russ Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 1-4-5

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 31,221.

JOHANNES BICKEL and MATILDA BICKEL (his wife), Plaintiffs, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Johannes Bickel and Matilda Bickel, plaintiffs, filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at the Northerly line of Fell Street at about distant thereon Fifty (50) feet Westerly from the North-westerly corner of Fell and Scott Streets; thence running Westerly along said Northerly line of Fell Street Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Northerly One Hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Easterly Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Southerly One Hundred (100) feet to the Northerly line of Fell Street and point of commencement. Being part of Western Addition Block 446.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiffs are the owners of said property in fee simple absolute; that their title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover their costs herein and have such other relief as may be met in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 21st day of December, A. D. 1912.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in Town Talk newspaper on the 4th day of January, A. D. 1913.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: Names—Humboldt Savings and Loan Society (a corporation). Addresses—San Francisco, Cal.

JOHN F. HANLON, Atty. for Plaintiffs. 1-4-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EDWARD E. FITLER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the estate of Edward E. Fitler, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of his attorneys, Geo. F. Hatton and Hartley F. Peart, Rooms 514 to 518 Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Edward E. Fitler, deceased.

JOHN A. BECK,

Executor of the Estate of Edward E. Fitler, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, January 18, 1913.

GEO. F. HATTON and HARTLEY F. PEART,
Attorneys for Executor,

Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 1-18-3

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY LEASE OF REAL PROPERTY SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 14,217, N. S.; Department 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of ANA M. WOHLER, Deceased.

Eusebius J. Molera, as the executor of the last will and testament of the above named Ana M. Wohler, deceased, having filed his verified petition praying that an order be made herein authorizing, empowering and directing the said petitioner, with Alfred H. G. Cooper, to lease certain real property belonging to the estate of the said deceased situate, lying and being in the County of Sonoma, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Bounded on the east by the county road, on the south by the lands of one Lehn, and on the west and north by the lands of one Wilson, containing one hundred and twenty (120) acres, more or less, commonly known as the "Vina Ranch";

NOW, THEREFORE, IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that all persons interested in the said estate be and they are hereby required to appear before the said Superior Court on the 10th day of February, A. D. 1913, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. of that day, at the Courtroom of the said Superior Court, Department 10 thereof, in the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why the said real property should not be leased for the period of two (2) years, commencing on the 1st day of November, A. D. 1912, and ending on the 31st day of October, A. D. 1914, at an annual rental of one hundred and sixty dollars (\$160), in gold coin of the United States, payable in installments, eighty dollars (\$80) thereof on the execution of the said lease, eighty dollars (\$80) thereof on the 1st day of July, A. D. 1913, eighty dollars (\$80) thereof on the 1st day of November, A. D. 1913, and the remaining eighty dollars (\$80) thereof on the 1st day of July, A. D. 1914, and for further particulars reference is hereby made to the said petition;

AND IT IS HEREBY FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be published once a week for two (2) successive weeks next before the said date, in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation published in the said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated this 22nd day of January, A. D. 1913.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,

Judge of the Superior Court.
CHARLES W. SLACK and CHAUNCEY S. GOODRICH,
Attorneys for Executor,
1101 Alaska Commercial Bldg., San Francisco. 2-1-2

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY LEASE OF REAL PROPERTY SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 14,217, N. S.; Department 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of ANA M. WOHLER, Deceased.

Eusebius J. Molera, as the executor of the last will and testament of the above named Ana M. Wohler, deceased, having filed herein his verified petition praying that an order be made herein authorizing, empowering and directing the said petitioner to lease certain real property belonging to the estate of the said deceased situate, lying and being in the County of Monterey, State of California, particularly described as follows:

The west half (W. ½) of the east half (E. ½), and Lots One (1), Two (2), Five (5), Six (6), Seven (7), Eight (8), Nine (9), Ten (10), Eleven (11) and Twelve (12), of Section Eight (8), and Lots One (1), Two (2) and Three (3), of Section Seventeen (17), all in Township Seventeen (17) south, Range One (1) east, Mount Diablo Base and Meridian; containing six hundred and eighteen and forty-hundredths (618.40) acres, more or less;

NOW, THEREFORE, IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that all persons interested in the said estate be and they are hereby required to appear before the said Superior Court on the 10th day of February, A. D. 1913, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. of that day, at the Courtroom of the said Superior Court, Department 10 thereof, in the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why the said real property should not be leased for the period of one (1) year, commencing on the 1st day of November, A. D. 1912, and ending on the 31st day of October, A. D. 1913, at a rental of twenty-five cents (25c) per acre, or one hundred and fifty-four and 60/100 dollars (\$154.60), in gold coin of the United States, payable on the execution of the said lease, and for further particulars reference is hereby made to the said petition;

AND IT IS HEREBY FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be published once a week for two (2) successive weeks next before the said date, in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation published in the said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated this 22nd day of January, A. D. 1913.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,

Judge of the Superior Court.
CHARLES W. SLACK and CHAUNCEY S. GOODRICH,
Attorneys for Executor,
1101 Alaska Commercial Bldg., San Francisco. 2-1-2

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JACOB BAUER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Henry Bauer, executor of the estate of Jacob Bauer, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said executor at the office of Wise, Sapiro & O'Connor, attorneys for said executor, Room 1009 First National Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Jacob Bauer, deceased.

HENRY BAUER,

Executor of the Estate of Jacob Bauer, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 1, 1913.
WISE, SAPIRO & O'CONNOR,

Attorneys for Executor,
First National Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-1-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EUGENIA L. BENNETT, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Eugenia L. Bennett, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of J. C. Flannery, No. 545 Mills Building, Northeast Corner of Bush and Montgomery Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Eugenia L. Bennett, deceased.

HAROLD E. BENNETT,
Administrator of the Estate of Eugenia L. Bennett, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 11, 1913.
J. C. FLANNERY, Atty. for Administrator,
545 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 1-11-5

But It Is!

"Have you ever interviewed me before?" Wilton Lackaye asked of a newspaper writer who called at his hotel.

"Not," was the reply.

"I am glad of that," said Lackaye. "I do not like to be interviewed by the same person twice because I am afraid my repartee may prove to be repertoire."

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Stage

(Continued from Page 20.)

choral works, Massenet's "Eve," and Henry Hadley's "In Music's Praise." Massenet's "Eve" will be given for the first time here. Paul Steindorff will conduct and will have as soloists Mrs. Orrin Kipp McMurray, soprano, R. M. Battison, tenor, and Mr. Harold Pracht, baritone. Henry Hadley will conduct "In Music's Praise" which enlists the services of Mrs. Edward Everett Bruner as soprano. Harold Pracht will appear as baritone in this number also. The chorus of approximately 250 voices represents the best vocal material on both sides of the bay. The Musical Association wish to express their thanks



THE HESS SISTERS

Who will appear this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum.

for the valuable assistance of the Cecelia Choral Club, Mr. Percy A. R. Dow, director; the San Francisco Choral Society, Paul Steindorff, director; the Wednesday Morning Chorus, Paul Steindorff, director; the Treble Cleff Club of San Francisco, Paul Steindorff, director; and the Bohemian Club Chorus, John de P. Teller, director. The supplementary symphony concerts at the Cort are announced for Friday afternoons, February 7, 14, 21, 28, March 7, and Sunday afternoon, March 9. Season tickets will be on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co. until Saturday evening, February 1. The single seat sale will open on Monday morning, February 2. Seats for all concerts may be secured at Sherman, Clay & Co., Kohler & Chase and the Cort.

Another Carolina White Concert

At the Columbia this Sunday night lovers of things musical will have another opportunity of enjoying the art of Carolina White, leading dramatic soprano of the Chicago Grand Opera Company, and Theodora Sturkow Ryder, the splendid pianist and accompanist. Seats will be on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co. until Sunday at which time they may be had at the box office. The program contains many novelties.

Varied Types

(Continued from Page 6.)

Rome. This time I'm going to spend five months. Do you know, there are 407 Catholic churches in Rome and everyone has something, a picture, a statue, an altar or a Bambino worth seeing. I'm going to see them all."

He raves about St. Peter's. He can tell you the diameter of the great pillars that support the dome. He climbed and counted the steps of the Coliseum. He spent three hours before a tomb designed by Raphael. He wants to kneel once more and receive the Pope's blessing. He has a great admiration for Pius.

"Why, do you know," he said with excitement, "if that man was drawn for jury duty I'd take him on his looks alone, and no questions asked!"

The criminal lawyer's supreme tribute to goodness!

"When you were at school, you recited 'Horatius at the Bridge,'" he continued. "I found the bridge! And you recited 'Rienzi's Address.' I found Rienzi's statue!"

"I want to saturate myself with Rome. I'm going to St. Peter's every day. I'm going to spend a month in Florence too."

And he'll go to Scotland to follow the footsteps of his beloved Scott and visit the scenes of the Waverley Novels.

"You remember the Porteous riot in 'The Heart of Mid-Lothian'? I went to the Tolbooth in Edinburgh, and I was surprised. Why, with a dozen good men I'm sure I could hold it against the mob!"

I give these random remarks on travel, disjointed bits of a long and interesting conversation, because they show a side of old Grove L. of which the public knows nothing.

"Travel is better than politics," he said as I got up to go.

And he ought to know what he's talking about.

Nuggets

It's always good bracing weather for the chronic borrower.

Lots of people are sure they are right without going ahead.

People who live in glass houses should have clear consciences.

Some people are so lucky they can jump from the frying pan into the fire and find the fire out.

Many a woman never realizes what a good husband she had till she reads his obituary.

A good example of wasted energy is a book agent trying to sell an encyclopaedia to one of those fellows who knows it all.

Life isn't all beer and skittles. Still, most of us could cut out the skittles without any pangs. By the way, what are skittles?

The trouble is that most of us expect Opportunity to knock at the door only during business hours.

Punished

"Camp life," said the returned war correspondent, "was not without its disagreeable features. 'Frequently we missed meals because the cook didn't know the range. Often our meals consisted of hot shot served on the half shell. Even coming back on the transport we couldn't get up card games because the ship had only a quarter deck. Even the men's wages suffered, for when our boat landed we were docked.'"

The managing editor looked at him in withering scorn, then transferred him to the Wall street office.

"This," he said, "will help you to curb your stock of miserable puns."

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXI. No. 1068

SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 8, 1913

PRICE, 10 CENTS

45th Annual Statement

OF

The Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company of California

Organized 1868

ASSETS:

Loans on Real Estate	\$14,065,902.34
Loans on Approved Collateral	998,776.50
Loans to Policyholders	4,353,237.59
Bonds and Stocks Owned	3,897,298.29
Real Estate Owned	1,122,000.10
Interest Accrued	309,502.23
Outstanding and Deferred Premiums—	
Life Department	533,135.52
Accident Department	349,861.55
Cash on Hand	607,627.46
Other Assets	5,664.34

Total Admitted Assets, \$26,243,005.92

LIABILITIES:

Reserve on Policies	\$22,606,965.68
Claims in Process of Adjustment	223,269.20
Premiums and Interest Paid in Advance	150,219.55
Reserved for Taxes Payable 1913	114,000.00
All Other Liabilities	233,435.51

Total Liabilities, \$23,327,889.94

Capital Stock	1,000,000.00
Surplus Set Aside for Future Dividends	
to Policyholders	1,049,632.95
Surplus, Unassigned	865,483.03

Total \$26,243,005.92

New Life Business Written, 1912 (Paid-for	
Basis)	\$ 22,378,787.00
Total Life Business in Force, 1912 (Paid-for	
Basis)	133,309,014.00
Total Cash Income, 1912	8,199,096.56
Premium Income Accident Department, 1912 ..	1,739,392.37
Total Paid Policyholders in 1912	2,965,293.01

Increase in Life Business in Force (Paid-for	
Basis)	\$10,794,567.00
Increase in Assets	2,879,719.01
Increase in Cash Income	753,602.11
Increase in Reserve	2,306,573.14
Increase in Surplus, Assigned and Unassigned	453,790.46

Surplus (Assigned and Unassigned Exclusive of Capital) \$1,915,115.98

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PALACE HOTEL COMPANY

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXI.

San Francisco, February 8, 1912

No. 1068



MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT

Who begins a two weeks' engagement this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum.

TOWN TALK

Published Weekly by
PACIFIC PUBLICATION COMPANY (Inc.)
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Phone Douglas 2612

Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
Chas. W. Raymond.....Business Manager

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Our Barbarous Grand Jury

The case of R. H. Countryman draws attention once more to the evil of our grand jury system. Countryman, a reputable lawyer and a man of family, has been indicted for an assault on a servant girl. We do not pretend to be versed in the facts of the case, but we know that on its being reported to the defendant that he was the subject of an investigation he applied to the grand jury for a hearing in his own behalf and his application was denied. It is shocking to realize that in this State the reputation of a man and the honor of his family are thus to be blasted under the forms of law. What happened to Countryman may happen to any of us; that is, any man, whether innocent or guilty, may be condemned without a hearing, an indictment being a form of condemnation. True, the innocent man may be acquitted, but acquittal in a court of justice is not altogether satisfying to a sensitive man under indictment. There are certain accusations which leave an ineffaceable stigma even though they be groundless; especially if they have been formally made by a grand jury. The supposition is that a grand jury is a body of men of superior character, and that their official acts are of the most solemn nature. The truth is that the average grand jury has about as much intelligence and sense of justice as were displayed by those precipitate functionaries who indicted Countryman after denying him the fundamental right of a hearing. Few men are drawn on grand juries; they get on; often as a result of wirepulling. In the old days Chris Buckley used the grand jury as a big stick with which to discipline public servants. The present general character of the grand jury is about the same as it was in Buckley's day. In some States the grand jury has been abolished. If we ever regain our common sense and aspire to a higher civilization we shall lose no time in putting the grand jury where it belongs.

There Are Women and Women

We hasten to give assurance of dissent from the views of the correspondent who frankly signs himself "A Misogynist," and whose letter appears on another page. Evidently he has saturated himself with the

vinegarish philosophy of that crusty old cynic Arthur Schopenhauer who thought women were good for nothing but the propagation of the species. How unjust to regard as typical or characteristic of femininity the slap-dash impetuosity of the women behind the recall movement in San Francisco! How unreasonable to assume that the women who presume to refute argument with the unanswerable sibilation of the goose are truly representative of the enfranchised sex of this enlightened metropolis! Our correspondent, who is convinced that the reasoning faculty is almost a nullity in woman, is himself, to say the least, unreasonable. But of course a misogynist must not be expected to know much about women. Our correspondent's acquaintance with women has probably been limited to what are known as public spirited women, among whom largely predominate women of little learning, women whose altruistic and humanitarian activities are chiefly a matter of pretense. We do not mean to say that the majority of women engaged in the many uplift enterprises, political and sociological that insure newspaperiety, are insincere. With many of them it is a case of self-deception. Some are natural busybodies, some have suffered keenly from inattention and must break in somewhere; others are merely old maids to whom renunciation is impossible and the seclusion of the shelf a most harrowing terror, and all are more or less victims of limelightitis. These are not the best specimens of womanhood, though there are some intellectual and excellent women among them. But the really influential women of San Francisco are not running about proposing schemes for the redemption of mankind and demanding that judges be recalled and that vice be eradicated for all time. They are not active in politics, but they are active in the home and in certain clubs and associations where they prevent life from being too exclusively practical and selfish and infuse into it an ideal and romantic element. There are many cultured women in San Francisco whose names one seldom sees in print, and who are capable of exercising a beneficial influence on the intellectuals of the wisest men. The man who has not experienced the influence peculiar to women of a certain order has not had every resource of his mind brought into play.

Dwyer on the Job

Up from the bay at break of day rushed the Hon. J. J. Dwyer to protest in accents dithyrambic against legislative action inimical to the welfare of the State. Here is a concrete instance of the convenient confusion characteristic of the taxeaters' mental operations. Mr. Dwyer is a member of Governor Johnson's harbor commission, and stoutly, nay, furiously he objects to the transfer of the control of our harbor from the State to the city, basing his objection wholly on the public welfare. If control of the harbor were transferred to the city where it belongs Commissioner Dwyer would lose his job, but he has the brazen impudence to attribute his opposition to

the will of the leading commercial bodies of San Francisco to concern for the interest of the State. This is the same Dwyer who a few years ago was regenerating the city for hire in the guise of a self-sacrificing civic patriot. Naturally his claptrap was taken seriously by Governor Johnson's tools in the legislature. The event was pulled off according to program. The Administration had to have some pretext for refusing to give to San Francisco what has been given to Los Angeles and other cities, and though perhaps it was recognized as somewhat imprudent and raw to have the protest made by one of the hungry politicians to be affected by the proposed change, still as it required a man of thick hide to essay the task the bean was cast for Dwyer. The argument made by Dwyer was not addressed to the intellectual faculties of the legislature. His harangue was intended for public consumption. With great gusto he rattled the dry bones of the S. P. bugaboo. It is the Southern Pacific and not the Chamber of Commerce, according to Dwyer, that wants the harbor turned over to the municipality. Let us take Dwyer seriously, and ask him why the Southern Pacific prefers the Board of Supervisors to the Harbor Commission. Does he mean to say that whereas the Supervisors are crooks the Harbor Commissioners are honest? No he will not admit that he intended such an imputation. He will sidestep and say that the Southern Pacific would rather have the harbor under municipal control on general principles, though the fact is as Mr. Dwyer knows the railroad has always found it easier to handle State than municipal officials. Dwyer's second point is that if the harbor were put under municipal control the people would not know how to manage it. The answer to this is that if a man of Dwyer's mental calibre can manage it the management must be almost automatic. This is not said in jest. Mr. Dwyer is one of our typical public servants. A lawyer by profession what he practices chiefly is politics.

Our Monarchical Executive

The spectacle of the legislature of the State doing the bidding of the Governor in a matter of pothouse politics and in defiance of the people of the metropolis is worthy of the study of all the pinchbeck philosophers who are in favor of all those Progressive schemes of government designed to put more power in the hands of the Executive. Preaching the curious formula that the cure for the evils of Democracy is more Democracy, yet they see nothing paradoxical in their efforts to clothe the Executive with the powers of an elective monarch. In California today we see that the Governor is almost the State. By means of commissions he exercises far greater power than was ever before vested in a gubernatorial office, while at the same time he has the legislature under his thumb, and with his powerful political machine he inspires no small section of the judiciary with terror of the recall. Judges as well as legis-

lators are eating out of the Governor's hands. It is the great paradox of Democracy that the more you have of it the less you have of it. Let the people have direct government, and the government will be in the hands of a few men. We have direct government in California today, and we find the legislature at the behest of the Governor denying the people the privilege of voting on a proposal to let San Francisco manage its own harbor. True, the people have the privilege of recalling the Governor, and we have not the slightest doubt that were the proposal to recall him submitted to the people they would send him back to private life so fast that it would make his head swim. But who will start the machinery? The only political machine we have is the Governor's. The public service corporations might easily start a new one, but they appear to be well satisfied with the outlook.

A Boor and His Letter

The Hon. J. Stitt Wilson, mayor of the town that reflects the light of its intellect over all the State, was given two columns of publicity and appreciation on the first page of the Bulletin the other day for having achieved a masterly stroke of boorishness. Invited to a banquet of the Associated Charities of San Francisco this eminent Socialist declined with insult, presuming to lecture the men who had sent the invitation on the impropriety of their sitting down to a banquet at three dollars a plate "while pictures are being shown displaying the hunger of the poor." Because the poor are poor as a result of social and economic conditions, therefore, says Mayor Wilson, it is reprehensible to picture their misery to over-fed banqueters. Mayor Wilson says he believes his letter was dictated by "the spirit of Christ." What a snare is vanity, and how susceptible to it, the minds of little men! Mayor Wilson could not resist the temptation to write a piquant letter, nor, having written it, could he resist the impulse to have it published. Unfortunately for J. Stitt he is not clever enough to conceal the unbridled ego which he confounds like many another reformer with the spirit of Christ. To say the least this Wilson letter savors pungently of unmitigated pharisaism. There is a good deal of attitudinizing in it. Picturing himself as one humble as Uriah Heep, yet there is plainly to be perceived the pose of the devil of a fellow, the disturber-in-chief of men's equanimities, dancing supermannishly over the shortcomings of his fellows. He doesn't make enough as mayor of Berkeley, he tells us, to warrant him in squandering three dollars on a banquet. Nobly he "prefers to give the money to a needy family." And spitefully he adds that the cost is prohibitive to "common people, such as the mayor of Berkeley who cannot come through with the price, which of course is a mere bagatelle to the rich." One knock for the banqueters and two boosts for Stitt, who shrewdly made sure the world would learn that while he cannot afford three dollars for a banquet he is giving out of his mite for the support of poor families. We have heard a great

deal of J. Stitt Wilson, but this is the first time any authentic expression of him ever came to our notice, and we find that it doesn't ring true. If there is any impropriety in picturing the miseries of the poor, whether at a banquet or a ball or a horse race, for the purpose of stirring human sympathy in their behalf, how strange that it should excite the repugnance of a Socialist! It is the business of Socialists to bring home uncomfortable truths to the rich; and where is that most uncomfortable truth—that while the rich eat the poor go hungry—to be brought home more effectively than at a banquet? A banquet with pictorial accompaniment of the kind objected to by the Hon. J. Stitt Wilson is undoubtedly objectionable, but not to persons who feel deeply about the poor; rather to persons who feel keenly about their own pleasures. If the Hon. J. Stitt objected to the banquet on the ground that the picture idea was a solecism and that he demanded a conventionally dull background for his luminous personality we should have nothing to say, but we must insist that the best place in the world to appeal to sympathy for the poor is a place where men of means are most likely to be thinking chiefly of themselves. A banquet we regard as a mighty good place to remind stuffed and satisfied individuals that there are hungry folks almost within sound of the popping of corks. Pictures of the misery of the poor may soften a heart of adamant, but they are not an aid to digestion, nor is it likely that they would be employed by the Associated Charities for anything but a beneficent purpose. To say as does J. Stitt that philanthropic persons should not make a banquet serve as a means of stimulating interest in their work because poverty is due to unjust "economic conditions" and an "irrational industrial system," is merely to indulge in the kind of rhetorical twaddle with which third-rate exponents of Socialism enthuse their followers. We have no hesitation in assuring the Hon. J. Stitt Wilson that he was not "led by the spirit of Christ" either to insult the folks who invited him to a banquet or to send to the newspapers a letter in response to a private, courteous communication. It was an entirely different spirit that led him—the spirit that prompted the Pharisee to thank God for his superiority, and that leads people to do their praying on the house-tops and street corners.

What We Are Suffering From

Some weeks ago the Examiner wanted to know if San Francisco was "backing up," and the Bulletin derided the Examiner for asking such a foolish question. But the Bulletin has since discovered that there is really something the matter with San Francisco. The city is not growing as it ought to grow, says the Bulletin. Manufacturers are building their factories across the bay, and people are going across the bay to live. Why do they do this? Town Talk observed recently that the other side of the bay was preferred by manufacturers because there was less danger over there of the menace of organized labor. The Bulletin says this

is not so, that labor is organized on the other side as well as in San Francisco. Far be it from the Bulletin to let go unchallenged any reflection on organized labor. Of course the truth is that in Richmond employers are not harassed by walking delegates as they are in San Francisco and that they are able to run their business to suit themselves. There is no doubt of this; not even in the Bulletin office. But there is another reason why manufacturers prefer the other side of the bay. The reason is that over there official sentiment is not responsive to the mob-coddlers of the San Francisco newspapers. Our newspapers are more to be dreaded than anything else. They are chiefly what the matter is with San Francisco. This ought to be obvious enough. It must be apparent to anybody whose perceptive faculties are not atrophied that San Francisco is run by its newspapers. Even the newspapers are not so modest that they will deny this mild imputation. On the contrary they are eternally boasting of their achievements, pointing with pride to the triumphs of their zeal. But they never look backward. The shriek of self-gratulation is always uttered in the ecstasy of a new dawn. Sufficient for the day is the glory thereof. The newspaper as a parent is best symbolized by the mother of an illegitimate child who has no memory for the follies of her past. If we review the history of misgovernment in San Francisco we shall find hardly a blunder that was not fathered by some newspaper. Blunders of omission as well as of commission the newspapers are to blame for. Were it not for the newspapers Golden Gate Park would have extended from the beginning from Van Ness avenue to the ocean. We are now complaining that we cannot get proper transportation facilities. It was in deference to the newspapers that we blundered into our present predicament. The Bulletin attributes the slowness of our growth to the failure of the Southern Pacific to extend the peninsula system to Market street. Years ago when it was rumored that the Southern Pacific was thinking of doing this very thing the newspapers hinted at a corrupt deal with a solid nine in the Board of Supervisors, and though they were a pretty tough lot not one of that nine would have dared to vote for a franchise. If we had bonded the city to purchase Spring Valley when the water plant was first offered to the city the bonds would have been paid off twenty years ago. It was not purchased because of the newspapers. The other day when the directors of the company rejected an offer made by the city the Bulletin had one of its perennial spasms of indignation and renewed that time-worn parochial threat to organize a vigilance committee, supplementing it with the horrible, terrifying suggestion that the memory of the black infamy of the men who wouldn't sell at the city's price be perpetuated by means of tablets in Golden Gate Park. Now the Bulletin is one of our leading and most influential newspapers. Judged by modern standards of journalism it is the leading newspaper of San Francisco. It makes

more noise than all the rest, and it plays more successfully than any of the others on the emotions of the mob, while at the same time it receives the endorsement and support of the most prominent representatives of the mercantile community. It may be truly said of the Bulletin that it more ac-

curately reflects the general character of the people of this proud metropolis than any other newspaper. In all of which we submit is implied the correct answer to the question, What's the matter with San Francisco? So long as this great daily newspaper which has repeatedly shown that it

is partial to government by vigilance committee remains typical of our daily press San Francisco will find itself in competition with other communities on the bay shore. For after all we are living under government by the press, and we have precisely the kind of newspapers we deserve.

The People's Forum

The Inferior Sex

Editor Town Talk, Sir: The ladies, God bless them! are doing politics with a vengeance, and proving to the satisfaction of their sponsors that they are in every way worthy of the ballot. The observation "cherchez la femme" has a new significance nowadays. You can apply it to a great deal of freak legislation, and to almost every piece of emotionalism in politics. It was but natural that the ladies should have started the first recall movement, and that they should have drowned debate on every occasion with hisses. If the suffragists of London should ever show signs of making headway the statesmen of England could gather fine data in San Francisco. We appear to be paying the penalty of our sins—serving as an object lesson for mankind in the folly of putting women on an equality with man in politics. When the ladies were fighting for the ballot some of our ladylike college professors and parsons to whom Schopenhauer was quoted denounced him as a pessimist. They thought that was a sufficient answer to everything he said about women. But of course it wasn't. Schopenhauer said that women "are big children all their life"; that they "never see anything but what is quite close to them"; that the "fundamental fault of the female character is that it has no sense of justice." Isn't that the truth? Look at these women who are being led by the nose by a fresh, beardless, briefless lawyer who styles himself the representative of the womanhood of America. Many of them are old enough to be his mother. Yet because he is on the side of their prejudice they applaud everything he says, and would put us to enormous expense to hold an election because a man jumped his bail. "It is because their reasoning power is weak," says Schopenhauer, "that present circumstances have such a hold over them." But Schopenhauer was a pessimist! Well let us consult Amiel. The ladies like Amiel. Amiel was translated by one of the most intellectual of women. What does Amiel say? Amiel says that woman is a "monstre incomprehensible"—"at once the delight and the terror of man." He also says: "To man belong law, justice, science and philosophy, all that is disinterested, universal, rational. Women on the contrary introduce into everything favor and personal prejudice." Why Amiel is more severe than Schopenhauer. "As soon as an epoch becomes feminine in type," he says, "it sinks in the scale of things; as soon as a woman quits the state of subordination in which her merits have free play we see a rapid

increase in her natural defects. Complete equality with man makes her quarrelsome." Perhaps Amiel was misled by that old fool Aristotle who never did know what he was talking about. It was Aristotle, you know, who said that when Sparta conceded too much to women, Sparta fell. Let us hope, Mr. Editor, that California is not sinking in the scale of things because our epoch is feminine. It is sinking in the scale of things all right enough, but women, we shall be told, have nothing to do with it. Of course women do not contribute all of the femininity of the age. No small part of it comes from our womanly men, those very ladylike chaps who have adopted the cult of Tolstoy, which Tolstoy established in his dotage, the cult grounded in the doctrine of non-resistance. To come back to Schopenhauer. He says that the men of the Orient have the right idea of women, and that our ideas of gallantry have only served to make women more arrogant and overbearing. He points out that if women had sense they would see that polygamy which is natural would be to their advantage. Where it prevails every woman is provided for. When monogamy prevails married women are limited and there remains over a large number of women without stay or support who vegetate as useless old maids. In London, in Schopenhauer's day, there were 80,000 prostitutes. "Who are they," he asked, "but the women who under the institution of monogamy have come off worst. Theirs is a direful fate; they are the human sacrifices offered up on the altar of monogamy." Obviously there is a very simple way of getting rid of the oldest profession on earth. But women haven't sense enough to see it.

Frankly,

—A Misogynist.

From Pulpit to Morgue

Editor Town Talk, Sir: Are undertakers becoming as enterprising as vaudeville managers? It would seem so now that a local firm has lured the Rev. Bradford Leavitt from the pulpit. The newspapers appear to be under the delusion that Mr. Leavitt has abandoned the ministry. Of course this is not the case. The gentleman is still a sky-pilot, more so, in fact, than ever. He has still the authority to do all that he was ordained to do. When a man leaves the pulpit he does not necessarily leave the ministry. Benjamin Ide Wheeler is a university president, and he is also a minister of the gospel. Likewise Dr. Leavitt, the undertaker. Dr. Leavitt points the way that many may follow. The business of the undertaker is still in process of development. The firm to which Dr. Leavitt is attached can provide all the comforts of the last, sad journey without any extraneous help. It's a case of the undertaker his own minister. He provides you not only with a coffin but with the funeral service, the real thing blown in the bottle. What strides this once melancholy business has made! Formerly you were buried either from home or the public morgue. Now the undertaker takes you to his shop where he pro-

vides not only funeral trappings and accommodations for the mourners but also the rites of the church. The sky-pilot is thrown in with the coffin, or rather (as I believe it is called in deference to the snobbery of the day) the casket. It's a fine idea, but what are the other ministers going to do about it? Will they follow the Leavitt example? Dr. Leavitt the undertaker is going to take money out of the purses of the men that stick to the pulpit. There will be less demand for their services at funerals. The undertaker has put one over them. And think of the potentialities. Suppose he should decide to run a marriage bureau in connection with his "parlors"? There's no reason why he shouldn't.

Yours truly,

—Louis A. Halpin.

A Mild Rebuke

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: I have been reading your recent strictures on shooters and owners of preserves, and I must say that I think it manifestly unfair on your part, to call every man who shoots on a preserve, a "game hog." As a usual thing, your paper goes to the bottom of a thing before making a positive assertion. I have always found that the statements you have made have been fairly reliable, but you are using this expression "game hog" indiscriminately. I own a preserve and my ducks cost me about three dollars each. I never ate a duck in my life, nor did I ever sell a piece of game. I give the ducks I shoot to my friends and to people who cannot afford to buy game. I never shoot over the limit, and I obey the law, and I again state, that I think it manifestly unjust to call every man who likes this sport a game hog. There are two sides to this question, but you are looking only at one side of it. A square deal is as much the due of people who own land that they shoot on as it is of people who do not own land to shoot on. You may as well say that a man who owns an automobile should not be permitted to ride in it, and should be called a street hog, merely because everybody else has not an automobile. I have never known you to publish anything so socialistic as your recent articles on this subject.

Respectfully,

—A Subscriber.

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CXII—JOB HEDGES

By Edward F. O'Day

When Oscar Strauss was nominated for governor of New York on the Bull Moose ticket he said that his nomination was a protest against the evil condition which made it impossible for a man to get the Republican nomination unless the bosses were willing to give it to him. Shortly afterwards the Republicans nominated a man who had gone into the fight single-handed before the primaries, who was not backed by the bosses and whom the bosses accepted because he had the votes in the convention and they couldn't help themselves. That man who gave the lie to Strauss' assertion was Job Hedges. He was not elected governor of New York, but he beat Strauss very handily.

Job Hedges is in San Francisco, for the first time. I don't think he is going to stay very long, and that's a pity. He ought to be kept here some way or other until all our Progressive leaders have a chance to meet him. If they'd listen to him with open minds and absorb some of his sanity their education would be materially advanced.

Not that Job Hedges sets himself up as a political oracle. Far from it. He doesn't pretend to know it all and he confesses frankly that political conditions here are so different from political conditions in the East that it is dangerous to make comparisons. But he is so well-balanced, so common-sensible, so free from cant and hypocrisy, so earnest, so sincere, so liberal and unprejudiced that he could not help but impress our most rabid progressives. If they talked with him a while they might abate a little of their cocksureness, they might yield ground a bit as to the absolute reliability of their panaceas, they might open their eyes to the other side of the questions which they have been steadfastly regarding from a set angle of vision, they might admit the possibility of men differing from them without being liars and crooks. To say that conversation with one man might accomplish some or all of this is going pretty strong. But Job Hedges is a remarkable man. He is remarkable for good humor, for even temper, for fair dealing. He's a rational optimist, and one cannot help feeling optimistic, even about the most rabid of progressives, after conversing with him.

One of the interesting things about Job Hedges is that he doesn't think the country is going to the demnition bow-wows. While he is far from impressed with the personality and efforts of the pseudo-reformers, he has an idea that we are going ahead in pretty healthy growth. He isn't at all afraid that the nation won't be saved.

"The burning question in politics," he says, "is not whether the country gets saved but who is going to save it."

When he ran for governor of New York he didn't promise to save the country or to save New York. He's too well-balanced to entertain any absurd pretensions about the importance of any individual.

"The most pathetic case in politics," he says, "is the man who thinks he is in himself a moral reform."

When Job Hedges hired an automobile and started through the State asking people to send delegates to Saratoga who would vote for his nomination he made no promises.

"I am announcing my candidacy," he said, "because I feel I can fill the job, and I want it. No-

body is fooled by this coy air that most candidates assume, nor by that talk about offering themselves for the good of the party. I want the job."

That sort of political talk proved very refreshing after the buncombe to which the voters had been accustomed. Here was a different sort of candidate, a man who cut out the rubbish and gave the voters hard sense, who wasn't trying to fool anybody and who was practicing what he preached, for one of Job Hedges' favorite sayings is:

"The political crime of the present is not larceny but hypocrisy."

Hedges says he didn't expect to get elected, but he knew all along that he couldn't run third,



JOB HEDGES

and he didn't. He is not a bit sorry that he made the run. He thinks his candidacy accomplished something.

"I think I demonstrated," he says, "that it is not unmanly, unfair or unamerican for a man to aspire to high office provided he goes out and tells the voters he wants it. The customary way is for the office seeker to organize a private committee for the purpose of working up a demand for him, and then coyly, blushing and with proper hesitation yield himself to that demand. As a result of the campaign I made we had a wide open Republican convention. Next time it is quite probable that a number of men will announce themselves the way I did. They will all get a run for their money, and the strongest man will win the nomination, but not on the first ballot. This thing of being nominated on the first ballot is the surest way of preparing to be defeated at the polls."

Hedges loves politics, principally, he tells me, because he loves people.

"I'd rather know the man who can paint a ten thousand dollar picture," he says, "than own the picture and not know the painter."

A successful lawyer to whom many honors have come he doesn't depend on politics for a living. Because he is independent financially, and unmarried besides, he is in a position to devote a good deal of time to politics every year without sacrificing his more intimate interests. Because he is thus unhampered he sees clearly

into politics, and from what he sees he draws very sane conclusions.

"Ninety per cent of people want the same things," he says, "but they differ about the proper way to get them. Similarly there are many schools of medicine, but all the doctors are trying to cure the same diseases. The smartest politics today are the most ingenuous and the most open. The disingenuous politician may pretend to be a reformer and win success, but his success will only be temporary. You can't fool people. If you're not genuine they'll find you out. They are not blind to the fact that political reforms are started to ride somebody into office and that the reformers have to justify themselves by legislation which it usually takes ten years to undo."

"Public opinion starts with the exploitation of an incident. In New York, for instance, the city administration could raise the tax rate one decimal point without alienating many voters, but catch a policeman taking a ten dollar bill from the keeper of a house of prostitution and with proper agitation you can overthrow the administration."

"Agitation against something is the starting point in politics today. The American people have become essentially an 'anti' people when they ought to be 'pro.' For my part, I want to be part of affirmative opinion. I'd rather be the mover or the seconder of a resolution than one of the majority which votes against it and defeats it. In the end the man who constructs receives recognition, though he may be dead when it comes. President Taft did more in the way of constructive reform than any president we have had for years, but he never learned how to tell people about it. Colonel Roosevelt, on the other hand, is the most remarkable man in political opposition this country has produced, but he hasn't an equal capacity for creative effort. I believe he believes he's a practical and moral necessity for the country. Whether he has done more harm than good no living man can say. Personally I don't believe in founding a political organization on the proposition that the man who opposes you is a crook, but Colonel Roosevelt has at least made people participate in politics actively who would not otherwise participate, and that's a good thing."

"The real problem in American politics, with our increasing population, is to put the same facts before all the people. How this is to be done I don't pretend to know. I've learned in my trip across the continent that different communities receive different views of the same question. The ideal condition would be for all to be correctly informed, to get the same view and that the right one. Ultimately, I suppose, the men who profess to affect public opinion must

(Continued on Page 23.)

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Threshing

By John Galsworthy

When the drone of the thresher breaks through the autumn sighing of trees and wind, or through that stillness of the first frost, I get restless and more restless, till, throwing down my pen, I have gone out to see. For there is nothing like the sight of threshing for making one feel good—not in the sense of comfort, but at heart. There, under the pines and the already leafless elms and beech trees, close to the great stacks, is the big, busy creature, with its small black puffing engine astern; and there, all round it, is that conglomeration of unsentimental labor which invests all the crises of farm work with such fascination. The crew of the farm is only five, but here they are fifteen, and none strangers, save the owners of the traveling thresher.

They are working without respite and with little speech, not at all as if they had been brought together for the benefit of someone else's corn, but as though they, one and all, had a private grudge against Time and a personal pleasure in finishing this job, which, while it lasts, is bringing them extra pay and most excellent free feeding. Just as after a dilatory voyage a crew will brace themselves for the run in, recording with sudden energy their consciousness of triumph over the elements, so on a farm the harvests of hay and corn, sheep-shearing, and threshing with bring out in all a common sentiment, a kind of sporting energy, a defiant spurt, as it were, to score off Nature; for it is only a philosopher here and there among them, I think, who sees that Nature is eager to be scored off in this fashion, being anxious that someone should eat her kindly fruits.

With ceremonial as grave as that which is at work within the thresher itself, the tasks have been divided. At the root of all things, pitchforking from the stack, stands the farmer, moustached, and always upright—was he not in the Yeomanry?—dignified in a hard black hat, no waistcoat, and his working coat so ragged that it would never cling to him but for pure affection. Between him and the body of the machine are five more pitchforks, directing the pale flood of raw material. There, amongst them, is poor Herd, still so sad from his summer loss, plodding doggedly away. To watch him even now makes one feel how terrible is that dumb grief which has never learned to moan. And there is George Yeoford, almost too sober; and Murdon plying his pitchfork with a supernatural regularity that cannot quite dim his queer brigand's face of dark, soft gloom shot with sudden humors, his soft, dark corduroys and battered hat. Occasionally he stops, and taking off that hat, wipes his corrugated brow under black hair, and seems to brood over his own regularity.

Down here, too, where I stand, each separate function of the thresher has its appointed slave. Here Cedric rakes the chaff pouring from the side down into the chaff-shed. Carting the straw that streams from the thresher bows, are Michelmore and Neck—the little man who cannot read, but can milk, and whistle the hearts out of his cows till they follow him like dogs. At the thresher's stern is Morris, the driver, selected because of that utter reliability which radiates from his broad, handsome face. His part is to attend the sacking of the three kinds of grain for ever sieving out. He murmurs: "Busy work, sir!" and opens a little door to show me how "the machinery does it all," holding a sack between his knees, and some string in his white

teeth. Then away goes the sack—four bushels, 160 pounds of "genuines, seconds, or seed"—wheeled by Cedric on a little trolly thing, to where George-the-Gaul or Jim-the-Early-Saxon is waiting to bear it on his back up the stone steps into the corn chamber.

It has been raining in the night; the ground is a churn of straw and mud, and the trees still drip; but now there is sunlight, a sweet air, and clear sky, wine-colored, through the red, naked, beech twigs tipped with white untimely buds. Nothing can be more lovely than this late autumn day, so still, save for the droning of the thresher, and the constant tinny chuckle of the grey, thin-headed Guinea-fowl, driven by this business away from their usual haunts.

And soon the feeling that I knew would come begins creeping over me, the sense of an extraordinary sanity in this never-ceasing harmonious labor pursued in the autumn air faintly perfumed with wood-smoke, with the scent of chaff, and whiffs from that black, puffing Billy; the sense that there is nothing between this clean toil—not too hard but hard enough—and the clean consumption of its clean results; the sense that nobody except my spoiled self is in the least conscious of how sane it all is. The brains of these sane ones are all too busy with the real affairs of life, the disposition of their wages, anticipation of dinner, some girl, some junketing, some wager, the last rifle match, and, more than all, with that pleasant rhythmic nothingness, companion of the busy swing and play of muscles, which of all states is secretly most akin to the deep unconsciousness of life itself. Thus to work in the free air for the good of all and the hurt of none, without worry or the breath of acrimony—surely no phase of human life so nears the life of the truly civilized community—the life of garden bees. Not one of these working so sanely—unless it be Morris, who will spend his Sunday afternoon on some high rock just watching sunlight and shadow drifting on the moors—not one, I think, is distraught by perception of his own sanity, by knowledge of how near he is to Harmony, not even by appreciation of the still radiance of this day, or its innumerable fine shades of color. It is all work, and no moody consciousness—all work, and will end in sleep.

I leave them soon, and make my way up the stone steps to the "corn chamber," where tranquillity is crowned. In the whitewashed room

the corn lies in drifts and ridges, three to four feet deep, all silvery-dun, like some remote sand desert, lifeless beneath the moon. Here it lies, and into it, staggering under the sacks, George-the-Gaul and Jim-the-Early-Saxon tramp up to their knees, spill the sacks over their heads, and out again; and above where their feet have plunged, the patient surface closes again, smooth. And as I stand there in the doorway, looking at that silvery corn drift, I think of the whole process, from seed sown to the last sieving into this tranquil resting-place, I think of the slow, dogged ploughman, with the crows above him on the wind; of the swing of the sower's arm, dark up against grey sky on the steep field. I think of the seed snug-burrowing for safety, and its mysterious ferment under the warm spring rain, of the soft green shoots tapering up so shyly towards the first sun, and hardening in air to thin wiry stalk. I think of the innumerable tiny beasts that have jungled in that pale forest; of the winged blue jewels of butterfly risen from it to hover on the wild-rustling blades; of that continual music played there by the wind; of the chicory and poppy flowers that have been its lights-o'-love, as it grew tawny, and full of life, before the appointed date when it should return to its captivity. I think of that slow-traveling hum and swish which laid it low, of the gathering to stack, and the long waiting under the rustle and drip of the sheltering trees, until yesterday the hoot of the thresher blew, and there began the falling into this dun silvery peace. Here it will lie with the pale sun narrowly filtering in on it, and by night the pale moon, till slowly, week by week, it is stolen away, and its ridges and drifts sink and sink, and the beasts have eaten it all. . . .

When the dusk is falling, I go out to them again. They have nearly finished now; the chaff in the chaff-shed is mounting hillock-high; only the little barley stack remains unthreshed. Mrs. George-the-Gaul is standing with a jug, to give drink to the tired ones. Some stars are already netted in the branches of the pines; the Guinea-fowl are silent. But still the harmonious thresher hums, and showers from three sides the straw, the chaff, the corn; and the men fork, and rake, and cart, and carry, sleep growing in their muscles, silence on their tongues, and the tranquillity of the long day nearly ended in their souls. They will go on till it is quite dark.

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Perspective Impressions

Are we paying the legislators to legislate or to do partisan politics?

Looking into the dictionary and discovering that a Cam is "a rotating piece, either non-circular or eccentric, giving motion that is irregular in direction, rate or time," we understand why Senator Caminetti is called Cam for short.

The latest Parisian fashion for women is a bangle worn just below the left knee. Some men will withhold their approval until they investigate carefully and see how it looks.

Many broken New Year's resolutions were mended on Ash Wednesday, but most of them are too fragile to last till Easter Sunday.

Three thousand bills, one hundred constitutional amendments and as many more joint and concurrent resolutions introduced. That's the accomplishment during the first half of the bifurcated session. And we shouldn't suffer much if the other half wasn't held.

If the Legislature goes the distance we shall be statutized into automata.

Works isn't such an ass as we thought. He perceives the importance of making the President ineligible to a second term.

The New York applicant for naturalization who never heard of Theodore Roosevelt is certainly unique, yet he may have more sense than many thousands of men who think they know Theodore Roosevelt very well.

"If a woman finds pleasure in smoking," says Bishop Boyd of Westminster, "the pleasure should not be denied her." And if she loves life to distraction let her plumb it to its depths. If she is too impetuous to be virtuous let her give rein to her individuality. Woman must not be denied.

Anthropologists say that blondes of white and Indian blood are almost uniformly good, producing a type of half-breed taller than either parent, with excellent physical and mental traits. Perhaps we may find an old maid among our up-lifters who will volunteer to make the blend on the Eugenic farm which is to be established by the great and enterprising State of California.

If the unfit are to be disabled from procreating by personal segregation or the lethal chamber where shall we get our college professors?

The Examiner says the management of the postoffice proves the soundness of the principle of public ownership. Yet it has been demonstrated by the Taft administration for the first time in the history of the postoffice that it can be made to pay without impairing the service. And why consider only one public utility? How many of the municipally owned utilities in the United States are half decently managed?

It is to be hoped that Maxim's noiseless city will come gradually. Though noise is driving us all crazy the sudden cessation of it might make us all stark mad.

Chased butterflies a year.—Headline.

Plenty of men have chased butterflies a good deal longer than that and had the exercise for their pains.—New York Sun.

And plenty of others that have fared better have come off worse.

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

The Biggest Ship

The Emperor, the largest ship ever built, will be despatched from Hamburg on February 27 on a trial trip that will last eight days. This ship belongs to the Hamburg-American Line, and it will not be put in commission until it has been thoroughly tested. During this trial trip the engines will be perfectly adjusted, and the crew of eleven hundred will be thoroughly trained in their duties. The Emperor is 919 feet long, 98 feet beam and can carry five thousand passengers. It is the most magnificent and luxurious vessel ever built. The Emperor will leave Hamburg May 7 on the first trip to New York.

England's "Black Peril"

The "alarm" has been sounded in England against the "black peril." Hitherto, of all places in the British Empire, London has been the favorite stamping ground of the negro, because there was not the prejudice against his pigment in that city which he was very apt to encounter almost everywhere else. But now things may change. There are too many black men thrusting themselves on public attention in London, and a revulsion of sentiment has begun. This is largely due to the influx of American negroes. Negro prizefighters with their "domestic scandals," and particularly the cabled reports about Jack Johnson have been contributing causes to this new feeling. Another cause is the ever increasing number of American visitors in London. Americans refuse to stand for the black man, and they are beginning to impress their view upon the Britisher. Saloon keepers are beginning to bar the negroes, and at present there are only two pubs in Soho which admit them. The new "white slave act" frightened many negroes out of London. It looks as though the time will come soon when Americans will not be disgusted by seeing white women in the com-

pany of big buck niggers in Westminster Abbey, the Tower of London, Madame Tussaud's and other places. The sight has been a common one in the past.

An Estimate of Bryan

A Boston reader of the New York Sun wrote to the editor the other day asking for a calm estimate of William Jennings Bryan. He got it on the editorial page the following morning, and it read thus:

Do you mean as a statesman? He led the weaker part of the flock off into the wilderness of dishonest money.

Or do you mean as a political aspirant? He failed three times.

Or as a lawyer? He lost the Bennett will case, we believe.

Or as an editor and publisher? We are informed that the Commoner is a paying enterprise.

Or a private citizen? We regard him with approval.

Rhadamanthus could not be calmer.

Prohibition in Maine

They have prohibition in good old Maine but it doesn't pretend to prohibit. You can get any kind of drink you want without difficulty and without molestation from the authorities. In 1910 the Democrats carried the State on the anti-prohibition issue. But when the question of repealing the constitutional provision making it forever unlawful to manufacture or sell liquor in Maine was submitted to the voters in 1911, it was defeated. So Maine remained a prohibition State. Recently in Portland a paper kindly disposed toward prohibition gravely announced as a triumph of law that "the order was given that all bottles containing intoxicating liquors should be removed from the shelves of the bar rooms

and hidden from view, and this order has been religiously obeyed." In other words Maine prohibition doesn't prohibit, it merely hides the bottles. The situation has not changed since Champ Clark made a speech in Bangor some years ago. After the speech he asked a reporter to show him an open bar room in the city. Between the City Hall and Champ's hotel the reporter showed him forty-one, all wide open. He said there were plenty more, but Champ was satisfied.

Vaccinating for Typhoid

The municipality of Nantes in France has a free service of vaccination against typhoid fever. When it was started Professor Chantemesse, inspector-general of France's sanitary service, made a speech in which he said: "In the 500,000 or 600,000 subjects I have vaccinated I have never noticed any reaction more than a slight uneasiness. I have inoculated 4,000 soldiers in Morocco. Not one fell ill." In fact the preventive has passed the experimental stage, and the French Congress of Medicine has approved it. There was a serious typhoid epidemic among the French troops in Morocco in 1911, but not a single case was found among the vaccinated soldiers. Results just as splendid were obtained in the United States army when the troops were on the Mexican border during the last general maneuvers.

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Poems About San Francisco

LXXIX—O EVANESCENCE!

By Herman Scheffauer

(Last week Edwin Markham's "San Francisco Desolate" was added to this series. This week a poem on the same theme by Herman Scheffauer is reprinted from one of his volumes in order that the reader may make comparison between the elder and the younger poet. The comparison is apt to favor the latter. The following is from "Looms of Life.")

I loved a work of dreams that bloomed from Art;
A town and her turrets rose
As from the red heart
Of the couchant sun where the west wind blows
And worlds lie apart.
Calm slept the sea-flats; beneath the blue dome
Copper and gold and alabaster gleamed,
And sea-birds came home.

But I woke in a sorrowful day;
The vision was scattered away.
Ashes and dust lay deep on the dream that I dreamed.

The Spectator

Hiram and Pardee in a Row

Governor Hiram Johnson, the hierophant of reform, and ex-Governor Pardee, the "weak sister" of progressivism, have come to the parting of the ways. Hostility, bitter, ireful hostility reigns where friendship once held genial sway. If Hiram has not yet twisted his fist in Doc Pardee's luxuriant whiskers, if the Doc has not yet aimed a smashing blow at the pipe in the Guv's clenched teeth, it isn't for lack of bitterness. Some of the things that Hiram is saying about George are so blistery that they wouldn't do at all in print; and some of the things George intends to do to Hiram are so mean that only a Pardee could think of them. The scrap is on in earnest, and whatever guardian spirit watches over the good progressives is weeping spirit tears over the sad situation. But what is more to the point, progressives of the Johnson type and progressives of the Pardee type will soon be lining up on either side for a battle royal. Then we may expect to see the fur fly. Tremendous consequences may ensue. And all because Doc Pardee asked Hiram to parole Henry P. Dalton!

The Governor's Goat

To understand the situation aright one must know that Governor Johnson has lost his goat. (I use the expression with due apology to those who have not yet welcomed it to the company of correct English.) The Governor's goat is in the possession of Fremont Older. Older's capture of the Governor's goat began when the Bulletin started the fight to get Abe Ruef out of San Quentin. The Bulletin's persistent hammering at that purpose disturbed the Governor's equanimity, but it was not known that our chief executive had lost his goat until about three weeks ago. Eustace Cullinan who is very close to Fremont Older on the one hand and to Governor Johnson on the other, made a trip to Sacramento to see the Governor, I think at the Governor's request. The Governor told Cullinan that he wanted Older to stop this Ruef business, that he was sick and tired of it, that it wouldn't do any good because he didn't intend to release Ruef and that it was embarrassing him uselessly. Of course neither Cullinan nor anybody else could promise the Governor that Older would stop, but Cullinan promised to tell Older what the

Governor said. When Older heard it he knew that he had the Governor's goat. The series of articles by Pauline Jacobsen had turned the trick: the Governor and his goat were parted.

The Last Straw

Governor Johnson was in this condition when his distinguished predecessor in office bustled up to Sacramento and followed his streaming whiskers into the executive sanctum. He had come on important business, he told Hiram. But when Hiram heard what the business was his face froze. Pardee wanted him to parole "Honest Henry" Dalton, the former assessor of Alameda County who is serving a term in San Quentin for soliciting and accepting a bribe. That was the last straw. Fremont Older had captured the gubernatorial goat by demanding the release of Ruef, and here was Doc Pardee adding insult to injury. To say that Hiram hit the ceiling is putting it mildly. He was so mad he couldn't see. Words almost failed him in his rage. But Pardee pleaded. He pointed with pride to all that he had done for Hiram. Hadn't he taken program? Hadn't he held a lot of obstreperous Alameda statesmen in line? Wasn't he entitled to a little favor like that? After all, he pointed out, poor old Dalton had harmed himself more than anybody else. He had taken the money of the corporations but he hadn't robbed the county. That statement stuck in Johnson's mind, and he investigated it after he had sent Pardee away with an emphatic "No!" ringing in his ears. The Governor found that that statement was incorrect. He found that the public records showed where Henry P. Dalton had embezzled thirty thousand dollars from Alameda County. When he found that he was madder than ever. "Pardee," he told one of his close friends, "is a _____ liar."

The Doc in Dudgeon

Pardee went away from Sacramento nursing resentful feelings. He had set his heart on getting Dalton out. Henry P. Dalton is a very close friend of Pardee. They have been associates in business of one sort or another for years, besides being political pals. Dalton used to have an interest in the Oakland Enquirer with

the Doc. In fact they had their fingers in a number of enterprises together and are supposed to have made money during their business association. So it's quite natural Pardee should want to get Dalton out. He got the shock of his life when Hiram turned him down in such swift and conclusive fashion. Pardee doesn't readily forgive, and just at present he is engaged in keeping his grievance warm. He thinks the time will come when he can get even with Hiram. Of course he will proceed discreetly. Pardee always does. You see, Johnson appointed him chairman of the State Conservation Commission. If he makes war too openly the Governor might remove him the way he removed Storms.

In the Heart of the Night Life

The heart of San Francisco's night life palpitated in a way that betokened some kind of organic disturbance. In clubdom, in the St. Francis tapestry room, in the Palace Hotel court, in the sprightly cafes—wherever good fellows get together, one received the very definite impression that something of moment had ruffled the serenity of the general mind. There was a grim

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seriousness in the atmosphere. What was it that so clamantly, yet subtly appealed to the emotions of men? There was one place in town where even a dull-witted person might have guessed had he dropped in at the psychological hour. I mean the Grand Buffet, a new and beautiful resort in New Montgomery street opposite the Palace, which Frank Corr opened last Saturday. Men about town flocked thither during the afternoon and evening to celebrate the opening. Among those who paid the tribute of their approval was the leader of our Four Hundred, the hero of a thousand cotillions, the Czar of our provincial aristocracy, Mr. Edward Greenway. The uncorking of Mumm marked the advent of the representative of Du Barry & Co. Some distance away stood Mr. Joseph Deering, the veteran representative of Kessler & Co. and White Seal was flowing copiously in his neighborhood. Presently there was an impressive apparition in the cafe. Dapper Tom McCann was reflected by a mammoth mirror on the prismatic eye of the famous social leader. McCann was accompanied by half a dozen club men—all wine buyers. Naturally you suppose that the McCann party joined the little Greenway group. There's where you are wrong. By Deering they were cordially greeted and him they joined in reducing Corr's bountiful supply of White Seal. Now perhaps you can guess the cause of the palpitation of the heart of the night life.

Ned Put One Over

To continue my story. In the Grand Buffet Saturday evening there was a contest in wine-buying, and for every quart of Mumm that was consumed four quarts of White Seal contributed to the gayety of the occasion. Greenway was beaten to a frazzle, and he was made sad, and he proposed a truce but in vain. Now for the explanation. Tom McCann is no longer associated with Greenway in the business of promoting a demand for the juice of the grape. Like a bolt from the blue McCann received the news on the first of the month that while he had been attending strictly to business Greenway had been nursing a grouch and it had come to a head. And it was the news of the catastrophe as it flashed through the haunts of wine buyers that cast a gloom over the heart of the night life. If the legislature had interdicted the "rag" hardly greater would the sensation be than that caused by the news that McCann was no longer stimulating the flow of Cordon Rouge. Great was the indignation in cafe circles, and the unpopularity of Greenway grew by leaps and bounds. A telegram of protest a yard long was sent on to the house of Du Barry, signed by some of the leading cafe owners. In two clubs Mumm was put on the blacklist. And there was speculation as to whether the imp in the fizz bottle had been trifling with Greenway's mental faculties. It was recalled that years ago his indiscreet remark in a theatre lobby about the loneliness of

himself and a friend had greatly impaired the popularity of Mumm, and that McCann had done much to abate prejudice; also, that only a few weeks ago he had a row in Tait's and that Tait expressed the hope that he would stay away. "What's the matter with Greenway?" is the question of the hour, and there are some cafe entertainers who have made a song about him. Naturally Greenway is somewhat perturbed. Also, the Czar is a bit truculent. He announced somewhere that he would put Tait out of business by steering his society friends elsewhere. Tait wired on to Du Barry to inquire whether Greenway was expressing the sentiment of the house. He'd like to know as he has an ace up his sleeve. So you see, this affaire McCann is something more than a tempest in a magnum. It has made more noise than the popping of a whole flock of magnums.

The Laugh of An Intellectual Giant

The ferry building vibrated perceptibly the other day, frightening many people who thought it was a seismic disturbance. It was really nothing more than a fit of laughter indulged in by the Man who Winds the Ferry Clock. He had been reading about Assemblyman Polsley's resolution calling on the members of the State Fish and Game Commission to explain the political activity of its attorney Bob Duke. It was the resolution that threw him into the violent convulsion. He explained that it made him laugh because he knew what would happen when Governor Johnson learned that a legislator was prying into private affairs of his political machine. "You know Duke," he said; "he's one of the Governor's pets. He used to be in Bill Langdon's office. You remember Langdon—the muley boy—was district attorney when Johnson got the job to get Dalzell Brown off with a light sentence. Think of those yaps up there talking about investigating Duke. The Governor will let out a roar that will make 'em all drop to their knees."

"But," said the Unsophisticated Bystander, "this fellow Duke as attorney for the commission has been going around organizing a protective association for the benefit of the hog with a gun."

The Man who Winds the Ferry Clock threw another fit.

"What are you laughing at?" asked the Unsophisticated Bystander.

"A protective association!" exclaimed the Man who Winds the Ferry Clock. "Better call it a by-product of the Governor's political machine. Why our Governor is the smartest fellow you ever saw. He's doing politics all the time. And the damphool legislators can't see when they're trespassing on his game preserves."

Given the Quietus

If the Unsophisticated Bystander reads the papers he knows by this time that our water

front philosopher knew what he was talking about. Assembly Polsley having been informed that he was "in bad," introduced a substitute resolution "couched," as the reporters say, "in milder terms." But the terms were not mild enough. The substitute called for "a full accounting of the moneys spent by Duke in traveling about the State organizing the so-called protective association," demanded a reason for Duke's increase of salary and a comparative statement of the overhead expenses of the commission during the past three years." Of course the substitute was promptly tabled by order of His Supreme Highness, the reform Governor of California. Fancy, a demand for an accounting from one of the Governor's own commissions! The days for accountings in this Administration are past. All the reactionaries have been fired, and there is no longer any question of retrenchment. The only question is, How shall we raise more money?

Candidates for Governor

I understand on pretty good authority that Governor Johnson has told John M. Eshleman to go ahead and run for governor next time. Governor Johnson hopes to be well on his way to the United States Senate via the direct primary route when the day for the next State election rolls round, and when he dons the toga he is perfectly willing, nay desirous that the young Hotspur from Imperial should put on his discarded gubernatorial mantle. The loquacious president of the Railroad Commission falls in with the governor's view, and is already mending his fences. Of course Hiram may never go to the Senate, and the corporation baiter from El Centro may never become governor. There are the Democrats to reckon with. They are casting about quietly for a fit candidate for governor. At the present time a number of the leaders are willing to groom Controller A. B. Nye for the race. This may seem strange, but only because so many people have forgotten that Nye is a Democrat. He was a Democrat in politics when he edited the Oakland Enquirer for Pardee. He did not change his politics when Governor Pardee made him his private secretary. When Controller Colgan died Pardee appointed Nye to the vacancy, and when Nye ran for the position last time he was the candidate of both Republicans and Democrats. The Democrats think he is strong gubernatorial timber, but it is a question whether he would consent to run. His health is far from good.

Who Will Be Collector?

I hear the names of three men mentioned for the position of Collector of Customs which Fred Stratton is about to vacate. They are J. O.



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Davis, chairman of the State Central Committee; Alexander M. Robertson, the book publisher and friend of California genius; and Charlie Fay. All three men have strong backing. All three have ties of politics or friendship to bind them to James D. Phelan who is a good deal of a power in Democratic politics just now. Which of the three will have Phelan's support? It is an interesting question, and I do not profess to know the answer. The strength of Davis' position is apparent. He is at the head of the State organization, and presumably could block the indorsement of any aspirant for a federal job unless that aspirant promised to support him in his fight for the Collectorship. I don't say that he will make his fight that way, but the opportunity of a State chairman seeking a plum is obvious. His position is doubly fortified because he is a close political friend of Congressman Raker. Congressmen Raker of Modoc, Church of Fresno and Kettner of San Diego, the three Democrats in our congressional delegation have formed a triple alliance for the supervision of patronage in California. Whether it is an alliance for bargaining I do not know, but if it is they can make things difficult for men who do not accede to their demands. Raker might thus advance Davis' cause. And they say Raker himself would give up Congress for a federal job.

The Pilot Shivered

"Here's a little story that I think you'll like," said my esteemed friend the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock when I met him on the Embarcadero the other day. "Dr. Humphrey Stewart tells it. You remember, perhaps, that when the Rio de Janeiro went down Captain Ward, the captain of the vessel, was drowned while Captain Jordan, the pilot, was saved. Captain Jordan attended

the funeral services in honor of Captain Ward. Dr. Stewart was the organist at the church where the services were held, and had charge of the music. Captain Jordan requested Dr. Stewart to have Tennyson's 'Crossing the Bar' sung. It was sung, sung beautifully, but when the soloist came to the words, 'I hope to see my Pilot face to face when I have crost the bar,' Captain Jordan, the rescued pilot of the Rio, shivered. 'I didn't think of those words when I asked for the hymn,' he explained afterwards."

Joaquin and the Lily

When Lady de Bathe went over to The Hights to visit her dear old friend of former London days, Joaquin Miller, she found the poet of the Sierras in bed. He lamented his fate. "I am bedridden," he told her. "I that was once so vigorous have lost the use of my legs. I cannot walk any more. A sort of paralysis has seized on my legs and disabled them." And then, changing the subject suddenly he said: "But you are still young. How do you keep so young?" "By exercise," answered Lady de Bathe. "Feel my arm." The poet regarded the strong outstretched arm, but made no move. "I was speaking of legs," he said.

Hiram's Infidelity

The New York World has been taking Governor Johnson to task for his infidelity. When our Governor interfered in the matter of the boxing match to which his son was a party, he flouted, says the World, one of the most cherished of "my policies." His action says the World amounted "to the deliberate stunting of a potential Bull Moose in the precious formative years of youth," and "it may prepare the way for a recall of parental decisions." Of one thing we may be certain; Theodore Roosevelt will never again accept Hiram Johnson for a running mate. In the philosophy of the big Bull Moose a father who will not let his son engage in an amateur fistic encounter is a mollicoddle.

Fannie Brown to Retire

One of the most widely known women of the West is about to retire from active business. Fannie Brown of Sacramento who has practiced Mrs. Warren's profession for so many years that the memory of the giddiest old legislator runs not to the contrary is about to close her establishment and go into private life. Full of years and if not of honors, at least of wealth, Fannie Brown longs for the comfortable quietude of the domestic circle, so she will bid her pretty "priestesses of humanity" go forth to find asylum in some new temple of the flesh, and Sacramento will know her hetairistic hospitality no more. The ancient mansion in Second street that was wont to ring o' nights with meretricious revelry will have no more secrets to hide; the high fence that shelters the front door from too curious eyes will serve its discreet purpose no longer; the conductors and motormen on the cars that clang up from the depot to K street will be deprived of their favorite subject of jibe and jest. Fannie Brown's active career is soon to end, and to end, if her plans are carried out, in a last great blaze of glory.

To Entertain the Legislature

Fannie Brown has a warm spot in her woman's heart for the California Legislature. Sacramento in its prosperity has outgrown the Legislature

A HINT TO THE HOSTESS

No luncheon is complete without the Italian Swiss Colony's TIPO (red or white). It is light, delicate, delicious.

Sacramento doesn't care whether the solons sit or not. Sacramento doesn't need the statesmen in her business. But Fannie does. The potent, grave and reverend seigniors who sit in the two chambers of the Capitol have always been her friends. Many a warrant on the State treasury has been cashed to fill her coffers. Time was when her establishment was called the Capitol, for political bosses, lobbyists and legislative leaders met there when night had fallen to plan and plot, and to make and unmake laws. Those were the sad, bad, glad old days before reform came to California; but in the new regime Fannie has been by no means slighted. Reformers might come and performers might go, but Fannie's establishment pursued its even course with little difference. Fannie has found that political complexions might differ ever so widely while legislators' primal passions remained the same. So she will testify her esteem for the Legislature by retiring from business during the session. She will close her doors forever in March, but first she will give a great banquet to which every member of the present holy Legislature will be bidden! That is her present plan. It may not work out the way she thinks it will, but in that case we may take the will for the deed. She must have some assurance that it is practicable, for Fannie is a deep and experienced student of human nature.

A Remarkable Woman

Fannie Brown is a remarkable woman, almost as remarkable as Mrs. Warren herself. While far from being a purist she is a stickler for the more genial virtues of honesty, truthfulness, urbanity and charity. Her private purse has always been at the service of the deserving poor. She always discouraged married men from mothing it about the bright lights of her establishment, drawing the theologian's distinction between marital infidelity and the bachelor's divagation from the straight and narrow path. Her observation of politicians has made her a good deal of a philosopher in the business of government, and while she extended her countenance and her hospitality to reformers and performers alike, her secret leanings are toward progressivism. At the same time she is fond of declaring that she hates a hypocrite, and when in a communicative mood she will mention the names of statesmen in California whom she looks upon as pharisees. She is an ardent suffragist, and may devote her new found leisure to the political activities which are now open to the gentler sex. In that case she will be a tower of strength to those good earnest workers in our midst who are trying to abolish

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prostitution. She is sure to have some very expert ideas on the subject.

Her Opinion of Shaw

It is told of Fannie Brown that she came to San Francisco to attend a performance of "Mrs. Warren's Profession" when Mary Shaw presented the Shavian drama at the Van Ness Theatre. A man who saw her there took pains later on to get her opinion of the play. Fannie was disgusted with it. "Plays like that do a great deal of harm," she said. "They give people wrong ideas about our profession. In fact they libel those of us who conduct our business in a genteel way. Surely we are not all like Cora Blanc!"

The Solano Project

There was a great dinner at the Palace last week, a dinner unique in its table accessories and significant in its purpose. I refer to the dinner given by A. J. Rich to Patrick Calhoun and David Rich of New York as guests of honor and also to the men who are associated with them in the big land development project of the Solano Irrigated Farms Company. The local color of Solano was ingeniously introduced; tules surrounded the table and ducks flew overhead. But that is a detail. The dinner was important to San Franciscans because it marked the completion of the first stage of a northern Californian development scheme which is to be of incalculable benefit to this city. The Calhoun syndicate is already working wonders in Solano, and greater wonders are to come. Already men who have put their money into the project have seen it treble, and San Francisco capital is waking up to the fact that the opportunities for fortune-making are as great today in California as they ever were. Here are some of the men who attended this dinner: David Rich, Paul S. Foster, A. A. Moore, Jr., Henry Melvin, J. C. Kirkpatrick, Burr McIntosh, John J. Barrett, Stanley Moore, Dr. W. B. Coffey, F. W. Symmes, A. C. Blumenthal, Charles de Young, Henry S. Gaus, Kenneth McDonald, Jr., Garret W. McEnerney, A. W. Foster, Patrick Calhoun, A. J. Rich, M. H. de Young, Charles K. Field, Dr. L. D. Bacigalupi, William M. Abbott, Dr. John Gallwey, G. Rich, John B. Farish, G. W. Dubose, H. R. Bronson, E. F. Forbes, William Cannon, Peter Cook, J. C. Wilson, Thornwell Mullally, E. F. Dolger, I. W. Hellman Jr., Charles C. Moore, J. H. Petersen.

Calhoun in Real Estate

Not the least important point in connection with the project to which this dinner called attention

is the return of Patrick Calhoun to the real estate field. Calhoun has a genius for this business, and many of his best friends think that if he had stuck to it exclusively he would today be a far wealthier man than he is. His real estate operations in Cleveland were wonderfully successful. Years ago he bought a tract of land near Cleveland and put it on the market in subdivisions. Today that land is a most desirable part of the city of Cleveland. It has been cut up into streets and parks and is covered with beautiful homes. What Calhoun did then he proposes to do again but on a larger scale. The Solano acres will be divided into small farms with every convenience for intensive farming. The building of two towns is part of the plan, and the introduction of the highest type of up-to-date farming machinery is in contemplation. The demands for the land are already numerous and insistent.

Mullally's Speech

I am told that the best speech at the Palace dinner was made by Thornwell Mullally who is one of the active spirits in the big enterprise. Men who heard Mullally say that he surprised them by his facility in after-dinner speaking, and when he touched on his personal relations with Calhoun and the troubles which they had weathered together, Calhoun was visibly moved.

A Changed Blumenthal

Mention of this dinner reminds me that another very active spirit in this project is A. C. Blumenthal of the firm of A. J. Rich and Company. Blumenthal has made an enviable record among local real estate men by the manner in which he has handled his part of the Solano work. He surprised his associates. Time was when Blumenthal was the gayest of our gay young boulevardiers. His penchant was for pleasure, not business. His gayeties were not confined to San Francisco, but embraced New York and Paris as well. But Blumenthal has wearied of the butterfly life. He has settled down to business. His enthusiasm has found a new outlook, and the gay places know him no more. I understand that he is in the way to make a very pretty penny out of the Solano project.

R. E. Mulcahy a Partner

The news of R. E. Mulcahy's admission to the New York banking firm of E. F. Hutton & Company caused quite a stir in local financial circles this week, and he has been the recipient of congratulations from his host of San Francisco

friends. Mr. Mulcahy has been Pacific Coast manager for Hutton & Company for about ten years, or in fact ever since they opened branch offices on this coast. During his service he has built up an extensive business and so successfully has he managed his territory that his admission to partnership was well earned. Mr. Mulcahy will continue to make his headquarters in San Francisco, and it is a matter of no small importance that we have a member of a progressive New York Stock Exchange house in our midst. Hutton & Company's belief in the importance of California as a strong financial point is emphasized in their announcement of a double direct private wire between here and New York, enabling them to keep a constant stream of financial items going both ways, thereby keeping local investors in as close touch with Eastern conditions as people living in Brooklyn or even in the Bronx in New York. The firm has also bought another membership on the New York Stock Exchange, giving them two instead of one representation on the floor. E. F. Hutton & Company are now composed of Edward F. Hutton, George A. Ellis, Jr., Franklyn L. Hutton, Edward E. B. Adams, Hosmer J. Barrett, R. E. Mulcahy and George Waycroft as partners and Sterling Postley, well known locally, as special partner.

A. J. Rich & Co. Move

A. J. Rich & Co., one of the oldest and most prominent real estate firms in San Francisco, with offices in New York, have decided, on account of the change in the character of their business, to follow the lead of large real estate firms in eastern cities and move from the ground floor to upstairs offices. They announce they will move within the next thirty days to the second floor of the new Holbrook Building in Sutter street, next to the Anglo-London-Paris Bank. Mr. Rich states that, having eliminated the rental department, he finds it necessary on account of the increasing volume of large transactions, especially between San Francisco and New York, to move into offices where proper equipment could be obtained. The new offices in the Holbrook Building will be sumptuously fitted, and contracts covering interior work have been signed which will make these real estate offices probably the most attractive of their kind on the coast.

Agency Director Hardy

In conformity with the plan of the Western States Life Insurance Company to bring all of the territory in which it operates under the branch office system, the company has made a change in its inter-mountain agency. Mr. Rufus K. Hardy has been until now general agent of the company for the territory comprising Utah and Southern Idaho, with headquarters at Salt Lake City. His record as such general agent has been quite phenomenal, and in recognition of his services, Mr. Hardy has been promoted to the office of agency director. The personnel of the men with whom Mr. Hardy has surrounded himself is of the highest character, and the prediction is freely made that as agency director Mr. Hardy will make a record for the company.

Stanford Parlor at Techau's

Many of the best known social organizations of the city select Techau Tavern as the ideal place at which to hold their most important functions. On a recent evening the Stanford Parlor, N. S. G. W., secured the exclusive use of the cafe after it had closed for business and over three hundred members and guests assembled for feasting and music. Many talented members and guests contributed to the program in addition to the selections given by the Tavern orchestra and vocalists. Tuesday evening Mr. E. M. Greenway gave an elaborate dinner at the Tavern to a number of friends.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

The Saturnalia Without the Savour

"They," said Froissart, speaking of the English, "amuse themselves sadly after the fashion of their country." I was reminded of this observation at the Mardi Gras ball Tuesday night, and it occurred to me that what was needed was a greater infusion of Latin blood to leaven the Anglo-Saxon fluid that must have largely predominated. The dailies tell us it was a gay revel, and it was, after a fashion, but it wasn't the fashion of the city that is reputed to be the merriest on this side of Paris. There was every incentive to abandon and jollity, but the affair was remarkable for its gravity. There were many beautiful women at the ball, women who though they masked their faces in the early hours, were nevertheless by no means niggard of their charms. They revealed far more than they concealed, thus betraying the glad disposition in harmony with the occasion. There were many costumed beaux apparently eager to give rein to their animal spirits. There was music, there was color, there was fragrance—everything conducive to a limbering up of dignity, all the essential lures to a night of folly and misrule, to complete forgetfulness of the humdrum of existence, but there was something notably missing. It was Hamlet with the eccentric one left out of the cast. In other words the savour of the Saturnalia was not there. The revelers stoutly challenged Dull Care to be gone, but he'd return at intervals to grin.

The Funereal Pageant

I attended the Mardi Gras ball partly in the spirit of the looker-on in Vienna, but in a mood and with a zest for enjoyment, and I got a good deal. But I was also there as a reporter, conscientiously resolved to record my impressions for the benefit of posterity. So of course I was more or less critical, and this circumstance may

account for my failure to enthuse. A critic, as has been wisely said, is one who relates the adventures of his own soul among masterpieces. In other words he shuts himself up in his own personality and is the dupe of the most fallacious illusions. Perhaps that's my case. Yet the ball was fine diversion for me. I enjoyed the spectacle hugely and my animal spirits lacked nothing of artificial aid. I saw nothing wrong with the management. Indeed the management was excellent. I know Charley De Young attended faithfully to business because he could spare himself for only two dances. As to the pageant it was up to the mark, but of course I don't approve of the Augustan court idea. Mrs. Clement Tobin would have looked just as lovely as any other queen, and she is fit to pose even as a Mary Queen of Scots who was undoubtedly more beautiful than Livia. Ferdinand Thieriot was realistic enough as Augustus, but even in Rome Augustus was unnecessary, as any student knows who has sense enough to regret Antony's defeat. A colorless monarch was Augustus, more of a buffoon than a king. One of the most striking figures in the pageant was Cadenasso as Ovid, though he hardly looked the poet who won such looks from Livia as to excite the jealousy of Augustus. As a spectacle the pageant was good, but it resembled a funeral more than a triumph, probably by way of symbolizing the end of the season of indulgence. As the pageant was passing I caught sight in the throng of onlookers of Tony Hellman, the broker, who cut capers as the king's jester of the first of the Mardi Gras balls at the old Hopkin's institute on the hill. To see Tony bespectacled, hair thin and grey, was to realize how long ago was the yesteryear of the artists' revels when, despite an air of semi-exclusiveness combined with an atmosphere of bohemianism there was laughter aplenty, the laughter that opens the lips and the heart and enables the soul to breathe freely.

An Uncarnival Intolerance

Now it was laughter that I missed more than anything else Tuesday night, the laughter that marks the relief from leaden-eyed melancholy. Laughter is the key wherewith we decipher the mood, and I heard very little laughter at the Mardi Gras ball; but I saw a great deal of the smile of self-complacency. The phenomenon excited my curiosity, and I tried to account for it. Why is it I asked there is so little of this bounding ecstasy that marks the dog who has slipped his collar? Why are the gleams of mirth and jollity intermittent and fitful on an occasion that ought to draw us out of our natural gloom? Just then Bill Lange came ragging by, looking as he might look if he were playing ball with a losing team. But Bill was in his element and he must have been enjoying himself to the limit. Let me not be misunderstood. Undoubtedly there were scores of people who found the ball "lots of fun." I found it that myself. I'm sure that Mrs. Fred McNear, the flitting firefly, Mrs. Templeton Crocker, Miss Kitty Blair and Mrs. John J. Barrett were having lots of fun on the floor. The ebullient Kitty was in rollicking spirits and so was Downey Harvey and Jim O'Brien who ragged till the cows came home. Mrs. Joe Tobin, gorgeously gowned, the most striking figure on the floor, radiated pleasure, and

it was plain that Mrs. Garret W. McEnerney who looked on from one of the upper tier of boxes, one of the most radiantly handsome women at the ball enjoyed every moment of the spectacle. Oh, there were happy folk at the ball, folks who drained every drop from the cup of pleasure, but where was the carnival spirit? If it was there would those two girls dressed as cut-ups have had to wander around by themselves all night? Or would those fellows toggled out as lictors, as medieval knights and as pierrots have worn faces that resembled glooms? Because they looked silly, everybody treated them as though they were silly. Why the very essence of the carnival spirit is nonsense, yet the embodiments of nonsense at the ball seemed to be regarded as intolerable.

A Defense of the Boxes

I heard it suggested at the ball that boxes on a level with the floor should be barred. The suggestion was made by a gentleman who remarked that the dowagers and wax figures in those floor boxes congealed the atmosphere by giving the scene a frigid air of formality. But I'm strong for the boxes. Merely to wander about and see society in its best bib and tucker, great ladies whom one reads about in the daily papers, is an experience to thrill a heart far less snobbishly impressionable than my own. In the presence of some of those great dowagers one breathes the tart ozone of distinction. There is exhilaration in the rarefied and buoyant atmosphere of those boxes. And those animated boxes are a pretty sight, with breasts and backs and shoulders all agleam and aglitter. I saw jewels enough to trick forth a score of divas for an opera season. And what heads of jeweled and feathered coiffures! The fiddles are fiddling and the ladies are chattering, and there is a quivering of aigrettes and the sheen of multitudinous diamonds,—it was indeed like being in a land of make-believe, and it was all very intoxicating.

A Strange Letter

I am used to surprises in my mail but this week for the first time in my newspaper experience I received a letter couched in a dead language. It reads as follows:

Mi Amice Tantale:

De celebratione illa quam "Mardi Gras" scriptores vocant, pauca verba dicere volo. Non in luna caerulea, non in mense dierum dominicarum scenam vidi tam jucundam,

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musicam audiui tam felicem, multitudinem inspexi tam gaudio saturatam! Erant mulieres pulcherrimae quae saeculo Augusto certe dignissimae. Erant viri nobiles quibus fortes viri Romae nunquam excelebant. Quantum vini, tantum gaudii. Dementia saltans omnes corripuit. De Mrs. Clem Tobin quid dicam? Superbissima! De Ferdinando Thieriot? Res pulchritudinis et gaudium in aeternum! De aliis idem dicerem, sed nequam necesse est.

—Ovidius.

Puzzling It Out

I confess that this proved a puzzler. Having neglected the classics since my days at college I was at a loss to interpret the epistle. From the signature I inferred that it had been written by Cadenasso who played the part of Ovid at the Mardi Gras. But what language was it couched in? Thinking it might be Esperanto I referred it to Frank Drew, but he said it was not in the Zamenhof lingo. I asked Ned Greenway and he told me it was Greek but confessed that he hadn't read any Greek since he left Baltimore. Then I showed it to Charlie De Young and he poohpoohed Ned's suggestion. "Anybody who has been down Third street knows what Greek looks like," said Charlie, "and this is not Greek." "Bill" Lange told me it was Sanscrit, but I knew he was spoofing. Finally I

went to "Dick" Tobin who is a scholar, and he assured me that it was Latin but the most execrable, unciceronian Latin imaginable. With this clue I hunted up a Berkeley professor who refuses to have his name mentioned and obtained a free translation. He said the screed meant something like this:

Friend Tantalus:

Permit me a few words about the Mardi Gras. Not in a blue moon, not in a month of Sundays have I seen such a dandy spectacle, heard such entrancing music or looked upon so joyous a throng. The women were peaches worthy of the Augustan age. Rome never showed finer men. The vintage flowed and joy was unconfined. Everybody was doin' it. Mrs. Clem Tobin? Absolutely the class! Ferdy Thieriot? A thing of beauty and a joy forever! And the rest were up to standard.

Yours,

—Ovid.

After all I don't see why Cadenasso, if he wrote it, insisted on putting me to so much trouble.

Found, a Pink Silk Chemise

A deal of tittering gossip went the rounds last week. It concerned a pink silk chemise. After a most formal dinner party, when the guests had departed from a mansion in Pacific avenue, the butler in making his rounds to put out the lights

found a dainty piece of pale pink lingerie known in trousseau parlance as an Italian silk chemise. The servant reported the find to his mistress immediately and the family became at once involved in speculation as to which one of the ten ladies who had been present it belonged to; how a garment ordinarily so well secured could have been lost in the library where all the guests were assembled; and how it had remained beside the book case undiscovered all evening. The lady who lost it is telling the story on herself with shrieks of laughter that dissipates all the gossip that started with the butler's exhibit A.

She Dressed in a Hurry

She is one of the most popular widows living at a big hotel and coming out of the dining room about seven o'clock on the memorable evening she was greeted by a friend who was just entering. "Why are you dining home? I thought you were going to Mrs. Blank's dinner party tonight." A look of consternation overspread the face of the widow as she gasped: "Goodness! I forgot all about it. But the dinner isn't until half past seven and I believe I can make it." Rushing up to her room, with the aid of her maid she changed all her clothes, even to the dainty undergarments that were the accessories of her elaborate evening gown, and five minutes before the appointed time her limousine dashed up to the home of her hostess. Two hours later as she was standing in the library, talking to one of the interesting party, she was horrified on looking down to see a familiar bit of pink silk peeping from the edge of her white satin gown. She realized that she was effectually hobbled by the clinging little garment which her maid in her haste had evidently just pushed down instead of removing as she had intended. It had taken it all this time to work its way to her feet. She knew that it would be impossible to remain glued to that spot all evening; and even if she succeeded in picking the garment up she couldn't carry it around in her hands. So with the quick action born of desperation she got rid of the man to whom she was talking for a moment, and had just time to step out of it and drop it behind a book stand before he returned. She planned that when she came downstairs with her wraps on she would make a dash, rescue it and conceal it beneath her opera coat. But in the hurry of departure she forgot it and it was only when she was half way home that she remembered. "I must go back at once," she exclaimed to her astonished escort. "I left without saying



CHARLES DALMORE

The greatest of living French tenors, coming to San Francisco with the Chicago Grand Opera Company to appear at the new Tivoli Opera House. Besides his extended French repertoire Dalmore is singing the operas for which he is famous in Germany, "Lohengrin" and "Tristan and Isolde." With Mary Garden Dalmores has helped to blaze a path for the new French operas in this country. In these operas he has achieved a name that is unmatched among tenors who have essayed roles in the newer operas—Nicias in "Thais," Julien in "Louise," Pelleas in "Pelleas and Melisande," Herod in "Salome," Sampson in "Sampson and Delilah," Vinicius in "Quo Vadis" and others.

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good night to the hostess." "Oh no you didn't," the man reassured her; "you parted with her at the same time I did. I heard you make your adieux." Realizing her helplessness to do anything she yielded to fate and awaited the discovery. And the truth about it was so much more simple than the complications started by gossip that she told and claimed her property.

A Silver Wedding

Mr. and Mrs. Tirey L. Ford tendered a reception to some two hundred of their friends at their residence in Clay street on last Saturday evening. The invitations had been purposely so worded as to omit any reference to the event of which the occasion was commemorative. The guests, however, upon their arrival noted certain suspicious indications. Out of an abundance of beautiful spring flowers which decorated the drawing rooms and social hall there glistened clusters of silvered palms; the principal punch bowl was labeled "silver fizz"; over the main stairway there read the suggestive legend "1888-1913"; and the orchestra showed at first a distinct partiality for the wedding march from Lohengrin. Thus it was made known that the evening was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the marriage of the host and hostess. After the more formal function of the early evening, half a hundred of the younger set present took possession of the spacious social hall and of the orchestra, and danced,—even unto the music of ragtime,—into the early hours of the morning. It proved to be one of the most delightful functions of the pre-lenten season. Those who assisted in receiving were Mrs. Edward A. Lucius, of Chicago, a cousin of Mrs. Ford, Mrs. S. L. Braverman, Mrs. Robert Atkins, Mrs. A. P. Booth, Mrs. Joseph D. Hodgen, Mrs. James Farrell, Mrs. William H. Hannam, Mrs. Charles Holbrook, Jr., Mrs. Joseph Martin, Mrs. Charles Lee Leonard, Mrs. Paul Nippert, Miss Nancy Glenn, Miss Florence Braverman, Miss Grace Hoadley, Miss Margaret Hodgen, Miss Edith Atkins, Miss Vera Omart, Miss Marie Omart, Miss Elise Osborne and Miss Jean Whorton of New York.

Mrs. Spreckels Off to Europe

Mrs. Augustus Spreckels left recently for New York. After a visit of a few weeks in the metropolis she will sail for Paris, the city she likes best. While in San Francisco Mrs. Spreckels did not enter with her old time enthusiasm into affairs social. I'm told her friends noted a great change in her. She does not appear to care for beautiful clothes as she did at one time when she always appeared ahead of season in the latest Parisian styles. Every morning during her stay here Mrs. Spreckels might be seen walking from the Cross in Golden Gate Park to

the Cliff House where her limousine met her. Mrs. Dore, mother of Mrs. Spreckels, and her sister Miss Ruby Bond went East with her. In New York they will await the arrival of Mrs. Spencer Eddy and the Misses Ruby Dore and Edith Wooster from Paris where the young girls have been attending school.

Miss Foster's Engagement

The engagement of Miss Martha Foster and Leonard Abbott did not come as a surprise. It was long an open secret among intimate friends. The attachment dates from the time young Abbott attended the Tamalpais Academy. Miss Foster was one of the bridesmaids at the wedding of Miss Marie Louise Foster and Eldridge Green when Leonard Abbott was one of the ushers. Those present will remember the stunning picture Miss Foster and the deeply lamented beautiful Mina Van Bergen made as they walked down the aisle. It was confidently expected that the engagement of Miss Foster to young Abbott would be announced that day. Miss Foster's mother is a daughter of the late Dr. Scott, the early day pastor of St. John's Presbyterian church. Dr. Scott was a Southerner and during

will receive a \$500 order on Shreve & Co., San Francisco's foremost jewelry establishment. Is this the only attraction in the afternoon? No! Just step in there some day 'tween the hours of 3 and 6 p. m., after you are weary and worn from shopping. There's an air of quietude and restfulness about this "comfy" cafe which will revive the most jaded spirit. And if you feel lively and want encouragement—well, go 'tween 3 and 6. Those are the hours at Tait's.

In the Social Spotlight

Mrs. Ada H. Keyes of Salt Lake City will visit San Francisco and spend February and March here. Mrs. Keyes is well acquainted here and has many friends who will be delighted to see her.

The Hotel del Coronado has been a scene of gaiety for the past week with bridges, lunches, teas, dinners, dances and notable concerts. The Country Club is proving a popular rendezvous for entertaining, and many society women are giving large parties.

Here is a bulletin of the social affairs at the Hotel Oakland for the week just ending: Mon-



A CORNER OF ONE OF THE SPACIOUS VERANDAS
HOTEL GREEN, PASADENA, CAL.

the war expressed himself freely in opposition to the Federal cause. On one occasion an angry mob waited outside his church, but two of his parishioners, Mrs. H. M. Newhall and Mrs. Thomas Selby insisted on escorting him to his carriage. The crowd respected the bravery of the two women, and there was no trouble.

Lieder at Kohler and Chase Hall

Mrs. Waldeck Biers, soprano, of Oakland will be the soloist at the Kohler & Chase Music Matinee this Saturday afternoon. Mrs. Biers has made a study of the Lied and Ballad, and has been very successful. She has selected compositions by Grieg and Strauss and a group of lyric gems entitled "A Cycle of Life" by Ronald. There will be instrumental numbers on the Pianola Piano and the Aeolian Pipe Organ. Among the most important to be interpreted will be Liszt's Sixth Hungarian Rhapsodie and Wagner's Vorspiel to Lohengrin. There will also be two little gems by MacDowell.

In the Swim

Once again has the Tait-Zinkand Cafe done the unusual. This time some lady patron of the cafe

St. Valentine's Day comes February 14th. Don't forget HER this year. Send a dainty paper or Satin Heart-shaped Valentine Box filled with candies. Geo. Haas & Sons' Four Candy Stores.

(Advertisement)

day, February 3, dinner of Wickham Havens representatives in English room. Thirty present. Arrangements in charge of E. A. Jones of Wickham Havens. Meeting of Metallurgy Society in North banquet room. Tuesday, February 4, Ad Club luncheon. Emitgaur Assembly in Ivory ball room. Party of sixteen in English room at 8 o'clock. Wednesday, February 4, Jovean order, an association of electrical men, met for dinner and initiation of new members. Thursday, February 6, Rotary Club luncheon. Friday, February 7, last dance of the Winter Assembly in the Ivory ball room.

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"Thais," A Confession

By Edward F. O'Day

Because open confession is good for the soul I must depose that I was very ignorant about this opera "Thais." I knew some of the music because the most benighted person cannot escape knowing a deal of excellent music nowadays, but about the theme upon which Jules Massenet built his structure of gorgeous sound I was altogether in the dark. I took it for granted that the Thais of the opera was the Thais of history, that golden courtesan who wound Alexander the Great around her little finger. You may read in Athenaeus how her beauty was a scepter which she waved over submissive, beauty-adoring Athens; how Alexander found her a world of loveliness ready to be conquered; how she accompanied him on his victorious sweep through Asia; and how at her word the fond conqueror laid fire to the city of Persepolis and reduced it to clinker and ashes. Or, if you haven't your Athenaeus handy turn to Dryden and you will find this Thais celebrated in the splendid Ode for Saint Cecilia's Day:

The lovely Thais, by his side,

Sate like a blooming Eastern bride.

Glorious old John tells how Timotheus played on the monarch's passions with his ravishing music, melting him to tenderness and rousing him to fury until at a word from Thais,

The king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy;

Thais led the way

To light him to his prey,

And, like another Helen, fired another Troy!

That Thais afterwards won the love of Ptolemy Lagus, King of Egypt, and he made her an "honest woman" by marrying her. But this, I found by going to the Valencia, was not the Thais of Massenet. The Thais of him that loved our Sybil Sanderson is the Thais of Anatole France. As this is a confession, I must here confess that I have never read France's "Thais," so I didn't know that there was a courtesan named Thais in Alexandria in the early days of our era when Christianity was putting the old gods and goddesses to flight. I suspect that France invented this Thais out of his curious brain. The only creature in my reading whom she resembles is a Saint Pelagia who lived in that same era when the Thebaid was people by cenobites and anchorites. This Pelagia was of corrupt old Antioch, not of Alexandria. Her story is a good deal like the story of France's and Massenet's Thais. She too was an actress, the most beautiful and the most dangerously seductive of Antioch. The people of the city called her Margarita or the Pearl and worshiped her loveliness. One day, as I recall the story, she passed the Cathedral of Antioch when many bishops and priests were assembling in the square for a grand religious festival. Pelagia was very lightly attired, for she had come to snare the men of God. Her attire consisted of a gorgeous head dress and a golden scarf that draped her wondrous shoulders. For the rest, she was "clothed on in wantonness." When the princes of the church beheld this entrancing vision all save one dropped their eyes, sighed and prayed against temptation. Only one, the young Bishop of Heliopolis, gazed in unholy rapture at her naked loveliness. His brothers in Christ rebuked him and conscious of his sinful weakness he wept. But later in the day he preached a soul-stirring sermon against unchastity. Pelagia heard and was converted. She became Saint Pelagia. She confessed that "her sins were heavier than the sand." She went into the desert, led a life of austere penance and died in the odor of sanctity. Was it from Pelagia that France borrowed the story which Massenet has wedded to imperishable music? Thais too is con-

verted, converted in remarkably short order, while she is still warm from the caresses of Nicias. "We have loved each other one whole long week," he tells her. "It is great constancy, and I do not complain." The story of course is developed in the characteristic mocking manner of Anatole France. Athanael who leads Thais to Christ had been a sinner in his youth. "Alas, when still a youth," he confesses, "before grace had spoken to my heart, I knew her! One day, I say it to my shame, I stopped before her accursed doorstep." The old Adam proves too strong for Athanael, and as Thais waxes in sanctity he wanes into fleshly desire. For he is one of those fanatics of the desert whom Lecky has so well described: "An imagination strained to the utmost limit, acting upon a frame attenuated and diseased by macerations, produced bewildering psychological phenomena, paroxysms of conflicting passions, sudden alternations of joy and anguish, which he regarded as manifestly supernatural. Sometimes, in the very ecstasy of his devotion, the memory of old scenes would crowd upon his mind. The shady groves and soft voluptuous gardens of his native city would arise, and, kneeling alone upon the burning sand, he seemed to see around him the fair groups of dancing girls, on whose warm, undulating limbs and wanton smiles his youthful eyes had too fondly dwelt." Thus it is with Athanael. The religious exaltation of converting Thais turns

to dead sea fruit on his hungry lips. He is tortured by visions of the unreclaimed Thais, and he rushes from his wilderness to the convent where she is dying after having expiated her sins. She receives him as her ghostly father come to housel her for the last journey, but as she expires in the odor of sanctity he renounces the faith to which he had led her. There is warrant for that in some of the old stories of the Thebaid which I have read, but it was like Anatole France to emphasize the monk's backsliding. Well! All this is probably a twice told tale to opera-goers, though I must say in self-defense that I met several at the Valencia who knew the story no better than I did. "Thais" is an opera of gorgeous music and gorgeous spectacle. We got the music at the Valencia, but all the spectacle was impoverished. The cenobites were the fattest ascetics imaginable, and one of them sported a diamond ring as he dipped his spoon into his wooden bowl. The Alexandrian revelers on the other hand reveled with the sadness of anchorites. Nicoletti was an Athanael with a paunch that did not suggest fasting and flagellation. And Graziani was a sybarite whose money, not his charms of manner or voice, must have captivated Thais. Vicarino was not the passionate siren I can imagine Mary Garden to have been, but there was plenty of wile in her beautiful voice. Vicarino, in addition to her voice, has two priceless possessions, youth and slenderness. She sang the



ADELINE GENEÉ

The world's greatest dancer coming here on February 24.

difficult music splendidly throughout, but in the death scene she rose to a height of vocal exaltation which electrified the audience. But the triumph of the night remained with the orchestra which gave the "Meditation" intermezzo so well that it had to be repeated.

Gossip of the Theatre

The Feast of Music

Of late San Francisco appears to have been raised to the dignity of a musical centre. What with a symphony orchestra of our own, the Beel players giving us exquisite music, Impresario Greenbaum pouring vocal and instrumental concerts upon us, Impresario Leahy rushing an opera house to completion, our moneyed folks subscribing a fortune for another and the Lambardis visiting us at short intervals, a stranger from Mars might suspect us of having gone music mad. Those wonderful Lambardis! They are really giving very fine grand opera at popular prices at the Valencia. It is an opportunity not to be overlooked to hear good grand opera by such excellent singers and an orchestra that is absolutely superb. I heard "Andrea Chenier" the other night. It was one of the rare musical treats of the season. I am happy to say that our local connoisseurs were there in full force. As Chenier Agostini was flawless. The role is one of his best, and his glorious tenor is unforgettable in it. I do not hesitate to pronounce his one of the world's greatest voices. Fortune has been slow to place him in the exalted sphere where he belongs. His voice seems now to have reached the zenith of its glory. A familiar figure in this city is Agostini, who sang here first when little more than out of his teens. Now he is no older than Caruso or Bonci and there is yet time for brilliant achievements on their plane. In appearance and bearing he compares favorably with the three tenors of greatest renown—Caruso, Bonci and McCormick. If he had their tailor he would be a younger edition of Scotti the distinguished baritone star.

* * * * *

Carolina White has left a most pleasing impression in San Francisco, but unfortunately it does not extend through a big circle. Coming at the tail end of a concert season, and not having the Metropolitan hall-mark she did not receive the attention she deserves. But she will be talked about, and doubtless will receive a cordial greeting when she appears at the new Tivoli where she is to be heard in some new operas. She is a beautiful woman who knows how to wear stunning clothes. She is of the uncommon Garden variety of vocalist, but without Mary's dramatic intensity or her indestructible repose. However, those wonderful accomplishments can be mastered by years of effort and doubtless Mme. White has the ardent ambition essential to the scaling of great heights. Her voice is beautiful and she sings with evidence of earnest study. Her programs were somewhat commonplace, but they may have been prepared with a view to popular appeal.

* * * * *

Mme. Ryder-Kelsey whom Mr. Greenbaum presented to us Sunday is another lady of lovely voice and pleasing personality. Her program was charming and was sung in scholarly style. We are rather spoiled I fancy by the great artists Mr. Greenbaum has presented for our entertainment—glorious divas who even in some instances where the brilliancy of tone has vanished yet remain such mistresses of style, diction and action that the recollection of their artistry acts as a deterrent on the enthusiasm that might otherwise be evoked by a Ryder-Kelsey or even a Mme. White. Mme. Kelsey was assisted

by Mr. Claude Cunningham, a baritone who sings artistically with a voice and manner that impress one as being ideal for a church choir of high standard.

—Helen M. Bonnet.

Great Is Cressy

It must be mighty hard to write a good one-act play of vaudeville duration. Never having tried to write one I judge only from the apparent scarcity of tolerable one-act plays in our vaudeville theatres. Writing a one-act play for vaudeville is of course harder than writing a one-act play on which there need be no time limit. The shorter the play the finer must be the mechanism of compression. It requires a great deal of ingenuity to focus interest dramatically on the episodes of a complete story that is told in less than thirty minutes. Yet it can be done, and there is one man who does it with remarkable facility. This man is Will Cressy, the actor, now at the Orpheum, where he uncovered a new specimen of his handiwork last Sunday, a play called "The Man Who Remembered," not a very good title but harmless. By this play drama covering a period of twenty-six years is brought within the compass of half an hour. And singularly enough the play consists chiefly of irrelevant witticisms. A girl drummer comes into a country store at night, and finds the proprietor alone at his ledger. She tries to sell him something, and the vivacity of their conversation appears to be all there is to the play. But all the while a character is being realized before your eyes. It is the character of an old man who

had been jilted years before, and who as a result disliked women so much that the idea of doing business with a female drummer was abhorrent to him. Presently it turns out that she is the daughter of the woman who jilted him and who is now a widow. His heart has not been touched. He sends the girl out into the night. Not another word is spoken. Within five minutes the curtain goes down, but in five minutes there is a good deal of drama. Speech and gestures are not essential symbols of expression; they are but modes, and are not as effective as silence. Cressy appeals to the emotions through silence plus the stereopticon. This is a new wrinkle in drama, for which we are indebted to the "movies." In the "movies" you see a letter being written, and then the stereopticon throws the letter on a sheet. This is precisely what takes place in the Cressy play. And thus does Cressy achieve a capital touch of demi-semi-pathos. Sardou, and perhaps none other, would have beaten him to it had he known the potentialities of the stereopticon. What a world of technical difficulties the stereopticon will enable playwrights to conquer—in vaudeville if nowhere else!

—Theodore Bonnet.

"Gypsy Love" at the Columbia

At the Columbia next Monday night the first San Francisco presentation of the celebrated Franz Lehar operatic work "Gypsy Love" will be given. "Gypsy Love" is booked for an engagement of two weeks, with matinees on Wednesdays and Saturdays. A. H. Woods brings a high class comic opera company. There are nineteen



FLORENCE WEBBER

The fascinating prima donna of "Naughty Marietta" now entering on its second and final week at the Cort Theatre.

melodious numbers in "Gypsy Love" and notwithstanding the fact that Lehar is also the composer of "The Count of Luxemburg," "The Merry Widow" and many other unusually successful operatic works, his score in "Gypsy Love" is declared by music critics to be his best work. In the role of Zorika will be found a young San Franciscan, Phyllis Partington who became famous in a single night for her rendition of the difficult prima donna role. During the New York engagement Miss Partington received the homage of the entire metropolitan press. Miss Partington has the personality and vocal qualities for her role. Arthur Albro will sing opposite to Miss Partington. Albro is said to have a sensational tenor voice. A company of 100 and a largely augmented orchestra will aid in the rendition.

Another Week of Cohan at the Alcazar

That mirthful and melodious Cohan product "The Talk of New York" will have another week at the Alcazar. There is every assurance that its house-filling magnetism will be retained until the final performance. This agreeable condition is due no less to the worth of the comedy itself than to the effectiveness of its interpretation by Evelyn Vaughan, Bert Lytell, the regular stock company and the specially engaged players and chorus. This sequel to "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway" is more thoroughly Cohanesque than anything else in his output. Its action exceeds the speed limit, its dialogue is the acme of snappy wit, its scenes are an amusing mixture of drama and farce, its characters accurately drawn types familiar to all, its musical interruptions tuneful and pertinent to the plot. There is no probability of "The Talk of New York" exceeding a fortnight run, as previously made contracts make imperative the staging of other plays while Miss Vaughan and Mr. Lytell are leading the company. First of these will be "The Third Degree" by Charles Klein.

Mrs. Allison at Pantages

With the regular standard of Pantages vaudeville the management has booked for an exclusive engagement for one week only Mrs. Valerie Allison, the society actress who has been in the limelight for the past two weeks. Mrs. Allison is an artiste who has appeared at private and society affairs in San Francisco and Los Angeles. She will present one of her own playlets. It is described as daring in construction and as flaying the shams of society with biting sarcasm. Scenically it will be gorgeous. The headliner of the regular show is the Famous Golden Troupe of Russian dancers and musicians. "Hired and Fired" has Cameron and O'Connor in the leading roles. Little Elina Gardner bills herself as the "Society Story Teller." Cliff Deane and Co. will present "The Nerve of a Burglar." The Mardo Trio have an acrobatic novelty. The management has secured the exclusive rights for the "Battle of Who Runs," one of the greatest comedy pictures ever presented and costing over \$50,000 to produce.

The Mischa Elman Concerts

Mischa Elman will give three concerts at Scottish Rite Auditorium under the direction of Will. L. Greenbaum. At the first, this Sunday afternoon, Elman will play Beethoven's Sonata for violin and piano in F major with Mr. Percy Kahn at the piano; the brilliant Concerto in F sharp minor by Ernst, Handel's classic Sonata in D for violin, Wilhelmj's transcription of a Chopin Nocturne, an old German waltz by Hummel transcribed by Burmester, Elman's own arrangement of a Love Song by Sammartini, the Hungarian Dance No. 7, Brahms-Joachim and Paganini's "I Palpiti." At his only evening con-

cert next Friday night the virtuoso will play the Concerto in G minor by Bruch, the "Devil's Trill" Sonata by Tartini, Beethoven's Sonata in D major, op. 12 and works by Sarasate, Francoeur-Kreisler, Paganini-Vogrich and Wagner. The farewell Elman concert will be given Sunday afternoon, February 16, when Goldmark's Concerto will be given for the first time here in many years and works by Mozart, Handel and others. The seats are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co's and Kohler & Chase's where complete programs are obtainable.

Nordica

Lillian Nordica will give just one concert in this city this season, the date being Sunday afternoon, February 23. Manager Greenbaum announces that a special program is being arranged for this occasion which will give the diva an opportunity of being heard in the many sides of her art, for Nordica is equally great in operatic works, lieder and simple ballads.

Grand Opera at the Valencia

This Saturday night "Il Trovatore" will be given at the Valencia with Adaberto, Fox, Folco and Giovacchini. Sunday night's offering will be "La Tosca" which made such a great success last week. On Monday night "The Barber of Seville" will be given with Vicarino. Giordano's "Fedora" will be given on Tuesday night with Adaberto, Agostini and Giovacchini. Wednesday night "La Traviata" with Vicarino, Folco and Nicoletti. Thursday night Verdi's "Otello" with Adaberto, Folco and Giovacchini. Friday night "Thais." Saturday matinee, "Andrea Chenier." Saturday night, the double bill of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci." Mme. Flora Arroya, a very beautiful and famous prima donna, has been specially secured to sing the role of Nedda in the "I Pagliacci" performance. Manager Greenbaum thinks he has made a discovery

in this artist. For the final week the first production in America outside of the Metropolitan of Cilea's exquisite operatic setting of the famous play "Adrienne Lecouvreur" will be given. Other works to be given the farewell week will be "Mignon," "Otello" and repetitions of other favorites.

The Adeline Genée Season

San Francisco is to enjoy its second season of ballet as seen in the great theaters of Europe through the enterprise of Manager Greenbaum. Two years ago this impresario brought us the great Pavlowa-Mordkin Company and this time it is to be the daintiest, most fascinating and skillful dancer and pantomimist living—the wonderful Adeline Genée. Genée and her company from London with all the original scenery, costumes, etc., from the Coliseum arrived in New York some weeks ago and since that time have been appearing at the big opera houses where their performances have evoked more enthusiasm than even the finest opera casts. At the Metropolitan Opera House where Genée was engaged for one performance only it was necessary to give five to satisfy the demands of the public. Assisting Mlle. Genée in her beautiful productions of "Le Danse" and "La Camargo" are M. Alexandre Volinin of the Royal Ballet of St. Petersburg, Mlle. Schmolz, a corps de ballet from London and a magnificent symphony orchestra under the baton of C. I. N. Glaser. Two complete programs will be given on alternate nights at the Valencia, commencing Monday, February 24. The company will arrive here in its special train on Washington's Birthday direct from the Chicago Opera House. The sale of seats for this season will open at Sherman, Clay & Co's on Monday, February 17. Mail orders may be addressed to Will. L. Greenbaum and must be accompanied by check or money order. Special attention will be paid to out of town orders.



MISCHA ELMAN

Violinist who will appear at Scottish Rite Auditorium Sunday afternoons, February 9 and 16 and Friday evening, February 14.

Another Week of "Naughty Marietta"

Florence Webber and the Hammerstein comic opera company will commence their final week at the Cort Sunday night. "Naughty Marietta" will be continued as the opera. The usual Wednesday and Saturday matinees will be given. Miss Webber came to us practically unknown except for the praise bestowed on her in advance notices. However she vindicated every assertion and proved one of the most attractive singers we have seen in a long time. She can both sing and act. Victor Herbert is the composer of "Naughty Marietta" which is considered by many to have the best score he has ever written for a light opera. Mail orders are now being received for "Bunt Pulls the Strings," the whimsical comedy by Graham Moffat which comes to the Cort commencing Monday, February 17. An all-Scotch company will interpret this unique play.

Bernhardt at the Orpheum

Madame Sarah Bernhardt will begin a two weeks' engagement at the Orpheum this Sunday matinee. Her repertoire for this week will be as follows: Sunday and Monday matinee and night, third act of "Lucrece Borgia"; Tuesday and Wednesday matinee and night the one act play "One Christmas Night"; Thursday matinee and night, third act of "Theodora"; Friday and Saturday matinee and night, fifth act of "Camille." Madame Bernhardt will be supported by her company of twenty-five players from the Theatre Sarah Bernhardt, Paris, including Mons. Lou Tellegen, Deneubourg, Favieres, Terestri and Mlles. Seylor and Duc and Mme. Boulanger. The complete one act play "One Christmas Night" which is included in her repertoire was written by her son Maurice Bernhardt in collaboration with Henri Cain. Mme. Bernhardt's belief in her son as a playwright is said to find in this little drama a complete vindication. It is a heroic, joyous bit of French history in which Madame plays the role of a vivandiere. Martin Beck has selected for association with Madame Bernhardt during her vaudeville tour the following well known artists: Josie Heather, the winsome English comedienne; Phillip Bartholomae's adaptation of a popular German success, "And They Lived Happy Ever After"; Saranoff, the gypsy violinist; Dorothy Brenner and Joseph Ratcliffe, two musical comedy players; and McMahon, Diamond and Clemence in their singing and dancing skit "The Scare Crow." The other acts will be the Hess Sisters and Ralph Herz. Mr. Herz by special request has been included in the coming bill.

Second Supplementary Concert

The second concert of the supplementary season of the San Francisco Orchestra will be heard at the Cort on the afternoon of Friday, February 14 at 3:15 o'clock. A most interesting program has been arranged by Conductor Hadley. It introduces to San Francisco an entirely new number, Sibelius' "Finlandia." The other numbers are as follows: Dvorak, Overture "Carnival," Op. 92; Brahms, Symphony No. 2 in D Major, Op. 73; Saint-Saens, Suite Algerienne, Op. 60.

The Tivoli Grand Opera Season

W. H. Leahy, manager of the Tivoli Opera House, has issued the preliminary announcement regarding the dedication season of the Tivoli Opera House by the Chicago Grand Opera Company. This engagement will be a most important one. Every person employed in the Chicago Grand Opera Company's productions at the Auditorium Theatre in Chicago, as well as all of the

(Continued on Page 23.)

AMUSEMENTS

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Matinee Prices—Orchestra, 75c and \$1.00; Box and Loge Seats, \$1.50; Dress Circle, 50c and 75c; Balcony, 25c and 50c; Gallery, 10c.

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Dvorak.....Overture "Carnival." Op. 92
Brahms.....Symphony No. 2, D Major, Op. 73
Saint-Saens.....Suite Algerienne, Op. 60
Sibelius....."Finlandia"

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The action of the market for securities indicates that we are going through a period of waiting for further developments in the more important situations that are troubling us. The foreign markets are in much the same condition and are patiently waiting for the conclusion of the negotiations between Turkey and the Balkan states for a settlement of the terms of peace. The main consideration in Europe is the effect of a renewal of the war on monetary conditions. It is well known that a vast amount of gold has been hoarded by ignorant people on the continent of Europe, and it is feared that if the war should be renewed there would be a further withdrawal of the precious metal, in which case the money markets would become unsettled. The greatest of our problems is the restoration of confidence in securities. The agitation of the trust question, investigation of banking conditions, the attitude of the Interstate Commerce Commission and various other matters have seriously disturbed many investors. The piling up of idle money is the best evidence that this is so. The agitation of the tariff question is likely to cause a let-up in trade activities. The effect would be to reduce the demand for funds and still further add to the surplus in the banks. It would seem however that the outcome of the various investigations may be far more healthy than is assumed by those who are holding their money tight through fear.

Wheat—The market the last week has seen a continuation of the retrograde movement that started a short time since. This is a perfectly natural course for it to take at this season of the year when the southern hemisphere crop first comes into competition with that of North America in the markets of Europe. The producer in the United States is now more dependent on the domestic demand than he has been heretofore and as the requirements from this source for the time being have been fairly well provided for, it follows that if the farmer markets his wheat faster than the miller or investor requires it, the price must recede or remain quiescent in compliance with the inexorable law of supply and demand until conditions are reversed and the demand is greater than the supply. At the present time, after deducting the transportation charges from the farms to the terminal centers, the net price to the producer is not far from 69 cents a bushel in the big producing States of North and South Dakota and 71 cents in Kansas. The producer on this side of the Atlantic is restive because he is receiving so little for his wheat, and the American consumer is dissatisfied because he is paying for his three-fourths of a pound loaf of bread the same price as when wheat was \$1.20. The commercial exchanges are blamed for both these conditions

when they are not responsible for them. The market remains in a rut but we think any decided change will be in favor of the holder.

Corn—Receipts continue quite heavy but we are inclined to the opinion that this new run is chargeable to the rather easier car situation and not to the disposition of the farmer to sell any more freely. Should the situation take on any more serious phase in South America and the crop prove to be seriously impaired, it might live things up considerably. The news down in that country is not as reassuring as it might be, and some accounts go so far as to say that the weather has turned very hot, and cannot fail to seriously damage the crop no matter how favorably it may turn later. There is good cause for anxiety if not for absolute fear.

Cotton—Cotton continued its dragging tendency around 12 cents for summer options this week. Southern spot markets maintained quotations, though little or no business was transacted. Meanwhile rumors are persistent that holders are becoming nervous over the diminishing demand. Advices coming to hand indicate that the spinner is carrying big stocks and is in position to look on for a time. Much is being made of the light receipts but as the into-sight to date is only one million less than last year, while this crop is generally admitted to be two millions smaller, it must be obvious that a falling off in receipts is due. The tone of the market is not good. The new crop options remain rather firm but they are probably influenced to some extent by the heavy general rains all through the belt and the overflow of the Mississippi, and while this retards planting and preparations for the new crop later on it will prove to be a blessing.

Tom Reed's Discretion

When the late Senator Jonathan P. Dolliver was a member of the House the Hon. Thomas B. Reed was Speaker. Upon one occasion the pastor of Mr. Dolliver's home church in Iowa paid him a visit in Washington, and, of course, was more deeply interested in the proceedings of the House than in anything else at the capitol. Mr. Dolliver, eager to show every courtesy to the pastor of whose flock he was a member, suggested to the Speaker that the minister from Iowa be asked to offer the prayer at the opening of Congress the next morning.

Mr. Reed considered the matter thoughtfully, and then shook his head.

"It would not be a good plan, Dolliver. You see, our chaplain has the Lord so well instructed as how to deal with us fellows here, I'm afraid if we let your man from Iowa break in, the proceedings may be irregular—maybe he doesn't know parliamentary law—and it might take the Lord the rest of this session to get things

straight again!"

Mr. Dolliver said, with mock seriousness, that the Speaker's point was well taken, and the precaution was a wise one, but added:

"Yet for all that, the chaplain is a blind man!"

"That's just it," replied the Speaker. "No other man could look the Lord in the face and ask him to bless the House of Representatives, in session assembled!"

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Varied Types

(Continued from Page 7.)

wear as a badge of honor the assurance that their spoken word indicates what they are thinking about. Unfortunately that is not always the case at present."

Job Hedges, it will be observed, carries no panacea in his vest pocket. He isn't going to reform the world over night. But it is to his credit that a clear understanding of conditions hasn't made him a pessimist.

The saving sense of humor has a lot to do with that. The "saving sense of humor!" How that phrase is abused! But it has to be applied to Job Hedges, for he is a noted humorist. Not a story teller, mind you. He doesn't tell stories. But he has a gift of good tempered satire, a talent for contrasts that lift ideas into striking relief so that they may be easily grasped. These accomplishments have made him an after dinner speaker of great reputation in New York where they bracket him with Choate, Depew and General Horace Porter. This reputation did not hurt him when he ran for governor, he says. He thinks it helped him with his audiences. I have no doubt of it. You can't listen to Job Hedges talk, see his genial smile and size him up generally without reaching the conclusion that here is a strong personality, a man of ability and of his word, the sort of man all Americans who have the good of their country at heart should be eager to hold in public life. He's as sound as a nut, is Job Hedges. I hope he runs for governor of New York again, and I sincerely hope he gets elected. It would be a good thing for New York.

Stage

(Continued from Page 20.)

scenic, mechanical and electrical effects, will be brought to San Francisco, to be used during this season of grand opera at the Tivoli. The opening with Tetrassini in "Rigoletto" will be given on Wednesday evening, March 12. The company: Soprani—Mary Garden, Jane Osborn Hannah, Minnie Saltman Stevens, Luisa Tetrassini, Carolina White, Jenny Defau, Helen Stanley, Mabel Riegelman, Edna Darch, Marie Cavan, Helen Warrum, Minnie Egner. Contralti—Eleanor de Cisneros, Louise Berat, Margaret Keyes, Ruby Heyl, Adele Legard. Tenori—Charles Dalmores, Aristodemo Giorgini, George Hamlin, Giuseppe Gaudenzi, Edmond Warnery, Emilio Venturini, Kent Schoenert, Francisco Daddi. Baritoni—Hector Dufranne, Mario Sammarco, Clarence Whitehill, Giovanni Polese, Armand Crabbe, Georges Mascari, Nicolo Fossetta, Aurele Borriess, Frank Presich. Bassi—Gustave Huberdeau, Constantin Nicolay, Henri Scott, Vittorio Trevisan. Ballet—Rosini Galli, Mlle. Hudak, Sig. Albetteiri, and corps de ballet of 36. Chorus of 75. Orchestra of 60. Musical Directors—Cleofonte Campanini, Marcel Charlier, Etore Perosio. Repertoire—Thais, Louise, Le Jongleur de Notre Dame, The Jewels of the Madonna, Lucia di Lammermoor, Rigoletto, Carmen, Chispino e la Comare, Natoma, Tristan and Isolde, Die Walkure, La Traviata, The Secret of Suzanne, The Tales of Hoffman, Hansel and Gretel, Noel, Pagliacci, I Dispettosi Amati. The public subscription sale of season tickets will open at Sherman, Clay & Co. Monday, February 10, at 9 o'clock. Mail applications from all points for season tickets will now be received, covering series A of sixteen performances, and series B and C of eight performances each, accompanied by check or money order, and designating the location preferred. Seats will be allotted as near the desired location as possible. The season sub-

scriptions will be divided into three series as follows: Series A—subscription for 16 performances. Series B—subscription for 8 performances. Series C—subscription for 8 performances. Information regarding scale of prices, season subscriptions, etc., can be had at Sherman, Clay & Co. on the mezzanine floor. All communications and inquiries should be addressed to W. H. Leahy, care of Sherman, Clay & Co.

Letters

"Idylls of the South"

Mrs. Bettie Keyes Chambers, long known as a writer of graceful verse, has gathered into a volume the poems she considers best worth preservation under a general title of "Idylls of the South," dedicated to the "United Daughters of the Confederacy." Many of the lyrics were composed during the years of the Civil War, and some during that darker period following the clash of arms, and the sentiment of them is no more than would be natural to a southern woman of that time. The later poems, especially those called forth during the yellow fever epidemic of 1878 breathe a different spirit. The same may be said of the longest, a narrative poem, "Eva Landeneau," which was begun before the close of the war, but concluded many years later and shows the softening influence of time and charity. The Neale Company has made a most attractive volume of the poems, the binding being pale green, with water lily decorations and title in gold.

A Life of the Saviour

Major S. H. M. Byers, known as a writer of war time reminiscences, has written for us what he terms "A Layman's Life of Jesus," in which taking such brief facts as are furnished by the narratives of the New Testament, and drawing upon his imagination and the historical probabilities, he has endeavored to cover the lapses and complete a brief biography of the Saviour. There are various theories and suppositions to account for those years between the time when the Child, at twelve, disputed doctrinal points with the elders in the temple, and the brief years of public ministry at the age of thirty. There is nothing improbable in Major Byers' delineation of a studious and thoughtful youth taking unostentatious part in the life of his village, working side by side with his foster-father in the shop, and withdrawing to the hills and woods for periods of meditation. On the whole he has skilfully avoided touching on creeds and doctrines, which provoke heated controversy. We are free to make our own surmises in the same spirit as that of our author, but the reverent-minded will find nothing from which to turn aside in this little booklet of a hundred pages. From the Neale Company.

Good Material, But Too Much of It

"Stephen Mulhew" should have been laid in a hydraulic press. It sorely needs to have the water squeezed out of it. By trying to do too much, Howard B. Seitz has diluted his good material so that the book is reminiscent of the charity oyster stew with its few oysters drowned in a barrel of liquid. The story purports to be the evolution of a man and begins with Stephen Mulhew, a child of some ten years or thereabouts. The chronicle opens some two or three years after the close of the Civil War, and the scenes for the most part are laid in Southern Pennsylvania in the vicinity of Gettysburg, but there was no occasion to halt the action while a complete and minute description of the battle and the movement of the troops on the field was dragged in when the essential facts could have been told in as many words as there are pages. The book would have been twice as good if there were only half as much of it. From the Cosmopolitan Press.

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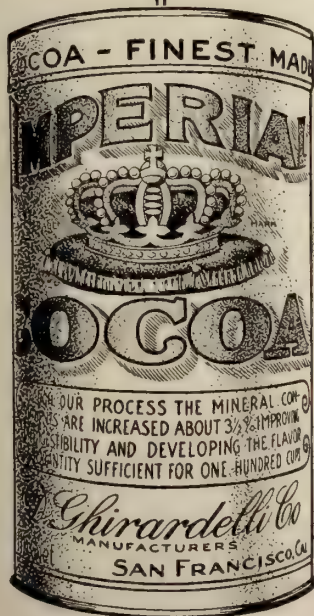
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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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Second Thought in Missouri

Here is a shocking state of affairs. A despatch from Jefferson City where the Missouri Legislature is in session conveys the melancholy intelligence that the House has been swamped with petitions for the repeal of the initiative and the referendum. In twenty-two counties of the great State made progressive by Hadley, Folk and Champ Clark there is an unbearable weariness of the flesh and jaundice of the spirit due to excessive indulgence in undiluted and heady Democracy. In Missouri bringing the government back to the people is like casting pearls before swine. The Missourians have been "shown" but not convinced. How humiliating to the leaders of thought in Missouri to realize that the people of their State are insensible of the blessings of direct self-government! Has the little red school house been of no avail in Missouri? Or have the people repudiated the schoolmasters and reaped a harvest from the seeds sown in the field of actual experience? Whatever the truth the reaction in Missouri has come so fast as to seem premature. In the regular course of events the folly of one generation becomes the wisdom of the next, but the initiative and referendum being the experiments of today it is incredible they should so soon be found out. Yet it may be that the people of Missouri are not so singular as they seem. As a matter of fact enthusiasm for direct government has already waned in many a breast, and it would not astonish us were reaction against the initiative and referendum soon to become manifest right here where the most notable consequence of direct government is too much Johnson. Will Professor Tommy Reed be able to deter us from backsliding? Maybe this cocksurest of dogmatic academicians will himself see that the only wisdom is in second thought. At any rate the learned professor may be put to the necessity of recanting his favorite syllogism. "What's good for one State," says Reed, "is good for all. The recall is good for Oregon; therefore it's good for every other State."

In the event of a repeal in Missouri it will be reasonable to make a change of one word in the professor's premise which will lead him to a heart-breaking conclusion.

The Significance of Dress

A few weeks ago some chorus girls in Chicago were required by the police to put on stockings. To the police of Chicago it seemed indecent for girls to exhibit their unclad legs. A week ago the federal District Attorney of this city poured a cascade of sizzling words on the head of a young woman whom he regards as anathema because she makes a living by appearing on the stage in tights. The question suggests itself, Why should women of the stage be under greater restraint in the matter of dress than women of society? It is certainly illogical to bar bare legs from the footlights and countenance bare torsos in the boxes. Also it is inconsistent to object to the wearing of tights on the stage and not object to skirts that serve the same purpose on the street. But perhaps District Attorney McNab has been misunderstood. Indeed we are sure such is the case. Though we do not pretend to be privy to the innermost meaning of his sonorous philippic against the woman in tights we are certain it was not the Puritan in him that made him feel like giving her a spanking along with a scolding. Mr. McNab may cherish the ideals of the days of our grandmothers, otherwise known as the early Victorian era, but he is a wideawake young man, and he knows that the standards of right conduct have changed, and that the manners and customs of today are not what they were twenty-five years ago. Reticence in anything is old-fashioned, out of date. The philosophy of clothes is in harmony with the philosophy of everything else. The delicacy that marked the conversation of former years is now regarded as the prudery of a false refinement, a serious limitation to the free play of thought and observation. Marriage is now seriously discussed as a shameful traffic in love. Eugenics is a topic of drawing-room conversation, feminine uplifters are curious about the social evil, and they talk glibly of clinics for fallen women, and the desirability of race suicide as a means of minimizing the miseries of the poor. These are progressive times. Woman is completely emancipated—even from clothes. She has become an esthete, and estheticism has revolutionized her ideas respecting immodesty and the symbols thereof. The cult of the worship of the beautiful female form is universal, and the paramount purpose of dress is to reveal. The only garment now tabu is the petticoat, which never had any but a utilitarian value. A skirt cannot cling to a figure and accentuate the graceful undulating lines if a petticoat is worn

beneath. Hence the scrapheap for the petticoat. It will soon be as much of an anachronism as hopes. Every new device in dress is designed to disengage beauty. How better to undrape beauty is the problem of the hour. The slit skirt is growing in popularity, and evening dress is becoming less restraining. Assuming that Mr. McNab has a prejudice against tights as worn in the theatre, if he had attended the Mardi Gras ball he would have perceived the unreasonableness of his crotchety. An actress wears tights because it is her business to do so. The ladies of our best families who wore nothing to speak of at the ball were probably more self-conscious than the average actress in tights. Surely Mr. McNab would not presume to censure these fine ladies, who, after all, in their dress are but reflecting the very genius of the age.

The State Policy of Revenge

Speaking of the political faction now in control of our State government Grove L. Johnson observes that it is "drunk with power," and that "like every other party founded on malice and hate it will disintegrate, die and go to hell." There may be consolation for some folks in this prognostication, but it reminds us of what Charles the Second said on his death bed. "It seems to me," said the king, "that I am a long time dying." So it may seem during the next two years with respect to a Governor who is said to have a daily secretion of curses which he has to vent on somebody. But it is not wise to give credence to all one hears about the faction in power. The gossip of partisanship is lamentably unreliable. The man who tells you that this is a splenetic Administration overflowing with gall and bitterness, eager to inflict injury on everybody who has given a wound to ridiculous vanity, may not be a detached observer of the comedy of human life. He may be on the contrary a partisan cynic exuding calumny. If the men in power were as hateful and revengeful as we are told it would be somewhat perilous to be on the black-list. For though those outward symbols of persecution, the rack and the stake, are no more it is easy to contrive a coventry as oppressive as the stern solitude of the dungeon. Especially is it easy under the Progressive system of government with its commissions of far-reaching influence and despotic power. We do not think the situation is as bad as it is pictured. At any rate we have one honest, well-meaning, impartial commission. President Eshleman of the Railroad Commission may be a little crotchety and over self-confident, but he and his associates are reputed to be beyond reproach. And this despite the fact that Governor Johnson fixed it so that (unless the people should sit up and take notice) these commissioners will hold

office long after he returns to private life. It was thought incredible that the Governor would appoint men to this particular commission who might not be beholden to him and useful in the years to come, but the incredible, we are told has happened. This commission, so 'tis said, is above partisanship, and not bound by any policy of revenge. So judicial is it of temperament that it has been proposed for the task of fixing the value of the Spring Valley properties. If the corporation accepts the proposal will it not be clear that the current dope-sheet widely distributed by the Administration is correct?

The Swat Gratuitous

Pondering the reputation of the loveliest and sweetest of all the Governor's commissions, we are given pause by that long and labored indictment of the United Railroads which was made public the other day by President Eshelman and his confreres. The Governor hates the United Railroads and all its officers and all its works, and the United Railroads is not the most popular of public service corporations, but these circumstances cannot have any effect on a commission occupying an upholstered seat in the temple of wisdom above the rage of all warring elements. Yet that indictment served no apparent purpose. The application for permission to do a certain thing, with which it ostensibly dealt, had lapsed. The company, called upon to produce its books, had refused to do so. That settled it. There was nothing more to be said on the subject. Nevertheless the commission seized the opportunity to reflect discredit on the company's financial status. What was the animus of this gratuitous thrust? In all probability it made a great hit with the gallery, but the commissioners are not gallery players. They are above such nonsense. Were their conclusions respecting the company's bonds correct? That we do not know, but it is a matter of general knowledge that after their report was published United Railroad bonds were purchased by intelligent financiers in the local market. One of the conclusions of the commissioners was that the company was too poor to make needed street railroad connections, yet the very day the report was published a representative of the Administration, Matt. I Sullivan, appeared at a conference called to solve the Fair transportation problem and protested against ways and means of inducing the company to make extensions. What the railroad company according to the commission is too poor to do, Mr. Sullivan is fearful the company will do.

Another Bond Issue Wanted

Whatever the railroad commissioners may think about the financial affairs of the United Railroads it is evident enough that our esteemed and omniscient contemporary the Examiner is not at all sceptical as to the ability of the corporation to increase our transportation facilities. The Examiner like Matt. Sullivan is fearful that the corporation may do what the railroad commissioners believe it is too poor to do, and therefore it objects

to any and all measures designed to induce the distribution of private capital in railroad enterprises in this city. The Examiner is for another bond issue and more municipal street railroads. Not yet is the Examiner convinced that taxpayers have had enough. Nothing short of another election will satisfy the Examiner. Meanwhile the Fair directors are becoming nervous and much worried. The transportation problem is a serious one for them, and the solution of it is a matter of the utmost importance to the whole city, but Mr. Hearst must ride his hobby regardless of consequences. The problem could be solved by making it worth the while of private capital to build the necessary roads, but as the private capital might come from the United Railroads it must be kept out. This is the sentiment at Sacramento, it is the sentiment of Mr. Hearst, and as a consequence it is the sentiment of some of our municipal officials. Yet the question is gravely asked, What's the matter with San Francisco?

The Waiter and His Ways

The waiters' strike in New York having petered out union men everywhere may ponder the reasons why with profit to themselves and to the public. One of the reasons is that the strike was absurdly illogical. The waiters struck for higher wages, but why should a waiter bother about wages? The waiter of the fashionable hotel or swell restaurant lives principally off tips. And everything considered his income from tips is more than proportionate to the value of his services. A waiter in a fashionable hotel or restaurant is much better off in a material sense than the average book-keeper, the average professional man or the average mechanic. There are many waiters whose income is in the neighborhood of \$250 a month. Now in measuring the value of a waiter's services there are several factors to be considered; there is of course the general wage scale in all occupations, and there is also the demand that is made on natural and acquired gifts and powers. The question of supply and demand, once considered fundamental, under our present industrial system as regulated by organized labor doesn't figure at all as a basis of calculation. So if we consider the waiter, what he does, what he is, and make comparison between the compensation he commands and the compensation of men in other pursuits, we shall see that he is exceptionally fortunate. It requires no great amount of schooling or training to be a waiter. It requires principally self-abnegation, or, (if there is nothing inherent to abnegate) a natural lack of the higher aspirations and finer feelings. It is not that a waiter is a menial. The ordinary menial plays a decent part in the general scheme of things, and he may be deserving of the highest respect. But a waiter though he may be an excellent man occupies by reason of the tipping system an unfortunately anomalous, nay, a degrading position. The point we wish to make is that a waiter's greatest achievement is that of bringing himself to be a waiter. If he was a waiter for wages

only it would be all right, but he is a waiter for tips principally, and he works under a system that is decidedly repugnant to the ordinary man. While this fact is to be considered in measuring the compensation he should get, it is a circumstance that does not help his case when he appeals for public sympathy. The tipping system is to be deplored. We have seen it defended by Editor Brisbane of the Hearst papers on the ground that it is but just that a man should be paid for his services. This is hardly a good defense. While a waiter ought to be paid for his services, it is not just that he should depend on the state of mind or purse of the persons he serves, yet this is precisely what a waiter does. A patron of a restaurant may give a waiter what he pleases, though it is not wise for him to give too little. By vanity, sometimes by cowardice, sometimes by sheer generosity, a patron is prompted to give extravagantly and lavishly. When he does so the waiter accepts more than his due. He accepts a gratuity, and if the next man is extremely prudent with his money the waiter more than likely may be inclined to exhibit signs of dissatisfaction or worse. The tipping system has developed in the waiter certain traits of character and temperament that have compelled the disesteem of the public. The tipping system therefore is unjust to the waiter, and will hardly be defended by anybody but the snob with money who is fond of being the motif of ostentatious servility. To put the tipping system on an honest basis a scale of tips should be printed on the bill of fare and waiters should be prohibited from taking more than they have earned. While the system remains as it is waiters on a strike will find it difficult to win public sympathy. But it was not altogether because of this lack of sympathy from the beginning that the strike in New York proved a failure. The backbone of the strike was broken when strike-leader Ettor advised the waiters that if they had to give in they should go back with the determination to make the persons they served realize the danger of eating food that came from union hands. Then it was the public took a hand. Before that the strikers had been throwing stones through restaurant windows. After Ettor made his speech the strikers found it hazardous to hold a meeting. They were stoned and had to scatter. Then they began begging to be taken back.

Now for the Remedy

British Ambassador James Bryce has been pointing out a growing disposition on the part of great bodies of American citizens to disregard their political obligations. This information we obtain from our esteemed contemporary the Bulletin, which confesses that it regards as "impressive" the fact that "in 1912 with all the intense feeling developed before and during the campaign fewer men voted by hundreds of thousands than at the comparatively tame election of 1908." The Bulletin learns with astonishment that "special elections have become almost farcical," and our contempor-

ary perceives that "growing neglect of civic duties is certain to carry disastrous consequences in its train." We are told by the Bulletin that "all sorts of remedies have been suggested," such as the disfranchising of citizens who fail to vote and a system of compulsory registration. The scientific way of finding a remedy is to find first the cause of the malady. Apparently the Bulletin has no idea of the cause, and therefore we infer that Ambassador Bryce has said nothing about it. But we would not attribute his reticence to ignorance. The phenomenon he has called attention to is not new. He certainly is familiar with it. It is one of the many phenomena that were taken into consideration by the Founders when they were constructing the machinery of this government. They had experienced it in Colonial days, and that experience but verified for some of them what they had been told by the authorities that educated them in the science of government. It is a maxim of the science of government that in democracies neglect of civic duties is in proportion to the frequency of elections. You can print ballots every month in the year, but

you cannot make people vote. Make politics the chief business of the people and they'll soon get tired of it. It is only the politician who doesn't weary of politics. There is nothing more remarkable about human nature than the uniformity and exactness of its incapacity to endure more than a certain amount of anything whether it be of a pleasing, a tedious or a painful character. Everything surfeits in time, and it is possible to measure in advance the time in which appetite will be dulled or patience exhausted. A good illustration is to be found in the theatre. The playwright cuts his acts according to rule that even genius hardly dares disregard. It is because human nature has certain unvarying characteristics that the experience of the past is of some benefit to us. And it is because the half-baked philosophers of the day scorn the lessons of experience that they plunge headlong into difficulties and then speculate blindly as to remedies. Far be it from them to prolong the ghostly existence of deceased ideas and ordinances. Monstrously absurd it is in their judgment to let the past determine the present, the dead to rule over

the living. The Founders made a good enough job of it for their day, but we must adapt our institutions to the needs of the moment. These are the catch-phrases they have been spinning for many a day, and they have done things, and already they are looking for remedies. What Ambassador Bryce has pointed out as having happened, is precisely what Town Talk pointed out as inevitable. The complaint the Bulletin is making was made in the colonies before they achieved their independence and when they were having frequent elections. It was made in France after a brief experience of Democracy when the people weary of politics wouldn't take the trouble to vote for or against a despotism. It has been made in recent years in Switzerland and it was made in ancient Athens. Human nature is the most unyielding substance in the world as anybody may perceive who will endeavor to point out in what manner evolution has sensibly improved the human race in the whole span of historic time. It is human nature not economic conditions that wise men consider when they devise schemes of government.

Strong Moments

By William H. Davies

Sometimes I hear fine ladies sing,
Sometimes I smoke and drink with men;
Sometimes I play at games of cards—
Judge me to be no strong man then.

The strongest moment of my life
Is when I write about the poor;
When, like a spring that rain has fed,
My pity rises more and more.

The flower that loves the warmth and light,
Has all its mornings bathed in dew;
My heart has moments wet with tears,
My weakness is they are so few.

Perspective Impressions

Starr Jordan is inexcusably negligent. He hasn't settled the Mexican trouble.

Hint to the Examiner: Let the Committee of One Thousand take charge of the transportation muddle.

Dr. Friedmann may have a tuberculosis cure but his advertising methods remind one of Keeley and his motor.

J. C. Westenberg, vice hunter for revenue only, has been arrested in Oakland for libel. Let the good work go on.

The Park Museum has been enriched by the gift of a lot of fossils. Unfortunately they are not human fossils of the San Francisco species.

Experts are of the opinion that the highways which Governor Johnson's commissioners are building will last at least half a year. Good! The commissioners will still be on the job at the end of six months, and they will be able to reconstruct the highways.

Now that Lent is here will the Akeds and the Burlingames kindly stick to their parishes?

If any cops are broken in New York they will probably be employed by the collection agencies.

"Resign? I'll die first?"—Madero.
An obvious case of splitting hairs in a crisis.

Great thing this initiative and referendum! San Francisco has to hold an election because E. P. E. Troy and four thousand other Troys have signed a petition.

Supervisor Koshland says that if the city has not the power to compel street car companies to exchange transfers with lines owned by the city he will draft a bill giving the city the needed right. Wouldn't it be simpler to indict the railroad officials for refusing to give transfers? Koshland is suspiciously generous in his dealings with public service corporations. He will bear watching.

San Francisco backing up? Not at all. A case of the blind leading the blind, and Terrible Infant Hearst digging the ditch.

"The Board of Health is not competent and we refuse to make any more appropriations for it."—Chairman Jennings of the Finance Committee.

Incredible! The Board of Health handles one of our most important public utilities. Incompetent? Bosh. By the way is the Board of Supervisors competent?

Bion Arnold may be a man of attainments, but this book of his is trash. It is an example of a man trying to talk on a subject of which he knows nothing.—A. W. Foster, Regent of the State University and formerly a railroad builder and magnate.

And Bion Arnold is our costliest asset. To him we look for the success of our municipal street railway system. Another bond issue, please.

Varied Types

CXIII—JOSEPH J. MORA

By Edward F. O'Day

Joe Mora has adopted California, and unless I miss my guess the time will come very shortly when California will be glad to adopt Joe Mora. Perhaps you don't know the name. That is not surprising. Joe Mora has not been in the lime-light. He has been too busy with his work to find much time for self-advertisement. He realized no doubt that if his work was well done it would be his best advertisement. A good deal of his work is done now to Joe Mora's satisfaction, and it's going to advertise him.

In a few days we shall wake up and realize that we have a new sculptor. Joe Mora is the man. When the cognoscenti get a look at his work they are sure to enthuse. There will be a lot of inquiries about Joe Mora. One of the first things found out will be that Joe Mora is comparatively a newcomer in our midst. That will cause a bit of disappointment, for we like to discover native genius. But the disappointment will be lessened when it is announced that Joe Mora is going to make his home with us. He wants to be added to the roll of Californian sculptors, to be listed with Patigian and Putnam, with Tilden and Aitken and Stackpole. He wants to be identified with California, and again I say it, California is going to be very happy to number him among her brilliant adopted sons.

When you see Joe Mora's work—and you will have the opportunity when his exhibition opens at Vickery's today—you are apt to suspect Mora of being a genius. For it's big work, a kind of work, most of it, which hasn't been done before. And when you come to know Joe Mora himself—or, if you don't enjoy that privilege, to know the story of his career, your suspicion on the subject will be intensified.

There is nothing ordinary about this virile young man who looks at you, straight and unwinking, from keen black eyes and smiles an attractive smile as he talks in vigorous, forthright fashion about the work he has done or is trying to do. There's a strong personality exhibited in his every feature, his every movement. With his raven's wing hair, his cheek tinted with the red of the healthy open air and his well moulded frame, he's a man to take a woman's eye. That much may be set down for the benefit of feminine art lovers who like their artistic heroes to look the part. For the rest of us it is enough to say that Joe Mora is a mighty manly chap with an engaging knack of conversation. When you meet him you want to get well acquainted.

Joe Mora comes to us from the Painted Desert. The arid reaches in Arizona near the New Mexican line he knows like a book. He can talk the Navajo language and the Hopi language. He has not only the confidence but the friendship of those silent, mysterious creatures of the desert at whom tourists gaze open-mouthed from the observation platform of the Sunset Limited. He is an initiate of the Hopi tribe. He has assisted

at the weird and awful snake dance and at rites much more difficult of access. He has all the secrets of the Hopi and Navajo Indians—all save one. He has never learned the secret of the antidote the snake priests use when the rattlers bite them.

For four years Joe Mora lived on the desert. He went there to stay six months and found it difficult to tear himself away at the end of four years, so fascinating was the life. He lived with the Indians, ate with them, learned to understand and sympathize with them. And now he is engaged in illustrating their strange ways of life by means of sculpture. That is the work he is doing in California, the work of his life, the work he hopes will make him famous, the work which



Photo. George Fraser

JOSEPH J. MORA

he offers to California as the tribute of an adopted son.

From boyhood Joe Mora has been attracted by the Indians of the desert. Born in Montevideo, Uruguay, his earliest recollections are of Brooklyn, New York, where he was brought up. Just about the time when the infantile ambition which yearns for the glorious career of a policeman or a street car conductor begins to wane Joe Mora's eye lit on a large picture of the Moki snake dance in Harper's Weekly. His eye sparkled. Then and there was born a desire to see and study and know these aborigines. The desire never died till it had been satisfied.

Joe Mora's father was a sculptor of reputation. The love of art flows in the Mora veins. Joe and his brother Louis studied art in New York and Paris. Always keeping in mind his ambition to depict the life of the desert Indians Joe Mora became a newspaper artist. His name became a familiar one to the readers of the Boston Herald. Then he became a book illustrator. Many volumes issued by Dana, Estes contain his pictures. Finally in 1904 he saw his way clear to realize his ambition. He came to California.

California fascinated Joe Mora, so he postponed his descent upon the desert while he familiarized himself with our State. He made a trip on horseback from Lower California to San Jose, visiting and studying and painting the mis-

sions. Then he jumped from the land of the missionaries to the land of the forty-niners, wandering through the old mining camps of the Sierras, studying and sketching and painting as he went. After that he made an artist's tour of the Yosemite. These excursions made Joe Mora more familiar with the romantic and beautiful in California than most native Californians become in a lifetime. Out of them came Joe Mora's desire to become an adopted son of our State.

Then Joe Mora took horse at San Jose and rode into the desert. He found the Indians suspicious. The man who goes among them to stay any length of time, Joe Mora says, is one of two things to the Indians. He is either "Washington" or "Sunday school," a government official or a missionary. The Indians dislike both, and it took them a long time to understand that Joe Mora was neither, that he was simply a white man who loved their life and wanted to make it known to other white men. When they grasped this fact they became his friends. They took him into their life. The peaceable Hopis initiated him into their tribe. But they did not make him a snake priest. Joe Mora wants that understood. Certain other white men who have gone among these desert Indians have claimed that the Indians conferred on them the rights of the weird snake priesthood. But Joe Mora says that no white man has ever been so honored.

For four years Joe Mora studied and painted the Indians. He regarded them in terms of art, not of science. So he has probably come very close to understanding them. In his portfolios are hundreds of sketches of the Navajos and the Hopis. And he has fixed certain phases of their life in clay.

He comes to us out of the Painted Desert with his sketches and his sculptures, hoping to imbue us with some of his own enthusiasm for the strange race which endures unchanged in the midst of our civilization. In his work a laboriously acquired knowledge of the desert Indian has been transfigured by imagination and sympathy. The result is art, how great it must be left to the cognoscenti to determine.

Because Mora has not confined himself to Indians but has also modeled the cow-punchers and the animals of the desert places his work touches that of Frederic Remington on the one hand and of Arthur Putnam on the other. Comparisons and contrasts will be interesting, so let us hope that the cognoscenti will make them. Meanwhile we can all enjoy Mora, enjoy him with that sparkle of the eye which came to Mora as a lad when he saw the picture of the Indian snake dance in Harper's Weekly.

If we but look about us we shall see some of Mora's work. He did some panels for the Native Sons' Building. He made a frieze for the Newhall Building. He designed the buffalo mantel

(Continued on Page 23.)

INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
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Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: You have from time to time referred in Town Talk to the fact that our local dailies truckle to the labor unions and disregard the interests of our business men who are among the largest advertisers. This is not entirely true, as the following incident will illustrate. The Board of Health caused the arrest of the Lesser Bros., proprietors of the Lincoln Market, for adulterating and misbranding sausages. These sausages, it was charged and proved, contained a very large percentage of adulterating matter which caused them to evaporate to such an extent when cooked that they shriveled to just this side of nothingness. Witness the large juicy fat sausage. Then the cook's dilemma when it evanesced in the frying pan. Good story, isn't it? And our "moral engines" didn't overlook it. The tale of the disappearing sausage was told in all the dailies. But in none of the stories did it appear that the defendant was the Lincoln Market; it was merely "a local dealer" who committed this crime against the public pocket.

Yours truly,
—Hugh Richard Thomas.

A Plebiscite Proposition

Editor Town Talk, Sir: Last Sunday the Rev. George Burlingame of the First Baptist Church made the brothels of San Francisco the subject of his sermon. "If the Mayor," he said, "will

close the brothels he will find that the men and women whose respect he covets and whose confidence he values will love him and honor him and approve him in that course." I wonder if Dr. Burlingame has conceived some plan of taking care of the women of the brothels. What is the use of closing the brothels if you cannot put an end to the business that is done in the brothels? Several cities where reformers of the Burlingame type have had their way, now realize that the social evil is not to be abolished by closing brothels. In those cities vice that formerly was segregated is now scattered everywhere. If as Dr. Burlingame says the men and women whose respect the Mayor covets are in favor of closing the brothels, why not make sure by submitting the matter to a plebiscite? How would this be for an alternative proposal: Which shall we shut up, the brothels or Burlingame? Is the reverend gentleman willing to have the people answer?

Sincerely yours,
—L. T. W.

The Twentieth Century Plague

Editor Town Talk, Sir: Dr. David Starr Jordan has been again larding the lean minds that give him attention with the drippings of his flaccid wit. Idiocy he says is hereditary, and can be prevented by checking its source. He would have the feeble-minded rendered sexually innocuous by the Government. Dr. Jordan wastes

a lot of time over the unimportant things of life. Why should the Government bother about idiocy and neglect the multitudinous sources of half-knowledge which is worse than idiocy? By their faces we know our idiots, and we know what to do with them. They don't do us any harm. It costs something to take care of them but not much. If not sexually in all other respects the idiot is innocuous. But the man from college endowed with half-knowledge, the man lacking common sense who has acquired a certain fluency by which he is able to appear deep or recondite, who can impress the clapper clawing groundlings by the facility with which he can give the faded flower of his thought to ignorant hearers—this man who is always strong for experiment and progress, what about him? Is he innocuous? Far from it. He is the greatest calamity of the age. To him we may trace all our ills. He is nearly all the noise that is made in all our professions. He is most of the faculties of our universities in which he propagates the incarnation of half-knowledge in its variety. He is revolutionizing the legal and medical professions. He is making a new Republic. He is all-powerful because he is on a level with the crowd. His ideas reflect the ideas of the mob. He expresses its sentiments. Let us think of checking the source of him. He is the great twentieth century plague.

Respectfully,
—A Subscriber.

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

Excitement at a Verlaine Dinner

The Parisians know how to make a dinner interesting. They spice their food with excitement. There was the recent Verlaine dinner for instance. One speaker remarked that money placed itself more readily at the disposal of unpraiseworthy ambition than of pure justice. Another, a banker, interrupted to say that money had saved at least one innocent man. Of course that meant Dreyfus. The row was on. A poet shouted that he was at the banker's disposal, meaning for a duel. The banker offered his card to the poet. The poet emptied a wine glass in the banker's face. Madame Catulle Mendes jumped up and said she was ready to fight a duel with any man. Hard words flew, the mildest being "blackguard." Women poets tried to drag men poets into the street by their long hair. Two poets exchanged cards for a duel when one, on reading the other's name, cried: "It is impossible! Yours is poetry which I admire most in the world." Another poet tried to restore calm by reading Verlaine's poetry, but without success; so he mounted a table and exclaimed: "I propose that we never meet again in honor of Verlaine. We have not been worthy of him."

Berger Explains His Defeat

Victor Berger of Milwaukee, the recently defeated member of Congress, was called upon at a meeting the other day to account for his defeat. He tried to evade but when it was charged that his defeat was brought about by workingmen who had learned to distrust him, he flashed out a charge that the Catholic Church had brought it about. "We didn't have the Irish vote," he said, "because that was Catholic. And we didn't

have the Poles because they were Catholics. These poor people were told that they'd never get to Heaven if they voted as Socialists, and they voted against me out of fear. I didn't come here to name this church, but the Catholic Church is the closest friend capital has today. But its members are learning. We are making rapid advances in countries where all the people are Catholics. Now, I believe that the Church will live to see its error in fighting us so fiercely. The trouble isn't with American Catholics, many of whom I know and admire. The trouble is that the policy of the Church is fixed abroad where the Socialist movement is an anti-Clerical movement because the Church and State are one. The Pope, disliking the foreign Socialists because they say atrocious things about the Church, condemns all Socialists as equally and indefensibly bad."

Injuries to Trespassers

Trespassing on railroad property is shown by reports of the Interstate Commerce Commission to be a decidedly dangerous pastime. Over 50 per cent. of all the people killed on the railroads of this country last year were trespassers—men, women and children who had no business or right on railroad property. Every day last year fourteen trespassers were killed—over 5,000 during the year. Only 10 per cent. of this number were tramps or hoboes; 70 per cent were reputable people who used railroad property as a thoroughfare in spite of warnings not to do so, and 20 per cent. were children under 14 years of age. The situation is a grave one, and the facts carry their own warning.

Federal Ownership in France

Federal ownership of railways is not much of a success in France. In 1909 the French government took over the Western Railway, one of the important common carriers of the republic. Since then it has cost the taxpayers an average of \$12,000,000 a year. The deficit for 1909 was \$7,750,000; for 1910, \$11,700,000; and the 1911 report which has just been issued (the delay in issuing it has been severely criticized) shows that the loss has mounted to \$14,000,000. The budgets for 1912 and 1913 allow for deficits of \$16,000,000 and \$18,000,000 respectively. When the line was run by private capital under an interest guarantee the cost to the taxpayers was never more than \$5,400,000. "No matter what the State takes up," says Le Temps, "the management is characterized by disgraceful waste, if not by pillage. We now know that the rebuilding of the national printing works, which was to cost \$600,000, actually cost more than \$2,000,000, and the work took eleven years to complete. The State's record is just as bad in regard to ammunition and matches."

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Adah Isaacs Menken

("MAZEPPA")

By An Old Timer

An Account of the Spectacular Career of the Noted Beauty Who Married the "Benicia Boy," John C. Heenan and Who Created a Furore When She Appeared at the Grand Opera House in This City.

In passing a bric-a-brac shop on the outer Parisian boulevards the other day, my attention was attracted by an old friend, in the form of that well known print (taken, I believe, from Horace Vernet's canvas) portraying a man "mit nodings on" strapped to the back of his maddened steed, which is tearing along through the forest, pursued by a pack of ferocious-looking wolves. Mazeppa! What memories of one's schoolboy days does it not recall, when a novice was frequently made to taste the questionable pleasure of what cannot exactly be termed a "joy ride." And Byron's poem! In this Mazeppa is introduced to the reader relating his romantic adventures to the vanquished King of Sweden, Charles XII, after the battle of Poltawa.

For the real facts of Mazeppa's history one has to turn to Pouchkine, the Russian poet. Mazeppa was no Cossack at all; he was born near Kieff, and at the age of twenty was at Warsaw, among King John Casimir's courtiers. Very handsome and well read, he soon attracted his royal master's attention, and was made a gentleman of the bedchamber. Unfortunately his charm also made a great impression on the wife of a mighty magnate, who had his spouse's lover seized and bound fast, in naked condition, to the back of his own horse, which was whipped and chased out into the wilds. Mazeppa finally reached a harbor of refuge, but he had been ridiculed and dishonored. He did not again return to court, but sought a new home among the Cossacks of the Ukraine, whose chief, or Hetman, he became after the deposition of Ivan Samoilowitch in 1687. In the wars against the Turks and Tartars, Mazeppa rendered Peter the Great valuable services. The Czar placed full confidence in him, although warned of his rebellious nature. Mazeppa wanted to become independent, and finally offered his services to Charles XII, King of Sweden. When it came to leading his horsemen over to the other side only 7,000 followed him. Peter had Mazeppa's effigy hung up on a gallows, and Menschikoff stormed the Cossack chief's stronghold. The battle of Poltawa, however, destroyed Mazeppa's hopes, and he fled with Charles XII to Bender, where he died in 1709, aged sixty-nine. Even at the present day, unless I am very much mistaken, the officiating priest in a Russian church on the first Sunday of Lent every year curses Mazeppa's memory. Which shows that Byron's hero is not as popular in Russia as the story and picture of his famous ride are with us.

According to another authority Mazeppa's Warsaw flirt was the Countess Taliboski, and the famous ride merely consisted in a sprint from the Count's castle to Mazeppa's home. The irate husband had his wife's lover tied to the bare back of his own horse, which was maddened and forced to traverse a glade of wild pear trees, the branches of which rent our hero sore. And this brings me to the fascinating personality of Adah Isaacs Menken. There are, no doubt, a few old fossils left who remember seeing Adah at Astley's Theatre, in 1864, in the drama founded on Byron's poem. "Mazeppa" became the talk of London, and everybody went to see the celebrated American beauty dash across the stage strapped to a horse's back.

As a play, I may say "Mazeppa" was first produced at the Royal Amphitheater, Westminster, on Easter Monday, 1831. It was called a "roman-

tic drama" in three acts, dramatized from Lord Byron's poem by H. M. Milner, and adapted for the stage by Ducrow, one of the managers of the theatre named. The piece was admirably staged, and the equestrian performances were described as being "without parallel in the annals of horsemanship."

Possibly Adah would not have been such a draw but for the fact that she had numbered the prizefighter, John C. Heenan, among her numerous husbands. Four years had only elapsed since that most memorable of all fights between Heenan and Sayers. After "Mazeppa," Adah Menken appeared again in a play called "The Child of the Sun," written for her by John Brougham. At the end of 1866 we find her fulfilling a short engagement at Liverpool prior to her departure for Paris, where on December 30 she appeared at the Gaité in "Les Pirates de la Savanne." This spectacular play had already, years ago, been a great success on the Boulevard du Temple. It was revived by an enterprising manager specially with the object of providing a sensational number for "l'actrice-ecuyere-Americaine Miss Menken," as the Paris press called her. The Figaro of January 1, 1867, describes her as "une grande belle fille, dressed as a young Mexican brigand, who is not acquainted with the language of Voltaire, and merely says, 'Hop! Hop!' which no doubt suffices to make horses of every country obey. In the seventh tableau Miss Menken, in a most primitive costume, is tied to a horse à la Mazeppa, who gallops up the Roches-Noires like lightning."

What a memorable year (1867) that was in Paris! At that very same date Offenbach's "Grande Duchesse" was being rehearsed at the Varieties. On January 21 his "Orphee aux Enfers" was revived at the Bouffes-Parisiens, and the last name that figured on the list of artistes engaged was Cupidon—Mme. Cora Pearl! Subsequently, when the exhibition opened its doors Hortense Schneider at the Varieties and Adah Menken at the Gaité attracted all Paris, not to mention the gay city's foreign guests.

At the fourth performance Adah's horse fell, but she escaped unhurt. Unfortunately, this was not the case on Saturday, January 19, when her steed came down again, and Adah's left ear was badly torn. The curtain was rung, and the play continued without her. She was taken to her domicile at the Hotel de Suez, on the Boulevard de Strassbourg, and could not appear again until the following Tuesday. Among Adah's admirers and callers, with bouquets and what not, was a young countryman of hers, bearing the Christian name of Marmaduke, who landed in Paris that year, and made things hum, just as he still does at the present day.

One evening Napoleon III, with the Prince Imperial, the King of Greece and the Duke of Edinburgh were all present to see Adah at the Gaité. Among the celebrities of the day whom she got to know in Paris were Theophile Gautier and Alexandre Dumas pere. Dumas (who was then 66 years old) was very much smitten with her. In fact, she was his dernier amour. She was predestined to know the celebrated writer, for had she not, as a girl, been heard to say after reading several of Dumas' novels: "Whenever I go to Europe I shall fall in love with this extraordinary man."

Dumas pere, one night during an entr'acte,

went behind the scenes at the Gaité. As Adah was about to enter her loge someone pointed out Dumas to her. Without hesitating, she ran up to him, threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. In this way began a friendship which lasted until her death. It was Dumas pere who installed Adah in a charming little apartment of the Chaussee d'Antin, and the two were frequently seen together. The whole of Paris got to hear of their liaison through the indiscretion of a photographer, who had postcards published and circulated showing Adah sitting on Dumas pere's knee with her arms round his neck. The old author was furious and made matters worse by bringing an action against the photographer. Thousands of cards were sold like hot cakes; all Paris spoke of it. "Alexandre et Adah" were even discussed by royalty in the "grand seize" of the Cafe Anglais. While it did not do the writer any good, it was a splendid advertisement for the American, who, during the early summer of '67, nearly even became a serious rival to her Highness the Grand Duchess of Gerolstein!

A popular song, first sung by Eugene Grange at "Le Caveau," and called "Les Photographies Nouvelles," made matters even worse.

Each verse ended up with the moral: "Ah! rien n'est sacre pour la photographie!" The photographer against whom Dumas brought an action was Liebert, of the Boulevard des Capucines. Dumas lost his case, and was condemned to pay all costs, as it was proved that he had visited the studio on purpose to pose with Adah Menken; that he had not paid the photographer anything; and that he had received proofs of the five poses (one of which was so risque that the censor had only authorized its sale "sans etalage"). Dumas appealed, but had to pay Liebert 100 francs, who was then forbidden to publish and sell any more photos. On the other side, Adah Menken nearly got into trouble with Reutlingers, who had contracted with her for sole rights to sell her photos. Towards the end of May Miss Menken accepted an engagement at Vienna.

On her return to Paris, and while rehearsing at the Chatelet, in "The Pirate"—the same role in which she had made her debut—a portion of the stage gave way under the weight of her horse. Both fell through and down a considerable height. Adah was picked up unconscious and bleeding. This accident left its mark upon her.

The winter of '67-'68 found her back in London at the Westminster Hotel, where her receptions were frequented by Swinburne, Charles Reade, Watts Phillips, John Oxenford and Charles Dickens, to whom she dedicated a volume of her poems, called "Infelicia," with the verses:

Leaves pallid and sombre and ruddy,
Dead fruits of the fugitive years;
Some stained as with wine and made bloody,
And some as with tears,

(Continued on Page 23)

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Poems About San Francisco

LXXX—BARRIERS BURNED

By Charles K. Field

(This "Rhyme of the San Francisco Bread Line," as the author calls it, illustrates the leveling influence of the calamity of April, 1906. Rich and poor stood together in the Bread Line to get the daily ration, and as the author of the poem points out, the novel comradeship did them good. Charles K. Field contributed this poem to Sunset in August, 1906. He is now the editor of that periodical.)

It ain't such a terrible long time ago
That Mrs. Van Bergen and me
Though livin' near by to each other, y' know,
Was strangers for all ye could see,
For she had a grand house an' horses to drive,
An' a wee rented cottage was mine,
But now we need rations to keep us alive
An' we're standin' together in line.

An' Mrs. Van Bergen she greets me these days
With a smile an' a nod of the head;
"Ah, Mrs. McGinnis, how are you?" she says,
"An' do you like Government bread?"
She fetches a bag made of crockydile skin
An' I've got a sack when we meet,
But the same kind of coffee an' crackers goes in,
An' it's all of it cooked in the street.

Sure Mrs. Van Bergen is takin' it fine,
Ye'd think she was used to the food;
We're gettin' acquainted, a-standin' in line,
An' it's doin' the both of us good.
An' Mr. Van Bergen and Michael, my man,
(They've always been friendly, the men)
They're gettin' together and layin' a plan
For buildin' the city again!

The Spectator

Wheeler's Misplaced Humor

To be a humorist one must first be discreet, for there is a time for raillery and a time for gravity. Of this Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler appears to be unaware, and consequently his occasional excursions into the domain of comicality are usually tragic in their consequences. Last week he indulged his fatal propensity on the occasion of the selection of a site at the Fair grounds for a Massachusetts building. In the presence of the representatives of that State who had come all the way to California not only to select a site but to gather impressions on the strength of which an appropriation will be made, the President of the State University instead of paying tribute to the grand old bay commonwealth made some flippant allusions to it that were far from humorous to his hearers. According to President Wheeler Massachusetts is famous chiefly for the pie habit of its inhabitants and for the beans that are baked in Boston. Obviously this sort of witticism that was worn threadbare by negro minstrels before the war was hardly suited to the occasion. What the visitors thought of it is no secret. They freely expressed their feelings before leaving town. I am told that representatives of our New England Society intend to have the matter discussed at a meeting, and that in all probability President Wheeler will be informed by resolution that he did not make a hit as a humorist.

Expert Opinion of San Francisco

Some information of interest to the amateur vice hunters of San Francisco was given to the Curran Committee in New York the other day. But it was information that perhaps our Doctor Akeds will not relish. Yet it was furnished by an expert, Samuel H. London, of the Department of Justice at Washington. Until London appeared before the Curran Committee it was not generally known that Uncle Sam has been studying vice conditions throughout his dominions. London is an experienced lawyer. He has been

conducting investigations from Fairbanks in Alaska to the Canal Zone, and he has had as many as fourteen men at his beck and call. He spent some time in this city, the most depraved city (according to Dr. Aked and one or two Chicago divines) in all this wide world. He investigated conditions in this city, and before the Curran Committee he compared San Francisco with other cities, pronouncing it one of the best cities in the country. This news will probably shock Doctor Aked, Doctor Burlingame and our other loose-tongued pulpsters who have been scattering their libels on San Francisco broadcast. And perhaps they will find even more shocking the reason why according to the Government expert San Francisco is not as bad as New York, Chicago and other cities. The reason is that vice is segregated in San Francisco. Now this is just what our Doctor Akeds chiefly deplore. They would exterminate vice by distributing it. When the Government expert was asked for his opinion as to the best way of handling vice, he said that segregation was the only solution of the problem.

The Worst City

Almost as interesting as Mr. London's opinion of San Francisco is his opinion of Chicago whence emanates a great deal of criticism of the kind relished by our yellow pulpsters. Asked if he had found any city in which conditions were worse than they are in New York, he answered that he had found one and that one was Chicago. How thorough are the investigations made by Mr. London may be judged from the fact that he spent a year with his assistants in New York and made a card index of all the traffickers in white slaves. This index was made in 1911 and in contained the names of all the men who were convicted of the Rosenthal murder with the exception of "Dago Frank." The index shows that there are 6,100 men engaged in what is known as commercialized vice in New York. These men are supported by 26,000 women. London estimated that about 100 policemen are interested in the business of vice.

The Municipal Clinic

One of the matters discussed by our amateur vice hunters at their conference some weeks ago was the Municipal Clinic. They recommended the abolition of it. Yet that institution is now becoming recognized throughout the country as one of the most creditable features of our municipal government. It was discussed in the leading editorial of the New York Sun of January 28. The Sun says that Dr. Julius Rosenstirn of San Francisco described the experiment in a paper read to the recent International Congress of Hygiene at Washington, and that since then it has "attracted much thoughtful notice throughout the country." In this connection the Sun discusses the Bureau of Social Hygiene established the other day in New York by John D. Rockefeller Jr. This institution is to be conducted along the lines of our Municipal Clinic and is also to be devoted to practical control. The Sun thinks that for the work of high humanity which Rockefeller has undertaken he is de-

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serving of admiration and gratitude. It would be interesting to know what Dr. Aked thinks.

The New Examiner Idea

Once more the Examiner is having fun with the old town. It is stirring things up a bit with big news of its own creation, and the Vogelsangs, Bancrofts and Murphys and all the other darlings of the limelight are crowding one another for space on the front page. A month ago the Examiner was whooping it up along other lines. It had conceived the monumental idea that the one thing to save the city from backing up was a Committee of One Thousand. To all those well known leading cits. who have a consuming passion for publicity reporters were sent to elicit an expression of opinion. All agreed that it was a great idea; greatest ever in the judgment of some of them. The Examiner itself was sure that it was the greatest that had been born since the days when the waters of the bay came up to Montgomery street. The Examiner shrieked itself hoarse about the Committee of One Thousand, and then came a deafening silence. The great idea was dropped without one word of explanation. It would now be lese majeste to mention it in the Examiner building. Three office boys were discharged for laughing about it. Naturally something had to be done to cause forgetfulness of the fiasco. The brainstorm editor was locked up in a padded cell with emphatic instructions to get busy, and he came through last week with the idea of bringing the World's Fair to everybody's front door by means of a complete system of municipal street railroads. He is now in a sanitarium resting easily, and the Examiner is backing the blithering conception off the boards.

The Hearst Idea

Strange and incredible as it may appear there are men of average intelligence who take seriously the Examiner's simulated concern for the public welfare. It seems impossible for them to realize that the paramount idea in the office of every Hearst newspaper is the Hearst idea. The Hearst idea is that there are three fundamental principles of journalism: first, keep things stirred up; second, keep things stirred up; third, keep things stirred up. The success of the Hearst papers is the only thing in the world that concerns Hearst. Nothing else matters in his philosophy. His most capable editor is the one who can make it appear that a Hearst paper is doing something big that is meeting with the hearty approval of persons whose approval is worth while. And woe unto him whose approval is desired and who withholds it. This was the second headline of the first page of the Examiner of last Monday: "Mayor Loud in Praise of Examiner: Ready to Present Problem Before Supervisors." There you have the essence of the Hearst idea in a few words.

Sullivan's White Elephant

The Examiner is very enthusiastic for a

municipal street railroad along Van Ness avenue, which is part of the boulevard system that includes the drives of the Presidio. As a road in Van Ness avenue would parallel the road a block away in Polk street it would of course be unprofitable at the close of the Exposition. Yet there is undoubtedly a demand for street cars in Van Ness avenue. The people who are demanding it are property owners along Market and Valencia streets, prominent among whom is that most disinterested of citizens Mr. Matt. I. Sullivan, who has a white elephant on his hands at the gore of Valencia and Market streets which he is extremely anxious to enhance in value. Matt. represents the State on the World's Fair Commission, but in his personal capacity of self-representative he is more zealous than in any other.

Our Successful Road

It looks as though we are going to have a municipal street railroad in Van Ness avenue. The Examiner is scoring, and if the people can be induced to vote for another bond issue we shall have a network of municipal railroads. Perhaps the people will do this very thing. They have been told that the Geary street railroad is a great success and they believe it. It is true that for the present the road is paying, but as A. W. Foster said the other day, "No municipally owned public utility in the State is a success, and though the Geary street road may pay, it wouldn't if it had to carry extensions and serve the whole city." It would be remarkable if San Francisco, which has always ranked as the worst governed city in the State, could manage a public utility better than any other city. But this is not the question of the hour. The question of the hour is whether the Examiner will be able to put over something to which it may point with pride for a brief spell and forget all about it when forgetfulness becomes expedient. The success of the Geary street road is fine material for argument at present. Nobody stops to think that in a few years we may have an Administration that will make it a great failure. Nor does hardly anybody realize even now that physically the Geary street road is a monumental blunder. Any expert will tell you that the road is not of up-to-date construction. If Pat Calhoun had equipped a road with rolling stock of the kind that is in Geary street E. P. E. Troy would have had no difficulty in organizing an indignation meeting with murder in its heart. Before the road was built there was agitation against straps for strap-hangers. The city was to provide seats, not straps for passengers. Now we see that it has provided most uncomfortable seats, and that though the cars have straps there is hardly any standing room. These cars, designed by Bion Arnold, our high-salaried expert, are of a type that was banished from San Jose several years ago. If you don't believe it, ask the manager of the Inter-urban railroad.

Turning the Tables

A well known San Franciscan of rather convivial habits brings back a story with him from Los Angeles. He says that one afternoon he was leaning against the railless bar of the Hotel Alexandria drinking cocktails with several friends. The cocktails were being set up as fast as the mixologist could brew them, and the pace proved so hot that the San Franciscan excused himself for a moment and went out on the sidewalk to get a breath of Spring street air. While he was standing there with a cocktail flush on his face one of the Los Angeles female "flirt cops" sauntered past and gave him a friendly eye. He real-

ized the situation, so instead of laying himself liable to arrest by responding to the overture he grabbed the woman and yelled for the police. By the time a copper appeared a large crowd had gathered. "Arrest this woman," said the San Franciscan; "she was trying to flirt with me." The "flirt cop" explained to the policeman that she had been merely doing her duty, but the crowd was unchivalrous enough to jeer.

In the Interest of Bull Moose

The dailies have utterly neglected to inform their readers of by far the most important measure submitted to the Legislature during the current session. I refer to Senate Joint Resolution No. 17, the author of which is that veteran statesman Senator Sanford. Here it is:

Whereas, The November flood left many bull moosers high and dry on the banks of Salt river, and

Whereas, Bull moosers have espoused the doctrine of letting the people rule so long as they rule in the moose way, and

Whereas, It is a cardinal principle of "moosing" that no one other than a bull moose shall hold public office in the State of California, and

Whereas, A bull moose must eat; therefore, be it

Resolved by the senate and assembly, jointly, That a committee of three be appointed from each house to ascertain, during the recess of the legislature, all offices not now held by bull moosers, and that said committee be instructed to bring in bills abolishing said offices, and providing for a commission of five (at a big salary) to perform the duties formerly performed by one person; be it further

Resolved, That when all offices are filled by the Christian soldiers who battled for the Lord at Armageddon that the civil service be invoked so that the self-anointed may hold office until the crack of doom.

The foregoing is proof of the kindly and generous feeling of Senator Sanford, who is a Democrat.

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Who Wrote "The Rosary"?

The hours I spent with thee, dear heart,
Are as a string of pearls to me;
I count them over—every one apart,
My rosary.
Each hour a pearl, each pearl a prayer,
To still a heart in absence wrung;
I tell each bead unto the end—and there—
A cross is hung.
Oh, memories that bless—and burn,
Oh, barren gain—and bitter loss,
I kiss each bead and strive at last to learn
To kiss the cross,
Sweetheart,
To kiss the cross.

Who wrote this beautiful song that we all know so well and which has been sung all over Europe and America? The answer seems easy. It has always been attributed to R. Cameron Rogers of Santa Barbara who died shortly after Governor Johnson had appointed him with Matt Sullivan, Chester H. Rowell and Marshall Stimson on the State World's Fair Commission. It is to be found among the published poems of Cameron Rogers. But his claim has been disputed in London, and unfortunately he is not alive to defend himself. When the question of authorship was raised the Countess Serkoff wrote to the Daily News of London that Edgar Saltus was the author, saying that she had first read the verses over his signature in a California magazine. Saltus replied: "The statement is flattering but inexact. I am not the author." Thereupon one Frederick G. Winter, a resident of Putney, came forward with what he claimed was a true story of the authorship. He says he wrote the song.

A Romantic Story

Winter's story was told in the Daily News. I quote from a summary in the New York Times: "Twenty years or more ago a set of verses of haunting sweetness was written by a man to the woman he loved, and from whom he was separated. Years passed and the lady married; the man, after suffering cruel reverses of fortune, was struck down with an incurable disease. A business career being impossible, he sought consolation in what had always been his true vocation. He led a solitary existence and wrote ballads such as 'Where Willows Whisper,' which was set to music and had a certain popularity. But the little poem with the delicate lilt and the sad refrain he refused to publish, preferring to leave it with its memories among the shadows. There was nothing left of it but its haunting rhythm in his memory. The pocketbook into which it had been copied was lost in a restaurant.

Winter Claims He Wrote It

"One evening last year in Brighton he was asked in a crowded drawing room if he would like to hear 'My Rosary,' the song that had become so popular from its pathos and melody and

the fact that it had inspired the book of the season, 'The Rosary.' The author had neither heard the song nor read the novel, and judged it but a coincidence that the title should be the same as that of his lost poem. But when the music floated toward him and the first words of the song reached his ear he realized that it was no coincidence, but that the song they were all listening to with such rapt attention was the poem that had been written in the lost pocketbook. Frederick G. Winter thereupon rose and informed the audience, to their intense surprise, of the romantic story. He immediately set to work to find the publisher of the song and discovered that the poem was attributed by them to Robert



Gabriel Moulin photo

TOH, THE INDIAN RIDER

A characteristic example of the work of Joseph J. Mora, a young sculptor whose work is now being drawn to the attention of our art lovers

Cameron Rogers, whose name, in fact, appears on the cover of the music and by whom it was included in a volume of verse published by him some years ago under the title of 'The Wind in the Clearing.' Emphasizing his claim to the authorship of 'My Rosary,' Mr. Winter produced written evidence from four persons, including an affidavit sworn to by the lady to whom his poem was addressed. They all declare that they were acquainted with the composition at a date prior to the publication of Mr. Rogers' volume in 1895."

What Is the Truth?

This story and the claim of Winter constitute a reflection on the memory of Cameron Rogers, a man of honorable character. Strangely enough I have heard a somewhat similar story of the origin of "The Rosary," but always regarded Cameron Rogers as the hero of the story. As I recall the tale two men were passing the night

together in some town in Arizona. One of them had been deeply in love with a beautiful woman and had presented to her a necklace of pearls. The love affair came to grief and the necklace was returned. Waking from sleep in the middle of the night the forlorn lover's room mate found him sitting at the window in a sorrowful reverie and absent-mindedly letting the pearls of the necklace slip through his fingers as though he were telling the beads of a rosary. The room-mate arose, found pen and paper and wrote the song, giving it to his disconsolate friend. Rightly or wrongly I have always had the impression that Cameron Rogers was the man who wrote the song. Who his love-lorn friend was I have no idea. There ought to be some way of getting at the truth of this matter. Friends or relatives of Cameron Rogers must have heard of the controversy, and it is to be hoped that they will clear up the mystery.

There Are Other Cases

This is not the first time that an attempt has been made to deprive a Californian of a poem he claimed. A very warm controversy has waged over the authorship of "Hurrah for the Next That Dies," the great Indian cholera poem which appeared years ago over the signature of Bartholomew Dowling in a San Francisco publication. The attempt to discredit Dowling's claim to that poem was made in the London publication "Notes and Queries" but was not successful. Then of course there was the "Casey at the Bat" controversy. That was written by Phinney Thayer, a newspaperman employed on the Examiner, and was first published in the Examiner columns. There have been other claimants, but they have been discredited.

Benson Is Complimentary

F. R. Benson, the pageant man, is back in England after his visit in this city, and he has been saying nice things about us. Here is what he told a London interviewer: "I come back tremendously enthused with developments in the United States, and especially in California, in the field not only of politics and industry but also in art. I realize now the extent to which America is creating new traditions, not only for herself but for the Old World. One of the political phenomena that struck me most is the carrying into operation of the maxim of equal opportunities for all. The developments in domestic architecture greatly attracted my attention. Many buildings I saw, especially in the West, presented features of beauty unknown on this side of the Atlantic, and marked a new departure in art. In their appreciation of the value of the natural grain and



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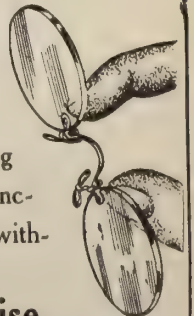
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color of wood, marble, and stone, in their subservience to some definite purpose in the mind of the architect, they suggest an evolution of house building, which does not at present exist in the Old Country."

An Examiner Shake-Up

Publisher Dent H. Robert is back from Europe much improved in health and eager to resume work. There has been a small-sized shake-up in the Examiner editorial rooms. Several men have lost their positions. The most important are Dan Sweeney, the artist and Sam Ewing, for years the Examiner's railroad expert. Sunday two weeks ago for the first time in years Sweeney's "dramatykes" were drawn by an alien pen. The clever cartoon in which Sweeney has been wont to present at a glance the theatrical attractions of the week was done in a slightly different style and bore the name of Virgil Nahl. That was the only public intimation that a change had taken place. Sweeney has been a conscientious worker in the Examiner's art room for many years and his work has always been of a very high class. I don't think he is hit very hard by the severance of old ties. For a long time he has maintained a studio where outside orders kept him very busy, and now that he is foot loose we may expect better work than ever. Sam Ewing was one of the old guard on the Examiner. Few men knew more about the ins and outs of the railway business, and few ever beat him on a big railway story. He is one of the most popular newspapermen in the city.

Caminetti's Conception of Fame

That wonderful statesman Senator Caminetti has introduced a resolution in the legislature

nominating as California's representatives in the Hall of Fame John C. Fremont and George C. Hearst. Thus we get a pretty accurate idea of Senator Caminetti's conception of fame. Evidently he is a worshiper of successful butchers, for that according to Zoeth Eldridge is what Fremont was. Evidently too, he regards William Randolph Hearst with veneration, for William is George C. Hearst's grandest achievement. It is easy to understand why Senator Caminetti, politician with a flexible knee, conscious of the power of the press, should recommend that excellent man George C. Hearst, but why the butcher, is a question not to be easily solved. If he has great love for military heroes why should he not prefer General James Smith to Fremont? General Smith is a native son and he reflected glory in the Philippines on his native State. If only the dead are eligible why not Father McKinnon rather than Fremont? But what's the matter with James Lick, Joseph Le Conte and John Muir? And if the Senator prefers senators to all other what's the matter with Steve White and David Broderick? Let us hope it is not too late for the fawning Caminetti to guess again.

The Discovery of Woods

It is good to know that Seattle has discovered James Woods of the St. Francis Hotel, and that the discovery has resulted advantageously to all private interests concerned, but as it has also resulted in a very big loss to Mayor Rolph's official family it has produced mixed emotions. A man as level-headed as "Jim" Woods is not to be lured into the public service every day. And it is therefore too bad that his personal interests make it impossible for him to give the time required for faithful service on the Police Commission. During his career as a public official he has labored earnestly and enthusiastically for the improvement of the police department. He kept himself in as close touch with its affairs as with the business of the St. Francis Hotel. The loss the department has suffered is not one to be easily repaired.

The Death of Loraine Hollis

"The sins of the father shall be visited upon the children." Ever so often there occurs some tragic incident which seems to bear out the terrible Biblical threat. The latest is the death by starvation of Loraine Hollis, the daughter of the unfortunate Laura D. Fair who killed Alexander Crittenden. It almost seems in such cases that blood guiltiness carries an hereditary curse; that a relentless nemesis pursues the offspring of the murderer himself. This is one of the mysteries of life for which even the theologian has an inadequate explanation; one of the problems of heredity which no eugenist may hope to solve. Was Loraine Hollis overwhelmed by hardships which came to her as they might come to another, through sin or weakness or misfortune? Or was she the prey of a destiny which wreaked itself upon her for her mother's crime? Who shall say?

The Child of Tragedy

Loraine Hollis was a baby-in-arms when her mother killed Judge Crittenden. It has even been said that she was Judge Crittenden's daughter. Laura D. Fair's intimacy with Crittenden had extended over a period of seven years when she killed him in 1870. Laura D. Fair was

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beautiful, and as a child Lora—as she was then called—gave promise of the loveliness which afterwards blossomed. After her acquittal Mrs. Fair supported her daughter as a lodging house keeper and later as a book agent. In her teens the girl became stage-struck. Her beauty attracted much attention, and she won the dangerous crown for pulchritude in a newspaper contest. She went East to go on the stage but did not stay long. She came back to San Francisco and played at the old Bijou Theatre in Market street, appearing in "The Clemenceau Case" and other plays. Then she went on the road, and later was a member of Augustin Daly's company. She had many ups and downs, drifting out of sight for long periods. She had not been heard of for years when she was found dead of starvation in an actors' boarding house in New York. The surname she bore told of the romance in her life. It was the name of the husband she married for pure love. He was a poor plumber and Loraine Fair was as poor as he, but they married in spite of that. She died a cruel death. The vengeance wreaked upon her by a mysterious fate can only excite our pity.

A Cause Celebre

The killing of Judge Crittenden by Laura D. Fair was a cause celebre of early San Francisco. Few cases of the kind have excited so much interest. The whole State was divided into camps, and feeling ran strong for and against the accused woman. Mark Twain and Charles Dudley Warner who sympathized with her in the murder trial, put a version of it into "The Gilded Age" with the beautiful Laura as the heroine.

Laura D.'s Career

Laura D. Fair was a native of Mississippi, I find from Captain Duke's notes in his "Celebrated Criminal Cases of America." At the age of sixteen she married a man named Stone who died about one year afterward. She then married a Thomas Gracien of New Orleans, but a divorce was obtained after six months. In 1859 she married Colonel W. B. Fair who was at that time Sheriff of Shasta county. They moved to this city, and owing to trouble with his wife he committed suicide in December, 1861. For a while

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after his death Mrs. Fair conducted the Tahoe House in Virginia City. During the war her sympathies were with the South to such an extent that she took a shot at a Northern soldier, but as her aim was very bad she was never punished. On another occasion at the Russ House she shot a man who, she said, had made a disparaging remark about her, but again she escaped prosecution. Mrs. Fair had some ability as an actress and appeared at the Metropolitan Theatre in Sacramento as Lady Teazle in "The School for Scandal." This was in 1863, and it was shortly afterwards that she met Judge Crittenden.

A Noted Lawyer

Alexander Crittenden was born in Lexington, Kentucky, in 1816. Andrew Jackson was a close friend of his family, and obtained the boy an appointment to West Point. He graduated with General Sherman, but only remained about one year in the army. At the age of twenty-two he married and went to Texas where he was admitted to the bar. In 1852 he came to this city and associated himself in the practice of law with S. M. Wilson. Crittenden and Wilson was one of the most prominent law firms in the city.

The Shooting on the Bay

Judge Crittenden was in the habit of sending his wife and family East on pleasure trips at frequent intervals. During their absence he spent a great deal of time with Laura D. Fair. The family went East in September, 1870. A month before Laura D. Fair had contracted her fourth marriage. She married Jesse Snyder but a divorce followed in just two months, shortly before the shooting. Judge Crittenden went across the bay on November 3, 1870, to meet his returning family. He met them at the pier and they all started back together on the El Capitan. The story goes that Laura D. was so infatuated with Crittenden that she had exacted a promise from him that he would not kiss his wife when he met her. But he broke the promise on the pier. Mrs. Fair was shadowing him and saw the embrace. From the moment of the reunion Parker Crittenden, the Judge's son, noticed a woman dressed in black and heavily veiled who seemed to be watching their actions very closely. When the family were seated on the boat she hurried toward them and suddenly whipping out a pistol, shot Judge Crittenden in the chest. She was immediately placed under arrest. She acted strangely and when a stimulant was given to her in a glass of water she bit a piece out of the glass. Two days later Crittenden died; his

funeral was one of the largest ever held in this city. Laura D. Fair was found guilty of murder and sentenced to be hanged. But she obtained a new trial and this time was acquitted on the plea of emotional insanity.

Laura D.'s Attempt at Suicide

I suppose most people thought that Laura D. Fair was dead until they read in the papers that she had attempted to kill herself on receipt of the news of her daughter's miserable end. She had dropped from sight for several years. In the old days after her acquittal she lived in Hayes Valley but afterwards moved to the Mission district. Her face was a familiar one, and people used to point her out on the streets. No doubt the desire to escape this irksome notice induced her to make her home across the bay in Richmond.

The Way of the Supervisors

Some months ago army officials at the Presidio asked the United Railroads to run a branch line from the end of Polk street into the Fort Mason grounds, and though the officials of the corporation had determined to make no extensions without obtaining a franchise that would justify them, the officers of the army prevailed on them to be satisfied in this instance with a revocable permit. The War Department granted the permission to enter the Government territory and then the Supervisors were asked for the revocable permit. Last Monday Colonel Williamson appeared before the Supervisors and informed them that the permit granted by the War Department would lapse in a week unless work was started on the extension. He therefore asked the Supervisors to grant the revocable permit in accordance with an agreement previously made by them. And he pointed out that Fort Mason was sorely in need of transportation facilities. But he was given no satisfaction. In all probability Colonel Williamson knows what the matter is with San Francisco.

The Heroic Scott

Many years ago Froude the historian writing of the melancholy ending of the career of that adventurous navigator Sir Humphrey Gilbert, said: "He was one of a race which have ceased to be. We look round for them, and we can hardly believe that the same blood is flowing in our veins." Of that same race that supplied Richard Hakluyt with the material for his history of the explorations of English navigators belonged the gallant Captain Robert Falcon Scott who

perished with three of his companions amid the desolate ice fields of the antarctic. There is nothing more inspiring or more thrilling in the whole history of noble adventure than the prose epic written by Captain Scott in the last moments of his life. It will remain among the eternal records of the doings of mankind. The simple majesty of the narrative is more affecting than anything in the Illiad. Captain Scott has lengthened out the annals of British heroism. His was the life "hard and rough which the grave gapes to finish before the victory is won," and his was a holy sacrifice offered up to mankind and to be forever remembered by his countrymen.

The Author of "Curfew"

Do you know who wrote "Curfew Must Not Ring Tonight?" Was it an American or Englishman? I'll wager most people, however well they may know this famous recitation, cannot answer offhand. Well, the poem that tells how Basil Underwood was saved from death is the work of an American woman of the South, Rose Hartwick Thorpe, and she is still alive. A collection of her poems beginning with the most famous of them all has just been published by the Neale Company in a beautiful little volume of flexible leather. There is a portrait of Mrs. Thorpe for frontispiece and it shows her a handsome woman with fine eyes and intelligence lighting her face. Mrs. Thorpe wrote a number of other ballads besides the story of the curfew which did not ring Basil Underwood to the scaffold. They are good ballads, but none is as good as the one which has been recited in every school house in the land. She also wrote some very pleasing lyrics including a few about California. They serve to remind us that the author of "Curfew" has visited our State. Those who love the old recitation will want to possess Mrs. Thorpe's poems. Just think of it! If that poem had never been written David Belasco would never have thought of the sensational scene in "The Heart of Maryland" and Mrs. Leslie Carter might never have become famous.

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A queen she was,
More fair than most;
My heart, made light
With Cupid's boast,
I sent to her
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Now heavy gloom
Enshrouds my track;
She spurned my heart—
Alas, alack,
In vain I've tried
To get it back.

She has it still,
Upon what grounds?
It can't be mailed,
It's out of bounds;
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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Lady de Bathe and Miss Joliffe

Lady de Bathe is not prepared to write her own memoirs. Whether she feels unequal to literary endeavor, finds writing too irksome or is too busy with other things, the fact is that she is looking for somebody to do the actual writing. This became known here when Lady de Bathe asked Miss Frances Joliffe, the clever dramatic critic of the Bulletin, to accompany her on her theatrical tour and put her memoirs into shape for publication. Miss Joliffe considered the matter but finally refused. So Lady de Bathe will have to look elsewhere for someone to give the story of her life literary expression. Lady de Bathe did not accept many invitations during her stay here. She found that two performances a day fatigued her, and refused to accept the hospitality of many of her old friends. One of the few visits she made was to the apartments of Signor and Madame Giuseppe Fulloni in Sacramento street where she was entertained after the performance at the Orpheum last Wednesday night. Among those present was young Robert McKim, Mrs. Langtry's leading man, who is a brother of Madame Fulloni.

Her Jewels Were Burned

Mrs. George Hill Stoddard (formerly the very popular Miss Bessie Bates) lost her magnificent collection of jewels through an unusual accident recently. Mrs. Stoddard's jewels were well known among her wide circle of friends for their beauty and value. She guarded them very closely, always being careful to hide them from possible burglars when she left them at home. One day Mrs. Stoddard started out to call without them. Leaving her home she remembered that she had left them exposed on her dresser and went back to hide them. She was in a hurry and hastily

wrapped them in a piece of brown paper which she thrust under the dresser. On the following day she wished to wear them, but on looking for them under the dresser she discovered that they had disappeared. Mrs. Stoddard summoned her maid. "Did you see a brown paper parcel under my dresser?" she asked. "Yes, ma'am," answered the maid. "Where is it?" asked Mrs. Stoddard. "I threw it in the stove," replied the maid. Mrs. Stoddard was stunned and looked at the maid with incredulity. Then she hurried to the kitchen and investigated the stove. Sure enough, the jewels had been burned! All that remained was the twisted and blackened wire of her wonderful necklace. Among the jewels which had been destroyed were a gold vanity box with her husband's frat pin set in the cover, a gold mesh purse set with rubies and diamonds, Mr. Stoddard's gold match box, costly rings, bracelets, ear rings and lavallieres and the necklace of rubies and diamonds which was an heirloom in Mr. Stoddard's family. Mrs. Stoddard is heart broken over her loss.

Cholly Was In It

While it is generally admitted by society folks that the true carnival spirit was lacking at the last Mardi Gras ball, a circumstance which they attribute to overcrowding, nevertheless, as I observed last week, it was "lots of fun" for some of the young people who wore masks for the first time and also for some others for whom there can be no greater delight than to realize that they are rubbing shoulders with real swells. There, for example, is Cholly Francisco of the Examiner. Cholly had the time of her life, and she wants everybody to know it. More than that she is indignant that anybody should say that it wasn't the greatest ever. She is worse than indignant; she is somewhat cattishly spiteful about it. "Naturally," she says, "those who were on the outside looking in did not experience the thrill and fun," and furthermore, "The only way to properly gauge and appraise such an affair is to be right in it," just, of course (as one must infer) was Cholly and her prankish split infinitive. It must have been great says Cholly, because "Society helped to make it so"—Society with a big S to be sure. One little incident proves the prankishness of it according to Cholly, and she proceeds to tell us that there were two pick-aninny girls in the grand march. They were in rags and tatters, and a little Pierrette drew disdainfully away from them, but says Cholly imagine Pierrette's consternation when a few minutes later "she discovered that the two crazy Topsies were Mrs. Walter Martin and Mrs. William H. Taylor." Just fancy! Two representatives of the real thing as Topsies at a public ball! What condescension! How thrilling! And Cholly, mind you, was mingling the whole night with just such swells, reverently no doubt, but bubbling over with gladness.

The Partington Sisters

Gertrude and Blanche Partington sat in a stage box at the Columbia Monday night and watched their sister Phyllis sing her way triumphantly through the role of Zorika in "Gypsy Love." How happy they must have felt when Phyllis was

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greeted with applause at her first appearance and when the audience brought her out time and time again at the end of the first and second acts and filled her arms with flowers. It should surprise nobody that Phyllis Partington has proved herself a splendid singer. There is a lot of talent in the Partington blood. All the girls have distinguished themselves during their life in San Francisco. They are of English birth but have been here so long that most people regard them as natives. Gertrude has achieved great success as a painter. A good many years ago she made the East familiar with the San Francisco type of girlish beauty through her illustrated calendars. She has had pictures accepted for the Paris Salon, and her miniatures and etchings are highly prized. She is our best dry point artist. Blanche was for a long time the dramatic and musical critic of the Call and acquitted herself very well in the work. She is now a Christian Science healer. Phyllis made her debut in grand opera at the Tivoli about ten years ago.

How Her Chance Came

Marguerite Sylva was the original Zorika in the New York production of the Lehar light opera. Arthur Albro sang the role of Jozsi, the Gypsy. Albro was a find. He had been discovered in the New York Ghetto and when he was given a chance on Broadway he made good with a rush. In fact he made good in such emphatic fashion that Marguerite Sylva's artistic temperament forbade her staying in the company. Albro got more curtain calls than she did, so her prima donna feelings were hurt and she threw up her part. That gave Phyllis Partington her chance. She made a hit the first night she sang Zorika.

Tessie's Coiffure

"Have you noticed it?" said one Burlingame matron to another at the Mardi Gras. "Noticed what?" asked the other matron. "Why, the outrageously old fashioned way Tessie does her hair." The second matron turned and surveyed Mrs. Oelrichs sitting in state in her box. "Mercy!" she exclaimed; "who would believe it?" As a matter of fact, none of the Burlingame contingent could understand it. They talked of little during the masquerade except the old fashioned coiffure of Tessie. They studied it. They picked it to pieces. They wondered about it. For Tessie's

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tresses were not done in the mode of the moment. They were not plastered down over her ears. Not for Tess of the Oelrichs the Cleo de Merode fancy in locks. Burlingame at the ball had many theories: Tessie wanted to show her pretty ears; Tessie was hard of hearing and didn't want to miss anything; Tessie was getting negligent. One matron suggested that perhaps Newport had a newer style of which Burlingame was ignorant. "Maybe we're behind the times while Tessie is up to date," said this heretical matron. But her preposterous notion was laughed to scorn.

Will Our Smart Set Take a Chance?

So Cavaliere is coming to San Francisco! One wonders whether society will be as enthusiastic over her as it has been over some of the other great stars of the operatic stage. Certainly it will enthuse in the theatre, but will it extend the glad hand? In other words will it take any chances? At one time Cavaliere was much petted by the smart set of New York. Mrs. Willie Vanderbilt invited her to a house party and presto! hubby fell madly in love with the raving beauty. Then the smart set, "Why not? Is it not fit punishment for Mrs. Willie's stupidity? Any woman who is so foolish as to invite Venus to her house ought to lose her husband." Cavaliere is one of the rarest of beauties. If you don't believe it ask some of her fellow artistes as I have done. Prima donnas are seldom generous in their comments about one another, but all the singers I have met say that Cavaliere is a poem of loveliness. They rhapsodize about her skin, her eyes, her mouth, her gleaming hair and the poise of her head. And I have talked only to the women. Fancy what the men must say.

The Princess' Nicknames

What is said to have been the most brilliant military affair ever given in the Islands was the farewell entertainment given at the army post, Schofield Barracks, before the Fifth Cavalry left Honolulu. The lioness of the occasion was the beautiful Princess Kawanakoa who seems to have recovered entirely from her distressing illness and who entered with her usual vivacity into the merriment of the occasion. By the way many people have difficulty in pronouncing the Princess' name. They would call her Abbie if they dared, but they don't, as she allows only her sisters to be so familiar. In San Francisco she was dubbed by one of our wits Princess "Can o' Cocoa," and by another Princess "Cornucopia." The Princess heard about these irreverent nicknames and was very angry.

Our Lenten Gaiety

Lent is supposed to be the penitential season. There is a fiction that gaiety is draped in sack-cloth immediately after the Mardi Gras. But it

is merely a fiction. The big subscription dances are not held, but there are plenty of others. And society's other forms of dissipation or diversion—call them what you will—are followed throughout the forty days of Lent with no abatement. There have been a number of rather pretentious dances already. There was the birthday dance given in honor of Mrs. Edgar Peixotto last Saturday. There was the Yama Yama dance given to the workers at the Society Circus by Miss Dorothy Dickens on Wednesday. And a number of others might be mentioned. Tea fights, bridge parties, at homes, theatre and supper parties have continued as gaily as if there were no season of penance. This is not to say that the churches have lacked attendance. We have plenty of pious Christians, but the number in smart society is rather small.

The Death of Bradley Martin

Bradley Martin's death in London calls up memories of the most famous ball ever given in the United States. I refer of course to the great Bradley Martin costume ball given at the Waldorf-Astoria on March 10, 1897. The hotel had just been completed and it was turned over in its entirety to the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Martin. The display of jewels, of priceless laces, of costly fabrics has never been surpassed in America. The leaders of society attended in costume and were waited on by three hundred lackeys. Pages were written about this ball in the newspapers for weeks afterwards and ministers devoted whole sermons to it. It fixed the membership of New York's exclusive society for a long time.

Is Gladys Superstitious?

Is Gladys Unger inclined to that harmless superstition which flouts or pretends to flout superstition by adopting the number thirteen as a symbol of luck? The question comes up because this clever San Francisco girl has just produced another play which is one of the hits of London. The play is called "The Son and Heir." Miss Unger points out that it is her thirteenth play, that it is produced in 1913 and that the title contains just thirteen letters. That isn't the reason it's a success, though. All of her plays up to date have succeeded. Most of them have been adaptations, but the latest is an original effort.

A Mystic at Tait's

In line with their desire to supply the unique and novel, the proprietors of the Tait-Zinkand Cafe have this week delved into the occult and have added a touch of mysticism in the person of Madame van Baker, a gifted psychic reader, who will read the future for the famous cafe's visitors between the afternoon hours of 3 and 6. Tait-Zinkand's with its pleasing decorations, attractive surroundings and restful music has always been a favorite spot to while away a half hour or so after an afternoon's theatre or shopping but this week there will be an interest and charm which only the unseen and mysterious can give. Madame van Baker is thoroughly trained in the lore of India, and at times displays a really marvelous insight, her prophesies frequently coming true with remarkable accuracy. And her presence among San Franciscans will be accepted, if not with credence, at least with considerable curiosity.

Where Will She Live?

Where will Ethel Dean live when she marries Fred Hussey? Probably in Pittsburg, for that is the seat of the Hussey family. But members are scattered quite a bit about the world. Fred's sister Clara married a de Villiers and lives in South Africa. John Hussey lives in this State, and Fred may decide to follow his example and so eschew Pittsburg and its smoke. Other members of the family are scattered elsewhere. Fred Hussey is a Princeton man. He belongs to the good clubs in the Smoky City, to the New York University Club and the Larchmont Yacht Club.

The Maud Dinner-Dance

One of the prettiest affairs given this season was the dinner-dance which Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Maud gave last Friday evening in the private dining room of the Hotel Stewart. The affair was a compliment to Mrs. Maud's son Clinton La Montaigne. A particularly pretty decorative scheme was carried out with pink and red roses at the smaller tables while the large table supported a mass of daffodils and delicate ferns. The Mauds and young La Montaigne sailed Saturday morning on a tour of the world. When they reach England the young man will enter Oxford to complete his studies.

Miss Mundell on "Louise"

Miss Esther Mundell, pupil of



15 Cents

for the Baby

Its delicate skin will be helped to health and comfort—without waste of money, by the pure soap, —the soap with the refreshing, invigorating qualities found in no other—the famous

Pears'
SOAP

15c. a Cake for the Unscented

Sarah Bernhardt

By Theodore Bonnet

Surely nobody expects a criticism of the acting of Sarah Bernhardt at this late day. The last word of criticism of Sarah Bernhardt was written years ago. She has passed into dramatic history. It is hardly to be disputed that she was the incomparable actress of her day. In the roles in which we have known her she was supreme, and though she is still able to exhibit many of those mimic graces that won her universal recognition as the arch-priestess of the histrionic art, it is the mood reverential not critical that she inspires. Let me not be misunderstood. Sarah Bernhardt is still the consummate crafts-woman, capable of imparting many a thrill, as one may learn at the Orpheum, and if years have dimmed the radiance of her, they have had no perceptible effect on her golden, caressing voice, so like a musical instrument in the variety and soulfulness of its tones. But with respect to

What memories does her name evoke! And how natural at this time and how sad to reflect on the precariousness of the passport that she who queened it through the years can offer to posterity. The mime's art is evanescent. An actor's finest impersonation perishes with him. Edison promises to make it immortal, but his invention has come too late for Sarah Bernhardt. In Charles Lamb's pages some of the old players that he loved preserve an exquisite existence, and similarly some magician of the pen may thrill another generation with memories of the stage of Bernhardt's day; but a conception of her artistry is something not to be handed down. It is a great privilege then for those who have never seen her to see her now, for notwithstanding her years there is still pleasure and educational value in her performances. If the energy of inspiration is gone there remains the method of one of the greatest actresses that ever lived. So much has been said of her feebleness that one looks for signs of it, but is soon absorbed in the play, for such is the facile mastery of her art and the imperial power of her voice that she plays on your emotions with her old-time skill and gives you the impression that there is still something electrical in her vitality. An interesting study is the mechanism of Sarah Bernhardt's craft with its infinitude of detail and suggestion, of niceties and devices, and above all with that mystic, elusive quality that makes so real every emotion that she counterfeits. There is educational value not only in the acting of Bernhardt but in the acting of her whole company. French actors are both born and made. The perfection of the histrionic art is to be found in the French theatre, and it is to be found this week at the Orpheum. This Bernhardt company shows how enthralling fidelity to truth is achieved. Study the method of M. Tellegen and you will see how different it is from the method

of the average American actor, how much effect is obtained without frantic effort, how passion is counterfeited without the aid of pedestrianism or harshness of voice. There is edification as well as diversion in vaudeville this week.

Phyllis Partington's Triumph

"Gypsy Love" provides Phyllis Partington with the background for a personal triumph. The young San Franciscan comes back to us a prima donna of great vocal confidence and cultivated stage bearing. She sings and acts as to the manner born. Her voice ranges freely and without timidity. Her notes are round and sweet. In solo or ensemble she dominates the stage without difficulty. Her dark beauty reinforces her vocal excellence, leaving nothing to be desired. The first curtain is lifted to reveal her on the darkened stage, an unusual introduction for a prima donna. She breaks the silence in a solo, "Defying the Storm," a difficult number which she renders with as much ease as spirit. This is our first taste of her quality; at its conclusion very few are sceptical about her ability. The doubters must be satisfied when she sings a duet "The Land of Fancy" with Jozsi the gypsy violinist. In this first act she has another duet with her betrothed, "Love is Like the Rose." When the curtain falls Phyllis Partington has won general approbation. In the cafe scene in the second act Miss Partington sings the insinuating "Melody of Love" with chorus. It is so well sung that it has to be repeated. Here we find that Miss Partington is a fiery actress when need be. She is sad, she is exalted; her eyes flash with passion and with anger; she fights for her gypsy love. Her success is clinched in the final act when she sings "I Will Give You All for Love." The first honors of the entire performance are easily hers. She returns to her home city, as some other singers have (and some alas! have



MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT
Who is creating quite a furore at the Orpheum

the Sarah Bernhardt of today I am sentimental rather than critical; not that her art is no longer to be taken seriously, but that it stirs the imagination somewhat less than the impressive personality of the remarkable woman herself whose honors and triumphs are interwoven with the fortunes and glories of half a century of stage history and who will be followed in her retirement with the grateful and tender recollections of all lovers of the drama. How is it possible to be otherwise than sentimental about Sarah Bernhardt? She has grown into a tradition.



MOLLY McINTYRE

The delightful Scotch actress who will be seen as Bunty in Graham Moffat's "Bunty Pulls the Strings" at the Cort for two weeks beginning Monday night, February 17

not) to justify her eastern reputation. Second honors rest with Arthur Albro, a young man with a voice of richness and spirit. He is true gypsy in his impetuous but fickle lovmaking. This is not to slight the rest of the company. All acquit themselves well. Even the comedians must be congratulated on their heroic struggle with the low-class humor which the Smiths have associated with the beautiful Lehar music.

—Edward F. O'Day.

The Opening of the Tivoli

Quite the most important announcement made this season was that of W. H. Leahy, manager of the Tivoli Opera House, giving to the waiting public the exact date of the opening of the new Tivoli Opera House and the beginning of the seat sale. Since Monday there has been a constant stream of season ticket purchasers at the box office of Sherman, Clay & Co. On Wednesday night, March 12, the Tivoli will start in where it left off in 1906, and will continue, as it did for over thirty years, to educate the people in music. Tetrzzini is accorded the honor and responsibility of opening the Tivoli, and assisted by the Chicago Grand Opera Company will be heard in "Rigoletto." Then will follow sixteen performances of grand opera by the Chicago Grand Opera Company, of which Cleofonte Campanini is the general musical director, and Andreas Dippel the general manager. The Chicago Grand Opera Company is not only an organization of the first class but includes in its roll of singers many of the most famous artists of the age and a repertoire that is comprehensive and extensive. Its performances will be sung in French, Italian, German and English, and each cast will be made up of artists who have gained celebrity in practically every musical center of Europe and the United States. In the performance of "Lucia" the exponent of that difficult and exacting role will be Tetrzzini, unquestionably the greatest coloratura soprano in the world. Miss Mary Garden who will be heard in the title part of "Thais," stands supreme as the interpreter of modern French opera, and in this role in particular is conceded by all critics to have no peer. In Wagner's "Die Walkeure," an all star cast which includes such celebrated names as Minnie Saltzman-Stevens, Jane Osborn Hannah, Eleanora de Cisneros, Charles Dalmores, Clarence Whitehill, and Henri Scott will be heard. Mabel Riegelman and Marie Cavan who will sing the two principal roles in "Hansel and Gretel" are two of the best known of the younger generation of American singers, while Helen Stanley, another American, and Giuseppe Gaudenzi and Mario Sammarco who sing the leading parts in "Pagliacci," are also equally well known. Armand Crabbe, Adele Legard, Louise Berat, Helen Warum and Emilio Venturini who will sing the other roles in "Hansel and Gretel" and "Pagliacci," have won many laurels in their art. The sale of season tickets will continue at the box office of Sherman, Clay & Co. until Saturday evening, March 1, and the sale of seats for single performances will open at the Tivoli Opera House, Monday morning, March 3. Mail orders for season tickets will be received and filled now. Mail orders for one or more single performances will be received now and filled in the order of their receipt, as near the desired location as possible, after the close of the subscription sale and before the opening of the window sale. Special attention will be paid to out of town patrons. All communications should be directed to and checks made payable to W. H. Leahy, manager of the Tivoli Opera House, San Francisco.

The Genee Ballet

The sale of seats for the Adeline Genee Ballet

season will open Monday morning at Sherman, Clay & Co's and Kohler & Chase's. No such attraction has visited this city, with the exception of the Pavlowa company, and the Genee productions are said to be even more beautiful and artistic than the Russian. The scenery is all by C. J. Harker of London, many years scenic artist for Sir Henry Irving, and the costumes were all made by Miss Hastings, the costumer to the Court of England. The feature is Adeline Genee herself. She is admitted to be the most fascinating and artistic dancer living. Assisting Genee will be M. Volinin, the famous Russian dancer, Mlle. Schmolz who was here with Pavlowa, Genee's corps de ballet from the Coliseum of London and her magnificent symphony orchestra under the baton of C. J. M. Glaser. Manager Will Greenbaum announces that there will be two programs arranged as follows: Opening night, Monday, February 24, and the following Wednesday and Friday nights and Saturday afternoon, "La Danse," a history of dancers, dancing and its music from 1710 to 1845. In this work Mlle. Genee will impersonate Mlle. Prevost, Mlle. Camargo, Mlle. La Salle, Mlle. Taglioni and other famous dancers, costuming the parts according to portraits. First the Rigaudon, Musette Chaconne, Tambourin and other old forms of the dance will be interpreted by Genee, Volinin, Schmolz and the assisting artists. Then the dances for which Mozart, Gluck and Chopin composed such exquisite music will be given, followed by the evolution of the waltz from the

time of its introduction to France as the Tyrolienne until its form as developed by Johann Strauss. This historical series of dances and music will conclude with the Ballade from the ballet "Coppelia" by Delibes—the last word in the ballet music of the Franco-Italian school. The second part of the program will consist of the complete divertissement with its dramatic scenes from Meyerbeer's opera "Robert the Devil," and by special request Genee will add her famous Hunting Scene which she dances in full hunting costume to the melodies of old English hunting songs by John Peel. On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday nights the program will consist of the dramatic pantomime-ballet "La Camargo" in one act with a cast of seven characters. This work illustrates an incident in the life of La Camargo, the favorite dancer of Louis XV. The second part will consist of a series of pas de deux by Volinin and Schmolz, a Menuet a la Trianon by the corps de ballet and numerous special dances by Genee, and a repetition of the Hunting Scene. The orchestra will also play appropriate concert numbers.

The Mischa Elman Farewell

Mischa Elman will give his farewell concert at Scottish Rite Auditorium this Sunday afternoon. The program has been changed since it was first announced to comply with the many requests for the Mendelssohn Concerto which will accordingly be played in place of the Goldmark work. Mozart's exquisite Sonata for piano



MME. NORDICA

At Columbia Theatre Sunday afternoon, February 23, and Ye Liberty, Oakland, Tuesday afternoon, February 25

and violin (No. 10); Handel's Sonata in E major, the Melodie of Gluck-Wilhelmj, the Serenade of Schubert-Elman, the Gavotte of Mozart-Auer, the Sarabande of Sulzer and the Caprice Basque by Sarasate will complete the offering.

The Beel Quartet

The final concert of the Beel Quartet has been postponed to Sunday afternoon, March 2, at the St. Francis, instead of the evening of February 18 as scheduled. This will give many who cannot attend the evening concerts an opportunity of hearing San Francisco's finest musical organization. The program will be the finest ever of-



NAPOLÉON

The wonderful chimpanzee at Pantages

ferred here, consisting of a String Quintet by Schubert and a Sextet by Brahms, while Miss Virginie De Fremery and Mr. Beel will play the Kreutzer Sonata by Beethoven.

Nordica Concerts

Mme. Lillian Nordica will give but one concert in San Francisco this season, the date being Sunday afternoon, February 23, at the Columbia. She will sing works in German, French and English as follows, Grand Aria from "Tannhauser," Wagner; The Erlking, Schubert; "Ich Grolle Nicht," Schumann; "Am Manzanares," Jensen; Two Japanese Songs, Cadman; "Ariette," Vidal; "Mandoline," Debussy; "Chanson de Bacchante," Bemberg; "Le Nil" (with violin obligato) Leroux; and numbers by Bleichman, Arensky and Rachmaninoff. Mr. William Morse Rummel, the violin virtuoso who is Mme. Nordica's assisting artist will play Kreisler's "Caprice Viennois" and the Kreisler-Pugnani "Prelude and Allegro," Sarasate's "Introduction and Tarantelle" and works by Tor Aulin, Zarzycki and Joachim. Mr.

Romayne Simmons will be the accompanist. In Oakland Mme. Nordica will repeat this program at Ye Liberty Playhouse on Tuesday afternoon, February 25, at 3:15 p. m. and the seat sale will open at Ye Liberty box office next Thursday morning.

"Bunty Pulls the Strings" at the Cort

The whimsical comedy of Scotch life "Bunty Pulls the Strings" will be given at the Cort for the first time Monday night, February 17. The engagement is limited to two weeks with the usual Wednesday and Saturday matinees. Judging by the mail orders that have been pouring into the box-office for the past fortnight, the engagement will challenge that of "The Blue Bird"

AMUSEMENTS



MISCHA

ELMAN

LAST CONCERT

THIS SUNDAY AFTERNOON

FEBRUARY 16th at 2:30

SCOTTISH RITE AUDITORIUM

Tickets, \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00, at Sherman, Clay & Co's and Kohler & Chase's.

Steinway Piano

NORDICA

IN ONE CONCERT ONLY
COLUMBIA THEATRE

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 23rd at 2:30
Popular Prices—75c, \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.00.

Box Offices Open Next Wednesday at Sherman, Clay & Co's and Kohler & Chase's. Mail Orders to Will L. Greenbaum.

NORDICA IN OAKLAND

TUESDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 25 at 3:15

Ye Liberty Playhouse

Seats Ready Next Thursday

Adeline

GENEE



Adeline

GENEE

The World's Greatest Dancer
Assisted by M. Volinin, Mlle. Schmolz, Corps de Ballet
and Grand Orchestra direct from Metropolitan Opera
House. Original Scenery, Costumes, etc., from
the Coliseum, London

at
VALENCIA THEATRE

STARTING MONDAY NIGHT, FEBRUARY 24th
Monday, Wednesday, Friday Night and Saturday Matinee
"LA DANSE"

Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday Nights

"LA CAMARGO"

Prices, \$2.50, \$2.00, \$1.50 and \$1.00. Box Seats, \$3.00.
Box Offices Open MONDAY at Sherman, Clay & Co's
and Kohler & Chase's. Address Mail Orders to Will L.
Greenbaum enclosing check or money order. Special atten-
tion to country orders.
Coming—LUEVINNE, Pianist. YSAÏE, A Violinist.

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Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon. Matinee Every Day
Most Positively Last Week

MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT

Direction Martin Beck

Sunday and Monday Matinees and Nights "Phedre";
Tuesday Matinee and Night "Camille"; Wednesday and
Saturday Matinees and Nights "One Christmas Night";
Thursday Matinee and Night "La Tosca"; Friday Matinee
and Night "Lucrece Borgia."

TOGETHER WITH A GREAT VAUDEVILLE SHOW

Evening Prices—Orchestra, \$1.00; Pox and Loge Seats,
\$1.50; Dress Circle, 50c and 75c; Balcony, 25c and 50c;
Gallery, 10c.

Matinee Prices—Orchestra, 75c and \$1.00; Box and Loge
Seats, \$1.50; Dress Circle, 50c and 75c; Balcony, 25c
and 50c; Gallery, 10c.
Phones, Douglas 70 and Home C 1570.

COLUMBIA THEATRE

The Leading Playhouse. Geary and Mason Sts.
Phones, Franklin 150 and Home C 5783

Nightly including Sunday—Matinees Wed. and Sat.
Second and Last Week Begins Monday, February 17th
FRANZ LEHAR'S OPERETTA
The Success of London, New York, Boston, Philadelphia,
Chicago and San Francisco

"GYPSY LOVE"

Company of 100—Enlarged Orchestra
Evenings and Saturday Matinee, \$2 to 25c
Wednesday Matinee, 25c to \$1.50.
Monday, February 24—One Week Only WM. H. CRANE
in his new comedy "The Senator Keeps House."

ALCAZAR THEATRE

O'Farrell, near Powell. Phones, Kearny 2 and Home C 4455

Monday Evening, February 17th, and Throughout the Week

EVELYN VAUGHAN and BERT LYTELL

Leading the Alcazar Company in

"THE THIRD DEGREE"

A Play of Perverted Police Power, by Charles Klein,

Author of "The Lion and the Mouse"

Prices: Night, 25c to \$1; Matinees: 25c to 50c.

Matinees: Thursday, Saturday and Sunday

CORT

Leading Theatre

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Last Time Saturday Night "Naughty Marietta"
No Sunday Performance

"BUNTY PULLS THE STRINGS"

Commencing Monday Night, February 17th—Two Weeks
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday

Messrs. Shubert and William A. Brady Announce

By Graham Moffat

The Play Your Friends Have Been Telling You to See
Night and Saturday Matinee—50c to \$2. \$1 Wed. Mat.
Extra—2 Performances Only—Sunday, February 23rd,
Rainey's African Hunt Motion Pictures.

Pantages Theatre

Market Street, Opposite Mason

Week Starting Sunday Matinee, February 16

DAISY HARCOURT

Cyclonic English Comedienne

Special Feature

LITTLE HIP

Tiniest Baby Elephant in the World and His Pal, Napoleon
6 OTHER STAR ACTS

Matinee Daily at 2:30. Nights, 7:15 and 9:15. Sunday
and Holidays Matinees at 1:30 and 3:30. Nights Con-
tinuous from 6:30.

Prices—10c, 20c and 30c.

**SAN FRANCISCO
ORCHESTRA**

HENRY HADLEY-CONDUCTOR

Supplementary Season of Symphony Concerts

at the

CORT THEATRE

on the afternoons of

Friday, February 21st, 28th, March 7th, and

Sunday, March 9th, 1913

SPECIAL PRICES—35c, 50c, 75c and \$1.00

NEXT WEEK

Program will include Weber, Overture, "Der Freischuets,"
Edward F. Schneider, Symphony No. 1 in A Minor, "In
Autumn Time," Rachmaninoff, Prelude in C sharp Minor,
orchestrated by Adolf Rosenbecker, Smetana, Symphonic
Poem, "Vltava."

SOLOISTS:

Irma Seydel, Violinist—Friday, February 28th, 1913
Louis Persinger, Violinist—Friday, March 7th, 1913.
Seats on sale at box offices of Sherman, Clay & Co.,
Kohler & Chase, and the Cort Theatre.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE

Opening March 12, 1913

PUBLIC SUBSCRIPTION SALE NOW ON
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Chicago Grand Opera Company

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Mail Orders for Season Tickets received and filled now.
For one or more single performances received now, filled
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Special attention given orders of out-of-town patrons.
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PIANOS—GRAND AND UPRIGHT

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for attendance. The play has had a most successful career. In London it ran two years. New York supported it for two seasons; Chicago for six months. It is interpreted by an all-Scotch company, which includes Miss Molly McIntyre as Bunty. The Cort announces a matinee and evening performance on Sunday, February 23, of Paul J. Rainey's African Hunt. "Bunty" does not give Sunday performances.

Bernhardt at the Orpheum

Next week will be Madame Bernhardt's last at the Orpheum. The following programs will be presented: Sunday and Monday matinees and nights "Phedre," acts 1 and 2; Tuesday matinee and night fifth act "Camille;" Wednesday matinee and night third act of "La Tosca;" Friday matinee and night third act "Lucrece Borgia." Several new acts will be introduced. John and Winnie Hennings, "The Kill Kare Kouple," will make their first appearance here. Hennings is an excellent eccentric dancer, his piano playing is unique and he sings. Winnie Hennings is pretty, a clever actress and cornet soloist. Mr. and Mrs. Jack McGreevey will present "The Village Fiddler and the Country Maid." Ignatius Cardosh, the European pianist, will be heard in favorite selections. Next week will be the last of "And They Lived Happy Ever After;" McMahon, Diamond and Clemence and Josie Heather.

"The Third Degree" at the Alcazar

"The Third Degree" which by many competent critics has been pronounced Charles Klein's masterpiece, is announced to follow "The Talk of New York" at the Alcazar, commencing Monday

night, with Evelyn Vaughan, Bert Lytell and the full strength of the stock company in the cast. Any play by the author of "The Music Master," "The Lion and the Mouse" and "The Gamblers" is bound to possess a high order of dramatic worth, so it occasioned no surprise when "The Third Degree" captured the foremost place on Broadway a few years ago and retained it throughout a season which was notable for meritorious stage offerings. Its superior attractiveness was undoubtedly owing to the fact that, like most of Klein's other works, it was written with a reformatory purpose and laid bare some public abuses which exposure might serve to abolish. Whereas in "The Lion and the Mouse" certain questionable methods of high finance were attacked, "The Third Degree" assails unjust and inhumane perversion of police power to promote the personal ambition of those to whom it is entrusted. No theme could be more pertinent at a time when the police system of almost every American city is undergoing investigation with a view to making it less of a self-helping agency and more of an organized instrument for the protection of the lives and property of the people who maintain it. There will be only one week of "The Third Degree," as the management has decided to accede to popular request by reviving on Monday evening after next David Belasco's great costume play, "Sweet Kitty Bellairs" in which Miss Vaughan has scored one of her most emphatic triumphs.

William H. Crane at the Columbia

The second and final week of "Gypsy Love" at the Columbia begins Monday. Matinee Wed-

nesdays and Saturdays. "The Senator Keeps House" is a play by Martha Morton in which William H. Crane appears at the Columbia Monday, February 24. It provides the star with a congenial role, for it is one of those homelike and charming presentations which have so long been expected of him. Mr. Crane's present vehicle has been proved. It ran for four months in New York last season. The original production and company will come with Mr. Crane.

Daisy Harcourt at Pantages

Daisy Harcourt, a ripping comedienne from one of the most famous London halls, is the top feature on the new bill at Pantages this Sunday matinee. She makes several changes of costume and is a cyclone of mirth in her coster songs. The kiddies and grown-ups as well will have lots of fun when Little Hip, the tiniest baby elephant in the world and his pal Napoleon, trot on the stage. Napoleon is a chimpanzee. A humorous sketch called "Alias Trixie Kix" is a college story with a couple of rah rah boys as the main cut-ups. Beck and Henney are capable comedians who sing, chatter and play the piano. Beck is an eccentric wooden shoe dancer. Del Barty and Jap are an odd pair of entertainers. Jap is a white brindle pup who plays musical instruments. The Cramers are fancy roller skaters, and the Roths Keller quartet will complete the bill.

The Symphony Concerts

This Friday afternoon the San Francisco Orchestra gave the second concert of the supplementary season of six symphony concerts. The third will be given Friday afternoon, February 21,

(Continued on Page 23)



ADELINE GENEÉ

The world's greatest dancer, and M. Volinin, coming here on February 24

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE BY GUARDIAN

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 1431, N. S.; Department No. 9.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of RICHARD BURKE, JUNIOR, a Minor.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, made on the 6th day of February, 1913, and filed herein on said day, in the matter of the estate and guardianship of Richard Burke, Junior, a minor, the undersigned, Richard Burke, as guardian of the person and estate of said minor, will sell at private sale to the highest bidder, for cash, in gold coin of the United States, on or after Monday, the 3rd day of March, 1913, and subject to confirmation by said Court, the undivided five twenty-fourths (5/24) interest of the estate of Richard Burke, Junior, a minor, in and to the following described real property, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at the southeasterly corner of Bush and Montgomery streets, which point is thirty-two (32) feet four and one-half (4½) inches easterly, at right angles, from the Monument line of Montgomery street; and running thence easterly along the southerly line of Bush street one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet six (6) inches, more or less, to a point which may be further described as being on the southerly line of Bush street distant easterly one hundred and seventy (170) feet three and one-half (3½) inches from the Monument line of Montgomery street, and also distant westerly two hundred and seventy-five (275) feet from the westerly line of Sansome street; thence at right angles southerly one hundred and fifty-four (154) feet to a point which is one hundred and seventy (170) feet three and one-half (3½) inches easterly, at right angles, from the Monument line of Montgomery street; thence at right angles westerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet six (6) inches to a point on the easterly line of Montgomery street, which point is distant easterly at right angles thirty-two (32) feet four and one-half (4½) inches from the Monument line of Montgomery street, also one hundred and fifty-four (154) feet southerly from the southerly line of Bush street; thence at right angles northerly along the said easterly line of Montgomery street one hundred and fifty-four (154) feet to the southeasterly corner of Bush and Montgomery streets and the point of commencement, being a portion of 50 Vara Block Number 56.

Ten (10) per cent of the bid payable at the time of sale and the balance upon confirmation of the sale by said Court; deed and abstract at the expense of purchaser; the purchaser to assume the payment and take the property purchased by him subject to all the State, county and other taxes, and all assessments of whatsoever name and nature that are now or may hereafter become chargeable to or a lien against the property purchased by him.

Offers of bids must be in writing and will be received and may be left at the office of Garret W. McEnerney, attorney for said guardian, Room 1277 Flood Building, San Francisco, California, or may be delivered to said guardian personally, or may be filed in the office of the Clerk of the above named Court at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of this sale.

RICHARD BURKE,

Guardian of the Person and Estate of Richard Burke, Junior, a Minor.

GARRET W. MCENERNEY, Attorney for Guardian, Room 1277 Flood Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-15-3

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Trade was exceedingly dull the past week and stocks were supplied on the little advances which occurred from time to time, but they were not pressed as prices began to ease off. There was moderate pressure on Southern Pacific and this stock fell under 104 for the first time this year and came within a small fraction of the low point touched in December. In banking circles a good deal of attention is given to the continuance on a large scale of the gold outflow. We have now sent out since the beginning of the year over \$23,000,000 in gold and the loss of reserve money must soon impress itself upon the money market in the shape of hardening interest rates. Some quarters of the money market already begin to show a firmer tone, and there are yet no indications that the gold export movement has about run its course. So long as the Balkan problem remains unsettled it can hardly be expected that Europe's gold will flow back into banking channels. It is said that large interests are doing very little in the market. This is generally the case in February and the market certainly reflects it. The Interboroughs were strong and the belief was expressed that inside interests had availed themselves of the recent decline to pick up the stock. Amalgamated Copper held very firm during the week and although the monthly trade figures made an unfavorable impression, the belief prevailed that important accumulation was in progress. It is said that one of the leading market operators has taken a bullish attitude on the stock. Although the market remained in a rut there was an exception in U. S. Rubber which sold up to 68, the highest price for which it ever sold. There was talk of an increase in the dividend to 6 per cent.

Wheat—The wheat market for some time past has seemed to hesitate between strong influences and weak, and has acted as if it was seeking the point of least resistance, and had much difficulty in finding it. The action of the market the last day or two however indicates that it has about ceased its hesitating attitude and entered into a period of activity and appreciating values. There is, to be sure, no evidence of any acute developments in the situation, and there are still some lingering features of a depressing nature, but the fact is patent to all that the volume of receipts in the primary markets since July 1 more than equals the excess in the yield of the crop from 1912 over that of 1911. As this surplus has all vanished except the slight addition, the present visible supply shows over that of a year ago. It is now a question whether there is really any more wheat in the country, or as much as there was last year at this time. What wheat there is is very unevenly distributed, and as the greater part of it will find its way to the market centers

of the Northwest and Southwest it will necessitate a continuance of a display of abnormally large receipts, compared with the production of the entire country, while the poverty of the yield east of the Mississippi will not be in evidence except as that part of the country must draw so much of its requirements from the western visible supply points, from now until a new crop is harvested.

Corn—The action of the corn market affords another example of how unduly depressed the price has been on account of the constant reiteration of big crop figures. There has now been a few months' movement of the new crop, and yet terminal stocks show but little increase from the almost exhausted supplies two or three months ago. The domestic demand absorbed the previous crop of corn from 75 to 80 cents for many months, and when prices declined below 50 cents on new crop prospects Europe bought so freely that the demand has kept pace with the supply, and with Argentine crop prospects greatly reduced, the foreign demand is likely to continue in evidence on any fair recession of values. The situation in this cereal seems to favor investment purchases on any fair reaction.

Cotton—Liverpool has been the leader in strength the past week and our market has followed their lead, although prices here did not respond to the full gain made abroad. There is an awakening of interest in the new crop futures and many are attracted to those options feeling they are relatively low in face of the decrease in the visible supply and the uncertainty of the new crop. The advance the past week has been gradual and on a healthy scale, reflecting the bullishness of the statistical position, and we rather expect a continuation of that advance. It is peculiar to human nature to want to overdo a thing and in overselling a record crop history will hardly show an exception to the rule. Just as the public oversold the corn crop this winter, so have they oversold our two record cotton crops coming together and aggregating 30,000,000 bales. The demand for a certain necessity must naturally increase with the growth of population, and while five years ago a 15,000,000 bale crop would undoubtedly have meant 8 cents for cotton, today that amount has become almost a necessity at a price 3 to 4 cents a pound in excess of a few years ago. The next question is, will we raise it? A great deal of talk has gone the rounds dealing with scientific farming. It is the foundation for a lot of bear ammunition, but actual figures show that scientific farming has not yet revolutionized the cotton industry. As far back as 1898 we raised 219 pounds of lint cotton to the acre on an average. That record has never been broken. Eleven years later in 1909 we only raised an average of 154.3 pounds.

Scientific farming will never supplant the element in a crop where climatic conditions are the ruling spirit. Another thing: Figures given by the Department of Agriculture in Washington state that the area covered by the boll weevil in the south increased 7,300 square miles during 1912. The total area last year was 278,800 against 271,500 square miles in 1911. Texas was the chief sufferer with Alabama and Mississippi coming next. When scientific farming has progressed to an extent where it can curtail the operations of this pest, it will be time enough to anticipate our ability to break records from year to year. In the absence of any further news regarding the new crop, we believe prices will gradually work to a higher level purely from a standpoint of supply and demand.

The Great Trouble

"What I want," said the young man, "is to get married and have a peaceful, quiet home."

"Well," replied his wiser and older friend, "sometimes it works that way, and sometimes it's like joining a debating society."

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Capital actually paid up in Cash.....1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....1,706,879.63
Employees' Pension Fund.....148,850.22
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SUMMONS IN PARTITION

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, No. 13,221.

James Maguire, Maud Gallagher, Frank Kelly, Charles Kelly, Clara Kelly, Thomas Kelly, John J. Barrett and Geo. C. Ross, Plaintiffs, vs. John Kelly, Henrietta Louise Westphal, Dora Rose Chase, James F. Kelly, Annie Clark, George Maguire, Frank Maguire, Mark F. Kelly, James T. Kelly, Augusta G. Kelly, Cecelia G. Kelly, Josephine G. Kelly, Irvin S. Knapp, James F. Kelly as administrator of the estate of Anne Askins, also known as and called "Ann" Askins, deceased, E. M. Galvin as administrator of the estate of John Burns, deceased, E. M. Galvin individually, Mary A. Burns, Milton F. Burns, John T. Burns, Lillian M. Burns, Alice G. Burns, Henry Burns, John First Doe, John Second Doe, John Third Doe, Jane First Doe, Jane Second Doe, Jane Third Doe, and to all persons unknown who have or claim any interest in or lien upon the property described in the complaint in this action, and hereinafter mentioned and described, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco in the office of the clerk of said Superior Court, John J. Barrett, Flood Building, San Francisco, and Ross & Ross, The First National Bank Building, Redwood City, California, attorneys for plaintiffs.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: John Kelly, Henrietta Louise Westphal, Dora Rose Chase, James F. Kelly, Annie Clark, George Maguire, Frank Maguire, Mark F. Kelly, James T. Kelly, Augusta G. Kelly, Cecelia G. Kelly, Josephine G. Kelly, Irvin S. Knapp, James F. Kelly as administrator of the estate of Anne Askins, also known as and called "Ann" Askins, deceased, E. M. Galvin as administrator of the estate of John Burns, deceased, E. M. Galvin individually, Mary A. Burns, Milton F. Burns, John T. Burns, Lillian M. Burns, Alice G. Burns, Henry Burns, John First Doe, John Second Doe, John Third Doe, Jane First Doe, Jane Second Doe, Jane Third Doe, and to all persons unknown who have or claim any interest in or lien upon the property described in the complaint in this action, and hereinafter mentioned and described, Defendants.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in the action brought against you by the above named plaintiffs in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after service on you of this summons, if served within said city and county; if served elsewhere within thirty days; and

YOU ARE HEREBY NOTIFIED that if you fail to so appear and answer plaintiffs will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint; and

YOU ARE HEREBY FURTHER NOTIFIED that said action is brought to obtain the judgment and decree of this Court as follows:

1. For the partition of the real property hereinafter mentioned, according to the respective rights of the persons interested therein;

2. For the general costs of this action, counsel fees and the costs of reference to be apportioned among the parties to said action, according to law;

3. That if partition cannot be made without great prejudice to the respective rights of the parties interested that said real property may be sold and the proceeds arising therefrom applied and apportioned according to law, and for general relief and for costs of suit.

That the real property affected by this action and which is sought to be partitioned consists of all that certain real property situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning on the westerly line of Mission Street one hundred and ninety (190) feet southerly from Twenty-sixth Street; running thence southerly on Mission Street three (3) feet seven (7) inches; thence southwesterly on Mission Street sixty-two (62) feet and six (6) inches; thence westerly ninety-five (95) feet; thence northerly forty-five (45) feet and six (6) inches; and thence at right angles easterly one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet to the point of beginning.

WITNESS my hand and the seal of the said Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 2d day of May, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) By L. J. WELCH, Deputy County Clerk.

JOHN J. BARRETT,

Flood Bldg., San Francisco, Cal., and

ROSS & ROSS,

The First National Bank Bldg., Redwood City, Cal., Attorneys for Plaintiffs. 2-15-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EMILE GIRARD, Deceased.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Emile Girard, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of S. J. Brun, Esq., her attorney, Room 905 of French American Bank of Savings Building, No. 110 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as the place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Emile Girard, deceased.

VIRGINIE GIRARD,

Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Emile Girard, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 25, 1913.

S. J. BRUN, Atty. for Executrix,

Room 905, 110 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal. 1-25-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MORRIS FREDRICK, Deceased.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the last will and testament of Morris Fredrick, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of G. C. Ringolsky, Esq., Rooms 805-807 Claus Spreckels Building, Third and Market Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Morris Fredrick, deceased.

MORRIS FREDRICK,

Executors of the Last Will and Testament of Morris Fredrick, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 8, 1913.

G. C. RINGOLSKY, ESQ., Atty. for Executors,

805-807 Claus Spreckels Bldg., San Francisco. 2-8-5

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 34,221.

JOHANNES BICKEL and MATILDA BICKEL (his wife), Plaintiffs, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Johannes Bickel and Matilda Bickel, plaintiffs, filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at the Northerly line of Fell Street at about distant thereon Fifty (50) feet Westerly from the Northwesterly corner of Fell and Scott Streets; thence running Westerly along said Northerly line of Fell Street Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Northerly One Hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Easterly Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Southerly One Hundred (100) feet to the Northerly line of Fell Street and point of commencement. Being part of Western Addition Block 446.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiffs are the owners of said property in fee simple absolute; that their title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover their costs herein and have such other relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 21st day of December, A. D. 1912.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in Town Talk newspaper on the 4th day of January, A. D. 1913.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: Names—Humboldt Savings and Loan Society (a corporation). Addresses—San Francisco, Cal.

JOHN F. HANLON, Atty. for Plaintiffs. 1-4-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EDWARD E. FITLER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the estate of Edward E. Fitler, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of his attorneys, Geo. F. Hatton and Hartley F. Peart, Rooms 514 to 518 Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Edward E. Fitler, deceased.

JOHN A. BECK,

Executor of the Estate of Edward E. Fitler, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 18, 1913.

GEORGE F. HATTON and HARTLEY F. PEART,

Attorneys for Executor, Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 1-18-3

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 45,883; Department No. 10.

TILLIE POOLLOS, also known as TILLIE POPPER, Plaintiff, vs. SAMUEL POOLLOS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: SAMUEL POOLLOS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 5th day of December, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

FRANK D. MACRETH, Atty. for Plaintiff,

706-707 Mutual Savings Bank Building, San Francisco, California. 12-04-30

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY BRISLAN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix and Executor, respectively of the last will of Mary Brislan, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix and executor at the office of Stafford & Stafford, Room 504 Grant Building, 1095 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Mary Brislan, deceased.

CATHERINE DIETERICH, Executrix and WILLIAM DIETERICH, Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Mary Brislan, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 18, 1913.

STAFFORD & STAFFORD, Attys. for Executors,

504 Grant Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 1-18-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JACOB BAUER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Henry Bauer, executor of the estate of Jacob Bauer, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said executor at the office of Wise, Sapiro & O'Connor, attorneys for said executor, Room 1009 First National Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Jacob Bauer, deceased.

HENRY BAUER,

Executor of the Estate of Jacob Bauer, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 1, 1913.

WISE, SAPIRO & O'CONNOR,

Attorneys for Executor, First National Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-1-13

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 13,221; Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of AMELIA FORD, deceased.

It appearing to the Court from the verified petition of John Ford, Administrator of the estate of Amelia Ford, deceased, that it is necessary to sell the whole of the following described real estate, to-wit:

That certain lot of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Lyon Street, distant thereon one hundred and fifty (150) feet northerly from the point formed by the intersection of the northerly line of Golden Gate Avenue with the westerly line of Lyon Street running thence northerly along the westerly line of Lyon Street twenty-five (25) feet, thence at a right angle westerly one hundred (100) feet, running thence at a right angle southerly one hundred (100) feet, running thence at a right angle easterly to the point of commencement.

It is hereby ordered that said petition be filed and that all persons interested in said estate appear before the above entitled Court, department number ten thereof, at its Courtroom in the temporary City Hall, Market Street between Eighth and Ninth Streets, San Francisco, at ten o'clock a. m. on Monday, the 17th day of March, 1913, to show cause why an order should not be granted by the Administrator for the sale of such estate as proposed in said petition and that a copy of this order be published in "Town Talk," a newspaper published in the City and County of San Francisco, once a week for four successive weeks.

Dated: February 8, 1913.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,

Judge of the Superior Court.

Filed: February 10, 1913. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By

E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

JOS. P. LUCEY, Atty. for Administrator,

Nevada Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-15-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 11,721; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of LOUISA M. MUIRHEAD, deceased.

KNOX MADDON, the Executor of the Estate of Louisa M. Muirhead, deceased, having this day filed a verified petition for authority to lease the real property belonging to the said estate hereinafter, for a period and at the rental hereinafter stated, and it appearing that the giving of the said lease will be advantageous to the said estate, it is ORDERED that all persons interested in the said estate be and they are hereby, required to appear before this Court on the 26th day of February, 1913, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Courtroom of the said Court, on the southeast corner of Market Street, between Eighth and Ninth Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be made authorizing and directing the said Knox Maddox, as such executor, to execute a lease of the real property belonging to the said estate hereinafter described, for a period of three years and seven months, at a minimum rental of Three Thousand Four Hundred (3400) Dollars.

The said real property is situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and is described as follows: All that portion of those certain store buildings on the ground or street floor of the Muirhead Building situated at the northeast corner of Market and Larkin Streets, known and designated as No. 14 Larkin Street, and also all that portion of the storage room in the northeast corner of the basement of the said building included between a line drawn inside of the first supporting post or pillar and parallel to the easterly line of the said building and a line drawn inside of the second of the said pillars and parallel to first said line, which said space is approximately eleven feet by twenty feet in size.

For further particulars reference is hereby made to the above mentioned petition on file herein.

It is further Ordered that a copy of this order be published once a week for two successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, February 6, 1913.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,

Judge of the said Superior Court.

JAMES A. BALLENTINE, Atty. for Executor,

387-595 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-6-13

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Varied Types

(Continued from Page 6.)

for "Borax" Smith's office in Oakland. The Los Angeles Orpheum has some of his sculpture.

All these things he did as well as he knew how. But the Indians and the desert life are his specialty. He hopes to be considered the sculptor of the desert as this man is the painter of the desert and that man the authority on its songs and myths. He is living in the Santa Cruz foothills near Los Altos because in his wanderings up and down the State he has found no place whose beauty appeals to him so strongly. There he is hard at work, doing the best that it is in him to do, trying to reflect credit upon himself and upon his adopted State. Will he do it? That's a question for the cognoscenti. So step up, all ye cognoscenti, and let us hear what ye have to say about the work of Joe Mora, adopted son of California.

Adah Isaacs Menken

(Continued from Page 8.)

which the author of "Pickwick," in his acknowledgement, very gallantly described as "pathetically written," although—if he had had to say the truth—he would, no doubt, have called them awful, with the prefix of one of the above-quoted sanguinary adjectives used by Adah.

Adah Menken had been married as frequently as the fair Lillian Russell of the present day. Her maiden name was Adelaide McCord, and she was born in 1835 near New Orleans. At the age of twelve she and her sister were members of the opera ballet in that city, and became known as the "Theodore Sisters" on the variety stage. Before she was seventeen she married, I believe, one of the brothers Davenport, but soon separated from him. Still in her 'teens, we next hear of her as "The Queen of the Plaza" and the favorite dancer at the Tacon Theatre in Havana. In '56, at Texas, she married a Jewish musician named Alexander Isaac Menken, whose name she subsequently always retained, only adding the final "s" to the Isaac. What became of Menken history does not record. In 1858 Adah met "The Benicia Boy," John C. Heenan, who had come East to fight the "Hon." John Morrissey. On April 3, 1858, she was married to Heenan in New York, and it was just about the time that he had been matched to fight Tom Sayers for the championship of the world in England that the couple were divorced. They say Heenan treated her in a most brutal and ignominious manner, but those who know the prizefighter deny this and say that a more childlike, generous and honorable man never lived than John C.

However this may be, Adah, in October, 1861, married R. H. Newell, the humorist (better known as Orpheus C. Kerr), although an Indiana court only divorced her from Heenan a year later!

Adah had first appeared as Mazeppa in June, 1861, at the Green Street Theatre in Albany, N. Y. She came to California with her new husband in 1863 and drew crowds to the old Grand Opera House in the same part. I believe it was only in May, 1867, that the New York Supreme Court divorced her from Newell.

After her last accident in Paris Adah did not again appear on the stage, but during the summer of '68 we find her occupying a little villa at Bougival. Dumas pere on one occasion was heard to remark jokingly to his son that he, in his old days, had a Marguerite, and was playing the part of Armand Duval at that little summer resort on the banks of the Seine.

Adah had an acute attack of peritonitis that summer (1868), to which she succumbed. She

died in August, and lies buried at Pere-la-Chaise, where her tombstone—bearing the simple words "Thou knowest"—is sometimes visited by a well known elderly American, a popular figure at all the bars in the Opera quarter.

Stage

(Continued from Page 20.)

the program including: Weber, Overture, "Der Freischuetz"; Edward F. Schneider, Symphony No. 1 in A Minor, "In Autumn Time," (first time in America); Rachmaninoff, Prelude in C sharp minor orchestrated by Adolf Rosenbecker; Smetana, Symphonic Poem "Vltava." Two soloists of ability have been secured; Irma Seydel, violinist, whose recent appearance with the Boston Symphony Orchestra was in the nature of a triumph; and Louis Persinger, violinist, who has appeared with more of the great symphony orchestras this season than any other violinist before the public. Miss Seydel will play Saint-Saens' concerto in B minor at the concert of Friday afternoon, February 28. Mr. Persinger will appear with the orchestra at the concert of Friday afternoon, March 7, and will play Lalo's Concerto No. 1, Op. 20.

Household Gossip

The Pillow case is being aired in the court again.

Mr. Cellarette was full of intoxicating liquor again yesterday. Policeman Key had to lock him up.

It is whispered that the latest addition to the popular Bed-room set is a swell dresser.

Mr. Storeroom has become real chesty since he acquired his new trunks. He is going to go in for winter bathing.

Mr. Sofa has been sat on so often that he is beginning to feel depressed.

Mrs. Broom created a sensation at the annual Moth Ball last night when she came sweeping into the room in a panier skirt.

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About half way Jack Horner became ravenous and came to the conclusion that it was foolish of him to starve while he was the custodian of a pie. So he broke the crust and put in his thumb and pulled out—a roll of parchments! The disgusted Jack Horner chucked the lot into an adjacent brook.

The non-arrival of the deeds caused Bluff King Hal to suspect the abbot of contumacy, so his majesty commanded that the poor cleric should be hanged.

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OF SAN FRANCISCO

AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS, FEBRUARY 4, 1913

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Other U. S. Bonds at Par	50,000.00
Other Bonds	3,292,330.98
Other Assets	316,946.00
Customers' Liability on Letters of Credit	1,571,073.99
Cash and Sight Exchange	11,213,930.33
	\$40,245,218.89

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock	\$ 4,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits	1,699,466.93
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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXI. No. 1070

SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 22, 1913

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXI.

San Francisco, February 22, 1912

No. 1070



WM. H. CRANE

From his latest photograph taken last year in Bavaria. Mr. Crane will appear at the Columbia Theater, on Monday night next, in his latest comedy success "The Senator Keeps House."

TOWN TALK

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Lest We Forget

"These (sentiments all-important to the permanency of the public welfare) will be offered to you with the more freedom as you can only see in them the disinterested warnings of a parting friend who can possibly have no personal motive to bias his counsel.

Toward the preservation of your government and the permanency of your present happy state, it is necessary not only that you steadily discountenance irregular opposition to its constituted authority, but also that you resist with care the spirit of innovation upon its principles, however specious the pretext. One method of assault may be to effect in the forms of the Constitution alterations which will impair the energy of the system, and thus to undermine what cannot be directly overthrown. In all the changes to which you may be invited, remember that time and habit are at least as necessary to fix the true character of governments as of other human institutions; that experience is the surest standard by which to test the real tendency of the existing conditions of a country; that facility in changes upon the credit of mere hypothesis and opinion exposes to perpetual change from the endless variety of hypothesis and opinion. . . . It is important, likewise, that the habits of thinking in a free country should inspire caution in those entrusted with its administration to confine themselves within their respective constitutional spheres, avoiding in the exercises of the powers of one department, to encroach upon another. The spirit of encroachment tends to consolidate the powers of all the departments in one, and thus to create, whatever the form of government, a real despotism."—From Washington's Farewell Address.

Material For Musical Comedy

Last week we observed that our municipal railway was not such a superb success as our passionate propagandists of municipal ownership would have us believe. Hardly was the paper off the press when the dailies reported that the rolling stock on Geary street was not satisfactory either to the City Engineer's department or to Superintendent Cashin. Our exact words on this very subject were,—"If Pat Calhoun had equipped a road with rolling stock of

the kind that is in Geary street E. P. E. Troy would have had no difficulty in organizing an indignation meeting with murder in its heart." Perhaps neither City Engineer O'Shaughnessy nor Superintendent Cashin will consider it the part of discretion to concur in what we have said, yet far more caustic are they in their commentary on San Francisco's experiment in the street railroad business. They have virtually pronounced the Geary street cars "impossible," and these gentlemen speak not out of consideration of the comfort of the public. Their objection to the cars is that they are impracticable from a business standpoint. An official of the city's engineering department is quoted thus: "What the people want in the rush hours is room to ride, and this they cannot get on Geary street." The official tells us "the cars are too narrow, their platform space is badly arranged, they are too heavy and their seating arrangement is bad." In other words the taxpayers' money was thrown away. However, "aisy comes, aisy goes." In the immortal words of a modest Supervisor "we have money enough to throw to the birds, and if at first we don't succeed we must try, try again." Because the Arnold design was a colossal blunder the Supervisors are asked to spend about ten thousand dollars to send men East to get ideas for a new design. Here is material for George Ade if he is in the mood to write a rattling good, side-splitting musical comedy. That he may find characters ready to hand we suggest that E. P. E. Troy and Supervisors Dan Murphy and Koshland be appointed the Committee on New Design. To give the thing a high-brow touch he might use a drunken sailor to symbolize the people of San Francisco and represent the marine person in the act of receiving knock-out drops from an individual dressed in a yellow newspaper streaked with shrieking headlines.

A City's Sad Plight

Perhaps, after all, it would have been better had Mayor Rolph appointed the Committee of One Thousand as suggested by the Examiner. Who knows but that wise counsel might have resulted from the deliberations of a multitude? Considering that the Examiner has substituted itself for the Committee of One Thousand how has the city gained by the transaction? The present course of events in this city is ordered by the Examiner, and the prospect gives us no thrill of delight. Far from it. Sensible as we are of what is happening in other less tormented communities in this State, and realizing to the full the pathetic plight of San Francisco where all is confusion and discord, it is no easy matter to maintain our habitual optimistic attitude. Contentment at this time would be almost blasphemous. San Francisco at this time is like a drunken man staggering along the street, clutching wildly at vacancy. Surely the city would not have been worse off had it taken the Examiner's advice and thus forestalled the Examiner's dictatorship. There is nothing of solace in regrets and repinings upon what might have been and there is something

wonderfully pathetic in the idea of mistakes in life even before there comes a distinct impression of the consequences. Hence the melancholy mood in which we watch the antics in officialdom while the Examiner holds the hoop and snaps the lash. Now it would be most difficult to round up anywhere in this community one thousand men so devoid of common sense as to make existing confusion worse confounded. So we believe it was a grave mistake to let the Examiner choose blindfold for us in matters of lasting interest to the whole city. We objected to the appointment of a Committee of One Thousand because naturally we suspected that it would be packed by the Examiner, but now we freely confess it would have been well to have taken a chance. What we really need is a body of citizens commanding respect and deference to take hold of the situation and administer a course of treatment to the servile gallery-players who now constitute the Government of this wretched and languishing city. We are rapidly approaching a very grave crisis, and the general sentiment appears to be that we can blunder through it somehow, but unless something be done very speedily there is no salvation for us. The water problem has to be settled, and there must soon be definite and positive assurance of adequate transportation facilities. And these are not the only matters that require attention. There are others of considerable importance. It is evident there is friction between the Mayor and the Supervisors. This is no time for dissension in the Government itself. It would not be well for sanitary conditions to provoke criticism, yet the Supervisors announced the other day that as the Board of Health was incompetent no appropriation would be made for the maintenance of the health department. This in itself is a situation that should be dealt with as speedily as possible. And it is a situation that makes us doubly apprehensive since the demand of the hour is for more excursions in the field of municipal ownership. Indeed the Examiner through its puppets in public office has committed us to public ownership and served notice on private capital that it need not apply. We are to be allowed to do nothing but pay more taxes that certain small-fry politicians may have greater responsibilities, though it is apparent that what they already have is immeasurably beyond their capacity.

What the People May Do

According to the universal law of compensation evils bring blessings, and so it is that we find good resulting from the demagogic activities of the mob-coddling press. If we could be assured that after vesting the people with more power the people would employ their power to discipline the press, to curb it and purify it, to make it respect truth, reject falsehood and quit poisoning the public mind and wreaking vengeance on self-respecting public servants, we should have less reason to deplore the drift toward unbridled democracy. Now the signs of the times seem to justify the hope that such may be the blessings with which

Providence purposes to compensate us in the event of our abandoning representative government. As soon as Progressivism took hold of Congress steps were taken to restrain the press from selling its editorial columns. Last week the Arkansas Legislature started a movement that may result in the busting of one of the worst of all trusts—the Associated Press. Who knows but that presently the people will perceive the urgent necessity of amending the laws of libel! Now that they have the referendum what is there to stop them from protecting themselves from the worst of all tyrants? It must be apparent to every intelligent person that under the despotism of a licentious press we have far from attained to a genuine and universal liberty. We are frequently advised by certain dailies to look to England to see how justice is administered. May it not be well to look to England to see what laws are there for the protection of the citizen against libel and wanton abuse?

Why Paris Is the Vogue

Once again we are told that Paris is losing its influence as the dictator of fashions in women's dress. This bare statement might invite credence were it not accompanied by an indictment of Parisian modes by way of explanation of the waning of French influence. The charge against Paris is that it has abused its trust by designing freakish and audacious models. Witness: the jupe culotte (whatever that is) which has proved a deplorable failure, and skirts in which no woman can walk gracefully. This is stuff and nonsense. Audacity and freakishness are two of the essentials of fashionable dress. And it has been ever thus. Read any of the old essayists of France or England and you will find that they inveighed against fashion because it was "the abortive issue of vain ostentation and exclusive egotism." Centuries ago fashion was described as "whatever was ridiculous when new and odious when common." Hazlitt tells us there is never a reason for its fluctuations save that it is "the newest absurdity." Pascal described it as "a tyrant of fantastic tastes." When Paris loses its vogue it will not be as a result of the audacity of its modes. Not until greater facility in freakishness is developed elsewhere will the women of fashion take their trade away from the giddy French capital.

Stirring Things Up

In New York where Mr. Hearst has been trying to compel deference to his views as to how the new subway should be built he has met with many rebuffs. Consequently he is very indignant; and when Mr. Hearst is very indignant he is also rampageous and inclined to run amuck. In the midst of his spasm of indignation he directed his incendiary editor Arthur Brisbane to dash off an inflammatory editorial, and that facile and vigorous writer proceeded to imitate Camille Desmoullins at his worst. A man of saturnalian tastes, like the editor of *La Lanterne* who, it will be remembered, per-

ished by the thing he often played with, Brisbane is never so fluent as when suggestionizing his unbalanced readers with reflections calculated to goad them into reckless fury. So when Hearst maddened by inattention gave orders for the rousing of the rabble, Brisbane let himself go and suffused a whole page of the *Evening Journal* with the vapors of his seething brain. These were the headlines: "You Money Men, Trust Owners! Do You Want to Force the People to Confiscation? If You Steal Their Property, Why Should They Not Confiscate Yours? That Will Come—and Soon—if You are Not Careful." These utterances are almost a clean steal from the pages of the *Vieux Cordelier*. Twice in the editorial there is an inflammatory reference to the French Revolution. Also there is the warning that when the time of revolution and confiscation comes "the good may suffer with the bad," and that then the people will be "in a mood to listen to violent men." There are also direct threats of assassination. The *New York World* which has been in sympathy with Hearst in his agitation against subway contracts, says that the mind of the populace is not greatly influenced by such demagoguery. The *Evening Post* concludes from this that the *World* now perceives that "it has gone too far and is in bad company." The *Sun* declares the "main question" to be whether the editorial "indicates the general position of Mr. Hearst's powerful battery of widely circulated newspapers; whether behind a politic pretence of respect for the forms of law and the traditions of public order there is in that quarter an actual willingness to put on the red cap when the occasion comes and beckon the infuriated populace on toward the confiscation and destruction of property and even toward the *Place de la Revolution*." If this be so, in the judgment of the *Sun*, the peril is not to our institutions but to "the unfortunate instigators of and participants in the experiment." Which may be so, but meanwhile the gentleman who appears to be the divinely appointed scourge of the American people is "stirring things up" in New York as well as in San Francisco in accordance with his most cherished newspaper policy. We are not so sanguine as the *Sun* respecting the endurance of our institutions, nor do we believe the "instigators of the experiment" will find themselves in great peril. Mr. Hearst finds it easy to conduct experiments from remote and unfrequented corners of the earth.

Bierce's Thumb-Nail Sketch

The *Sun* may find an answer to the "main question" as to whether the Brisbane editorial indicates "the general position of Mr. Hearst's powerful battery" by consulting the last volume of the *Collected Works of Ambrose Bierce* from the press of the Neale Publishing Company. This volume is entitled "In Motley." It deals with many interesting topics, but there is nothing in the whole volume more characteristic of the manner of the great satirist than

"A Thumb-Nail Sketch," the subject of which is William Randolph Hearst. In this sketch Mr. Hearst may see himself as others see him who have known him as intimately as Bierce. One cannot read that sketch without receiving the impression that to find in history a counterpart of Mr. Hearst one must turn to those pages that recite the horrors of the French Revolution. Bierce tells us he was never asked to express in the Hearst papers an opinion that was not his own, but that he was sometimes asked to refrain from expressing opinions that he held. "During several weeks of a great railroad strike in California," he says, "when mobs of ruffians stopped all railway trains, held the State capital and burned, plundered and murdered at will he (Hearst) laid me off, continuing, of course, my salary"; and some years later, when striking employees of the street railways were devastating St. Louis, pursuing women through the street and stripping them naked, he suggested that I "let up on that labor crowd." We learn from Bierce that in matters of industrial discontent "it has always been a standing order in the editorial offices of the Hearst newspapers 'to take the side of the strikers without inquiry or delay'" and that until he was bitten by political ambition "not a word of warning or rebuke to murderous mobs ever appeared in any column of his papers, except my own." Speaking of his withdrawal from Hearst's employment Bierce says: "I am not sorry that, discovering no preservative allowable under the pure food law that would enable him to keep his word overnight, I withdrew, and can now without impropriety, speak my mind of him as freely as his generosity, sagacity or indifference once enabled me to do of his political or industrial doctrines, in his own papers." Probably there are no observations in this sketch more valuable to those who would account for the attitude of Hearst toward men and things than these: "Silent and smiling, he moves among men, the loneliest man. Nobody but God loves him and he knows it; and God's love he values only in so far as he fancies that it may promote his amusing ambition to darken the door of the White House."

Why Hearst Wants Intervention

Ever since the Progressives of Mexico turned things upside down William Randolph Hearst has been doing his level best to precipitate intervention. What pretext there was for intervention we have never been able to ascertain. It was certainly not to be justified by any of the principles which have obtained the general assent of civilized mankind and which form the groundwork of international law. While there remains a semblance of government in Mexico what right have we to assume the role of policeman? To say that the Monroe Doctrine imposes on us the obligation to protect foreigners in Mexico is to utter flubdub. The Monroe Doctrine has covered many transgressions, but precedents established by a lawless President under pretence of living up to the spirit of the Monroe Doctrine are

not binding on his successors. At this writing there may be reason to feel that provocation to intervention may occur; and if Congress is to be given full power to act there may be intervention without provocation, but not at any time up to last week was there any justification for the repeated frantic call to arms of the Hearst papers. It was well known in Washington that most of the reports calculated to inflame the public mind were as groundless as those that brought on the war with Spain. The only cogent reason that Hearst might have urged in favor of intervention he has cautiously refrained from asserting. Indeed Mr.

Hearst has cautiously refrained from doing aught that might enable his readers to conjecture the reason. For instance the following press despatch did not appear in the Hearst papers:

Washington, Jan 4—Manager John Hayes of the Hearst properties near Madera, in Chihuahua, Mexico, reports that rebels are threatening to attack the place and are already drawing near the property, according to advices to the State Department today.

If President Taft had shown more concern for the Hearst Mexican interests a year or so ago he might have earned the

somewhat evanescent Hearst gratitude. Wise politicians say that had he done what Hearst wanted him to do he might have ensured his re-election. Of course President Taft was well aware of all the advantages that might accrue from an inspiring invasion of Mexico, but fortunately theatricality nor spectacularity has ever been among the means by which that gentleman has compassed his ends. So instead of earning Hearst's gratitude he incurred that implacable gentleman's terrible enmity. Hence the frequency of nasty allusions to President Taft in the Hearst papers.

A Young Farmer to An Old Tune

By Sylvia Lynd

The bearded barley, it grows so high,
When the wind comes from the South;
And it whispers, whispers close to my ear
With the slow, soft voice of my darling:
Along the edge of the field I lie,
And chew young grasses in my mouth.
Oh, it brings the sweetest time of the year,
The wind that shakes the barley.

'Tis good to stretch, and to watch the sky,
While waiting for my dear;
The birds are moving among the corn,
The finch, the crow, and the starling:
A thousand times I think she is nigh,
Tho' 'tis but rustling stalks I hear.
Oh, she's the wind o' the summer morn,
The wind that shakes the barley.

The barley bends when the wind comes by
With the swish of silken dresses,
The rippling fields, far off and near,
Are laughing like my darling;
I turn my head, and she is nigh
To greet me with caresses.
Oh, it brings the sweetest time of the year—
The wind that shakes the barley.

Perspective Impressions

The Weller recalls have recalled their lady president, just to keep in practice.

Can't the Society for the Suppression of Useless Noises attend to Mr. Hearst's Mexican caterwauling?

"I beg to record my appreciation of Joaquin Miller's devotion to California."—Dr. E. Robeson Taylor.

Joaquin Miller's devotion to California was the only mark of his appreciation of Dr. Taylor.

One man threw an epileptic fit and a man, a woman and a child fainted while the Reverend Charles R. Brown, formerly of Oakland, was praying at Yale, last Sunday. The despatch doesn't say whether this was cause and effect.

Interview the Examiner overlooked: Bill Jones, an American barber in the City of Mexico, also declares that the United States should intervene. When seen yesterday Bill said: "This morning a rebel shell trimmed the mustachios of one of my oldest customers. This is unfair competition. Uncle Sam's duty is clear."

The Powers are trying to "bring Austria and Russia together." Why not keep them apart?

If Rudolph is really sincere in his opposition to Spring Valley will he not soon begin digging those wells that he promised us?

Now that Professor Munsterberg declares sleep to be unnecessary a long-cherished suspicion of his charlatanism becomes a certainty.

The idea appears to be prevalent in Mexico that all a man has to do to become President of the country is to declare himself such.

Woodrow Wilson swears like a man to whom swearing is an affectation cultivated late in life. Even his "damn" has a somewhat ladlike swagger.

"Are our courts responsible to our people?"—Rev. Norman Pendleton.

Yes, reverend sir, they are, but if they were entirely independent of the people and wholly responsible to their conscience; in short, reverend sir, if Justice were blind, you would not be yawping on a subject you know nothing about.

Valuable works of art are said to have been destroyed by the fire at Gumps. If the works of near art were saved then perhaps the loss was not so great.

Theodore Roosevelt was the first man to discover that the prestige of the Presidential office may be most lucratively commercialized through the channels of the book trade. And now it appears that Mr. Woodrow Wilson is going to ensure himself against the humiliation of repeating his request for a pension by following the Colonel's example.

People Want Water Problem Settled.—Newspaper headline.

Maybe they do, but they'll not bond themselves to buy Spring Valley, and it's only wasting time talking about it. The way to settle the water problem is to fix a fair rate for water and let the company get busy increasing its available and abundant sources of supply and extending its pipe lines. Why go on hoodwinking the people by pretending to believe that we need both Spring Valley and Hetch-Hetchy?

Varied Types

CXIV—THOMAS F. BOYLE

By Edward F. O'Day

"Is the Geary Street Railroad a paying proposition?"

Auditor Tom Boyle rubbed his white hair, gave his little white whisker a contemplative tug and smiled.

"Well now, that's a pretty hard question to answer," he replied. "It's a question that I can't answer offhand. However, let's see if we can't arrive at some sort of approximate estimate."

While I sat with expectant pencil poised over pad Auditor Tom Boyle swung round to his desk and began burrowing in pigeon holes and paper trays.

"Let me emphasize that word 'approximate,'" he continued, scanning a mass of documents. "Of course you know that, properly speaking, the books of the Geary Street Railroad have not been opened yet."

I didn't know anything of the sort, and the news surprised me a bit, though not as much as it would have surprised me had I not, in years past, spent a great deal of time around the City Hall and so obtained a line on the method of transacting city business.

It is surprising, isn't it? Here we've been in the business of municipal railroading for about two months and the book-keeping isn't in shape yet. Who's to blame? Well, as near as I can make out from what Auditor Tom Boyle and Chief Book-keeper Leavy of the Board of Public Works told me, nobody in particular is to blame. It's just the result of the way the city does things.

"No demands for operating expenses have been turned over to me yet," explained Auditor Boyle. "I went to the Board of Supervisors yesterday (meaning Monday) to find if they had any, but they hadn't received them yet. Then I went to the Board of Public Works and found it had quite a number. But the Board of Works is not prepared to pass them along just yet. That Board wants to find out first from the Utilities Committee of the Supervisors whether the construction account should be charged to the bonded indebtedness or to the Municipal Railway account. You see there are two accounts. Until this matter is settled a set of books cannot be opened, and the demands cannot be paid.

"But let us see what we can tell about the success of the road so far, in an approximate way, you understand.

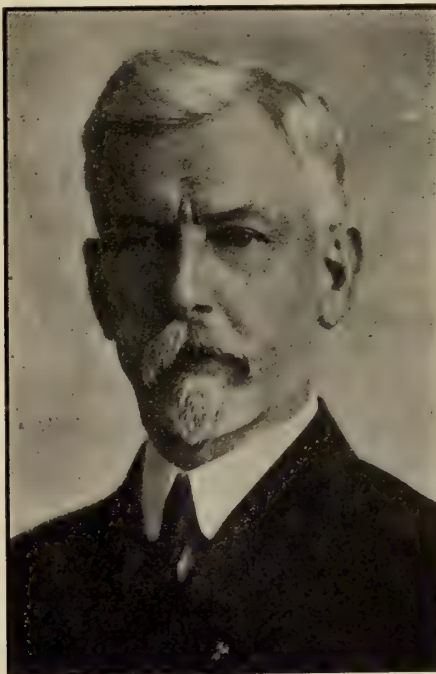
"There were, in the first place, four Municipal Railroad special elections. Here are the figures for their cost as made up by Registrar Zemansky who says that they are within about two thousand dollars of perfect accuracy:

Election of Dec. 2, 1902, about	\$23,000.00
Election of Oct. 8, 1903, about	\$25,000.00
Election of June 24, 1909	\$13,461.16
Election of Dec. 30, 1909	\$30,444.78

"That makes a total expense for Geary Street Railway elections of about \$91,905.94.

"The old Geary street cable line paid the city a certain percentage of its gross receipts, amounting to about \$800 a month or about \$9,600 a year. That bit of revenue was, of course, lost to the city when the cable line ceased operation.

"When the old line ceased operating and the bonds were finally voted by the people, a bond issue of \$2,020,000 was authorized. \$1,900,000 of these bonds have been sold over the counter of the city treasury. There is still \$120,000 worth unsold. Bids for these bonds were invited, the money to be used in constructing the Market street extension of the road, but when the Supervisors sat down to open the bids yesterday there



Photo, Terkleson and Henry
THOMAS F. BOYLE

were no bids to open, so I suppose these bonds will have to be sold over the counter like the rest of them. The city pays four and one-half per cent. on these Geary bonds, so naturally the road will have to earn four and one-half per cent. to pay the interest on the bonds.

"Now let us see what the road is bringing in. In the month of January the total fares collected amounted to \$17,465.35. January is the only month for which we have the total fares so far. It may not fairly represent the earning capacity of the road. We can't tell that till later. There are only sixteen cars running now and the original contract calls for forty-three. An increase was noticeable as soon as extra cars were put on. In fact the increase amounted to about one hundred dollars a day, but of course the expense of operation went up too.

"Against that income of \$17,465.35 let us see what the expenses were, approximately, you understand. The salary roll for January amounted to \$6,882.05. Interest on the bonds amounted to \$7,000. Power and light cost about \$2,250. The other operating expenses at a rough figure were \$1229. Add up these figures and you have \$17,361.05."

In other words, for the month of January the road brought in \$17,465.35 while it cost, in rough figures, \$17,361.05. That leaves a margin of profit of \$104.30.

Auditor Boyle emphasized the fact that these were only approximate figures. Book-keeper Leavy of the Board of Public Works who supplied the figure of \$1229 for operating expenses outside of power and lighting emphasized the same fact. Mr. Leavy pointed out that that \$1229 included the cost of a million transfers which of course were not all used in January by any means. And it includes other supplies which will last for about six months.

At the same time, and this is a point which Auditor Boyle drew attention to, there has been no allowance made for wear and tear. So the figures as they stand will give us a pretty good idea of the way municipal ownership of a street car line is working in San Francisco. At this rate will the Geary Street Railway pay interest on the investment? Apparently it will hardly pay interest on its bonds, let alone on the investment. And in this connection it is worth while to remember that the first Geary street bonds will be redeemed in 1915, so the city will be paying interest of \$7,000 a month until then.

Another item of possible, nay probable expense is the item of damage suits. There has been an accident on the road already. One judgment would eat heavily into the road's income.

Auditor Boyle pointed out that the cost of the Geary bond elections and the loss of the revenue of the old cable line were not the only items which should be charged to the account of the Geary street road. For a long time we have been maintaining at the public crib a hot house luxury in the shape of Bion Arnold, our gilded transportation expert. During the year 1912 Expert Arnold received from the city \$50,450. Of this amount only \$1177 was specifically mentioned by Arnold as Geary Street Railway expense. It was for his report on "cars suitable for the Geary Street Railway and other services." (The value of that report may be judged from the fact that the cars have already proved unsatisfactory.) But Auditor Boyle thinks that a lot more of that \$50,450 should be charged against our experiment in municipal ownership.

Not having the statistical turn or understanding the railroad business I cannot recapitulate the figures I have gathered so as properly to reveal their significance. But it seems to me that they do not carry much encouragement to a layman seeking for light on municipal ownership. It would be very interesting to know what a United Railroads expert, for instance, deduced from them.

On the general subject of municipal expenses Auditor Boyle proved very interesting.

"During the past seven months," he told me, "it has cost nearly fourteen million dollars to run the city government. Our municipal expenses have been going up by leaps and bounds. For

(Continued on Page 21.)

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A Minister of Sacred Memory

Editor Town Talk, Sir: Permit me to correct an error in the paragraph in which the Social Prattler tells of the engagement of Miss Martha Foster and Leonard Abbott. Miss Foster's grandfather, Dr. William A. Scott, an eminent and greatly beloved minister of early days in California was alluded to as follows: "Dr. Scott was a Southerner and during the war expressed himself freely in opposition to the Federal Cause." This is a most unjust statement. It is true Dr. Scott was a native born Southerner and loved his South, but never did he utter any words of condemnation against the "Federal Cause." His mission was that of Love and Peace. He preached the gospel of Jesus Christ and that only. So jealously did he guard his church and pulpit from politics that he greatly offended his fanatical contemporaries who sought to force him to adopt their methods. It was because as a Southerner he abstained from political expression that he suffered from persecution in those unhappy days of intolerance. So much so that he became an exile in foreign lands for two years, his many personal friends having insisted upon his going away so fearful were they that he might lose his life. At the close of the war Dr. Scott received two calls both from influential churches in America—one in Boston and one in New York city. The latter he accepted and was pastor there for seven years. Dr. Scott was the first pastor of Calvary Church and St. John's Presbyterian Church of San Francisco. He was one of the founders of the San Francisco Theological Seminary now of San Anselmo. All stand as monuments to his sacred memory. Perhaps you may not be interested in this old time history of California, but I feel it my duty to correct a mistake which was I am sure not intentional. We must shield the memory of our beloved dead.

Respectfully,

—One Who Knows.

The Tipping System

Editor Town Talk, Sir: Your remarks on the subject of tipping I read with much interest and heartily approve of same. The system is certainly all wrong. It is both degrading and demoralizing. In a country where every man is a sovereign how humiliating to feel that there are men who live off tips and who have not sufficient self-respect to realize that their occupation is more or less contemptible. If as you say tipping was made uniform, and it was understood that a waiter was entitled to so much and no more for services rendered, the system would not be at all objectionable, but why not, conditions being as they are, try to educate the public up to the desirability of uniformity. In Europe whence I have recently returned none but Americans give more than a ten per cent tip. The custom is growing up there of not giving the tips to servants, but of paying at the office when you leave. The amount at a hotel is ten per cent of your whole bill, which amount is distributed among all the employees who have waited on you.

Yours truly,

—A Traveler.

Women on Parade

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: A word or two on a perfectly frivolous subject. Some time ago the management of the Hotel St. Francis closed the door which led from the tapestry room to "Paradise Alley." Nowadays there is only one entrance to the tapestry room and that is near the entrance to the hotel. So if you want to go into the tapestry room for tea or a highball, to listen to the music or merely to indulge in the harmless pastime known as "looking 'em over," you must go in right off the street and not through Paradise Alley. The only people who need to walk down Paradise Alley are those who are going to the wine room, to the telegraph and telephone operators, to the news stand or to the public stenographers. In other words very

few women find it necessary now to traverse Paradise Alley. But is the glory of Paradise Alley fading? Not on your life! Just as many women walk up and down Paradise Alley now as before the door into the tapestry room was closed. I regard this as an interesting phenomenon for the students of the brain feminine. Perhaps some such student can tell me why the women stick to that promenade. Is it to show off their pretty faces, their fine figures and their wonderful clothes to the men? That's my idea, but an old boy about town says I'm wrong. He says I've only got half of the truth. The women want to show off before the men, he says, but they want to do more than that. He says they want to hunt the men. He says Shaw and Weininger and other writers whom I have not read have proved that women pursue men nowadays, instead of allowing the men to pursue them. He says women make all the sexual advances in this twentieth century. Can this be true? If it is I'm a dodo and ought to be oslerized, for I hadn't discovered it. But that parade in Paradise Alley looks like a plausible argument.

Respectfully,

—A Philogynist.

A Few Words of Cheer

Editor, Dear Sir: Enclosed find check for \$4.00 to cover subscription as per statement. I would not do without Town Talk for many times the price I pay for it. A fearless journal that does not cater to the whims of the hour, but stands squarely upon the issue of right or wrong as it sees it, is such a treat in this day and age of "dollar chasing" that it looks like an "oasis" in the desert of journalism. Out of many journals that come to my desk, Town Talk is the only one that I look forward to with any degree of pleasure. Wishing you every success in the future,

Very truly yours,

—F. Stabel.

Redding, Shasta Co., Feb. 11, 1913.

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

To Save Our Big Trees

A special report on the big trees of California has been made to the American Museum of Natural History by George S. Sudworth of the Forestry Service. It seems that the big tree is not reproducing itself, and should the large trees now standing be destroyed, the giant species would become extinct. Sudworth finds that the big tree is intolerant of shade. Unless the seeds fall on mineral soil—freed by fire or logging operations of its usual thick layer of half-rotted vegetable matter—the resulting seedlings perish long before the slender roots can force their way through the dry 'duff' and into the soil below. In occasional instances where openings in the forests have let the sun light in the young big trees grow vigorously. So it is evident that under favorable soil and light conditions the sequoia will reproduce itself. To insure these favorable conditions and save the sequoia from extinction Sudworth recommends full Government control of the thirty-one large and small groups of the trees in this State.

The Scarcity of Gold

There is a gold famine on the continent of Europe as a result of the Balkan war. The more or less jingoistic predictions of a general European conflict have frightened people in general, and they are hoarding their gold. The banks are beginning to feel the need of specie. In France gold has nearly disappeared from circulation. The premium is twenty cents on one hundred dollars. The only places in Paris where gold coin can now be obtained are the Paris branches of American banks. The French banks refuse to give even one twenty-franc piece to a customer. For a short time while there was some hope of the Balkan envoys arranging terms of peace with Turkey gold began to appear from its hiding places, but now that war is on again it has disappeared.

Labor Well Employed

Statistics of unemployment among labor unionists in Great Britain show that for the month of December the number of unemployed amounted

to only 2.3 per cent. of the total membership. The average percentage of unemployed during 1912 was 3.2 per cent. The coal strike in March raised the percentage to 11.3 per cent. The next month, however the percentage had fallen to 3.6 per cent., and by May the percentage of unemployment had dropped back to the figures prevailing before the coal strike. It was in November that union labor was best employed. The percentage of idleness in that month was only 1.8 per cent., which was only a little more than half of the percentage of idleness for the year as a whole.

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An Innocent

By Vincent McNabb

His name was Patrick Glennon. He was born within stonethrow of Lough Erne, some five and forty years ago. A part of his boyhood he spent at school, a part was spent about the little holding, a great part was—may the Lord forgive me the word!—misspent in the whinny hillocks that here and there paint patches of shadow on the bosom of the lake.

He came "across the water" for work. Let me say that no man has ever given us even approximate statistics of the thousands of miles men travel every year in search of work. It is not a month since I met a London-bred lad of seventeen years, who had walked from Stepney to Spalding in the hope of getting a few weeks "fruitin' or taterin'." Not being a gentleman of independent means, and not having the stomach of a camel, which can exist for a week on one good meal, he had to beg a little food. He asked for bread and they gave him—two weeks hard. I found him picking oakum; and doing it very badly, as he had never known the mercy of the law before. This is called the scientific method of deterrent punishment. Dear reader, do you not find the polysyllables consoling?

I reflected, "A hundred and fifty miles' walk for work—and two weeks hard. The lad from Stepney will no doubt find this a fit deterrent—from work. What wonder if his sense of proportion becomes a little entangled."

Patrick Glennon carried bricks and mortar, shovelled earth, trundled barrows, and did all that noble handwork which villains with brains can convert into a fat banking account.

Then the romantic strain in him, which had been growing whilst he misspent his days on the whinny hillocks by Lough Erne, was fired by a bright-eyed damsel from Court A, Granby Gate.

He forswore the God of his native hills and wed her before the State official. It was a small thing in the eyes of Court A, who did not share his theological opinions. But Mrs. Bridget Con-cannon, who is now a great-grandmother and says her prayers in Gaelic, as if that tongue alone was current in Heaven, has been heard to say: "The poor lad! Shure, the devil sould him that day for a mess of porridge." (Her knowledge of Old Testament history is varied rather than accurate.) She used to say that the day of his marriage before the Registrar began his damnation.

There were ten years of wedded life with its accompaniment of work, six, and sometimes seven days a week—a drop of drink now and again as befits a gentleman, especially at christenings—desperate encounters with hunger when he was on short time, and daily worsening bickerings with Mrs. Glennon, whose bright eyes were but the sparkle and outward sign visible of an inward flaming temper.

The cause of all the struggles round the hearth was unveiled when one autumn evening Patrick Glennon came home to find the fire cold on the hearth and his wife gone, with a man from the West End.

That night Patrick Glennon was brought home to Court A, furiously drunk, praying prayers to the Holy Mother of God.

I first met him when he has known as A4, 22, in his Majesty's Prison a day or two before he had been up to his old trick of lying down in front of a tram—furiously drunk. The police who tried to arrest him were rather the worse for his laborer's fist.

But he was as gentle as a lamb when he caught

sight of me and what I was. I had to reflect a little before I could reassure myself. Before me stood a home-bred Vulcan. In his case the lines of life were not lines of beauty. His limbs swerved and curved like a warped strut. I had too much experience to mistake them for the limbs of weakness. Upon these warped pedestals rested the heavy framework of his trunk. His chest gave me the impression of straining even the ample width of the prison clothes. Upon the colossal trunk rested a bullet of a head, pierced with the usual human organs—none of which were quite normal. I can imagine many a stranger terrified at first sight of this being poised on the twisted pillars of his limbs. His mouth was as a rent in sackcloth. His nose reminded me of nothing so much as a dirk that had seen service. His little rabbit eyes peered out from two hedges of hard, black hair that had become parted from the parent forests on the chin and head.

But in the grey-blue eyes there was some light that forbade all fear. It may have been but a stain they had taken when, as the eyes of a boy, they looked out from the hillocks of gorse down into the blue dark waters of Lough Erne, or into the grey mist-filmed sky of his beloved land. Again, it may have been the light of mysticism or of madness. What befell the owner of these grey-blue eyes later on leaves these theories unsolved.

Many a wise thing he said to me in cell A4, 22 of his Majesty's Prison. He would speak of those who had sent him to prison, the police and the Bench.

"Shure, they won't listen to me. But I forgive them. They've paid for it.

"They'll say anything agin me. But I forgive them. They be to get on.

"Them magistrates! I pity them. They know no better. Shure, I pity them. I bear them no grudge, at all."

Once he said a brilliant thing of his own land: "St. Pathrick druv the sarpents out of Ireland. I do be saying to St. Pathrick at times: 'Shure, fat's the use of driving out the sarpent, if you lave behind you men that are worse than sarpents.'"

Once, when he was in delirium tremens, I saw him in the padded room. I suppose I may see the like again, if Dante takes me through his Inferno. I kept close to the door, glad that the

warders were at hand. From time to time I thought the thing within him would rend me. But it would curl and then break like a spent wave at my feet.

When a few days' luxurious prison fare had drained the alcohol from the higher plateaus of his consciousness, his mind would turn back to the bright-eyed girl, for whose love he had forsworn his people and the God of his people. He would tell me how she had gone off with another man. "I didn't think it was in her to do it," he would say, as if bewildered. But though I, to whom he was always a lamb, would not have trusted "the other man" to him for a minute, yet never were his eyes lit by anything but unutterable forgiveness for the heartless shrew whom he had wed.

"Bewildered" have I called his look when he spoke of her. Her going away was to him a blinding, withering apocalypse of negation. It was as if the moon and stars had suddenly begun to fight with him; or as if a movement of his had brought the sun about his head. His little kingdom of heaven on earth over which she ruled, a goddess absolute, with a rod of iron, was in one night torn asunder by a revolution. Not one of the few slender ideals that he had set up in his narrow soul was left standing when the wife of Patrick Glennon went away with a man who was not her husband.

Yet the man who was her husband forgave her, for he still loved her.

But he never forgave himself; and strong drink, whereby a man drowns for a time the conscience of past sin, became the successor in his soul to a love that had been betrayed.

* * * * *

I was talking with Patrick Glennon's successor in A4, 22.

"You knew Patrick Glennon, I suppose," he said.

"Yes! What of him?" I answered, in dread.

"He died last month." Then A4, 22 shifted himself uneasily on his feet. I noticed a quiet flood filling his eyes.

"Died?" I asked.

"In the workhouse—"

We kept silence, as if before the presence of a great law. I was relieved when A4, 22 began the panegyric of the dead.

"He was a good one, was Pat. Never heard

(Continued on Page 21.)

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Poems About San Francisco

LXXXI—SAN FRANCISCO

By Wallace Irwin

(The following poem by Wallace Irwin was contributed to Collier's Weekly within a few weeks of the calamity of 1906. The "earthquake and fire" poetry was considerable in volume but meager in inspiration. Most of our local singers celebrated the catastrophe, but for some reason or other the great poets were unmoved to utterance.)

She laughed upon her hills out there
Beside her bays of misty blue,
The gayest hearts, the sweetest air
That any city ever knew.

For I have whistled all the songs
That hung upon her care-free breath,
And I have mingled with her throngs,
But never in the thought of death.

Lady of Ventures, Joy of Earth,
How more the pity for your moans
With all the blossoms of your mirth
Crushed, like your youth, beneath the stones.

The Spectator

A Question

A short time ago Paul Appenzeller, a New York financier who furnished no small part of the money spent in the rehabilitation of San Francisco, came hither partly on business and partly on pleasure. Meeting a friend at the St. Francis, he said: "I saw a car today bearing the legend 'Municipal Railway.' It struck me with astonishment. Is it possible that a city so terribly stricken as yours has been is now flirting with that sort of calamity?"

Mr. Phelan's Ambition

There is not a word of truth in the report that our foremost cit., the Hon. James D. Phelan has been importuning the President-elect for appointment to the Court of St. James or to any other Court. Our modest young millionaire does not aspire to contact with the effete aristocracies. The truth about Mr. Phelan, which is always pleasant, is that he would like the best job in the President's cabinet. He has his eye on the portfolio of the Secretary of the Interior. Paul Bancroft is in charge of the fight which would be a winner beyond doubt were it not for the fact that there is another son of Irish Catholic parents who wants to enter the cabinet and who appears to have a pull more potent than the one

thus far exerted by California's gifted son. However, Mr. Phelan is not discouraged. He will be made prominent as an Iroquois orator on this birthday of the father of his country for whom his admiration is no less profound than that which Woodrow Wilson has inspired in his warm heart.

Poison in Politics

An unknown correspondent called my attention some days ago to what was said about the judiciary of the city at a meeting of the women who are agitating the recall of Judge Weller. All our judges were said to have formed an organization for the purpose of opposing the recall movement. They were represented as being afraid that the success of the movement might lead to agitation against all courts. My correspondent was so severe in his strictures on the women that I would not publish his letter. That was not the only reason. He said it was characteristic of the uncultivated female of the species to resort to subterfuge and prevarication, and that this characteristic had become a phenomenon of politics since the enfranchising of the sex. "Whatever cause the women are behind," he said, "is advanced chiefly by falsehood." This struck me as an instance of libel by wholesale. Partisanship in politics has always aroused the meaner passions in human nature, and the worst to be said of Femina in politics is that she is as good a hand at lying as her husband, her father or her brother. As to the lie about the judiciary I am not sure it was invented by a woman. There are some pretty cheap lawyers behind that recall movement, and it is but fair to the women to assume that they do not yet apprehend the importance of poison in politics.

A Big Newspaper Story

What prompted me to make the foregoing belated reference to the observations of an unknown correspondent was an editorial in the Call last Sunday. It was entitled "The System and Weller." I assume that it was not written by a woman. In this editorial the Call tells us that the System has been making it difficult for the women to obtain signatures to the recall petitions. "There is no question," says the Call, "that the System went early to the relief of Judge Weller." It would be interesting to know what proof of these assertions the Call can furnish.

If there is a "system" so powerful that it can make it difficult for a large number of enthusiastic women to obtain the assent of a small percentage of the electorate of this city to a proposal to recall Judge Weller it ought to be easy to get a little information about its methods, its resources and its connections. It ought to be easy to ascertain the names of a few of the individuals that direct the machinations of this mysterious and powerful "system." Who are they and what are they? Come, let us have them. The Call now advertises itself as the "Journal of Authority." If it is at all deserving of the name of newspaper, it will not suppress so sensational a story as the one which remains to be told if there is a scintilla of truth in that editorial of last Sunday. Let me not be suspected of scepticism. I have great faith in the honesty of my contemporary, but not in the ability that guides it now that I find it merely hinting in an editorial at a story that ought to be played up under a scare head on the front page.

Irreverent Joshing

Perhaps the Call has been misled. It is true the women have had some difficulty in getting the machinery of the recall in motion, but it may be that the difficulty is chiefly due to the widespreadness of the sense of humor in San Francisco. I am told that they have got more than a sufficient number of signatures, but that unfortunately many of them are fictitious. The explanation of this is that men do not refuse to sign, but that they don't sign their own names. Bad men all over the city are joshing the ladies unmercifully. It's enough to make Twain Michelson mad clean through; and the Call, too, for the Call is doing its level best to earn gratitude and subscriptions. If this joshing is inspired by the "system" the "system" ought to be exposed, but if that vague thing is nothing more than a few Police Court lawyers who have reason to be friendly with Weller it will be hardly worth exposing. The impression I get from the Call is that the "system" is something big, something of colossal viciousness, something in the nature of gangrene in the vitals of the city. And I feel certain this is the impression the Call wishes to give, because if that gullible person, the average citizen, can be led to believe that there is a gigantic combination of corrupt interests leagued against the good and beautiful

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women who want Weller recalled for the good of womankind, then will the gullible one sign up with a rush and kick Charles into the scrap-heap. But perish the thought that the Journal of Authority is distributing poison with a squirt gun.

Robeson Taylor on Miller

I was interested in reading what Edward Robeson Taylor had to say about Joaquin Miller. Taylor regards him as "a picturesque figure." "The best," he says, "that such men leave behind them has the dew of immortality upon it." His work, says our ex-mayor, "partakes of two poets who are the antipodes of each other, Byron and Swinburne, and that which is nearer Byron in my estimation is the better of the two." This is a hard saying to understand. Wherein are Byron and Swinburne antipodal? Were not both poets of pessimism and passion? Had they not more points of contact than of divergence? The best of Miller's poetry, continues Taylor, "will go down through the ages." And he thinks that "Columbus" is "one of the greatest short poems in the language." Taylor sounds one note of depreciation, as though by afterthought. "Since my early impression of Miller I have found reason to abate somewhat of the high estimation I placed on him at first; but this necessarily results in every case of high achievement. We nearly always overestimate that which is near and beyond the ordinary; it is only time, which is the great corrector as it is the healer, that enables us to see things in their proper proportion and without undue exaggeration." Then Taylor pays tribute to Miller's handling of the iambic tetrameter which, by the way, is the easiest verse form of all to handle. Boys struggling to lisp in numbers always use it.

Miller on Robeson Taylor

This damning by faint praise on the part of Fuzzy Wuzzy catches my attention because of my vivid memory of what Joaquin Miller said about Taylor in Town Talk less than a year ago. I quote from an interview in "Varied Types": "Robeson Taylor I don't like. He has had time enough to do something, and hasn't done it. He's a handsome, manly fellow, but in love with himself rather than with the Muse. A great poet must be greater than himself; he must forget himself." Query: did that frank expression by Miller cause Taylor to "abate somewhat of the high estimation" he placed on him at first? Poets are just as human in these things as the rest of us, if not more so.

The Prophet in His Own Country

"We nearly always overestimate that which is near and beyond the ordinary," says ex-Mayor Taylor. Sure enough, but has it not also been said that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country? Never was better illustration of this than the career of Joaquin Miller in Cali-

fornia. Everywhere in the English-speaking world Joaquin Miller was a greater man than he was in California, the land of his greatest love. Always we neglected him; too often we regarded him as a joke. We laid stress on the harmless pose and forgot the poet. Of the hundreds who visited him at "The Hights" a very small proportion were Californians; visitors from cities afar off were the more numerous and the sincerer pilgrims to that shrine of song. What has ever been done in California to honor Joaquin Miller? On how many book shelves will you find his poems? Ask his publishers—the greater sale was in alien cities. How many San Franciscans know Miller's poetry? Have you read "Walker in Nicaragua"? Do you know "A Song of Creation"? Robeson Taylor would have touched the truth in this case with a needle point had he said that we nearly always underestimate greatness which is close at hand. Surely that's what we did in the case of Joaquin Miller. Dead he'll get the praise which there was no reason for withholding while he still lived among us.

The Praise of "Columbus"

If we knew Joaquin Miller's poetry more intimately there would not be such unanimity in the praise of "Columbus." All the papers picked it out for publication. Taylor emphasized it. But what did Joaquin think of it? I quote from the same interview: "'Columbus' is too much of a chorus. And 'Say, Charlie!' is not a poem particularly. They are dear little bits of things from the heart." How is it nobody mentioned "Charity," that exquisite poem in his "Songs of the Hebrew Children"? How about "Mother Egypt"? Let me emphasize local ignorance of Joaquin Miller's works by referring to the too little known collected edition of his works where he made the same criticism of "Columbus" as he made in the Town Talk interview. Here is a note to "Columbus": "The 'Passing of Tennyson' is better (than 'Columbus'). The 'Missouri' is better." How many people in our midst have read these poems? How many knew how highly Joaquin estimated them? Isn't it about time that we took up the study of Miller? Now that he is dead we need not be afraid of flattering him.

The New Tivoli

In the second week in March music history will once more be in the making in Eddy street. On the evening of March 12 there will be some honking in Eddy street, and there will be a great crush of folks in evening dress at the portals of the new Tivoli Opera House. For the opening of the Tivoli is to be an event, the biggest event of its kind that San Francisco has known in

years, and as there is something fascinating about the idea of contributing to the atmosphere of such an occasion there is not the slightest danger that Luisa or Mary will have to sing to vacant seats. Naturally there is some curiosity about the new Tivoli. What is it going to be like? everybody is asking. To satisfy my own curiosity I went to the Tivoli last Monday and I found much to marvel at. Here is a theatre to be opened for business in three weeks, a theatre which is already doing business, and there isn't a seat in the house. The seats that are being sold aren't there. Padoxical, isn't it? But who cares so long as the seats will be there when the curtain rolls up. For that matter the curtain isn't there yet, nor the stage, nor many other things, but this man Leahy, impresario of the new Tivoli, is a wiz. You will see him doing business at the old stand on the night of March 12, never fear. And you will find the new Tivoli one of the most perfect theatres you were ever in. If it seems there is more to be done than can be done, look it over and see what has been done and you will cease to be incredulous. Four months ago workmen began laying the foundations of this theatre, a solid, steel structure, and today workmen are winding up the finishing touches. Consider that it usually takes from eighteen months to two years to do as much work as has been done in the building of the Tivoli and then you will have reason to marvel. The explanation is that most of the work was done by day labor under Leahy's direct supervision. He has spent the greater part of every day during those four months on the job, in personal contact with the men, and they are all his friends. Labor leaders have not extracted the last drop of sentiment from union workmen. The men working on the Tivoli have felt something of Leahy's enthusiasm, and they have been as eager as he to have the theatre finished by the twelfth of March.

Features of the New Theatre

The new Tivoli is not going to bear much of a resemblance to the old Tivoli, but there will be found some features in common. The new Tivoli will be a comfortable theatre. Leahy showed me one of his upholstered chairs the other day. It is broad enough for a fat woman to waddle around in. Leahy took me up to Lovers' Lane, high up near the ceiling. It will not be as hard to reach as the old one, for it will have elevator service. That tall waiter who was always on hand with opera glasses will renew old acquaintances in Lovers' Lane. In the new Tivoli you will not have to go down to the basement to get a clove and talk it over. There will be a foyer both for the knockers and the boost-

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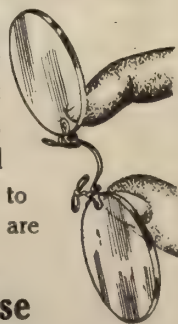
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Passing of Joe Cannon

Last Sunday morning news came from Washington, D. C., told of a dinner the night before. In honor of Uncle Joe Cannon, who was defeated for re-election last November, and who will probably never again be seen in public life. The dinner was attended by the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, the President of the United States, members of his Cabinet, prominent newspaper correspondents and other men of whom it is generally assumed that they lack not of self-respect and are not essentially dishonest. But what are we to think of men in high place who sit down not only to eat with Joe Cannon but to do him honor? Not so long ago the Medill McCormicks, the Henrys, the Kents, the Johnsons and all the rest of the self-righteous ones were picturing Joe Cannon to us as one of the worst of men. All over the land he was held up to obloquy and execration. In towns where virtue is more than militant he was burned in effigy. His name was employed as the synonym of all that is dishonest in government. The probability is that if in those days Cannon and Al. McCabe had been invited to the same dinner, Al. would have declined in stentorian tones. The newspapers and politicians that applied themselves with great zeal to the business of blackening the character of Joe Cannon have not abated their solicitude for the public welfare, but singularly enough they have not been shocked at the respect shown him at the Capital last Saturday night. Yet it is not to be disputed that Cannon has not changed his spots. He remains to this day everything that a Medill McCormick or a Kent or a Johnson is not, and it is chiefly for that very reason he is loved by the friends who paid him the tribute of their esteem.

Cannon's Record

Joe Cannon is one of the most picturesque characters in the last half century of American

politics. He was the typical rough and ready politician of earlier days. He served longer than any other man in the House of Representatives. Forty years ago he first made his seat. He was a candidate twenty times and elected nineteen times. He served longer continuously as Speaker of the House than any other man, not excepting Henry Clay. Now in his seventy-seventh year, it is unlikely that he will ever again be a candidate for office. He didn't want to accept the nomination last year. He told his friends who urged him to run that he expected to see the Republican party go to pieces on the rocks of factionalism, but they insisted, and he allowed his name to go on the primary ballot. He had several opponents for the Republican nomination, but he cleaned them all up and had a handsome majority in the primaries. A Bull Moose candidate aided a Democrat in defeating him at the polls on election day, but he lost by only 500 votes.

In War Days

Mr. Cannon began holding office as a prosecuting attorney in the year Lincoln was elected President. An incident of those days answers the question that has often been put by Cannon's opponents. The question is Why didn't Cannon enter the Union army? The story as told by a friend is as follows: There was a gathering of Union soldiers at Springfield, Ill. The soldiers had come home on a brief furlough and were being entertained. Governor Yates, the war Governor of Illinois, was present and addressed them. The young lawyer, Cannon, from Tuscola, Ill., made a stirring speech. Some one present asked Governor Yates why he did not give a commission to Cannon and send him to the front. "He would make an ideal officer and would inspire his soldiers to heroic deeds," said the man to Governor Yates. "Oh, he wants to go to the war all right," replied the Governor. "He is the first Quaker I ever saw who is always ready for a fight. But he is doing more valuable work prosecuting disloyal men than he could possibly do as an officer in the Federal arm. I have refused to commission him, but because I want him to stay where he is."

One of the Ways of Teddy

Mr. Cannon's friends have always insisted that the men who led the insurgent movement against him were for the most part actuated by personal disappointments. The story is told of one insurgent Congressman from New England, who admitted that he became an insurgent because Speaker Cannon had refused to permit one of his pet measures to go through the House, even after President Roosevelt had recommended it. All the while Mr. Cannon is reported to have

had in his possession letters from Roosevelt tending to show that Roosevelt and Cannon were in thorough accord as to the merits of the bill and that neither of them wanted it to pass. Not very long ago this member learned in some way that he had been deceived as to Mr. Roosevelt's attitude and that he had become an insurgent under a misapprehension. He sought Mr. Cannon and demanded to see the correspondence. Uncle Joe looked at him with a smile on his grim features and told him that he never gave out private correspondence. But some of the Republicans in the House believe that they can read in the intense hostility to Roosevelt on the part of his whilom admirer, Representative Augustus Peabody Gardner, the story of how at least one insurgent found himself when he woke up to just what had happened to his immigration bill.

A Glutton for Revenge

Mr. Cannon's one bad habit is poker. He is a good player, but a poor loser. A year ago he sat in a game with a former Governor of a Western territory. The former Governor won consistently. Finally Uncle Joe, growing madder and madder, looked at his adversary across the table with a savage gleam in his eye and said, "George, is there anything in that story about your leaving Oklahoma hidden away in a load of hay because you were afraid to take a railroad train out of the territory?" Companions in the game who had heard a very ludicrous story of an incident in the ex-Governor's career declared then and there that Uncle Joe was simply barbarous in his desire for revenge. Cannon has a homely way of illustrating his remarks that once got him "in bad" in a social way. Walking home one evening from a dinner party at the residence of a distinguished statesman in company with other guests of the evening one of the party fell to comparing the qualities of the hostess, who was delightfully effervescent, with the host, who was proverbially cold. "Well, boys, looking that team over, I should say that the mare was a better animal than the horse," said Uncle Joe. This remark afterward reached the hostess, who has never forgiven Mr. Cannon.

A Few Anecdotes

Asked upon an occasion to prepare a brief autobiography, Mr. Cannon wrote: "Mr. Cannon was born of God fearing and man loving parents. He is a self-made man and did a poor job of it." Just after he was elected Speaker he fell a ton.

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tim to a book agent and became enmeshed in the "instalment plan." When he discovered his dilemma he wrote a check and in transmitting it to the company indited the following note: "This check is in full payment, both legal and moral, for sixty volumes of books called for in the contract. The books are not worth a damn and are high at that. We are never too old to learn, but the way your gentlemanly agent came it over your Uncle Joseph is worth the check." "I am not a practical farmer," Uncle Joe said on one occasion. "When I was first married my good Quaker mother said to me, 'Now, son Joseph, thou hast taken to thee a wife. Get thee a cow, a hive of bees and a pig.' Well, I got them. When I went to milk the cow she kicked me; when I went to the bee hive for honey the bees stung me. But that pig—he was so loving and gentle that when he finally got fat I was so devoted to him that I hadn't the heart to stick him." Now that Uncle Joe's day is nearly passed his friends and enemies alike say amen to this sentiment expressed by Henry Watterson: "Here is a man who may be depended upon in whatever he undertakes, whether for good or evil. Here is a man."

Collier's Knocks Us

Collier's Weekly is taking a hand in the popular pastime of knocking the morals of San Francisco. Everybody's doin' it, so why not Collier's? According to the editor of Collier's who airs his views on the subject in the issue of February 15, "the commercialized vice situation in San Francisco is probably worse than in any other American city, and with the approach of the World's Fair it becomes not merely a matter of San Francisco's blunted sensibilities, but a

problem for the rest of the country, a problem which can be handled successfully if handled vigorously. . . . The churches throughout the country, and such organizations as the Young Men's Christian Association, ought to inquire whether it will be wholesome to send thousands of young men at the most impressionable and least restrained age to spend days or weeks in a city which looks upon commercialized vice as a legitimate form of trade, to be exploited the same as other forms of business. If the moral agencies of the rest of the country would take some such action as this, San Francisco might respond to the stimulus of its 'pocket nerve.'"

Is Aked Prompting Him?

Doctor Aked went East recently to lecture, according to his own words, "before a very, very fashionable audience" at the Waldorf-Astoria.

in San Francisco" wherein the earnest woman gives us fits for being wicked. She says the dance halls in San Francisco are "upon the testimony of social workers who have made comparisons, much more revolting than in New York or Chicago." She is "deeply concerned about the city she was once so fond and proud of." This earnest woman appears in Collier's anonymously. The editor refrains from revealing her identity, no doubt at her own request. I should dearly love to know who she is. I should like to be in a position to gauge the depth of her "earnestness." I am not much in sympathy with the "earnestness" which prompts a woman to contribute anonymously to a publication which circulates in all sections of the country a knock on her home town. Who is this female Aked? And has she lived here any longer than Aked? There is no way of telling.



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Is it possible that he paid Collier's a visit and enlightened the editor about our city? It will be remembered that Aked threatened to let the world know about what he called "our shame" unless we unhesitatingly adopted the Aked program of reform. And Aked also pointed out that it was within the power of the churches to deal the World's Fair a crippling blow. The editor of Collier's speaks in the Aked vein. Suspicion that Aked and the editor of Collier's have been connubiating is naturally aroused.

Who Is This "Earnest Woman"?

The editor of Collier's also mentions a letter which he has received from "an earnest woman

The Exposition Pote

How many people know the name of the official Exposition bard? Perhaps you think his name is James Henry MacLafferty, author of that exquisite double-jointed lyric "The City Loved Around the World." Wrong. He is not the man. The official rhyme-monger for the World's Fair is Fred Emerson Brooks. I learned this rather tardily and from an unexpected source. The annual report of the California Miners' Association has just come to my desk. There, wedged in between learned discussions of mill tailings, electric hoists and hammer drills, I came upon the evidence of Fred Emerson Brooks' official position as minstrel for the Fair. There was an oasis in the desert of technical lore and

Fred Emerson Brooks towered therein like a palm tree decorating the landscape. Fred read a poem to the miners, a poem which they criticised favorably by a rising vote of thanks. "I am a Californian, I am a poet and I am a miner," quoth Fred when he was introduced to the miners. "I am to read to you a poem which I have written entitled 'California,' which the 1915 Exposition Committee have adopted as their poem." So we have Fred's say-so that he's the official distich-designer for the Fair. It is discouraging if true.

Some Sample Stanzas

Let me not be accused of envy, for I have no ambition to write poetry for the Fair or for anything else. But after reading 'California' I cannot regard with complacency the choice of a poet which the World's Fair people seem to have made. "California" is a pome of thirteen eight-line stanzas, and appears to have been written at a time when the Muse was peeved at Fred and wouldn't lend him any assistance. In other words, it must be regarded as an uninspired effort. I am not going to set it down here, but you must let me display a sample or two. It starts thus:

Hard by the blue Pacific
An Empire stands alone,
Walled in by serrate mountains,
While plenty sits the throne;
Where the climate is an Eden,
Where the Winter is a Spring,
Where the Summer is eternal
And the birds forever sing.

Did Edward Pollock, Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller or George Sterling ever write anything like that? Comes echo with a rush, asseverating that they did not! Fred proceeds:

One may take a two-days' journey
In a Pullman palace train,
Through the miles of orange blossoms
And the leagues of waving grain;
There's enough to feed a Nation
In yon single field of wheat,
If they'd only come and glean it
Who are starving in the street.

'Tis the first time that George Pullman's output has broken into the metrical enclosure. The stanza is therefore noteworthy. The Chamber of Commerce will tell you that the field whose gleanings would feed a nation is a trick of poetic license not a statement of fact.

If the rain should ever fail us
We could irrigate with wine

is another gem which I must take from its setting. And I cannot resist giving this:

Surely this must be the Eden
Where the woman tempted man,
With the women still so tempting
They'd upset most any plan;
Little wonder they both yielded
Where the fruitage is so fair;
It would tempt far holier mortals,
It would lure more cautious pair.

If Fred doesn't look out the Akeds and the Burlingames will excommunicate him.

Bierce Buried Him

The efflorescence of Fred may surprise many. Doubtless lots of people thought he was dead. As a matter of fact, Fred's epitaph was written years ago by Ambrose Bierce. Bierce celebrated the pote in the following lines:

Here lie the remains of Fred Emerson Brooks,
A poet, as every one knows by his looks
Who hadn't, unluckily, met with his books.

On civic occasions he sprang to the fore
With poems consisting of stanzas three score.
The men whom they deafened enjoyed them the more.

In this peaceful spot, so the grave diggers say,
With pen, ink and paper they laid him away—
The Poet-elect of the Judgment Day.

Burns Dropped

Detective William J. Burns has been found out in New York. Burns had a contract with District Attorney Whitman of New York under which he co-operated in the investigation of police graft. The contract was canceled the other day because the Burns agency had been found hopelessly inefficient. The agency submitted daily reports that kept the District Attorney interested and keen for developments that never came. Finally Whitman resolved to "gumshoe" the detectives, and the result was that he found them playing into the hands of the corrupt officials. Once the agency reported the discovery of a big gambling den. The District Attorney investigated and found that the place was a church.

A Techau Note for Ladies

As a man is known by the company he keeps so is a cafe judged, not alone by the excellence of its service and cuisine, but by the character of the patrons who frequent it. Techau Tavern enjoys the patronage of the most discriminating members of San Francisco's best society because it presents that subtle atmosphere of refinement and respectability which is demanded by such a clientele. Always alert to increase the pleasure of its lady patrons over and above what is expected of a first class cafe, the management of the Tavern has just completed a large contract whereby it will be enabled to offer as a souvenir to the ladies the toilet and complexion specialties of the Aubrey Sisters, announcement of which will appear in due course in these columns.



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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Trouble Over the Mi-Careme

Preparations for the Mi-Careme bal poudre at the Presidio which will take place at the Officers' Club on February 27 are progressing only in the face of much turbulent opposition from the younger element at the post. It has been decided by the conservative "higher-ups" that the affair is to be a stately function with tableaux and minuets and Colonial costumes, all in keeping with the tempo of the contingent that rallies under the standard of Mrs. Cornelius Gardener. It is not to be a masked ball, as members of the committee of arrangements have frankly admitted that they could not possibly rely upon the discretion of the bachelor officers of the regiment if the women that they invited from town were permitted to wear masks. An invasion of undesirables would ruin the party completely, as there are no military tactics known to the ladies of the post that would successfully rout any such enemies of their peace of mind as might be smuggled into their midst in the shadow of a mask. The wives of the younger officers and the men themselves are strong for what they term a "real" party and are advocating the elimination of tableaux and the substitution of the "rag" and the Texas Tommy. Then it is to be a "pink" ball at which all the women are to be requested to appear in rose colored gowns; and if there is one thing that rouses the ire of a woman it is to be told what color she is expected to wear. There have been dozens of reasons already offered by dissenting army women as to why they cannot possibly come in pink, ranging from unbecomingness on the part of a dashing captain's wife to a frank admission of her lack of ability to obtain a new pink gown from the extravagant wife of a young lieutenant. So it will probably be a varicolored ball in spite of the efforts of the committee to

keep it pink. As the decorations are to be Japanese with the club transformed into a cherry blossom bowered tea house, the incongruity of stately Colonial costumes seems obvious. Why not kimonos and Yama Yama costumes for the women and pajamas and mandarin effects for the men? And then take a sporting chance on masks? It would certainly be a jollier party and the contribution of the price of tickets for the Army Relief Fund would be much more cheerfully given.

A Bride and the Southern Club

A well known young bride is suffering tortures of embarrassment because her name and address are in the possession of the secretary of the Southern Club, and the members are puzzling their brains to find out who she is, as the discreet secretary has told his club fellows of the incident without disclosing her name. The tale floated to her horrified ears at a dinner party a few evenings ago when a Southern Club member related the joke to the table full of guests and expressed his keen curiosity to know who the lady might be. The bride was looking for apartments and coming up the California street hill she spied the inviting looking veranda that is the pride of the soft-voiced men of the South who make their home at the club. The whole place looked so attractive that she presented herself at once at the front door of the club. The colored page looked a bit startled when she inquired if they had any two-room apartments at which she might look. "No ma'am, they is all taken," answered the suave attendant. "Well, can't I go in and look at some others then?" persisted the lady. "No, I can't let no strangers come in here," said the boy. "Well that's a precaution I should like very much. I knew the place was well managed. Do you know when there will be one vacant?" "No, ma'am, I can't say," replied the puzzled darky who held the door inhospitably against her entrance. "Well, here is my card and I wish the manager would communicate with me as soon as you have one. I like the looks of the place very much." And she departed rather reluctantly. Until she heard the story at the dinner party the other night she had not the faintest idea that she had been requesting apartments at a man's club, and now she is wondering how long it will be before that horrid secretary lets some one see her card. And why don't they put a door plate on their old club!

A Regiment Without Belles

To be a bachelor officer in the Sixteenth Infantry Regiment that is now stationed at the Presidio is not the happiest lot in the world. This regiment has the unique distinction of having not one "grown up" belle in its rank, so it takes on the aspect of a family of unattached men with no one to amuse or interest them at home. Attractive girls at an army post are a most valuable asset, and when the colonel and major and several captains in the outfit have marriageable daughters the social life is delightful. All well regulated young officers are expected to marry into the army and the women of the service do all in their power to discourage alliances with the daughters of civilians. In the Sixteenth the bachelors are almost chaperoned

out of existence in consequence. Every officer's wife considers it her duty to the regiment to regulate their acquaintances so that the regiment may not be called upon to welcome to its ranks a bride who would fail to measure up to military requirements. With absolutely no counter-attraction to offer at home and with such a wealth of pretty and distracting girls in San Francisco the matrons are almost driven to despair by the nomad habits that have been developed by the bachelors since their return from Alaska.

The Anxious Matrons

Nell Grant who spent the winter here did much to keep their wandering attention directed armyward, and Mercedes Crimmins, the attractive sister of Captain Martin Crimmins who is visiting here from New York, will keep a few of them busy dancing attendance on her during her stay, but this offers only slight relief to the married women of the regiment who are lying awake nights like anxious mothers devising plans to make these stalwart young bachelors the husbands of army girls for whom they consider they have been designed by fate.

Colonel Gardener Is Peeved

A great sadness abides with that erstwhile exuberantly joyful son of Mars the doughty Colonel Cornelius Gardener. The valorous colonel is nursing what is known both in and out of the Presidio as a "peeve." He's sore, is the intrepid Gardener, sore as sore can be; but the soreness is mental, not physical, so praise be! the colonel is not incapacitated for his strenuous duties. The warlike colonel's soreness springs from an unexpected defeat. Your true soldier never brooks defeat, and the colonel is therefore chafing like Achilles in his tent what time Agamemnon smiled on Briseis (or was it Chriseis?) Colonel Gardener, be it known, wanted to be president of the Officers' Club at the Presidio. A worthy ambition. But alas! by that sin of ambition fell the angels, so how should a mere man, soldier unconquerable though he be, hope to win by it. Colonel Gardener was opposed for the presidency of the club by Colonel Finley. And Colonel Finley was elected. It seems, at least so they are saying 'tween Lenten dances at the Presidio penitential-season hops, that Gardener's defeat was encompassed by an officer in whose court martial not so long ago Gardener took a rather

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cager interest. The officer was acquitted but he held a grudge against Colonel Gardener, and used his influence which was considerable to defeat him and elect Finley. Such is the tale, and if it's true small wonder that the great soldier is peeved.

The Sutro Gipsy Rag

It was a great night in Romany. The chals and the chis who followed the Sutro pateran to Gianduja's had the time of their lives. We have had novel parties in this little old town, but here was something which nobody had ever thought of before Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sutro conceived the idea. And the idea was carried out with artistic adherence to the demands of local color. The guests were in gipsy costume; they sat down to a gipsy dinner in a gipsy tent and were waited on by gipsy attendants. In the midst of the dinner a band of strolling players was heard out-

Frank McComas put all thought of Monterey behind him. Jimmie Hopper was unmindful of his short stories and merely beamed cherubically in the excitement of the rag. Phyllis Partington forgot that an enthusiastic audience had been applauding her and danced for the very gipsy love of dancing. Mrs. Harry Lafler dismissed the cares of a legislative lobbyist with a pet measure. And so with all the rest. They succumbed to the skilfully contrived atmosphere of the gipsy tent as they sprawled in the hay or footed it down the room in an ecstasy of simple joy. The men may have been queer looking gipsies, some of them at least, but the ladies were in character with their gorgeous colors, their heavy ear rings, their bangles and their gaudy head dresses. Mrs. Sutro was a particularly charming Romany chi, a typical gipsy fortune teller, and her hoop skirt added to the general quaintness of her costume.



A DELIGHTFUL SPOT ON A ROOF GARDEN OF HOTEL GREEN, PASADENA, CAL.

side the restaurant and was invited in to share the hospitality of the Romany Rye. Beneath their fantastic disguises Herman Heller and his musicians of the St. Francis orchestra were recognized. The music started and never ceased. Between soup and risotto, between salad and ravioli the chals and the chis ragged madly up and down and between the long, heavily laden tables. Dinner was served at eight, and the last rag was played at half after five, just before the guests sat down to breakfast. George Sterling said he wouldn't have missed it to write another "Testimony of the Suns"!

A Gathering of Highbrows

It was a gathering of highbrows, but all were on gipsy pleasure bent and highbrow conversation was tabu. George Sterling had neither time nor inclination to discuss "The Lyric Year" with Henry Anderson Lafler. Gottardo Piazzoni bandied no words on art with Xavier Martinez.

Gipsy Verses

An interesting feature of the decorations consisted of the gipsy posters drawn for the affair by Dan Sweeney and Virgil Nahl. Each poster contained gipsy verses and the pictures sent the thoughts of the highbrows back to the delicious hours they had spent reading "Lavengro" and "Romany Rye," George Borrow's inimitable gipsy stories. Verses like these helped to carry out the illusion of the affair:

Said the youthful earl to the gipsy girl,
As the moon was casting its silver shine:
Brown little lady, Egyptian lady,
Let me kiss those sweet lips of thine.

'Tis a pleasant thing of a dusky night

A horse-stealing to go;
But to swing in the wind on the gallows-tree
Is no pleasant thing, I trow.

And the following from Kipling's splendid "Gipsy Trail":

The pied snake to the rifted rock,
The buck to the stony plain,
And the Romany lass to the Romany lad
And both to the road again.

Dancing and Endurance

The gipsies at this unique party footed it from eight in the evening of St. Valentine's Day till half after five of the following morning. There were few signs of fatigue. If the truth must be told the dancers of the sterner sex may have been a bit more tired than the ladies; the chals showed weariness where the chis did not. Which leads to the question: what is the limit of dancing

endurance in this dancing town of ours? Has the limit ever been reached? I don't suppose any San Franciscans ever danced longer than these merry guests of the Sutros. In fact I shouldn't be surprised to learn that the Sutro party established a record. Nine hours and a half of ragging! And the raggers exhibited less fatigue than the musicians! The guests must have put on gipsy strength and gipsy endurance with their gay costumes.

Much interest is being evinced in the coming "Opera Talk" on "Louise" which Miss Esther Mundell, the singer, is giving at Century Club Hall on Thursday next, on account of the presentation of this very interesting French work by the Chicago Opera Co. in the near future. Tickets for the "Talk" may be secured at Sherman, Clay & Co.

Matinee at Kohler and Chase Hall

This Saturday's Music Matinee at Kohler & Chase Hall will be in honor of Washington's Birthday, and an exceptionally interesting program has been prepared. Two artists of more than usual reputation have been engaged, Emilio Puyans, flutist, and Mme. Puyans, soprano. Mr. Puyans was flutist for Mme. Tetrazzini on her recent concert tour. During this symphony season he has been first flutist and also appeared as soloist. Mme. Puyans is a vocalist of accomplishment. There will also be excellent selections for the Pianola Piano and the Aeolian Pipe Organ.

A Luncheon at Tait's

"Where shall I lunch" is a troublesome question with many. In search of variety and differentness one's patience is oftentimes taxed to the utmost. Rare is the place that can hold the same noonday patronage month in and month out. One's string of moods is somewhat similar to a line of many colored beads in that each reflects the tint that comes within its focus. And speaking of moods and fancies, to say nothing of the desires of the "inner man," I honestly believe that the one cafe in town which succeeds in holding a regular luncheon clientele is the Tait-Zinkand Cafe. There is always something new and diverting to be seen and heard here every day between 11:30 and 2. And the dainty and appetizing repast served at fifty cents is well worth twice the price asked for it.

Wealth doesn't always bring happiness. So after all it may be philanthropy to separate a fool and his money.

Considering how many dead ones there are in the world, it's a wonder that undertakers aren't rushed to death.

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(Advertisement)

"Bunty Pulls the Strings"

By Edward F. O'Day

My Scots is no' the real thing—
It lacks the Bobby-Burnsy swing;
But prudence to the dogs I fling—
I canna help myself but sing
When Bunty pulls the strings.

There's awfu' woe in the Biggar hame
Since Susie Simpson to visit came.
Ah! Susie she's the fearsome dame!
But willna she be put to shame
When Bunty pulls the strings!

Poor Rab has grown to quite a mon,
Too big for dad to pick upon;
Yet fayther vows he'll thrash his son.
Awel! he'll change his mind anon
When Bunty pulls the strings.

Young Weelum Sprunt's an honest lad;
Perhaps his heart it wasna glad
To think that Bunty's love he had!
Yet unco dour he'll be and sad
Ere Bunty pulls the strings.

Ye see, auld Tammas late had ta'en
A bit o' siller not his ain
(For Jamie had been raising Cain!)
And Sue to have her cash was fain
Till Bunty pulled the strings.

This Susie was a wee bit daft,
And thinking Tammas muckle saft,

She used her cunning old-maid craft
To snare him—he was nearly gaffed
When Bunty pulled the strings.

"Gie me my cash or make me wife;
Pay up or be my man for life!"
I tell ye, Lintiehaugh was rife
Wi' nasty gossip, fash and strife
Till Bunty pulled the strings.

Nae trouble comes without its mate
Despite what optimists may prate;
And Tammas Biggar's unkind fate
Brought Eelen on his worrit pate
Ere Bunty pulled the strings.

This Eelen in the days lang dead
Had Tammas' word that he wad wed;
The canny lad! he'd up and fled
Wi' never an explanation said!
Can Bunty pull this string?

Twa weemen claim auld Tammas now—
One says his stealing she'll avow;
The other loves him—you'll allow
Nae Scot was e'er in sich a row.
Oh Bunty, pull thy strings!

And faith! it is an awfu' mess.
It taxes Bunty's cheerfulness—
She risks her ain life-happiness;

But soon it all comes right, oh yes!
When Bunty pulls the strings.

Puir Weelum's nest-egg pays the debt
That holds her dad in Susie's net—
A fact that makes puir Weelum fret.
Oh Weelum, how could you forget
That Bunty pulls the strings?

The siller's hardly handed o'er
When Bunty proves by blood and law
The money Susie held before
Is Weelum's. Faith! Sue dropped her jaw
When Bunty pulled that string!

And as for Eelen, 'tis no feat
For Bunty wi' her questions sweet
To find she's carefu', clean and neat;
So dad and Eelen dinna greet
When Bunty ties their strings.

Let's no' forget that Rabby soon
From Lintiehaugh will gang him doon
To find a job in Glasgie toon.
He hadna hope to gain that boon
Till Bunty loosed his strings.

Of course ye ken that Weelum's lot
Is tangled in a marriage knot.
He's unco glad now he has got
His Bunty—but he'll dance, I wot,
When Bunty pulls the strings.

Gossip of the Theatre

The Genee Ballet Season

At the Valencia Monday night Mlle. Adeline Genee, the world's greatest dancer, assisted by M. Volinin, Mlle. Schmolz, a number of secondary dancers and a corps de ballet, besides a magnificent orchestra of forty under the baton of the eminent conductor and composer Mr. C. J. M. Glaser of London, will open a short season of ballet performances such as have never before been witnessed in this city, with the single exception of the Pavlova engagement. On Monday, Wednesday and Friday nights and Saturday afternoon the program will consist of "La Danse," an authentic history of dancing, dancers and the appropriate music from 1710 to 1845 in which Genee and her assisting artists will portray the various famous dancers and their methods. This will be followed by a series of specialty dances, the complete divertissement from "Robert Le Diable" by Meyerbeer and the "Hunting Scene" in which Genee dances in full riding costume to an old English hunting melody. On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday nights the dramatic pantomime-ballet "La Camargo" will be given followed again by many special feature dances and divertissements. The plot of "La Camargo" is an interesting love story and gives Genee ample scope for her abilities as an interpreter of joy, passion, comedy and pathos. "La Camargo" is in one act and calls for a cast of seven characters. The opening performance of this work (Tuesday night) will be for the benefit of the rebuilding of the famous mission at San Juan Capistrano and is under the auspices of a committee of our most prominent people interested in this splendid effort to preserve California's most interesting landmarks. The sale of seats will be maintained at Sherman, Clay & Co's through the season but

on account of the holiday next Saturday the box office will be open at the Valencia on Saturday and Sunday, February 23 and 24. The Genee company will not appear in Oakland.



MINNIE DUPREE

Who will appear in Alfred Sutro's one act play "The Man in Front" next week at the Orpheum.

The Nordica Concert

Mme. Lillian Nordica will give one concert

only in San Francisco this season. It will be given at the Columbia this Sunday afternoon. She will be assisted by William Morse Rummel, violinist, and E. Romayne Simmons, pianist. The diva will sing works by Schumann, Schubert, Rachmaninoff, Stange, Jensen, Arensky, Wagner, Cadman, Vidal, Bemberg and Debussy. Mr. Rummel's violin numbers will include works by Kreisler, Aulin, Sarasate and Brahms-Joachim. Popular prices will prevail. Next Tuesday afternoon at 3:15 p. m. Mme. Nordica will appear in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse when the same program will be repeated. For this event the box office is open at Ye Liberty Playhouse only.

The Beel Quartet

The final concert of the Beel Quartet for the present season will be given at the St. Francis Hotel Sunday afternoon, March 2, when the splendid organization will have the assistance of Miss Virginie De Fremery, pianist, Mr. C. Schmidt, viola and Mr. Victor De Gomez, 'cello, in the most interesting program of ensemble music ever offered in this city.

Clara Butt Coming

Clara Butt, the English contralto who is said to possess the most wonderful alto voice in the world and who is one of the most important concert artists living, is meeting with great success in Eastern cities where she is appearing with Kennerly Rumford, the English baritone. These artists have been secured by the most important manager in Australia and will sail from this city about the middle of April. Manager Greenbaum has arranged to have them appear here en route and arrangements are now being made for a short tour in this State. The first

appearance of Clara Butt and Kennerly Rumford in the West will be at the Cort on Sunday afternoon, March 30.

Josef Lhevinne

The next of the great pianists to visit us will be Josef Lhevinne who will appear at Scottish Rite Auditorium on Sunday afternoon, March 23.

Cavalieri to Sing Here

Will Greenbaum announces that by pledging a large sum as a guarantee he has been enabled to secure a contract for the appearance here of that splendid artist and most beautiful woman Lina Cavalieri, assisted by Lucien Muratore, leading tenor of the Paris Grand Opera and said to be the handsomest man on the stage. Both are said to be singers of quite exceptional charm and it is predicted that their joint tour will be the most sensational ever arranged in this country.

Julie Culp

For those who love the most artistic form of singing and concert Mr. Greenbaum promises an unusual treat in the concerts of Mme. Julie Culp, the Dutch mezzo-soprano who is now proving a revelation to the concertgoers of New York and Boston. Her work is said to be the most beautiful exposition of the art of lieder singing ever heard in this country. Even the success of Dr. Wullner has been eclipsed by Mme. Culp.

"Sweet Kitty" at the Alcazar

In response to popular request the Alcazar management announces David Belasco's beautiful costume play, "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," as its offering for next week. This will be its third revival under the Belasco & Mayer direction, the tremendous hit made by Evelyn Vaughan in the title part being mainly responsible for each repetition, although the acting of Bert Lytell and the other principal people, the elaborate scenic investiture, the luxurious costuming and the cleverly drawn situations and bright dialogue of the play itself must be considered as important factors. Edgerton Castle's charming tale "The Bath Comedy" provided Belasco with inspiration for "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," and the play adheres with unusual fidelity to the plan of the novel. Music is a feature of "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," and to do full justice to the score, composed by William Furst, the Alcazar orchestra will be considerably augmented. There is no probability of this Belasco play being retained longer than seven days at the Alcazar, as a contract compels the presentation of "Nobody's Widow" week after next, closing the Vaughan-Lytell season.

Crane at the Columbia

The success of Wm. H. Crane in his new play "The Senator Keeps House" by Martha Morton under the management of Joseph Brooks has been very considerable. It is a comedy, clean and wholesome. Crane will present it at the Columbia for one week only, beginning Monday night. Matinees will be given Wednesday and Saturday. Joseph Brooks is directing the present tour and has given it his personal attention because this year marks the fiftieth season that Crane has been on our stage. This honor is given to few players.

Entirely New Bill at Orpheum

The Orpheum offers an entirely new bill next week. The headline honors will be divided by Minnie Dupree and the B. A. Rolfe production of "Puss in Boots." Miss Dupree will present a one-act play by Alfred Sutro called "The Man in Front." "Puss in Boots" is an elaborate fantastic production. It is an Americanized English

pantomime and extravaganza with four sets of beautiful scenery. Mr. Rolfe's music is the best he has written and the American book, the work of Frank Kennedy, has genuine wit and keen satire. Twenty-five musical comedy artists headed by Will J. Kennedy complete the cast. David Abrahams, the international animal impersonator, has been secured for the role of Puss. A musical mechanical novelty entitled "Volant," "The Flying Piano" will be introduced. James Diamond and Sibyl Brennan will appear in "Nifty nonsense." Edwards, Ryan and Tierney excel as singers of Irish, French, Italian and rag-time numbers. The Five Juggling Mowatts will manipulate Indian clubs. Professor Jack Apdale puts bears, dogs, monkeys and ant-eaters through extraordinary feats. John and Winnie Hennings, "The Kill Kare Kouple" and a novel series of motion pictures will complete the bill.

Another Week of "Bunty"

"Bunty Pulls the Strings" will hold the boards at the Cort all of next week. Owing to the fact that no Sunday performances of "Bunty" are given, it has been arranged to give a matinee and evening exhibition of Paul J. Rainey's African Hunt this Sunday, February 23. It will be remembered what a success these marvelous motion pictures scored last season at the Cort. An illuminative lecture will be given and popular prices will prevail. "Bunty" will be followed at the Cort on Sunday night, March 2, by "Little Miss Brown," the latest farce from the pen of Philip H. Bartholomae. It has proven a laughing success.

Nell Schmidt at Pantages

Back from a remarkably successful tour of the Pantages circuit comes Nell Schmidt, the "Alameda Mermaid" who is featured on the new bill opening Sunday. Miss Schmidt will give her exhibition of fancy diving from a high platform into a huge tank. Vivian Marshall, said to be the world's only fire diver, is with Miss Schmidt and adds greatly to the interest of the act. Another of Walter Montague's playlets is a story of San Quentin entitled "Convict 2634 and the Warden." Carl Stockdale, a well known stock actor, takes the leading role. The "Four Soles" brothers are masters of the tuneful marimba-phone which resembles an immense xylophone built of bamboo sticks. Tom Kelly, the Irish Minstrel, is one of the features of the bill. Kelly has new songs and a budget of fresh yarns. A unique ventriloquial act presented by Dave Rafeal & Co., La Tosca, a talkative juggler, the Valerie Sisters, stunning show girls who sing and reels of comedy motion pictures round out the bill.

The Tivoli Opera Season

Great interest is manifested in the season of grand opera to be given by the Chicago Grand Opera Company at the new Tivoli Opera House, commencing two weeks from next Wednesday evening, March 12, and the demand for seats for the two groups of eight performances as well as the entire regular season of sixteen operas is very large. At Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where the sale is now in progress, choice locations are going with a rush and the sale will continue until



MARY GARDEN

One of the stars of the Chicago Grand Opera Company, coming to the Tivoli Opera House.

a week from Saturday. Monday, March 3, the sale of single seats will commence at the box office of the Tivoli. Wednesday evening, March 12, the new theatre will be dedicated with a performance of "Rigoletto," with Luisa Tetrzzini as Gilda, and the following operas will be given in Series B: "Secret of Suzanne" and "Hansel and Gretel," Thursday afternoon, March 13, with Jenny Dufau, Giovanni Polese and Francesco Daddi in the Wolf-Ferrari opera and Marie Cavan and Mabel Riegelman in the German opera, to be followed by an "International Ballet Divertissement"; "Die Walkure," Friday evening, March 14, with Eleanor di Cisneros, Minnie Saltzman-Stevens, Jane Osborn Hannah and Charles Dalmores; "Natoma," by Victor Herbert, Saturday evening, March 15, with Mary Garden, Helen Stanley, George Hamlin, Hector Dufranne and Mario Sammarco; "Lucia," Tuesday evening, March 18, with Luisa Tetrzzini; "Noel," a new opera by Frederick d'Erlanger, Wednesday evening, March 19, and "Pagliacci," with Hector Dufranne, Francesco Daddi, Edmond Warnery, Minnie Saltzman-Stevens, Mabel Riegelman and Marie Cavan; "A Lover's Quarrel," by Parelli, and "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," by Massenet, Saturday afternoon, March 22, and "The Jewels of the Madonna," Friday evening, March 28, with Carolina White, Giorgini, Sammarco, Riegelman and Daddi in the leading roles. Series C includes "Thais," Thursday evening, March 13, with Hector Dufranne and Mary Garden; "Traviata," Saturday afternoon, March 15, with Tetrzzini and Giorgini; "Louise," Monday evening, March 17, with Mary Garden, Dufranne and Dalmores; "Carmen," Wednesday afternoon, March 19, with Mary Garden, Dufranne and Dalmores and incidental dances by the ballet; "Crispino e la Comare," Thursday evening, March 20, with Tetrzzini and Sammarco; "Tristan und Isolde," Saturday evening, March 22, with Dalmores, Minnie Saltzman-Stevens and Eleanor di Cisneros, and "The Jewels of the Madonna," Wednesday afternoon, March 24. Local and out of town patrons may address orders to W. H. Leahy, Tivoli Opera House.

The Next Symphony

The program of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra for the concert of Friday afternoon, February 28 is very interesting. Irma Seydel, the talented young violinist who appeared with great success this season with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, will make her first appearance here. She is probably the youngest violin soloist on the concert stage. She will be heard in Saint-Saens Concerto in B Minor. The other numbers on the program will be: Beethoven, Symphony No. 8, F Major, Op. 93; Rimsky-Korsakoff, Suite Symphonique—Scheherazade, Op. 35. Seats for all concerts may be secured at the box offices of Sherman, Clay & Co., Kohler & Chase and the Cort.

Linguists He Had Known

A few days ago some members of the upper house of Congress were discussing the power of eloquence and its value as an asset to the man in public life. One man ventured the opinion that the more languages a man knew the better equipped he was when it came to questions of law and practical politics, aside from all other obvious advantages.

The Honorable John Sharp Williams, Senator from Mississippi, was an interested listener, but skeptical.

"I can't give the linguist much," he remarked with dry deliberation. "Why, I knew a man once who spoke seven different languages fluently and didn't have a single idea in one!"

LITTLE JULIE

A Picardy Folk Song

"Monsieur le Cure, will you marry me?"
"First find a husband, little Julie."
"Monsieur le Cure, no lover comes nigh;
If soon he comes not, sure I shall die."
"Little Julie, set thy heart at rest:
If thou die, we will bury thee with the best."
"Monsieur le Cure, on my poor bier
Will you shed for little Julie a tear?"
"Little Julie, at thy burying
I cannot weep, for I must sing."
"Monsieur le Cure, what is the song
You will sing as I go to my grave along?"
"Little Julie, my song that day
Will be 'Requiescat in pace.'"

R. L. F.

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THIS SUNDAY AFTERNOON JAN. 23 at 2:30
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Tickets, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00 at box office of Columbia.

NORDICA IN OAKLAND

NEXT TUESDAY AFTERNOON, FEB. 25 at 3:15.
Ye Liberty Playhouse

Steinway Piano



GENEE

Greatest of the Dancers

Assisted by M. Volinin, Corps de Ballet and Symphony Orchestra

VALENCIA THEATER

COMMENCING MONDAY NIGHT,
FEBRUARY 24th

Monday, Wednesday, Friday Night and Saturday Matinee
"LA DANSE"
Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday Nights
"LA CAMARGO"

Tickets, \$2.50, \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00 at Theatre this Saturday and Sunday. During the week at Sherman, Clay & Co.
Coming—JOSEF LHEVINNE, Pianist. CLARA BUTT and KENNERLY RUMFORD.

Pantages Theatre

Market Street, Opposite Mason

Week Commencing Sunday Matinee, February 23rd

NELL SCHMIDT
"The Alameda Mermaid"

and
VIVIAN MARSHALL
World Famous Fire Diver

"CONVICT 2634 AND THE WARDEN"
A Dramatic Incident of San Quentin Presented by
Carl Stockdale Co.

TOM KELLY
California's Peerless Baritone

6 OTHER BIG FEATURES

Matinee Daily at 2:30. Nights, 7:15 and 9:15. Sunday and Holidays Matinees at 1:30 and 3:30. Nights Continuous from 6:30.
Prices—10c, 20c and 30c.

SAN FRANCISCO ORCHESTRA

HENRY HADLEY-CONDUCTOR

Supplementary Season of Symphony Concerts
SPECIAL PRICES—35c, 50c, 75c and \$1.00

at the
CORT THEATRE

on the afternoons of

Friday, Feb. 28th and March 7th, and Sunday, March 9th
NEXT FRIDAY AFTERNOON—at 3:15

Program

Beethoven.....Symphony, No. 8, F Major, Op. 93
Saint-Saens.....Concerto for Violin, No. 3, B Minor, Op. 61

IRMA SEYDEL

Rimsky-Korsakoff..Suite Symphonique, Op. 35—Scheherazade
SOLOISTS

Louis Persinger, Violinist, Friday, March 7, 1913. Mr. Persinger will play Lalo No. 1, Opus 20.

SEATS ON SALE at box offices Sherman, Clay & Co., Kohler & Chase, and the Cort Theatre.

COLUMBIA THEATRE

The Leading Playhouse. Geary and Mason Sts.
Phones, Franklin 150 and Home C 5783

Engagement Positively Limited to One Week
Beginning Monday Night, February 24th—Six Nights
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday
Jos. Brooks Presents

WM. H. CRANE

In His Great Comedy Success

"THE SENATOR KEEPS HOUSE"

By Martha Morton

Evenings and Saturday Matinee, \$2 to 25c.

Wednesday Matinee, 25c to \$1.50

Monday, March 3rd—DONALD BRIAN in the musical hit "The Siren."

ALCAZAR THEATRE

O'Farrell, near Powell. Phones, Kearny 2 and Home C 4455

Monday Evening, February 24th, and Throughout the Week

EVELYN VAUGHAN and BERT LYTELL

Leading the Alcazar Company in David Belasco's
Beautiful Costume Play

"SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS"

Revived in Response to Popular Request

Prices: Night, 25c to \$1; Matinees: 25c to 50c.

Matinees: Thursday, Saturday and Sunday

CORT Leading Theatre

Ellis and Market
Phone Sutter 2460

SECOND AND LAST WEEK STARTS MONDAY

Night and Saturday Matinee Prices—50c to \$2.00

Entire Lower Floor at Wednesday Matinee—\$1.00

"BUNTY PULLS THE STRINGS"

EXTRA—Sunday Matinee and Night, February 23rd—Two Times Only—PAUL J. RAINEY'S AFRICAN HUNT Motion Pictures. Popular Prices. No Sunday Performances of "Bunty."

NEXT—Sunday, March 2nd—"LITTLE MISS BROWN"

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE

Opening March 12, 1913

PUBLIC SUBSCRIPTION SALE NOW ON
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Kearney and Sutter Streets, of Season Tickets. Engagement

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Mail Orders for Season Tickets received and filled now. For one or more single performances received now, filled after close of Subscription Sale as near desired location as possible.

Special attention given orders of out-of-town patrons. Make all checks payable to W. H. LEAHY, Tivoli Opera House, San Francisco.

Full information concerning company, artists, repertory at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

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PIANOS—GRAND AND UPRIGHT

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KOHLER & CHASE BUILDING

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Several severe blows were dealt at the values of securities, but the market gave a fairly good account of itself considering the bear news. Money was higher on account of the poor bank statement the week before, and the sudden downfall of the Mexican Government depressed such stocks as Mexican Petroleum and Smelters. The United States Steel corporation reported a slight falling-off in unfilled tonnage but this had been expected and should have been fully discounted. London was generally lower and sold stocks in this market. Promoters of American Can interests followed up a bullish interview on its prospects in a weekly paper by bidding the stock up aggressively till it touched 42 in the face of a falling market. This movement was not popular in the street because anything that smells of manipulation is likely to be followed by disagreeable consequences in the present temper of Congress and the State Legislatures. Besides the Can boom several other specialties were unduly prominent, some being weak while others were strong. Attorney General Wickersham was kind enough to say nice things about the proposal to settle the Union Pacific case, but Wall Street, in its characteristic way, told him that there was another side to it, and both Southern and Union Pacific shares declined. Hitherto they have not been moving up or down in unison, but traders concluded that both had more to lose than to gain by all the new financing involving payments of heavy commissions to the underwriters. It will cost both companies something to make the contemplated changes and now the street is trying to estimate how big the bill will be. Money was much firmer and call loans were quoted as high as 4½ per cent. The street is very pessimistic and it is hard to find anyone with nerve enough to advocate the bull side of the market at present. Usually when such a state of pessimism exists the market turns for the better. Think good stocks can be bought at present levels.

Wheat—The wheat market continues in a narrow scalping range and there seems very little in sight to warrant any change of consequence in the near future. It is yet too early to determine what warm weather will reveal regarding the condition of the winter wheat crop. It would seem however that the territory west of the Mississippi was experiencing a lack of moisture, an inadequate covering of snow and overmuch freezing and thawing weather. Climatic conditions may hereafter become so beneficial as to repair the harm done and produce a normal harvest, but it is impossible to conceive a combination of such superior conditions as will duplicate in 1913 the bountiful crop harvested in 1912. In the soft winter wheat States the general condition augurs well for a good production. The

trade of the world is now experiencing the first flush of the Argentine crop movement. Its effects are invariably depressing but are less so than usual this season owing to the large European requirements and the fact that Russia is doing so little to supply that demand. The foreign markets are said to be below a parity with those this side of the Atlantic, but the seaboard clearances continue liberal and far greater than those of the previous year, a positive evidence that the wheat is daily being exported. Whether it be on old sales or new business is immaterial. It is also to be observed that the Canadian markets for wheat are firm, with stocks about the same as a year ago and prices several cents lower than at that time. However we are approaching the season of crop scares and already reports are being received telling of lack of moisture in Kansas and Nebraska and also quite a number of reports of insects and if this condition does not change soon we are apt to run into a genuine crop scare market.

Corn—The advance in the price of corn has the effect of enlarging the country movement to the market centers, and at the same time has checked to some extent the consumptive demand. The upturn in prices came earlier in the season than usual and sooner than conditions seemed to warrant. Accordingly, the reaction that has occurred the last week should occasion no surprise. The Argentine surplus promises to be small compared with the huge quantity exported last year. The market may have some further reaction, but present prices are not high and any further reaction will in our opinion afford good investments.

Cotton—The market was inclined to sag the past week and it looked as if most of the bull news had gone stale. Cables from Manchester spoke of enormous spinners' stocks and refusal of further freight until spinners take delivery. As the Manchester situation has been so bullish this probably caused Liverpool to let up temporarily in the strength shown for the past two weeks. Southern spots were generally reported unchanged although the basis was said to be lower. The local feeling now is decidedly bearish on the theory that all bullish factors have been discounted, and conditions in the stock market are retarding speculation. This constant changing of sentiment with the fluctuations of the market alternately weakens and strengthens the technical position and helps to keep it in a rut. October cotton is now only 100 points over what it was a year ago when it continued its advance up to July. Now with a crop two million bales less, trade conditions good and the total available from this date forward 1,143,000 bales less than last year, on the basis of a 14,000,000 bale crop, it does not seem logical that the new crop should

be a sale. One must not fail to realize that our 16,000,000 bale crop a year ago opened up new channels and an increased demand for cotton from every corner of the earth, and if we don't break another record the coming year we must expect much higher prices.

Seven cities were claiming to be Homer's birthplace.

"Which has a winning ball team?" he asked.

Citizens' Alliance of San Francisco

OPEN SHOP

Equal opportunity for all and the Open Shop. Monopoly of jobs for the Branded and Closed Shop, Unionism means industrial decay.

The Citizens Alliances' offices are in the Russ Bldg., Nos. 363-364-365, San Francisco, Cal. The Free Registration Bureau for labor of all kinds is located here, and open to all.

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(THE GERMAN BANK)

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RICHMOND DISTRICT BRANCH, S. W. Corner
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HAIGHT STREET BRANCH, S. W. Corner
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Assets	\$53,315,495.84
Capital actually paid up in Cash.....	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....	1,705,879.63
Employees' Pension Fund.....	148,850.22
Number of Depositors	59,144

Office Hours: 10 o'clock a. m. to 3 o'clock p. m., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock m. and Saturday evenings from 6:30 p. m. to 8 o'clock p. m. for receipt of deposits only.

Wells Fargo Nevada National Bank

No. 2 MONTGOMERY STREET

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits....	\$11,079,373.37
Cash and Sight Exchange.....	12,011,110.74
Deposits	26,882,124.40

Officers—Isaias W. Hellman, Pres.; I. W. Hellman Jr., V.-Pres.; F. L. Lipman, V.-Pres.; James K. Wilson, V.-Pres.; Frank B. King, Cashier; W. McGavin, Asst. Cashier; E. L. Jacobs, Asst. Cashier; C. L. Davis, Asst. Cashier; A. D. Oliver, Asst. Cashier; A. B. Price, Asst. Cashier.

Directors—Isaias W. Hellman, I. W. Hellman Jr., Joseph Sloss, A. Christeson, Percy T. Morgan, Wm. Haas, F. W. Van Sicken, Hartland Law, Wm. F. Herrin, Henry Rosenfeld, John C. Kirkpatrick, James L. Flood, J. Henry Meyer, Chas. J. Deering, A. H. Payson, James K. Wilson and F. L. Lipman. Customers of this Bank are offered every facility consistent with prudent banking. New accounts are invited.

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Los Angeles, 112 W. Third Street
New York, 31-33-35 New Street

Varied Types

(Continued from Page 7.)

the fiscal year 1906-7 the total expenses of the city were \$8,622,000. Judging from what we have spent in seven months, with five still to run before the fiscal year is completed, the expense is now about three times as great. The taxpayer already feels the difference, but taxes will go up instead of down, for it must be remembered that our bond issues do not provide for sinking funds until ten years have elapsed."

So there is a pretty prospect for the taxpayer during the next ten years!

"We seem to be penny wise and pound foolish," continued Auditor Boyle. "We are careful about small things, but extravagant in big things. We skimp on a minor appropriation and pay, for instance, the tidy sum of \$650,000 to Ham Hall for his Hetch Hetchy water rights."

"During the year 1912 experts of all sorts cost the city in the neighborhood of \$150,000. Bion Arnold, our transportation expert drew \$50,450. Freeman, our Hetch Hetchy expert, drew more than \$50,000. Zion, our expert on efficiency, was allowed \$10,000. E. P. E. Troy got \$250 a month for six or seven months for services rendered to Bion Arnold though I am a good deal in the dark as to what those services were. And there are plenty of others."

"The curious way in which these experts are paid is worth calling attention to. Take Expert Arnold, for instance. He gets \$250 a day. But that is not all. He also gets twice the amount of his office expenses. Here's a pay roll for May of last year which will explain what I mean. The assistants in his office were paid \$840 that month. These assistants received salaries ranging from \$75 to \$125 a month. They were all sorts of workers, from field men to janitors. The

total, as I said, was \$840. Arnold was paid a bonus of twice that, or \$1680. That was in addition to his \$250 a day. This may seem a curious way of compensating a man, and for myself I never heard of it before the city went into the expert business, but it's part of his contract."

"Penny wise and pound foolish," says Auditor Boyle. Considering all these things the statement is undoubtedly conservative.

An Innocent

(Continued from Page 9.)

him say a wrong word of any one. He was one of the best. He was—you know what I mean—holly!"

An uncontrollable "Amen" nearly rose up in my throat.

* * * *

And now, ye Eugenic folk, whose great concern is to prepare a new heaven on earth for supermen, whenever you speak your damnable proposals to me—I see before me the old A4 22, radiant and forgiving—and may God Almighty help me to the heights of his splendid charity.

IN THE SOCIAL SPOTLIGHT

A concert for the benefit of the Baby Hospital was given at the Hotel Oakland Monday night. Regina Vicarino of the Lambardi Grand Opera Company, Lowell Redfield, accompanied by Mrs. Redfield, and Herman Montonne, violinist, contributed. Among the hostesses were the directors of the hospital. They are: Mrs. Frank K. Mott, Mrs. Allan K. Babcock, Mrs. Walter Shorkley, Mrs. A. A. Moore Jr., Miss Bertha Wright, Mrs. Wickham Havens, Miss Mabel Weed, Mrs. L. W. Storer, Mrs. Giles Easton, Mrs. Lucille Knowland, Mrs. Clifton Macon, Miss Myrtle Smith, Mrs. H. M. Webster, Mrs. Charles R. Lloyd, Mrs. Frank L. Adams, Mrs.

Friedricks, Miss Christie Taft, Mrs. James de Fremery, Mrs. E. V. Hathaway, Mrs. Samuel Bell Wakefield, Mrs. W. B. Seabury, Mrs. H. C. Capwell, Mrs. W. J. Hotchkiss, Miss Lida Garber, Mrs. E. L. Parsons, Mrs. Edward Engs, Mrs. M. A. Anderson, Mrs. Duncan McDuffie. On the same evening a dinner was given in the English room by H. J. Quinn. On Tuesday the Oakland Ad Club luncheon took place. The Alameda County Medical Association met in the English room in the evening. Y. W. C. A. had its annual dinner in the Ivery ball room. Four hundred guests were present. On Thursday the Oakland and San Francisco Rotary clubs had a banquet in the Renaissance grill room. Three hundred were present.

The Beringer Musical Club, under the direction of Prof. and Mme. Joseph Beringer, has issued invitations for a recital on Tuesday evening, February 25, at Century Club Hall. A varied program of vocal and instrumental numbers will make the recital particularly interesting. Professor Beringer will, as usual, preside at the piano, and will open the program with Beethoven's A major Sonata for Piano and Violin, Mr. Otto Rauhut playing the violin part. The following members of the club will be heard: Miss Zdenka Buben, Miss Loie Munsel, Miss Arena Toriggino, Miss Maya C. Hummel and Miss Irma Persinger.

Richard Marpole who is general executive agent of the Canadian Pacific at Vancouver, arrived at Del Monte last week in his private car for a week of golf. Mr. Marpole is accompanied by Mrs. Marpole, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Johnson, Miss Holm and Mr. MacIver Campell. The officers and ladies of the Presidio of Monterey gave a very delightful cotillion Friday night. The ball room was artistically decorated with hundreds of red hearts which made a very charming effect against a background of green. Among those from the hotel who attended the hop were: Miss Geraldine Forbis, Miss Josephine Murphy, Miss Alice Warner and Mr. Wm. Brothers, Jr. The arrival of four troops of the First Cavalry from San Francisco on Sunday created quite a bit of excitement at the Presidio and Del Monte. A number of riding parties are already being planned and the coming months promise to be very gay. Miss Geraldine Forbis who is spending a week at Del Monte is taking up golf under the instruction of Mac Smith. She is making great progress and shows promise of becoming an excellent golfer. Miss Flora Low and Miss Ella Morgan have returned from a visit to San Francisco and are being warmly welcomed by their many friends. The impromptu golf tournaments last week were very successful and greatly enjoyed by all. R. P. Tisdale won the men's tournament and W. G. Swallow of Everett, Wash., won the second flight, while W. E. Brothers, Jr. was the winner of the consolation event. Mrs. H. R. Warner defeated Mrs. Francis McComas in the finals of the first eight, and Miss Allis won from Mrs. Hutton in the second flight. The weekly card party given by the hotel management for the guests was well attended last Wednesday evening. They all enjoy it immensely as they make up their own tables and play any game they wish, and each table receives a prize.

Dyspeptic Philosophy

Don't put yourself under a cloud with the sole idea of testing the silver lining theory.

The man who flatters himself that he leaves little to be desired should remember that a burglar does the same thing.

Some people are ambitious to get to the top just for the pleasure it would give them to look down on the rest of us.



"BUNTY" and "WHEELUM"
Scene from the whimsical Scotch play, "Bunt Pulls the Stri ngs," at the Cort Theatre.

SUMMONS IN PARTITION

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 35,453; Department No. —.

James Maguire, Maud Gallagher, Frank Kelly, Charles Kelly, Clara Kelly, Thomas Kelly, John J. Barrett and Geo. C. Ross, Plaintiffs, vs. John Kelly, Henrietta Louise Westphal, Dora Rose Chase, James F. Kelly, Annie Clark, George Maguire, Frank Maguire, Mark F. Kelly, James T. Kelly, Augusta G. Kelly, Cecelia G. Kelly, Josephine G. Kelly, Irvin S. Knapp, James F. Kelly as administrator of the estate of Anne Askins, also known as and called "Ann" Askins, deceased, E. M. Galvin as administrator of the estate of John Burns, deceased, E. M. Galvin individually, Mary A. Burns, Milton F. Burns, John T. Burns, Lillian M. Burns, Alice G. Burns, Henry Burns, John First Doe, John Second Doe, John Third Doe, Jane First Doe, Jane Second Doe, Jane Third Doe, and to all persons unknown who have or claim any interest in or lien upon the property described in the complaint in this action, and herein-after mentioned and described, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco in the office of the clerk of said Superior Court. John J. Barrett, Flood Building, San Francisco, and Ross & Ross, The First National Bank Building, Redwood City, California, attorneys for plaintiffs.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: John Kelly, Henrietta Louise Westphal, Dora Rose Chase, James F. Kelly, Annie Clark, George Maguire, Frank Maguire, Mark F. Kelly, James T. Kelly, Augusta G. Kelly, Cecelia G. Kelly, Josephine G. Kelly, Irvin S. Knapp, James F. Kelly as administrator of the estate of Anne Askins, also known as and called "Ann" Askins, deceased, E. M. Galvin as administrator of the estate of John Burns, deceased, E. M. Galvin individually, Mary A. Burns, Milton F. Burns, John T. Burns, Lillian M. Burns, Alice G. Burns, Henry Burns, John First Doe, John Second Doe, John Third Doe, Jane First Doe, Jane Second Doe, Jane Third Doe, and to all persons unknown who have or claim any interest in or lien upon the property described in the complaint in this action, and herein-after mentioned and described, Defendants.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in the action brought against you by the above named plaintiffs in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after service on you of this summons, if served within said city and county; if served elsewhere within thirty days; and

YOU ARE HEREBY NOTIFIED that if you fail to so appear and answer plaintiffs will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint; and

YOU ARE HEREBY FURTHER NOTIFIED that said action is brought to obtain the judgment and decree of this Court as follows:

1. For the partition of the real property hereinafter mentioned, according to the respective rights of the persons interested therein;

2. For the general costs of this action, counsel fees and the costs of reference to be apportioned among the parties to said action, according to law;

3. That if partition cannot be made without great prejudice to the respective rights of the parties interested that said real property may be sold and the proceeds arising therefrom applied and apportioned according to law, and for general relief and for costs of suit.

That the real property affected by this action and which is sought to be partitioned consists of all that certain real property situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning on the westerly line of Mission Street one hundred and ninety (190) feet southerly from Twenty-sixth Street; running thence southerly on Mission Street three (3) feet seven (7) inches; thence southwesterly on Mission Street sixty-two (62) feet and six (6) inches; thence westerly ninety-five (95) feet; thence northerly forty-five (45) feet and six (6) inches; and thence at right angles easterly one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet to the point of beginning.

WITNESS my hand and the seal of the said Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 2d day of May, A. D. 1911.

(Seal)
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.
JOHN J. BARRETT,
Flood Bldg., San Francisco, Cal., and
ROSS & ROSS,
The First National Bank Bldg., Redwood City, Cal.,
Attorneys for Plaintiffs, 2-15-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EMILE GIRARD, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Emile Girard, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of S. J. Brun, Esq., her attorney, Room 905 of French American Bank of Savings Building, No. 110 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as the place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Emile Girard, deceased.

VIRGINIE GIRARD,

Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Emile Girard, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, January 25, 1913.
S. J. BRUN, Atty. for Executrix,
Room 905, 110 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal. 1-25-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MORRIS FREDRICK, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the last will and testament of Morris Fredrick, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of G. C. Ringolsky, Esq., Rooms 805-807 Claus Spreckels Building, Third and Market Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Morris Fredrick, deceased.

MARCUS FREDRICK,
EMILIE FREDRICK,

Executors of the Last Will and Testament of Morris Fredrick, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 8, 1913.
G. C. RINGOLSKY, ESQ., Atty. for Executors,
805-807 Claus Spreckels Bldg., San Francisco, 2-8-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JACOB BAUER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Henry Bauer, executor of the estate of Jacob Bauer, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said executor at the office of Wise, Sapiro & O'Connor, attorneys for said executor, Room 1009 First National Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Jacob Bauer, deceased.

HENRY BAUER,

Executor of the Estate of Jacob Bauer, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 1, 1913.
WISE, SAPIRO & O'CONNOR,
Attorneys for Executor,
First National Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-1-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 13,252; Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of AMELIA FORD, Deceased.

It appearing to the Court from the verified petition of John Ford, Administrator of the estate of Amelia Ford, deceased, that it is necessary to sell the whole of the following described real estate, to-wit:

That certain lot of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Lyon Street, distant thereon one hundred and fifty (150) feet northerly from the point formed by the intersection of the northerly line of Golden Gate Avenue with the westerly line of Lyon Street running thence northerly along said westerly line of Lyon Street twenty-five (25) feet, running thence at a right angle westerly one hundred (100) feet, running thence at a right angle southerly twenty-five (25) feet, running thence at a right angle one hundred (100) feet easterly, to the point of commencement.

It is hereby ordered that said petition be filed and that all persons interested in said estate appear before the above entitled Court, department number ten thereof, at its Courtroom in the temporary City Hall, Market Street between Eighth and Ninth Streets, San Francisco, at ten o'clock a. m. on Monday, the 17th day of March, 1913, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the Administrator for the sale of such estate as prayed in said petition and that a copy of this order be published in "Town Talk," a newspaper published in the City and County of San Francisco, once a week for four successive weeks.

Dated: February 8, 1913.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,

Judge of the Superior Court.
Filed: February 10, 1913. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By
E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.
JOS. P. LUCEY, Atty. for Administrator,
Nevada Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-15-5

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE BY GUARDIAN

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 1431. N. S.; Department No. 9.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of RICHARD BURKE, JUNIOR, a Minor.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, made on the 6th day of February, 1913, and filed herein on said day, in the matter of the estate and guardianship of Richard Burke, Junior, a minor, the undersigned, Richard Burke, as guardian of the person and estate of said minor, will sell at private sale to the highest bidder, for cash, in gold coin of the United States, on or after Monday, the 3rd day of March, 1913, and subject to confirmation by said Court, the undivided five twenty-fourths (5/24) interest of the estate of Richard Burke, Junior, a minor, in and to the following described real property situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at the southeasterly corner of Bush and Montgomery streets, which point is thirty-two (32) feet four and one-half (4 1/2) inches easterly, at right angles, from the Monument line of Montgomery street; and running thence easterly along the southerly line of Bush street one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet six (6) inches, more or less, to a point which may be further described as being on the southerly line of Bush street distant easterly one hundred and seventy (170) feet three and one-half (1 1/2) inches from the Monument line of Montgomery street, and also distant westerly two hundred and seventy-five (275) feet from the westerly line of Sansome street; thence at right angles southerly one hundred and fifty-four (154) feet to a point which is one hundred and seventy (170) feet three and one-half (3 1/2) inches easterly, at right angles, from the Monument line of Montgomery street; thence at right angles westerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet six (6) inches to a point on the easterly line of Montgomery street, which point is distant easterly at right angles thirty-two (32) feet four and one-half (4 1/2) inches from the Monument line of Montgomery street, also one hundred and fifty-four (154) feet southerly from the southerly line of Bush street; thence at right angles northerly along the said easterly line of Montgomery street one hundred and fifty-four (154) feet to the southeasterly corner of Bush and Montgomery streets and the point of commencement, being a portion of 50 Vara Block Number 56.

Ten (10) per cent of the bid payable at the time of sale and the balance upon confirmation of the sale by said Court; deed and abstract at the expense of purchaser; the purchaser to assume the payment and take the property purchased by him subject to all the State, county and other taxes, and all assessments of whatsoever name and nature that are now or may hereafter become chargeable to or a lien against the property purchased by him.

Offers of bids must be in writing and will be received and may be left at the office of Garret W. McEnerney, attorney for said guardian, Room 1277 Flood Building, San Francisco, California, or may be delivered to said guardian personally, or may be filed in the office of the Clerk of the above named Court at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of this sale.

RICHARD BURKE,

Guardian of the Person and Estate of Richard Burke, Junior, a Minor.

GARRET W. MCENERNEY, Attorney for Guardian,
Room 1277 Flood Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-15-3

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 34,221.

JOHANNES BICKEL and MATILDA BICKEL (his wife), Plaintiffs, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Johannes Bickel and Matilda Bickel, plaintiffs, filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at the Northerly line of Fell Street at about distant thereon Fifty (50) feet Westerly from the Northwesterly corner of Fell and Scott Streets; thence running Westerly along said Northerly line of Fell Street Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Northerly One Hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Easterly Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Southerly One Hundred (100) feet to the Northerly line of Fell Street and point of commencement. Being part of Western Addition Block 446.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiffs are the owners of said property in fee simple absolute; that their title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover their costs herein and have such other relief as may be meet in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 21st day of December, A. D. 1912.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in Town Talk newspaper on the 4th day of January, A. D. 1913.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: Names—

Humboldt Savings and Loan Society (a corporation). Addresses—San Francisco, Cal.

JOHN F. HANLON, Atty. for Plaintiffs. 1-4-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 11,721; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of LOUISA M. MUIRHEAD, Deceased.

KNOX MADDOX, the Executor of the Estate of Louisa M. Muirhead, deceased, having this day filed a verified petition for authority to lease the real property belonging to the said estate hereinafter, for a period and at the rental hereinafter stated, and it appearing that the giving of the said lease will be advantageous to the said estate, it is ORDERED that all persons interested in the said estate be and they are hereby, required to appear before this Court on the 26th day of February, 1913, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Courtroom of the said Court, on the south side of Market Street, between Eighth and Ninth Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be made authorizing and directing the said Knox Maddox, as such executor, to execute a lease of the real property belonging to the said estate hereinafter described, for a period of three years and seven months, at a minimum rental of Three Thousand Four Hundred (3400) Dollars.

The said real property is situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and is described as follows: All that portion of those certain store premises on the ground or street floor of the Muirhead Building, situated at the northeast corner of Market and Larkin Streets, known and designated as No. 14 Larkin Street, and also all that portion of the storage room in the northeast corner of the basement of the said building included between a line drawn inside of the first supporting post or pillar and parallel to the easterly line of the said building and a line drawn inside of the second of the said posts or pillars and parallel to first said line, which said basement space is approximately eleven feet by twenty feet in size.

For further particulars reference is hereby made to the above mentioned petition on file herein.

It is further Ordered that a copy of this order be published once a week for two successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, February 6, 1913.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,

Judge of the said Superior Court.

JAMES A. BALLENTINE, Atty. for Executor,
587-595 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-15-2

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANGELE KLEINCLAUS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor and Executrix of the last will and testament of Angele Kleinclauss, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor and Executrix at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Angele Kleinclauss, deceased.

FRANK SEYFERTH,

Executor.

ALICE INNOCENCIA GARRISSERE,

Executrix.

Of the Last Will and Testament of Angele Kleinclauss, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 21, A. D. 1913.
A. COMTE, JR., Atty. for Executors,
333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 2-22-5

Letters

"Five Centuries of English Poetry"

Here is a volume which may be commended warmly to teachers of English literature. It is a compilation by the Rev. George O'Neill, S. J., professor of English in University College, Dublin, and it is published in this country by Longman, Green and Company. Father O'Neill has not compiled an anthology; his aim is to provide a work for methodical study by students, not for the literary recreation of casual readers. So instead of assembling purple patches from great poems he has selected works that illustrate successive types of English poetry, beginning with the year 1380 and stopping short at 1850. The study of English poetry as a whole he does not regard as the easiest of tasks, but he tries to simplify it as much as possible, at the same time holding in view the purpose of filling interest to such an extent that the student's college course will be the beginning instead of the end of his excursions over the broad fields of our poetical literature. "In the greater difficulty involved in a study of the ancients," he says, "I see a reason for preferring, rather than for postponing them to the moderns. This is a view which has long been so unfashionable that it may seem quite paradoxical. We have learnt to rejoice unboundedly over machine-simplifications and all the devices of learning-made-easy. There are, however, some signs that this nineteenth century idea is passing away. Once again, perhaps, we may find ourselves assured with authority that education cannot profitably be a process of facile absorption, that it must rather mean a straining of mental and moral sinews, a hardening of teeth on intellectual crusts, nay even a discipline in self-denial!" In line with this he quotes Professor Hales, editor of the "Longer English Poems:" "The better part may not be won without dust and heat, and there is nothing worthy to be achieved without sincere, undaunted, never-wearying industry." It is a view, as Father O'Neill says, that was not fashionable in the nineteenth century, but it has always been accepted by the most enthusiastic students of poetry who realize that a solid foundation of hard work is necessary if the fabric of good taste in literature is ever to be reared. So the view was well worth emphasizing, and Father O'Neill's book is particularly valuable because it is largely a compilation of "intellectual crusts" for the "hardening of the teeth." "Five Centuries of English Poetry" begins with Chaucer. Quite recently a certain author with ideals incurably nineteenth century has done Chaucer into modern English in order that his poetry may be spoon-fed to "culturines." With this sort of treatment Father O'Neill has no sympathy. He gives a hundred lines or so from the Prologue to the Canterbury Tales, and gives them as Chaucer wrote them, with such notes as are necessary for the student. This of course is the only way the student can gain any knowledge of English as it was written in Chaucer's day. Chaucer brought down to date makes pleasant reading for the "culturines" but is valueless for the student. Then Father O'Neill introduces the student to "the extremely deliberate art" of Gawain Douglas whom readers of the quarrel scene in "Marmion" will readily remember. Spenser is well represented, and Sidney and Southwell adequately. Shakespeare is presented through his lyrics; then come Herrick, Donne and Wither. Milton is followed by Davenant, Lovelace and Crashaw. Then we have Dryden, Prior, Pope and Thomson, and so on down the ages, ending with the Brownings, Longfellow, Ferguson, Tennyson Clough and De Vere. The notes are conscientious and ample but not overloaded with erudition; hence they are very interesting and may be consulted without fatigue. Some very practical remarks on reading poetry aloud are included. Altogether this is an excellent manual, and even the casual reader will not lay it down in a hurry.

"Andrew the Glad"

Of the hosts of writers of light fiction there are few who can compete with Maria Thompson Daviess in the matter of clean, wholesome, normal and cheerful presentations of life. "Andrew the Glad" is the sixth of her books in which the scenes are laid in Harpeth Valley, Tennessee, and which deal with the New South and the generation which has grown up since the Civil War. Though the characters are far from commonplace the incidents which enliven and disturb their lives are not of a startling character. There are neither murders nor duels nor other high crimes and misdemeanors. There are neither saints nor sinners nor detectives nor insoluble mysteries, but the community of interest which makes even the most trifling incident of general importance might almost be classed as an hereditary instinct. There is an irresistible humor to add to the other merits of the book which is published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, with illustrations by R. M. Crosby.

No, He Didn't

Smithkins was reciting to a little circle of his club friends the thrilling story of a shipwreck in which he had all but lost his life.

It was a long story, for it was filled with many tales of heroism—chiefly Smithkins's. He made his hearers see the cold, rolling sea that slowly engulfed the brave ship, and hear the despairing cries of those who, struggling, went down to their deaths.

It was along in the second hour of the narrative and Smithkins had just come to the passage describing the moment of his own peril.

"Utterly exhausted," he went on, "by my strenuous efforts to save as many of the others as I could, I had no strength left to keep myself afloat. Weakly I sank a first time, then a second. As I was going down for what I believed to be the last time, even though it was but a few seconds, the panorama of my whole life seemed unrolled before me. Every deed,

every detail, every moment in my life was unveiled in a series of pictures, momentary and fleeting, but singularly impressive and distinct!"—

Potterton, sitting quietly in the corner dozing through most of the narrative, suddenly woke up. A gleam of hope came into his eyes.

"Smithkins," he interrupted, "did you happen to notice a picture of me lending you a ten spot in the spring of 1907?"

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXI. No. 1071

SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 1, 1913

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When Woodrow Takes Hold

A few days more and the city of Washington will be a center of more than usual psychological and human interest. Even before the ides of March the reins of government will change hands and a gentleman but recently emerged from the class room where he acquired the habits, the manner, the temperament of the pedagogue will become the Chief Magistrate of the nation. "Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate," but are there not portents visible to the mind's eye that prepare us for coming events? What is passed is not more fixed than the certainty that what is future will be in accordance with the nature of those men who are to figure as the protagonists of the great drama. Is it to be comedy or tragedy? It all depends on the state of each spectator's mind. So long the political stage has been cumbered with villains, with sombre sorrow evoking villains, that our senses have become callous to the tragic appeal. Heard too often even the knocking at the gate in Macbeth, or seen too often, Othello approaching the sleeping Desdemona, may cause not a thrill but a smile. So it is with something of a grin that we look forward to Woodrow Wilson sitting down in Cabinet assembled with the Peerless One, the perennial bald-headed Doctor of Democracy occupying the Chair of State. Who that does not recognize the sardonic smile under the table? There crouches William Randolph Hearst in an ecstasy of expectation, while just beyond the portals are to be found Champ Clark and House Leader Underwood with daggers drawn sedately waiting developments. Not auspiciously does the Democracy enter the Promised Land, for not yet does the wolf dwell with the lamb or the leopard lie down with the kid.

The House Divided

It is a monkey and parrot time that we look forward to in Washington. President-elect Wilson is reputed to have a faculty for making discord where all is harmony. It is the gossip of the capital that men who

know him well predict that Democrats who now are friendly will not be on speaking terms a month after the new dispensation gets down to business. To gossip of this kind we are inclined to give credence because of the impression we have received from some of Mr. Wilson's performances. And this impression is deepened by his choice of William J. Bryan for Secretary of State and Senator Gore of Oklahoma for Democratic leader in the Senate. From this it is to be inferred that Bryanism is to be rampant in Washington, which means a house divided against itself. Senator Gore unlike Bryan is a man of conciliatory temper, but that is the best to be said of him. Originally he was a Populist, and 1896 he was a delegate to the Populist convention which nominated the Peerless One for President. His success in politics has been due to his readiness to embrace all the vote catching panaceas of the wild and wooly Oklahoma, and though he has had much experience he has yet to show mastery of public questions or mature judgment in the discussion of them. His style of appeal may be judged from the following excerpt from one of his Oklahoma speeches:

"I hope to see the dawning of that golden day when courts, cabinets and congresses shall have as much respect * * * for the man that digs the coal and cuts the stone as they have for the man upon whose brow flames a circlet of gold and flashes a cluster of imperial gems."

This nebulous buncombe is only five years old. Somewhat younger is the episode of his acceptance and repetition of a bald calumny against the Vice-President for which he had to make a humiliating apology. In justice to Senator Gore, however, it should be said that he is sincere and that he means well.

The Secretary of State

Nothing could more redound to the credit of the next Administration than soberness and soundness of judgment in the Department of State. Nothing could more swiftly bring humiliation on the next Administration than conduct in the Department of State calculated rather to win the applause of the multitude than to continue worthily the excellent unbroken tradition for which we are indebted to Secretary Knox and his long line of predecessors. Consequently it fills us with misgivings to hear that William J. Bryan is to direct the foreign policy of this country during the next four years. If Mr. Bryan has any of the qualities or attainments that ought to distinguish a Secretary of State they have not been exhibited during his long and active public career. It is the generally accepted theory that a Secretary of State should be either an able constitutional lawyer or a man versed in international usage with the legal habit of mind and the instinct for precedent. This

in itself is a tradition to which the last Democratic President wisely adhered. Though his first Secretary, Mr. Bayard, was not a great lawyer, his long experience in the Senate of international affairs stood him in equal stead. Mr. Olney was chosen wholly for his legal ability. There never was a man in the office of Secretary of State with whom William J. Bryan may be compared unless we do him the honor to raise him to the level of James G. Blaine of whom it has been said that he would have wrecked the Administration of Garfield had it not been ended by death and also the Administration of Harrison had it not been for his own fatal illness. But Blaine had experience in statecraft. He resembled Bryan only as a politician, in his passion for intrigue and his unwavering devotion to self-interest. It is not to be said of Mr. Bryan that he has been chosen for Secretary of State because he is equipped for the position. It is nothing but the desire to conciliate him that induces the President-elect to gratify the Nebraskan's ambition. The outcome will be interesting to watch, for Bryan is not the man to be conciliated into innocuity. Nor may it profit the President-elect to conciliate Bryan if by doing so he incur enmities hardly less to be dreaded than the resentment of Dollar Bill. There are implacable foes of Bryan in high place. There is Champ Clark for instance, and there is also Congressman Underwood. These men are among the leaders of Democracy, and they are not to be ignored in the political manoeuvring of the next few years. Looking into the seeds of time we can see trouble ahead for the man who is soon to direct the destinies of the nation.

The End of Madero

By the violent death of Francisco Madero we are reminded that those "who give the first shock to a State are usually overwhelmed in its ruin," and that the fruits of public commotion are seldom enjoyed by those who set it a-going. Deploable as was the assassination of the man who drove Porfirio Diaz from the country it was in accordance with the logic of events, and nobody knows but that it may have been for the best interest of the people. If so there is a principle to justify it, the principle expressed in the maxim *Salus populi suprema lex*. If Madero was assassinated it was not as a matter of revenge, but rather to ensure the security of those in power. For while Madero was alive he was a menace to the faction that had triumphed over him. If Porfirio Diaz had put Madero out of the way when Madero was under arrest for sedition, there would have been no revolution in Mexico. If Madero had carried out his original design of slaughtering Felix Diaz he would now be a ruler instead of a corpse. In time of revolution success is the thing to be achieved, not temporary success

but lasting success. There can be no justification for revolution but success. It is by the issue that revolutionists are judged, and hence bullets and bayonets play a more important part than principles. If Madero had destroyed the Diaz despotism and given the people liberty and a good government, he would be entitled to rank among the great patriots of history. And it would have impaired his reputation in not the slightest degree had he slaughtered Diaz and his whole family to ensure the success of his enterprise. But as a revolutionist Madero was a failure. He proved nothing but that it is easier to pull down than to build up, to destroy than to preserve. And events may prove that he was more of a scourge than a hero, for though Diaz was a despot, better a despotism than a series of revolutions at a time when the people are not fit for self-government.

The Fascinating Sarah

On the occasion last week on which deserved homage was paid to Sarah Bernhardt one of the speakers observed that she was the greatest actress that ever appeared on any stage in any time. It would be most ungracious to challenge this broad and sweeping statement even though we knew it to be inaccurate. It was a handsome tribute, quite appropriate on the occasion of its utterance, whether true or not. Nobody knows whether Sarah Bernhardt is peerless, whether she surpasses all actresses that ever trod the boards, but it is interesting to inquire and gather such information as may be available. It is interesting to find if possible whether any great critic whose judgment we respect ever thought it worth while to compare Bernhardt with an actress of a former generation. A little research and we find that it was done by no less a critic than Matthew Arnold who had the happiness of seeing both Rachel and Bernhardt, each in her prime. He tells us in his essay, "The French Play in London," that Rachel was far superior to Bernhardt. "Temperament and quick intelligence," says Arnold, "passion, nervous mobility, grace, smile, voice, charm, poetry,—Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt has them all," but, "something is wanting, or, at least, not present in sufficient force," and that something is "intellectual power." He adds, "It was here that Rachel was so great; she began, one says to oneself, almost where Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt ends." This criticism was written many years ago. Now let us come down nearer our own time and see whether contemporary critics whose judgment we respect regard Sarah Bernhardt as peerless. In the eighties George Bernard Shaw was the dramatic critic of the London Saturday Review. Read him and you will find that he regards Eleanora Duse as an actress whose art begins where Sarah Bernhardt's ends. He too observed the lack of intellectual power. He saw them both playing Magda in London about the same time, and the impression he received was that Duse had imagination and creative power while Bernhardt had nothing but superb technique. Francis Grierson agrees with Shaw, and other critics who

have had plenty of opportunity of studying the art of both Duse and Bernhardt tell us that the difference between them is the difference between genius and cleverness. None will deny that Sarah Bernhardt has attained technical perfection, but in Duse they find that broad and active sympathy, that spontaneous appreciation of everything animate which mark catholicity of temperament and universality of sympathy, the qualities that distinguish the great artists of every art from thousands of others in the same profession. But if Sarah Bernhardt is not the greatest actress that ever lived she is one of the most remarkable women of any age. She has done what no other woman ever did—she has fascinated and bewildered two hemispheres. And if we were able to master the psychology of the crush of women at the Columbia Theatre on the occasion of the wreathing of her by Mayor Rolph we should probably find that it was due less to feeling for her art than to the attraction which a bizarre and fantastic personality has for humdrum work-a-day humanity.

Our Municipal Fizzle

The daily newspapers having reported that the Geary street road was "paying" Town Talk took the trouble last week to get authoritative information on the subject. We were not sceptical. We believed it was impossible for this road, running through the heart of the city, to lose money. Besides was not Mayor Rolph, a business man, so well satisfied with the experiment as to be heartily in favor of building more roads? No, we were not sceptical; merely curious. We wished to know how much money the road was making. Much to our astonishment we found it was not making anything. We found on the contrary that the experiment was costing the city money, for whereas the old ramshackle cable road was paying the city \$800 a month out of its profits at a time when it was falling to pieces, the new road can show only \$100 a month on the right side of the ledger. This being the situation at present, what is the outlook? Already there has been an accident on the road out of which has arisen a claim against the city for \$6,000. Nor should we suffer the delusion that cars like wine improve with age. There will be need of repairs, and it will cost something to maintain a municipal repair shop. Then there is the roadbed. Under private ownership the space between the tracks and extending to two feet on each side of the outside rails is kept in repair by the public service corporation. So from the profits of the municipal railway must be deducted the cost of keeping the center of the street in repair, and there is more wear and tear in the center than elsewhere. The more deeply we look into the matter of municipal ownership of street railways the more averse we become to the idea, but what do the taxpayers think of it? The taxpayers recently voted against increasing the limit of bonded indebtedness, yet we find Mayor Rolph warmly approving the Examiner's agitation for more municipal street railways. The

taxpayers to the contrary notwithstanding Mayor Rolph is for piling on the agony.

Reform On Its Mad Career

Presumably our legislators, who are now taking a recess, are getting advice from the people. It was the theory of the inspired statesmen who conceived the idea of the bifurcated session that it would be conducive to calm deliberation and would ensure public discussion which would be highly beneficial to all concerned. This theory like most of the other theories of our Progressive faddists has not proved a safe guide to practice. We are having some public discussion of some of the matters that have been taken under advisement, but most of the freak legislation that has been proposed the public knows nothing about, and there is no discussion of it whatever except among a few informed cynics who are watching the eccentric course of events. Even what is called public discussion is not public discussion at all. A few busybodies get together, call a meeting, hire a hall and talk. They are the people with an abiding afflatus who must utter themselves or die, who are never content except when they are spinning worthless cobwebs out of their own vitals. The most of them are men who make a living by keeping up the appearance of prominence. They always talk as though they expect something tremendous to happen about the middle of next week. When these men get together there is some heat, never any light. What does the great body of the people know of the matters to be acted on at Sacramento? If you want to know what these matters are you must write to some Assemblyman or Senator and ask him to send you a package of the information. It is all printed and it bulks large. Not one man or woman in a thousand will seek the light. Yet everybody knows this is an age of hurrying change, and that stupidity is running riot through the politics of the State. Reform has not yet reached the zenith of its mad career. Hardly a scheme that was ever conceived for the improvement of God's universe but is to be found embodied in some kind of legislative device at Sacramento. Think you that a farm for the scientific breeding of the human species is beyond the dreams of any opium smoker? Steps have been taken for the establishment of one in California, and before long we may be offering prizes for bulls on two legs. Is divorce too easy at present? No it is too hard, and therefore it is proposed to make insanity a ground on which to base a decree. It may be no easy matter for some persons to keep out of an insane asylum in the event of this means of facilitating the acquisition of affinities being adopted. What about marriage? It is too easy. Therefore it is considered desirable to require every application for a license to be bulletined at the City Hall just as now we bulletin notices to creditors and orders of sale. At the end of ten days if nobody objects to the issuance of the license, so reads the proposed statute, then the license may be issued. If there is an objector the matter must be heard in court. A good law

this for the perpetuation of embarrassing alliances. Clergymen are to be prohibited from marrying folks who have not undergone medical examination and been found safe and sound. All of which shows that the uplifters are active in California and that they are doing all they can for the species. It is very much today in California as it was in England in the days of the Chartist Agitations, the Oxford Movements, the Anti-Corn Law Leagues, Liberal Aggressions and the "New Reformation." The whole face of things was to be changed in those days. People were told that great

forces were at work, and that great upheavals were taking place. For awhile there was a lot of noise, a lot of talk about development and progress; and not to be rushing with the tide was to be counted with the hopeless reactionaries. Presently the storms died away into silence, and the crusaders saw the walls they had set themselves to destroy high and inviolate. Questions that had been burning issues drifted out of the region of living politics and became once more subjects of nothing but academic discussion. This is the way of the world. But doubtless something will be

done at Sacramento. Something is always done in these periods of disquietude. Doubtless some of the absurd reforms of the penal code recommended by our Commonwealth Club will be enacted. Trial judges will be given more power, it will be made easier for district attorneys to convict men accused of crime, and in a year or two it will be seen that there is need once more of the old safeguards against judicial tyranny and that it was by no means wise to make progress backward to the days of the immortal Jeffreys.

Saadabad

By James Elroy Flecker

Let us deal kindly with a heart of old, by sorrow torn.
Come with Nedim to Saadabad, my love, this silver morn,
I hear the boatmen singing from our caique on the Horn.
Waving cypress, waving cypress, let us go to Saadabad.

We shall watch the Sultan's fountains ripple, rumble, splash, and rise
Over terraces of marble, under the blue balconies,
Leaping through the plaster dragon's hollow mouth and empty eyes,
Waving cypress, waving cypress, let us go to Saadabad.

Lie a little to your mother: tell her you have gone to pray,
And we'll slink along the alleys, thieves of all a summer day,
Down to the worn old water-steps, and then, my love, away,
O my cypress, waving cypress, let us go to Saadabad.

You and I, and with us only some poor lover in a dream,
I and you—perhaps one minstrel, who will sing beside the stream,
Ah, Nedim will be the minstrel and the lover be Nedim,
Waving cypress, waving cypress, when we go to Saadabad.

Down the Horn, Constantinople fades and glitters in the blue,
Rose of cities dropping with the heavy summer's burning dew,
Fading now as falls the Orient evening round the sky and you,
Fading into red and silver as we row to Saadabad.

Banish then, O Grecian eyes, the passion of the waiting West!
Shall God's holy monks not enter on the day God knoweth best,
To crown the Roman king again and hang a cross upon his breast?
Daughter of the Golden Islands, come away to Saadabad.

And a thousand swinging steeples shall begin as they began,
When Heraclius rode home from the rack of Ispahan,
Naked captives pulled behind him, and the eagles in the van—
But is that a tale for loves on the way to Saadabad?

Rather now shall you remember how of old two such as we,
You like her the laughing mistress of a poet, him or me,
Came to find the flowery lawns that give the soul tranquillity:
Let the boatman row no longer—for we land at Saadabad.

See you not that moon-dim caique, with the lovers at the prow,
Straining eyes and aching lips and touching hands, as we do now?
See you not the turbaned shadows passing whence? And moving how?
Are the ghosts of all the Moslems floating down to Saadabad?

Broken fountains, phantom waters, never more to glide and gleam,
From the dragon-mouth in plaster, sung of old by old Nedim,
Beautiful and broken fountains, keep you still your Sultan's dream,
Or remember how his poet took a girl to Saadabad?

Perspective Impressions

A sentiment of Mexican Progressivism: Madero is dead—Long live his murderer!

A multi-millionaire reproaching a grafter is like an impossible virgin rebuking unchastity.

The motorist who sold Madame Bernhardt his place on the ferryboat for twenty dollars is named Huggins. It ought to be Hoggins.

The record for meanness in trade belongs beyond dispute to the National Cash Register men who have been sent to jail. All of them were backers and boomers of the big Bull Moose who never refused an invitation to dine with any one of them.

"A little common sense around the City Hall would be a great improvement."—Supervisor Giannini.

But wouldn't it be fatal to the holy passion for government ownership?

"Examiner Plan favored."—Examiner headline. Therefore let the good work go on.

This S. P.-U. P. complication looks like a case of too many unscramblers.

"We are beginning to pass out of the period of huge fortunes," says Bull Moose Perkins. Fortunately Georgie has his.

"Ten large corporations own 42 per cent of all the privately owned timber land in California."—News item.

Then isn't it time to begin the process of confiscation and distribution?

Disuse, says a Chicago university pundit, will result in the disappearance of hair, teeth and toes. If disuse is what does it there must be a lot of university pundits who have long since lost their brains.

Truth is mighty and will prevail—except in politics.

Alameda County is rejoicing at the prospect of more municipal street railways in San Francisco.

One of the numerous matters to be taken with a grain of salt: that the eloper who steals another man's wife is "ideally happy."

Joaquin Miller made no will. Of course not! The only poet will ever heard of was Francois Villon's "Last Testament" and that was never probated.

So Jonathan Bourne is to be involved in a divorce scandal! Wouldn't it be shocking if Bourne's private life proved to be blacker than the public career of former Senator Lorimer?

Varied Types

CXV—E. P. E. TROY

By Edward F. O'Day

"I've stood upon Achilles' tomb,
And heard Troy doubted."

So sang the celebrator of the amorous Don Juan. The parodist with E. P. E., not Ilium in mind, might twist the verses to read:

I've sat at many a supervisors' meeting,
And heard Troy doubted.

The lines would err only by under-statement. For E. P. E. Troy has been not only doubted but damned, denounced and vilified; he has been given the lie and has had his face slapped. In all of San Francisco E. P. E. Troy holds the record for beratings received, for pummelings assimilated and for jibes digested. He has eaten the leek of contumely so often that one might think it his favorite tissue-building diet. He has been thumped and sat upon, licked and thrown out. But invariably he has bobbed up serenely. You can't squelch him and you can't, oh! most assuredly you can't silence him. He's as hard as adamant and as bouncing as rubber. The siege of him has lasted longer than the leaguer of Ilium. He's been hammered, taken, sacked and reduced to ashes, but he doesn't know it. "Ilium fuit" quoth the bard, but Troy is everlasting.

This is no Iliad of E. P. E.'s greatness, no "tale of Troy divine." I come neither to bury Troy nor to praise him. I don't admire him, neither do I wish him ill. I simply wonder at the man and marvel at his works.

To look at Troy he's "the mildest manner'd man that ever scuttled ship or cut a throat." He's a very little man, is E. P. E., with the little man's sense of his own importance strong upon him. A black little man he is, black hair close cropped, black clothes, always a black necktie. But he has blue eyes that censure "all the world and the rest of mankind" as President Buchanan said, through steel-rimmed spectacles. He has a serio-comic face, but he puts the accent on the "serio"; there's no jocosity in him. The world is full of crooks and boodlers for Troy, and he takes it very sternly.

He's an eccentric of course. You can't find his name in the directory or the telephone book. He has no telephone in his solitary bachelor apartment. Catch Troy filling the coffers of that hated monopoly! When I finally ran him to earth in the Oak street flat building which he owns he met me at his door with a coal oil lamp clutched in one chubby fist. No gas, no electric light for E. P. E. How it must torture his soul even to contribute to the revenue of Standard Oil!

A queer place indeed is his bachelor apartment! You can't take a step across the floor without treading on a mound of dusty books, dusty pamphlets, dusty magazines and dusty newspapers. Municipal reports, census reports, statistical volumes, bundles of clippings are piled in ricketty heaps everywhere. There are no shelves, so his accumulation to the number of some four

thousand volumes and some ten thousand pamphlets is stacked against the walls, in the middle of the floor, any old place, in what he calls "not confusion but order misunderstood." And in this gloomy cavern of Troy the coal oil lamp throws out a sickly circle of light in the midst of which E. P. E. sits and spins his spider snares for the feet of corporation magnates. And whenever he issues forth of this workshop of miching mallecho, supervisors run to cover and millionaires groan aloud, for the flapping tongue of Troy means mischief.

Edward Patrick Elisha Troy is his name. Let it be set down here with due solemnity, for I doubt if it has ever been told before. For years many have cherished the delusion that he was own brother to the boll weevil and that his mid-



E. P. E. TROY

dle name was Pest. Nothing of the sort. Edward Patrick Elisha it is, and the significance thereof must not escape us. Edward means "guardian of property." Hath not Edward Troy been the self-constituted guardian of the property of all taxpayers? Patrick means "noble," and the original Patrick drove the snakes out of Ireland. Doth not our noble Edward Patrick Troy essay to drive into the sea all the corporation snakes that infest us? And Elisha means "God is our salvation." Herein may be glimpsed the modesty of Edward Patrick Elisha Troy, for he is content to divide the work of our salvation with the Almighty.

I asked him how he received his vocation, when he first hearkened the call to the single-handed regeneration of our city. There were two incidents which gave him to San Francisco.

"I was a boy when Stanford was elected to the United States Senate," he told me. "I read in the Call an account of his election which contained these words: 'And Higgins and Gannon delivered the goods consisting of nine of the San Francisco delegation.' The idea that legislators were traded in like any other merchandise gave me an awful shock."

That was in the days when Troy still believed the newspapers. Since then newspapers have

changed. It's always the "poisoned press" with Troy nowadays. But even if he had been sceptical then, he says he saw with his own eyes.

"When Hearst was a candidate for the Senate I went down to the polling place at Sacramento and Kearny and saw Chris Buckley paying money for votes. One of Buckley's henchmen, Sam Newman I think, marched the voter to the polls and then brought him over to Buckley who shook hands and paid him. That made me mad clean through."

After that it was settled. The winning of daily bread took mighty little of E. P. E.'s time from then on. The sweat of his brow and of his tongue was dedicated to public service. He became a professional regenerator, a censor of public business, the guide, philosopher but friend of the poor man downtrodden beneath the iron heel of corporate greed. He agitated in improvement clubs; he haunted the committee rooms of the Board of Supervisors; he mounted the soap box of al fresco debate; he preached all the schisms and the isms of reform. The referendum was his dream by night; single tax his vision by day. He became a din in the ears of the city; a voice shrieking in Market street and refusing to be stilled; and his tireless wrist wagged through reams on reams of letters to the press.

Once he led a band of indignant cits to the City Hall and sought to intimidate the Solid Nine or the Shifty Eight or the Slippery Seven—I've forgotten which. They refused to be intimidated and when they passed the noxious measure to which E. P. E. objected the Trojan voice was upraised in shouts of "the rope! the rope!" Whereupon a husky copper lifted him by the slack of his inexpressibles and pitched him into the corridor.

Was Troy dismayed? Perish the suspicion! No more than at a later date when Pat Calhoun slapped his cheek at a committee meeting. You may slap but you cannot cow the Trojan cheek. Such incidents lend exhilaration to the day's fight, and every day's a fighting day for Troy. You can't shut him up. They tried it once in the Legislature but without success. They tried it a few days ago when he questioned Charlie Moore before the Board of Supervisors. But nobody can stem this Niagara of words, this Lodore of objurgation, this personified objection who has solved perpetual motion with his clacking tongue.

Not even Dame Nature can do it. Troy tells me that he bit his tongue as a boy, and the injury to the unruly member came back on him during a campaign of some years ago. He was threatened with paralysis of the organ, but he simply had a slice clipped out of it and went on objurgating and objecting and drenching argument in a shower of statistics.

He lives for public ownership, for single tax,

(Continued on Page 21.)

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Bernhardt As a Side Light

By Jawn Deebarrie

The other afternoon I found myself walking along the street in the direction of the Columbia Theatre. A white horse coming down the street reminded me of what my friend, the greatest English actor, said to me one day in Hyde Park on meeting a golden haired girl. The refreshing of my recollection was in part due to the circumstance that I was in the company of my colleague, a clean shaven young man whose hair betokens the iron of his blood and the warmth of his nature. I was with him because he had asked me to accompany him. "Let us go," he said, "to see Mayor Rolph crown Sarah Bernhardt with laurel under the auspices of Professor Billy Armes's Drama League." We all have moments of boredom and desire for frolic. It was in such a moment that I resolved on contributing the light of my countenance to the crowning of Sarah, who is really a great actress, as I learned one night in the Comedie Francaise while sitting with my friend Anatole France, the famous writer. Anatole told me she was the greatest ever, and when the play was over I assured him that I agreed with him, which remark pleased him mightily. But to return from my digression—as we walked along, my colleague opined that it was a fine idea, that of San Francisco showing its high appreciation of art by a public ceremony in honor of the world's greatest exponent of the mimie art. This remark thrilled me to the marrow, for was I not to participate, as it were, in the historic ceremony. But after thinking the suggestion over I reflected what a strange thing is fame. It may mean the advantage of being known by people one does not know at all and cares for as little, or it may mean nothing but a few words on a tombstone. Then said I to my colleague, "A casual optimist might judge that culture was looking up in our parish; only that it was but the other day that a great artist died across the bay after having lived among us many years and sung many beautiful songs without attracting much attention." My colleague suggested that perhaps in time by dint of application and cultivation we might come to think as much of humble poetic genius as of a great actress. Presently we both discovered—my colleague and I—that we were miserable cynics, entertaining as we did the horrible suspicion that it was not a feeling for art that was to be expressed in a city that allowed Joaquin Miller to pass away without honor, but rather an enthusiasm for a personality that has achieved fame. Nevertheless we were gracious enough to agree that the spectacle of our adaptable Mayor

crowning the Great Bernhardt would be more edifying than the figure he cuts when pitching the first ball of the season or leading the grand march at the police ball. Precisely at this moment we entered the theatre, and found it packed to the doors with women. It was 4 o'clock, but Madame Bernhardt had not arrived. However, Professor William Dallam Armes was there and so too was a thick-set gentleman who was scudding up and down the aisles, into boxes and out of boxes, as busy as though he were giving an imitation of a bird dog. "Is that an usher?" I asked. "Psh!" said my colleague; "that's Mr. Barry of the Bulletin. He's going to do something here today." Mr. Barry is such a restive person that I cannot conceive of him ever doing nothing. Presently the audience was hushed. Two men walked out on the stage. One was Professor Armes, the other was Mr. Barry. Professor Armes took the centre of the stage and Mr. Barry took a chair. Then Professor Armes "made a few introductory remarks." I did not hear what he said because Mr. Barry absorbed my attention. "Why," I asked myself, "was he sitting there all alone like a bump on a log?" Not a wise thing for a man to do, to sit all alone on a stage in the presence of a theatre full of women. An Apollo would find it difficult to look graceful in the circumstances. Mr. Barry looked like the bloodless hero of a piece of scientific fiction. Perhaps, I thought, he is solving the difficult problem How to create the illusion of importance at the least cost. A team of vocalists came out and took my thoughts off Mr. Barry. Then Professor Armes made a long talk, and Mr. Barry at brief intervals stole out and returned. I was assailed by a suspicion which took on the horrid form of a conviction that the restive Mr. Barry was self-conscious. He made me nervous. I felt that the audience moved uneasily as it watched his coming and going. Perhaps the audience was asking itself, Where is Sarah Bernhardt? Anyway I asked the question of my colleague, and he guessed that every time Mr. Barry disappeared he ascended a tower and scanned the horizon for her. It was now nearly 4:30 o'clock and Professor Armes held a consultation with Mr. Barry right out before everybody. When it was over Professor Armes delivered an address. He hadn't been talking more than a quarter of an hour, when his attention was attracted by somebody in the wings. I suspected the somebody was Mr. Barry. Professor Armes nodded and then plunged into his peroration. When he finished the event of the

afternoon was ushered in by Mr. Barry. The audience applauded, but without the slightest danger to the roof. Women, I reflected, are seldom good at making a noise. They take good care of their gloves. I supposed when the great actress appeared that there would be no further delay. I was in error. I had forgotten that Mr. Barry was to "do something." It turned out that Mr. Barry was to make a speech. After depositing Madame Bernhardt in a chair, Mr. Barry got behind a small table, and blazed away. For some time I had felt, as Anthony Trollope would say, that there were some bad moments in store for me. Here was my feeling verified. But I said nobly to myself, "Come! make the best of it." Mr. Barry began as though he were going to say family prayers, and I admired his adipose complacency. But not for long. Mr. Barry had stuffed himself with biography, and he rehashed it before our eyes, starting with the lady's girlhood. She was yet in her teens when I thought of Kingsley who advised everybody to be only good and let who will be clever. I thought how unfortunate that Mr. Barry wasn't everybody instead of the cleverest man on the Bulletin. But do not misunderstand me. Mr. Barry is a good speaker, a very good speaker. I can conceive of many occasions on which I could enjoy listening to Mr. Barry. On his feet he is at his ease, and his enunciation is perfect and his ideas are neatly expressed. But when time is flying and you are impatient and—well by the time Sarah made her debut we—my colleague and I—who had come to burn incense went outside to smoke cigarettes, leaving a call with an usher. Gloomily we talked it over, the fatal indiscretion of Mr. Barry who was tantalizing that large audience that had assembled to see Madame Bernhardt honored by the Mayor of the city. At the end of fifteen minutes, thinking the usher had forgotten us we went back and found Mr. Barry still at it. The gentleman had honeycombed himself with information about the divine Sarah's career. The audience was not merely listening to a lot of reverent miscellany, it was taking a course in the Bulletin's star essayist. And the afternoon was wearing away, the afternoon of high life in Philistia. At 5:30 by my watch Mr. Barry exhausted his supply of grave discourse. Then Mayor Rolph who was probably late for dinner, rushed on, said a few words, handed Sarah the wreath and the great actress beamed and the show was over. The wreathing of Sarah was but incidental to the overflowing of Barry.

Joaquin

By James V. Coleman

Joaquin, the poet and the chief
Of Reds and Whites, your day is done;
The world is thankful in its grief
That what it lost your God has won.

I see Sequoias bending heads,
I see the foothills yellowing—
I hear the night herds from their beds
Stampeding, thundering, bellowing.

I see the scattered Indian camps,
I see the braves—I see the squaws,
I note the blotting of their lamps,
While Death's crow caws and caws and caws.

I see the city you unfurled
Like to a banner that is swung—
I hear your story to the world
That Francis' child is always young.

I see the swarming billows lave
The shores just opposite your home—
They seem to flood you, wave on wave,
Then ebb because you do not come.

I see you, wanderer in the South,
A self sworn soldier for the truth
And out of your inspired mouth
I hear you singing sooth and sooth.

I feel your loves, I feel your pains
Erratic, fierce, but always true—
I thrill with pleasure at your gains,
I sorrow when your joy is through.

I see great London dowering you,
When they who knew you could not see,
I see your oak trees bowering you—
I see you dead—Ah, me! Ah me!

Burn on your pyre, brave poet burn!
Your soul is deathless, you will live,
Naught can destroy the figured urn,
From elsewhere you will give and give.

The Beggars

By Lord Dunsany

I was walking down Piccadilly not long ago thinking of nursery rhymes and regretting old romance. As I saw the shopkeepers walk by in their black frock coats and their black hats I thought of the old line in nursery annals—

"The merchants of London, they wear scarlet."

The streets were all so unromantic, dreary. Nothing could be done for them, I thought—nothing. And then my thoughts were interrupted by barking dogs. Every dog in the street seemed to be barking—every kind of dog, not only the little ones but the big ones too. They were all facing East, towards the way I was coming by. Then I turned round to look and had this vision, in Piccadilly on the opposite side to the houses just after you pass the cab-rank.

Tall bent men were coming down the street arrayed in marvelous cloaks. All were sallow of skin and swarthy of hair, and the most of them wore strange beards. They were coming slowly and they walked with staves, and their hands were out for alms.

All the beggars had come to town.

I would have given them a gold doubloon engraved with the towers of Castille, but I had no such coin. They did not seem the people to whom it were fitting to offer the same coin as one tendered for the use of a taxicab (O marvelous ill-made word, surely the password somewhere of some evil-doer!) Some of them wore purple cloaks with wide green borders, and the border of green was a narrow strip with some, and some wore cloaks of old and faded red, and some wore violet cloaks, and none wore black. And they begged gracefully, as gods might beg for souls.

I stood by a lamp-post and they came up to it, and one addressed it, calling the lamp-post "brother," and said, "Lamp-post, our brother of the dark, art there in the tides of night? Sleep not, brother, sleep not. There were many wrecks an it were not for thee."

It was strange. I had not thought of the majesty of the street-lamp and his long watch-

ing over drifting men. But he was not beneath the notice of these cloaked strangers.

And then one murmured to the street, "Art thou weary, street? Yet a little longer they shall go up and down, and keep thee clad with tar and wooden bricks. Be patient, street. In a while the earthquake cometh."

"Who are you?" people said. "And where do you come from?"

"Who may tell what we are," they answered, "or whence we come?"

And one turned towards the smoke-stained houses, saying, "Blessed be the houses, because men dream therein."

Then I perceived, what I had never thought, that all these staring houses were not alike, but different one from another because they held different dreams.

And another turned to a tree that stood by the Green Park railings, saying, "Take comfort, tree, for the fields shall come again."

And all the while the ugly smoke went upwards, the smoke that has stifled romance and blackened the birds. This, I thought, they can neither praise nor bless. And when they saw it they raised their hands towards it, towards the thousand chimneys, saying "Behold the smoke. The old coal forests, that have lain so long in the dark and so long still, are dancing now and going back to the sun. Forget not Earth, O our brother, and we wish thee joy of the sun."

It had rained, and a cheerless stream dropped down a dirty gutter. It had come from heaps of refuse, foul and forgotten; it had gathered upon its way things that were derelict, and went to sombre drains unknown to man or the sun. It was this sullen stream as much as all other causes that had made me say in my heart that the town was vile, that Beauty was dead in it and Romance fled.

Even this thing they blessed. And one that wore a purple cloak with broad green border said, "Brother, be hopeful yet, for thou shalt surely come at last to the delectable sea, and

meet the heaving, huge and traveled ships, and rejoice by isles that know the golden sun." Even thus they blessed the gutter, and I felt no whim to mock.

And the people that went by, in their black unseemly coats and their mis-shapen, monstrous shiny hats, the beggars also blessed. And one of them said to one of these dark citizens, "O twin of Night himself, with thy specks of white at wrists and neck like to Night's scattered stars! How fearfully thou dost veil with black thy hid unguessed desires! There are deep thoughts in thee that they will not frolic with color, that they say 'No' to purple, and to lovely green 'Begone.' Thou hast wild fancies that they must needs be tamed with black, and terrible imaginings that they must be hidden thus. Hast thy soul dreams of the angels, and of the walls of faery that thou hast guarded it so utterly, lest it dazzle astonished eyes? Even so God hid the diamond deep down in miles of clay.

The wonder of thee is not marred by mirth.

Behold thou art very secret.

Be wonderful. Be full of mystery."

Silently the man in the black frock coat passed on. And I came to understand when the purple beggar had spoken that the dark citizen had trafficked perhaps with Ind, that in his heart were strange and dumb ambitions, that his dumbness was founded by solemn rite on the roots of ancient tradition; that it might be overcome one day by a cheer in the street or by someone singing a song, and that when this shopman spoke there might come clefts in the world and people peering over the abyss.

Then turning towards the Green Park, where as yet spring was not, the beggars stretched out their hands, and looking at the frozen grass and the yet unbudding trees they, chanting all together, prophesied daffodils.

A motor omnibus came down the street nearly running over some of the dogs that were barking ferociously still. It was sounding its horn noisily.

And the vision went then.

The Girl of Sixteen

By Marcus Jokai (From the Hungarian)

When we Austrians marched into Banjulka, those confounded Bosnians received us so submissively that one would have thought butter wouldn't melt in their months.

I, with twelve of my Hussars, was quartered in the house of a prosperous dry-goods dealer. The master of the house was not at home, but his wife, a merry little woman, welcomed us very kindly. She was not wholly uneducated, and as she spoke a little German, we could understand each other. First she explained her husband's absence by saying that he was not among the rebels, but had merely gone to Solonichi to buy goods and, if we remained some time, we should have the pleasure of seeing him. What did I care about her husband? I was satisfied with the room she gave me, and as she also promised me a good supper, I was in an excellent humor. True, it irritated me a little to see the photographs of Miletics and Tschernaejff hanging on the walls beside the pictures of St. George and St. Nicholas.

On the table lay a photograph album in which nearly all the pilgrims to the ethnographical exhibition in Moscow were represented.

Toward evening, when my Hussars had been

released from duty and began to sing jolly songs, the mistress of the house knocked at my door. After looking cautiously around to see that no one except myself was present, she threw herself on her knees before me.

"Pray, pray, my dear madam, rise and speak. How can I serve you?"

I now noticed for the first time what magnificent black eyes the young wife had. If she had not been so painted with vermilion, no one could have failed to call her beautiful. She was barely thirty-two years old.

"I entreat you by all the saints, mighty general," the young woman began, "be merciful to a poor, desperate woman, or I shall drown myself."

"I am not a general, but I am at your service. I will do anything for you that is consistent with my honor as a soldier."

"Yes, yes, I was just going to appeal to your honor as a soldier," the woman went on. "You are a noble-hearted, chivalrous man, who can understand a mother's despair. I have a wonderfully beautiful daughter, and so I was afraid that your Hussars—"

"Well, I can give you my word of honor, madam, that your daughter will meet with no injury."

"But I am horribly afraid, for the girl is so beautiful and charming! And I cannot be always with her to protect her. I may be attacked at night. But I could sleep quietly, colonel, if you would allow me to bring my daughter to your room at night, so long as you stay here."

"At night? To my room?"

"Yes; because this is the only place where she would be perfectly safe. Here, under your protection, I know that no harm would befall her. Your promise would protect my child."

(Continued on Page 21.)

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Poems About San Francisco

LXXXII—RESURGO SAN FRANCISCO

By Joaquin Miller

(Joaquin Miller's "Resurgo San Francisco" is quite a long poem, too long to be quoted here in its entirety, so only the first part is given. The dead poet said some pretty harsh things about us in the part which is left out. Readers are referred to the collected edition of Miller's works published by the Whitaker and Ray Company, from which this extract is taken.)

This tall, strong City stands today
The fairest, comeliest fashionings
Of marble, granite, concrete, clay
That ever fell from human hand;
That ever flourished sea or land,
Or wooed the sea-world's wide white-wings.
This concrete City stands today,
The newest, truest, man has wrought;
The kindest, cleanest, strongest, yea
Twice strongest City, deed or thought,
Thrice strongest ever lost or won—
Thrice strongest wall, without, within
That is or ever yet has been
Beneath the broad path of the Sun.

Behold her Seven Hills loom white
Once more as marble-built Rome.
Her marts teem with a touch of home
And music fills her halls at night;
Her streets flow populous, and light
Floods every happy, hopeful face;
The wheel of fortune whirls apace
And old-time fare and dare hold sway.
Farewell the blackened, toppling wall,
The bent steel gird, the somber pall—
Farewell forever, let us pray;
Farewell forever and a day!

How beauteous her lifted brow!
How heartfelt her harmonious song!
How strong her heart, how more than strong
She stands rewrought, refashioned now!
Her concrete bastions, knit with steel,
Sing symphonies in stately forms,
Make harmonies that mock at storms,
Make music that you can but feel.

The Spectator

A Boost for Our Fair

The best boost for any enterprise is the boost spontaneous. The boost spontaneous has been given to our World's Fair, and for it the directors are indebted to a St. Louis man who calls himself Sherman Dandy. Sherman Dandy is a dandy booster. He wrote a long letter about our Fair to William Marion Reedy, the brilliant editor of the St. Louis Mirror, and Reedy published it in his issue of February 14. Sherman Dandy finds many things to praise and none to blame. He quotes the words of a big concessionaire to show the spirit prevailing here. "When I landed in San Francisco I was prejudiced in advance. I had had a taste of local political conditions in years gone by. The first man I met was Morris Meyerfeld, chairman of the Orpheum Circuit, and a man of the highest standing. Almost the first words he said to me were: 'We are looking for clean men, with clean shows, and there is no graft. You don't have to pass around a cigar.' He is a showman too, and he knew the condition of my mind." From M. H. De Young, chairman of the Committee on Concessions this showman learned the same thing. Sherman Dandy praises the Fair people for selecting Frank Burt as head of the department of concessions and admissions, calling him "a man whose reputation for thirty years has been for squareness; he knows the game backwards." After stating that the Fair directors are going to pay real money for effective advertising Sherman Dandy points out this: "Just remember that the Panama-Pacific will celebrate a live, up-to-date something, in the opening of the Panama Canal; not a historical something that happened a century ago. Ninety per cent of the people who visited St. Louis did not know what the Louisiana Purchase celebrated. Is it not proper

to assume that there is more genuine, unsolicited publicity coming to San Francisco than ever St. Louis received?"

Dandy Was Surprised

"Louis Mullgardt used to be an architect in St. Louis," continues Sherman Dandy. "Now he's one of the real boys on the 'Frisco plans, and more than making good too. I expected of course that there would be a few brother-in-law contractors, plumbers, architects, builders, etc., to make peace with before I could get my plans passed or accepted. I have gone through the mill, and experientia docet. I felt my way, therefore, carefully. If I had to take a solemn oath I would swear I might have been knocked down with a feather when the said Louis informed me that there was no combination of architects; I could employ my own plumber, and all I had to look out for was the Unions and the State Employers' Liability Act."

Tabbing the Grafters

"The Exposition authorities," says Sherman Dandy, "will handle every cent of the receipts on the same system that is employed in a department store. Every night the concessionaire will turn in his receipts and next morning he will go to the office and get his check for his share. In this way the legitimate man will not have to suffer for the crook. Another thing the ladies will be glad to hear. They will not be annoyed or insulted by a lot of piker Asiatics, trying to peddle them laces or scarfs. There will be none of the cheap catch-penny shows that were such a disgrace in St. Louis. Several of these quick-change artists have landed out on the Coast already but they were tabbed before they had been

in town five minutes. In short, the legitimate showman is going to get and has got to give a square deal."

It Will Be Ready

To quote another bit from this excellent letter: "Already on every piece of advertising matter sent out the Exposition people use the heavy type line: 'The Exposition That Will Be Ready,' and to my mind there is no question that it will be ready. Practically everything will be in shape six months ahead of time. There's the right kind of spirit out here. Everybody gets together for the general good. The glad hand rings true. The climate is so generally good that 'hot air' lacks recognition. The men out here do things."

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The Lady With the Ballot

The lady with the ballot has become an awe inspiring figure in official circles. I refer to the lady in whose hands the ballot is a weapon mightier than the sword. I am speaking figuratively. The lady with the ballot doesn't carry the ballot like a club on her shoulder. It is consciousness of the ballot that makes her terrifying. She has the franchise on the brain, and she is like the school boy who is transformed into a bully by winning his first fight. The lady with the ballot haunts the police courts and the criminal courts and the district attorney's office. She is the busiest busybody ever was seen. There is a small army of her. She goes forth in the morning to set things right, and where she finds them wrong she demands in no equivocal terms the reason why. By her manner she plainly says, "I have the ballot, so beware!" Her energies judiciously directed this browbeating personage with the ballot might do a great deal of good, but along with the ballot she has sex on the brain. Nothing else matters. Consequently these are parlous times for the featherless biped; also fat times for vengeful or blackmailing females of the species. These are not times for a minister's son, or, for that matter, any mother's son to get himself accused by one of the skirted sex, no matter what her complaint, her indiscretion or her past or present performances. The time is past for any woman, old or young, to get seduced except under promise of marriage. And considering the propitiousness of the times, it is almost incomprehensible that R. H. Countryman should be the only man in town indicted for trying to outrage his wife's maid. That there has been no epidemic of rape is astonishing, but the explanation of this singular inertness probably is that the vigilance, the zeal and the terrifying influence of the lady with the ballot has not yet become generally known.

She Bluffed the Court

The other day the fair lady with the ballot jumped right up in one of the police courts and demanded to know why a certain woman charged with some minor offense should be kept waiting. Instead of sending his interrogator to jail for contempt of court (as he would have done had he been similarly addressed by a mere male voter) the weak-kneed, trembling magistrate quickly took the case up out of order and pro-

ceeded to trial. Then it was learned that the woman was not prepared for trial. Her attorney was not present and even her witnesses had not shown up. This story is told merely by way of illustration of the deference which the lady with the ballot commands. She wanted equal rights, did she? Go to the courts that are terrified by the recall and behold what she is getting. Even the jurors are awed by her.

Metson Explains to Helen Todd

The lady with the ballot and some of our ministers in male attire are taking an interest in the municipal clinic because it presents a sex question. Intelligent folk know that the municipal clinic is the finest thing we have, but the lady with the ballot and her more or less effeminate clerical associates are demanding that it be abolished. At a meeting the other day Helen Todd made it clear that her objection to the clinic was that it subjected women to certain supervision and examination. "Why don't they subject men to the same treatment?" she demanded. It was therefore necessary for Attorney William Metson to explain to Miss Todd that men were not members of the oldest profession on earth and how it is that a woman belonging to that profession is a menace to mankind. The objection was also made that the women have to contribute to the support of the clinic. Metson said that though each woman contributed only fifty cents a month, the cost of maintaining the institution was considerable. "But," he said, "to spare these unfortunates the expense I will agree to contribute \$100 a month for five years to its support if you gentlemen and a score of others will agree to do likewise." Colonel Harris Weinstock, the most famous, most active, most disinterested, most unselfish and probably the most true blue philanthropist in these parts was among those present, and all eyes were on him. Would he come through? This was the question in every eye. No, he wouldn't. At any rate he didn't. But then he's opposed to the clinic on moral grounds.

The Bad Clinic

What has this municipal clinic been doing that it has become so bad in the judgment of busy clerics and busy ladies? I have before me the report for only one month—the month of January. It shows that of 685 old registrations only four per cent were found infected, while of 70 new ones twenty-two per cent were found infected. During the month four cases of the disease that is known as the most horrible that ever afflicted mankind were brought to light. Nevertheless it is deemed advisable to abolish the clinic.

A General Raise

Great is the jubilation in the local room of the Call. Everybody has received a ten per cent raise of pay. A few days ago Publisher Chapin asked all the members of the staff to assemble in his private office. They did so with trepidation which changed to delight when the good news was broached. Chapin said times were good, the boys were doing good work and advertising was increasing. Then he promulgated the news of the ten per cent raise. The pencil pushers were almost overcome by emotion. Ernest Stock, the dean of the staff, declared that nothing of the sort had ever happened before in a San Francisco newspaper shop, and he ought to know because he's been a newspaperman in this city for forty-seven years.

Characteristic Flim-Flam

"San Franciscans," says the new editor of the

Call, "need not be surprised when they read the deduction that because the incomplete, partially equipped Geary street municipal railway made only \$104.30 profits above operating expenses and fixed charges for the month of January it is a sorry failure." The new editor of the Call would have his readers believe that bad traction magnates are trying to create the false impression that the municipal railway is a failure because if it should prove a success other cities would go in for municipal ownership of street railways. They are terribly afraid of our experiment, according to the gentleman from Seattle. But of course he doesn't believe anything of the kind, and the readers of the Call must not take him seriously. What he is vainly struggling for is circulation, and he is but repeating the mistake of his predecessor—trying to compete with the Examiner as a friend of the pee-pul. If traction magnates believe that our experiment will influence public sentiment all over the country there is no reason for them to be at all excited. The experiment is speaking for itself as the editor of the Call very well knows. "The strap hanger," says he, "lives and suffers in every American city." Where does he suffer more than in a Geary street car? Doesn't the gentleman know that only last week the Geary street cars were pronounced a failure by the authorities of the Public Works department? Doesn't he know that they are talking of appropriating \$10,000 to defray the cost of getting a new design? Perhaps he reads only his own paper. If he will look over the files of the Chronicle of last week he will find the news which the Call, though self-styled journal of authority, either suppressed or neglected to get. Yes, the Geary street cars designed by the expert to whom we pay \$250 a day are a failure, chiefly because they make the dear old strap-hanger suffer too much and are not large enough to carry a decent load. The traction magnates are not saying this. Our public servants are confessing it, and they are in favor of heeding the Examiner's behest by buying more cars and building more roads.




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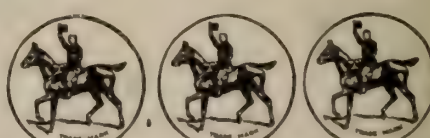
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Where Is the Money Going?

It would of course be unreasonable to assume that because the municipal railway's profits amounted to but \$104.30 in January that the experiment is a failure. But it is also a little disingenuous on the part of the new editor to intimate that the smallness of the profits is due to the incompleteness of the road. The old cable road in its last days and on its last legs was certainly not so well equipped as the new electric road. Furthermore the new road though incomplete covers a much greater distance than the old road. Yet the old road which many people avoided as they would the plague paid the city \$800 a month, and the owners had such a good thing they hated to give it up. Now is it possible that the editor of the Call really believes that the people are getting out of the Geary street road all that is coming to them? Cannot he see that there is something radically wrong, something worse than cars which though new are ten years behind the times?

Just a Little Graft

I will vouchsafe the new editor of the Call, a stranger in a strange city, a tip which might enable him to brighten up his paper with a bit of live news. At a meeting of the Supervisors' finance committee last Saturday the interesting fact was brought to light that street contractors have been using thousands of dollars worth of valuable material belonging to the city. In one instance, that of the repaving of Geary street, the contractor took 142,000 blocks of basalt from the street and used them in making the foundation for the new pavement. Those blocks were worth six cents a piece, they belonged to the people of the city, but they were used by a private contractor who didn't pay a cent into the public treasury. The same sort of graft has been going on all over the town for months. The Public Works department could use the old paving blocks as material for concrete, but the city has no rock crusher. Think of that! There is hardly a contractor in town who hasn't a rock crusher. But the big City of San Francisco, which has a passion for municipal ownership doesn't own a rock crusher. And therefore instead of crushing its own paving blocks it buys material and lets private contractors use the blocks. And this isn't the McCarthy administration. This is a fine business administration that is so sure of its own efficiency that it is going in for municipal ownership on a large scale. I hope that my hint is obvious. Doesn't this little paving block story and the rock-crusher illustration of municipal management suggest the possibility of there being a very good reason why the Geary street road made only \$104 in January? If there isn't a leak in the Geary street road then the experiment is a miracle, and there is hope for it, and the traction magnates ought to be scared to death.

Why Is News Suppressed?

This news of graft in paving blocks has excited no interest in the offices of those dailies that are trying to create a sentiment in favor of increasing the bonded debt that we may have more municipal street railways and that we may purchase the Spring Valley water plant. Here is a story of graft which, if it had come to light when McCarthy was Mayor, would have been freaked across front pages and been made the topic of burning editorials. Why is it not worth while at present? Is it because there is a combination of dailies to suppress all news that might intensify the dread of increasing the bonded debt? The Call intimates that traction magnates are subsidizing newspapers. Experience has taught me that the editor with the longest reach is the one who is most addicted to the practice of poisoning the wells of controversy by presuming insincerity on the part of his contemporaries. And so as I watch the progress of events I become suspicious. I wonder if there isn't a good deal of theatricality about all this backing and filling over the Spring Valley deal; especially do I wonder when I see taxes going up, evidence of incompetency in public office piling up and all the while newspapers advocating more experiments in municipal ownership and making no comment on unprecedented extravagance or revelations of graft.

Railroad Competition

"I did not know until the Supreme Court said so that the Southern Pacific and the Union Pacific were competing lines" was a remark made by Judge Lovett to the newspapermen when he was here for the "unscrambling" hearing before the Railroad Commission. And that reminded an oldtimer that in days ago there was fiercer competition between branches of the Southern Pacific than there is today between the Southern Pacific and the Union Pacific systems. It was in the days when Donaldson of the Shasta Route, Judah of the Oregon Short Line and Horsburgh of the Sunset Route had adjoining offices in the Union Trust Building. They were all assistant general passenger agents under T. H. Goodman who was the general passenger agent of the road. So fierce was their competition for business, so high wrought their efforts to secure passengers for their different routes that the three men were not on speaking terms with one another. Sitting in their adjoining offices they worked like enemies instead of associate agents of the same company. This curious situation which was not without its comic side came to an end when Charles S. Fee came here from St. Paul to take the position of passenger traffic manager. As soon as he discovered how the three zealous

agents regarded one another he put on his best reconciling manner and brought them together. Then Donaldson, Judah and Horsburgh became great friends.

At the Railroad Hearing

Charles S. Wheeler's manner of questioning a witness during the railroad hearing before the Railroad Commission elicited a bit of legal persiflage. "If I were at home," said W. W. Cotton of Portland, "I should call Mr. Wheeler's questions leading." "Mr. Wheeler, as I understand it," said Commissioner Eshleman, "is trying to facilitate matters." "In that case," put in E. J. McCutchen, "I suggest that the witness ask the questions and let Mr. Wheeler answer them."

Genee's Simple Tastes

From her triumph at the Valencia Monday night Genee went straight to bed. Charles Strakosch, son of our old friend of the Grau organization and Genee's traveling manager, went for a joyride to the Beach with a party of local friends, but Genee declined the invitation to accompany them. She was tired and went to her apartment for rest and sleep. Later on no doubt she will review our night life as Pavlowa did while she was dancing here. Genee's tastes are very simple. This little blond dancing fairy from

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LOOK IN THE MIRROR

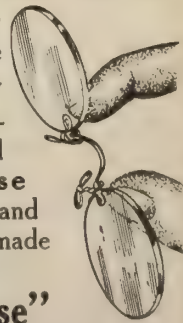
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Denmark has had all sorts of honors conferred upon her by the mighty of the earth. She has danced before kings and received their decorations. When she married, the late Edward of England went to her wedding. It was a tribute not only to her perfect art but also to her charming personality. Yet honors have not spoiled Adeline Genee. She is today the same simple little Jutlander as when she first went to London to dance for six weeks at the Empire Music Hall and made such a hit that she stayed for nine years.

She Meets An Old Friend

Thirty years ago Adeline Genee was born in Aarhus, Jutland, Denmark. As a little girl she had a friend named Jim Nissum. The time came when they went their separate ways. Adeline Genee became a dancer; Jim Nissum came to the United States to seek his fortune. He found it in San Francisco in the restaurant business. After the fire Jim Nissum had the Market Cafe in Market street opposite the Call Building, and he made a lot of money. Jim is quite wealthy today and owns good property. Last year he went across the world to see the old folks in Aarhus. He was one of the first to call on Genee when she arrived at the St. Francis Hotel. And Genee was overjoyed to see her old friend of childhood days. They sat in the tapestry room and just talked and talked, all unmindful of the curious and admiring who stared at the world-famous Genee. Many wondered who her companion might be, but nobody knew it was Jim Nissum of Aarhus who used to make mud pies with Adeline Genee before she achieved international fame.

Her Curious Name

Adeline Genee is the wife of Frank S. N. Isitt, a very wealthy Londoner. Her husband is not with her on the present tour. The jokesmiths had great fun when Genee married Isitt, for Isitt is a name with jocular possibilities which the jokesmiths could not overlook. "What's Genee's married name?" "Isitt." "I'm asking you. What is it?" "Isitt." And so on ad infinitum. As a matter of fact the name is properly pronounced "Eyezett."

Braves in Pow-Wow

The Iroquois braves of California exhibit signs of life every birthday of the Father of their Country. It is on that day they get together, hold a pow-wow, smoke the pipe of discord and when the rumpus is over sit down to a banquet. This year the Iroquois braves exhibited greater semblance of life than they have shown for sixteen years, the reason being that they catch the aroma

of the steaming trough. Every Iroquois brave is an actual or potential taxeater. And hence the laugh-provoking nature of these annual pow-wows. For, be it known, the Iroquois braves assemble to debate questions of public policy and act as guides of the nation. And they are as solemn about it, wholly as unconscious of the humor of it as were the three tailors of Tooly street. This year they had a terrible row over the immigration bill that was vetoed by President Taft. There was almost a riot over the free tolls bills. Walter Macarthur wanted to know if they were all pinheads and Sydney Van Wyck said he was proud to be one. Arthur Barendt, jobholder, said the free tolls bill involved a question of national honor, and R. P. Troy hurled at him the cruel reproach that he was born in England, and Barendt collapsed in humiliation. Judge Andrews of Red Bluff said he was in favor of the "illiteracy" test, and Charley Gildea offered to bet him that his forbears were ignoramus. It was thus that argument was made and refuted throughout a long session in which was perfected a platform which is to be sent to Washington for the instruction of the Democracy. At night the braves sat down to a banquet and listened to James D. Phelan who is never so enthusiastic a brave as on the eve of the inauguration of a Democratic President.

Drumming Up Business

The latest story 'bout town has to do with two Jews who got jobs, one as a motorman and the other as a conductor, on the United Railroads. They were assigned to the trolley car which plies up and down the Devisadero street hill between Sacramento and Jackson streets. Traffic is very light on this jerkwater line, and the car goes to the barn at nine in the evening. Nine in the evening came, however, and the car was not brought in. Ten, eleven, twelve o'clock, and still no car. The barn superintendent wondered what had happened. At one in the morning the new crew brought the car to the barn, and the conductor handed over a sack bursting with fares. "Where the deuce have you two been?" demanded the barn superintendent. "Well, you see, it was this way," explained the conductor; "business was bad on Devisadero, so we took the car down Market street."

The Ruling Fear

To the California Outlook I turn occasionally for diversion after more serious reading. This Los Angeles palladium of progressive liberties is ever a joy. In its columns aridity is watered by platitude, dullness is brightened by unconscious humor and the editorial foot jigs in lumbering but well-intentioned gyration. One does not

read the California Outlook; one scans its pages, hitting only the high places of its political wisdom. I picked it up the other day and found that Chester Rowell of Fresno had initialed the first editorial which was called "To What End?" 'Twas a brief but ringing call to the colors, a word of encouragement to those who lost heart when the field of Armageddon was swept by the Bourbon enemy. This line caught my eye: "Our animal natures will always demand that we live." How true! I thought, and then: How familiar! 'Tis but Hiram's "A man must eat" in Fresno paraphrase, the primitive vigor of the original emasculated. I turned the page to another editorial, Will Fisher's this time. "Polite Poverty" 'twas called, and it had these words: "Starvation is ever the same horror, whether inflicted in a dungeon or in a palace." Why, this must be the ruling fear of the progressives! They are bedeviled by a spectre that rubs his empty belly and grins. Esurience haunts their waking hours, a menacing obsession. They are monomaniacs with a horror of going hungry. Hiram has wished his pet dread upon them all. No wonder they want to multiply commissions.

Like Oliver Twist

Even starved little Oliver Twist cut a poor figure when he brought his dish to Mr. Bumble and pleaded: "Please, sir, I want some more." But our progressives, while recognizing the necessity of eating, have so far shown no signs of starvation. California has been a kind Mr. Bumble to them, supplying plenty of porridge. And yet they want some more. That line of Chester's, "Our animal natures will always demand that we live," might serve as the text for another editorial he wrote for the same issue of the Outlook. "Commissions" it is called. They have been unpopular in California, says Chester. "Too many of them were mere sinecure junkets, extravagant and inefficient." But of course that was in the days of the wicked S. P. which Hiram booted out of public life. The commissions of today, of the present holy dispensation, are quite different. "We need a lot of them that we have not yet got" avers Chester. To the end of course that starvation may cease to be a horror. So it happens that our Oliver Twists come to their Mr. Bumble asking for seven more commissions to be appointed by the Governor. We have had the Legislature of a Thousand Drinks. This seems to be the Legislature of the Necessary Eats.

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B. Fay Mills Again

I had entirely forgotten our old clerical stand-by B. Fay Mills until the other day when his elegant phiz confronted me in the New York Sun. "Welcome to thee, long lost pounder of the pulpit sensational whom the irreverent called Buffet Mills!" or words to that general effect rose to my lips as I contemplated his counterfeit presentment. And then I read that Mills had been making 'em sit up and take notice of religion in Manhattan. He who used to preach hell and damnation in these parts is now expounding an expurgated Christianity crossed with Buddhism, Christian Science, Bahaism and half a dozen other systems of thought. All is fish that comes to the spiritual net of this canny fisher of men. "For twenty years," I read, "he has been studying the scriptures of the Jew and gentile, the scriptures of Buddha and Krishna, the scriptures of Ralph Waldo Emerson and Walt Whitman, the scriptures of Confucius and of Tolstoy." New Yorkers who will may glean the results of these tremendous studies. B. Fay is lecturing on everything under the sun and standing room only is the rule. Long may he wave!

Our "Easy" Editors

Some time ago a woman was arrested for riding in the Park with a mask on. She had attracted a lot of attention, which was just what she meant to do, and a zealous policeman played into her hands by taking her to the Park station. There of course she was dismissed. The story duly appeared in two of the papers next morning, with all sorts of speculations as the identity of the mysterious masker. Was she a society girl? Was she doing it on a wager? And so on. The third morning paper did not publish the

story. That paper, you are saying to yourself, scented the trick and refused to give the woman free advertising. But you're wrong. That paper's police reporter missed the story, and was fired for getting scooped! The feminine masker is now appearing at one of the minor theatres, and no doubt laughs when she thinks of our gullible editors.

A Message from the Lily

Carroll Cook has a colored factotum who answers the telephone when the clerks of the office are out at lunch. Judge of Carroll Cook's amazement, on entering his office one afternoon, when he was told by the ebony messenger that "a lady in de bath at the St. Francis says you is to ring her up." "A lady in the bath!" exclaimed Cook. The colored gentleman persisted. Cook puzzled over the matter for some time, and then gave it up. But the situation was cleared when Lady de Bathe telephoned to Cook, saying that she had rung up earlier. The Lily was "the lady in the bath."

Madero of Berkeley

Why not give the University of California a little of the credit for the great drama that has been holding attention in Mexico? The maker of that drama is none other than a young man who received no small part of his education in Berkeley. If not a graduate of the university Francisco Indalecia Madero received a good deal of schooling there. It was in Berkeley that he studied English literature and agriculture. He made a special study of rubber and cotton planting, fitting himself for the task of looking after some sixteen millions of acres comprising mostly rubber and cotton plantations. Madero was fashioned of the stuff that supplied history with most of its great personages. It was the instinct for leadership and the rare qualities that go with it that enabled him to turn the tide a few weeks ago when Felix Diaz, released from jail, took possession of the City of Mexico. Madero was miles away, remote from his troops and almost alone, but in a few hours he was at the front with a small army at his back.

The Rise of Madero

When Mexico's iron man, Porfirio Diaz, turned a deaf ear to the rumblings of discontent and set himself up for the Presidency once more after having been virtually a dictator for twenty-six years, few were courageous enough to interpose themselves between the dictator and his ambition. The bravest of the few was a young man who had won merit as a mathematician, poet, philosopher and author; who had been a planter and a wine maker; who had all his life been a dreamer, an idealist. Early in 1910 this young man, whose name was Francisco Indalecia Madero, raised his voice so loudly that all Mexico listened and thrilled. The quiet scholar dared more than the soldier enemies of the dictator. He took his life in his hands and announced that he was a candidate for the Presidency. So certain were President Diaz and his adherents of their hold upon the government, so fixed was their belief that no uprising could succeed against the might of Diaz, that they regarded young Madero as a crack brained but harmless agitator. The Mexican people were told that the Madero family was tainted with insanity and that Francisco possessed the delusion that the soul of Father Hidalgo, the liberator of Mexico, had entered his body. The world learned differently within two years when the aged Diaz fled from his country, took ship for Europe and heard as he went the cannons booming salutes for the triumphant Madero, Provisional President of Mexico.

A Little Tyrant

And now Madero is dead. The shots that ended his life could not be heard above the hosannahs of the populace that greeted his successor. When Madero started his revolution he was thirty-seven years old. The abuses he had preached against were the cruelty practised on the defenceless peasantry by the Federal tax collectors, the throttling of the press, the greed of Diaz's followers, who were making millionaires of themselves at the expense of the people and the never ending dictatorship that Diaz had clamped upon the country. Early in 1910 his grievances found utterance in the book entitled "Sucesion Presidencial de 1910." He bitterly arraigned Diaz in its pages and blamed the President for bad administration and the distressing condition of Mexicans in the humbler walks of life. The book created a tremendous sensation, but even then Diaz and his partisans regarded Madero merely as a crack-brain who might be dangerous if permitted too much liberty. Secretly Madero's views were shared by most Mexicans, but so great was the fear of the relentless hand of Diaz that even Francisco Madero, Sr., the young man's father, hastened to disclaim sympathy with his son's revolutionary ideas. For writing the book Madero was imprisoned until after the election. Then he was released on giving a bond for \$8,000. Disguised as a peon he crossed the Rio Grande, went to New York and there organized his propaganda, after which he returned to Mexico, gathered an army of peons, muleteers and vagabonds, and soon displayed marked abilities as a military strategist. He won several battles, and early in 1911 broke the back of the Diaz resistance. After his election to the Presidency it was said of him that he proved himself only a little tyrant in a big tyrant's boots, and plotters kept him busy holding the job from which he was ousted by Felix Diaz, nephew of Porfirio and former Chief of Police of the City of Mexico.

A man and his wife are one; sometimes one too many.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON PETITION FOR SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 2079; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ELIZABETH PARKER HASTINGS, an Incompetent Person.

L. M. Hoefer, Guardian of the estate of Elizabeth Parker Hastings, an incompetent person, having presented to the Court and filed herein his verified petition praying for an order for the sale of certain real estate belonging to said Elizabeth Parker Hastings, and it appearing to the Court from the said petition that it is necessary and would be beneficial to the said Elizabeth Parker Hastings that certain portions of her real estate should be sold;

NOW, THEREFORE, it is hereby ordered and directed that the next of kin of the said Elizabeth Parker Hastings and all persons interested in her estate appear before the Court on Tuesday, the 25th day of March, 1913, at 10 a. m. at the Courtroom of Department No. 10 of the above-named Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted for the sale of said real estate;

AND IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for three successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper printed in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, February 19, 1913.

J. J. TRABUCCO,

Judge of said Superior Court.

HOEFER, COOK, HARWOOD & MORRIS,
Attorneys for Guardian,
105 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

3-1-4

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Two Lively Buds

They are sisters, they are irrepressibly vivacious and they are as beautiful as they are lively. Their names don't matter, but dad is wealthy and mother entered the inner set when she made her debut thirty years ago, so you may judge of their social position. They were the life of a jolly supper party at Techau's the other night, a party that was having such a good time that everybody just detested the idea of going home. But cafes must close some time, and they found themselves on the sidewalk when the clock showed that the morning was nearly three hours old. There at the curb stood the deep sea-going hack of old John Dimmig. John Dimmig is one of the few remaining cabmen of the old regime before the motor came. John lounged at the corner waiting for a customer. One of the sisters looked a moment at the hack, gathered up her skirts, gave a whoop, made a running leap and perched herself astride the horse's back! In another moment her sister was on the box, had gathered up the reins and told the horse to "giddap." But the animal, bearing his lovely burden, was so dazed that he remained stock still, and the men of the party persuaded the two sisters to come down. I was not there to see this spectacle, but I have a friend who was. And I envy him. "When that girl gathered up her skirts and leaped to the horse's back," he told me, "she exhibited the most alluring, shapeliest, silken—but what's the use? I can't do 'em justice."

To War on the Players' Club

We have in this stage-loving city of ours an amateur organization known as the Players' Club. The Players' Club is made up of a number of very estimable men and women who delight in theatricals and who spend a great deal of their time preparing and presenting dramas for the edification and delectation of their friends. Quite recently, for instance, the Players' Club gave some of the amorous episodes from Schnitzler's "Anatol" and gave them, in the opinion of our dramatic critics who honored the occasion by their presence, very creditably indeed. The men and women of the Players' Club are not distinguished socially. They are people of brains, of energy and of more or less leisure, but theirs are not names starred in the social register. This fact would be of supreme inconsequence to you and me as well as to the members of the Players' Club who, I take it, have no silly social ambitions, were it not that certain members of our haughtiest aristocracy have cast eyes of envy on the Players' Club and its achievements. There is to be war waged on the Players' Club, and the offensive operations

will be commenced by some of our most exclusive smart-setters.

A Rival Organization

It seems that certain of our women whose leisure demands ever novel diversion have been looking this Players' Club over with disapproving eyes. The women of the Players' Club are not in their set. These smart-setters have an ambition to shine on the amateur stage. Obviously they cannot think of joining the Players' Club. So they are going to form a club of their own, and it is their secret conviction that the competition thus started will drive the Players' Club out of existence. Just why this should happen I cannot say, but that, I have been told, is their ruthless intention. The carnage will be terrible once the war starts. Ye members of the Players' Club, tremble at your hideous fate!

The First Meeting

A meeting of the women in question was held Tuesday in the home of Mrs. George Harry Mendell Jr. and was attended by Mrs. Mendell, Mrs. Fred Sharon, Miss Louise Janin, Miss Augusta Foute and Miss Henriette Blanding. These, as you see, are names to conjure with in San Francisco society. It was the sense of these charming and ambitious women that a dramatic club be formed to consist of some hundred or hundred and fifty members recruited carefully from the ranks of the most select set. Where the unfortunate Players' Club possesses artistic prestige, the new club is to be gilded by social exclusiveness. Where the Players' Club gives its entertainments in a public hall to which all who have the price may obtain admission, the new club will present its performances only in those great mansions which boast private ball rooms and stages. Naturally no expense will be spared. Scenery will be elaborate, costumes will be faultless. As to the dramatic value of the performances, that is another matter. Mrs. Sharon and Mrs. Mendell have beautiful and highly cultivated voices, but it remains to be seen whether their talents include a knack for the art histrionic. Comparisons between the performances of the Players' Club and the new club will be most interesting. It is said that the Players' Club gives the best amateur performances to which this city has ever been treated. All the members from Mrs. Alferitz and Mrs. Meussdorfer down are said to be exceptionally gifted amateurs. But their competitors are determined to eclipse them, nay to drive them from the field. We shall see what we shall see.

Lent and the Theatres

"Is it possible that she comes to the theatre during Lent?" The orchestra was in the midst

of the "Old Pavane" prelude at the Valencia Monday night when this exclamation interrupted my enjoyment of the music. It came from a lady who was sitting near me. Following the direction of her eyes I found that they were leveled at Mrs. Eleanor Martin who was just then entering her box with Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch and Downey Harvey. So I guessed that the "she" of the exclamation was our favorite society dowager. The exclamation set me a-thinking. Mrs. Martin, as all the peninsula knows, is a very devout Catholic who yields to none in her strict observance of feast and fast days. She is incapable of doing aught that would slight the discipline of Lent. Theatre-going in Lent, I reflected, is not forbidden by the Church, though the faithful are advised to abstain from it as a sacrifice for the welfare of their souls. But many of the most devout may observe the penitential season without staying away from the theatre. There are other and less conspicuous forms of penance. I am convinced that Mrs. Martin and many others have other means of keeping Lent and feel that they are not called upon to give up the theatre. Mrs. Martin, for all we know, may go to the theatre more as a duty than as a pleasure. As the leader of our aristocracy she probably feels that she sets a good example by giving her patronage to high-class stage productions like that of Genée. I happen to know that several girls never go to the theatre unless they have received Mrs. Martin's opinion of the play. She is really a dramatic critic with a large following. So I do not think that the lady who made the exclamation I overheard had any right to be shocked when

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Mrs. Martin entered her box at the Valencia. Thus I thought as the curtain rolled up and Genée appeared in her charming impersonation of Mlle. Prevost.

A Brilliant Audience

The set which regards Mrs. Martin as its leader and several other smart sets—for we have several—were much in evidence at the Genée performances Monday and Tuesday night. Handsome Mrs. Andrew Welch was there both nights, and showed the greatest of enthusiasm throughout the performances. The dark beauty of Mrs. Joseph O. Tobin was the centre of attraction in another box. The De Youngs, the McNears and the Taylors were there. Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton, Mrs. Fred Zeile, Mrs. Ira Pierce and Mrs. Cyrus Walker were others I noted Monday night. On Tuesday night there was a still greater outpouring of notables for the San Juan Bautista benefit performance. Handsome and vivacious Mrs. Sidney Cloman was with Mrs. Martin, and so was Mrs. Charles Sweeney. Mrs. Henry T. Scott chaperoned a bevy of fair belles. The Will Irwins were there with the Templeton Crockers. Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels and the Misses Joliffe made another charming group. Mrs. Joe Grant, Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, Mrs. Horace Pillsbury, Mrs. Joseph Donohoe and Mrs. Edward Eyre were others who applauded with spirit. Yes, they were both great nights resplendent with fair ladies magnificently gowned and bejeweled.

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Literary Atmosphere at Montecito

While Mrs. Frank Carolan is the acknowledged literary leader of Burlingame, Mrs. William Miller Graham bids fair to assume the same position down at languorous Santa Barbara. They are going in strong for culture at Montecito these days, and beautiful Bellosguardo, the Miller Graham estate, is the citadel of art. Just now it happens to be the art dramatic which attracts most attention. Next month there is to be a vaudeville show of amateur talent at the Potter. Austin Strong who wrote that stirring playlet "The Drums of Oude" is preparing a sketch. Lloyd Osborne is writing one too. Edward Salisbury Field, better known to fame as "Childe Harold" is to contribute an act. I suppose Stewart Edward White will lend a hand. Inez Dibble is going to dance, and so are Miss Doe, Nina Jones and Margery Bull. Mrs. Isobel Strong will take part, and most important of all, Mrs. Graham herself will be seen for the first time on any stage. It will be a great affair for the highbrows. In Santa Barbara nearly everybody in society is a highbrow. The atmosphere of the town was fixed when Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson went to live there.

Maude Fay in Vienna

Miss Maude Fay of this city has added another European capital to the list of cities where in she has enjoyed vocal triumphs. First recognition of her singing ability came in Munich where she has long been a favorite of the royal court. Then she went to London and won the single success in an ill-starred season at Covent Garden under the Beecham management. And now it is Vienna. Miss Fay has been singing at the Royal Opera House in the Austrian capital, and her voice has deeply impressed the music-loving Viennese. Speaking of Miss Fay's triumph Mrs. Richard Kerens, wife of the American Ambassador at Vienna, had this to say recently: "I am particularly proud of the success Miss Fay and other of my country folk have made artistically in Vienna, and of their ability to live up to and even excel the high standard which a royal opera house like that in Vienna demands. American singers come to Europe to get a reputation, so as to be able to achieve success in their own country, but in many cases their European reputations become so great that Europe does not want them to go home." That seems to be the case with our beautiful Miss Fay.


Is This Story True?

I quote from the St. Louis Mirror: A newspaperman was dining with the late Senator Jones in New York many years since, the evening papers being full of a shooting affair on the Riviera. A French gentleman had been killed by an annoyed American husband. Enter a supreme bore, uninvited, but who joined the two full of the desire to lecture them upon the importance of "the American husband abroad"—the sentinel of the domestic virtues: "Let no man rifle that casket." For quite five minutes they endured this, when Jones caught the bore, the breath out of his lungs, and said: "What, shoot an unarmed man in his pajamas? We don't behave like that over on the coast. I was getting off the elevator at the Pacific Union Club in San Francisco last week with a friend of mine, luckily a man of nerve, when lo! a stranger with a gun said to my friend, 'You have got to die.' 'Die?' said my friend. 'Why, whatever is the matter?' Said the other, 'Since I have been over to New York you have been paying atten-

tions to my wife.' 'Possibly,' said my friend; 'but what is the name, please?' 'Hiram Kimball,' said the gun man. My friend produced a notebook with a letter index and turning to K, said, 'Is it Mrs. Clara Kimball or Mrs. Grace C. Kimball?' Said the husband, 'It is sure enough Clara.' 'But,' said my friend, 'does the lady object?' 'No,' said the husband, 'but I do.' Said my friend, 'Then as far as I am concerned, that makes all the difference; I cross her off my list. Good evening.' The jaw of the bore fell and of the foreordained mission of the American husband abroad was heard no more.

A Reading at Mrs. Martin's

Miss Margaret Kemble will give a reading of the Richard Strauss opera "Ariadne of Naxos" at the home of Mrs. Eleanor Martin in Broadway on Thursday afternoon, March 6. Miss Edith Ladd will act as Miss Kemble's accompanist. The "Ariadne" is Strauss' latest composition and was produced for the first time in Stuttgart last October. Like all the Strauss works it has started the critics writing along lines of praise and blame. Our music lovers will undoubtedly take this opportunity to familiarize themselves with it.



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Society and the Tivoli

Society is taking a keen interest in the coming season of grand opera at the new Tivoli. The audiences promise to be the most brilliant seen in any theatre here since the fire. Among those who have taken boxes for the sixteen performances are William H. Crocker, Clarence Mackay, Mrs. William S. Tevis, Mrs. Jeanette A. Jordon, Anton Borel, J. Henry Meyer, Charles Templeton Crocker, I. W. Hellman, Herbert Fleishhacker, Louis Sloss, William G. Irwin, John Lawson, John Martin, William P. Sproule, Eugene de Sabla, Gordon Blanding, Mrs. C. W. Clark, Mrs. Edith S. Pope, J. D. Grant, William Graham and E. W. Hopkins.



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Charles Lloyd at Kohler and Chase Hall

The soloist for the Music Matinee in Kohler & Chase Hall this Saturday afternoon will be Charles Lloyd, baritone. He is one of the most successful baritone soloists on the Pacific Coast. He will sing among other songs *The Reccessional* by De Koven, in which he will be accompanied on the Aeolian Pipe Organ. Works for the Pianola Piano and the Aeolian Pipe Organ will also be heard.

Surprises at Techau's

So much interest was aroused among the lady patrons of Techau Tavern by the recent presentation of a Flander's Electric Automobile that the management has decided upon a new feature which cannot but prove equally attractive. H. Liebes & Company, the well known furriers of 167 Post street, have been commissioned by the Tavern management to make a magnificent seal-skin coat to cost \$1,000, which will be presented to some fortunate lady at the Tavern, on a date to be announced. Besides this one great feature other pleasing surprises have been prepared for the ladies. On Saturday, March 8, there will be distributed to the ladies at the cave beautiful souvenir bottles of Halcyon Rose Perfumery from the laboratory of Hanson-Jenks Company

of New York. The famous Toilet and Complexion Specialties of the Aubrey Sisters will also be presented, in souvenir form, at an early date.

In the Social Spotlight

Closing the exhibition of paintings by Guiseppe Cadenasso, now being held in the Tapestry room of the Hotel Oakland, a recital will be given in the Ivory ball room this Saturday evening. Signor Monetti Garibaldi, an Italian tenor, will render selections from *Il Trovatore*. Mrs. Leah Cadenasso, wife of the artist who is well known as a dramatic mezzosoprano, will sing, among her numbers being "O, Mio Fernando" from *La Favorita*. Berenice Almy, a recent

addition to the musical circles of the bay cities, and Miss Ruth McKenzie will appear as vocalists, and Hazel McKenzie, a pianist of ability is another who will participate in the program. J. W. McKenzie will furnish the accompaniment for the vocal numbers. An endeavor is also being made to secure Miss Marie Sloss, a graduate of the Conservatory of Music at Berlin who is a very fine musician, for the opening number of the program which will be a piano solo. Leone Cadenasso, son of the painter, will give some dramatic readings.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Shevlin of Portland motored from San Francisco to Del Monte for a few days of golf. R. T. Harris and party, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Davidson and Mr. W. B. Morris while on a motor trip from Los Angeles stopped off at Del Monte for a few days. Several enthusiastic golfers arrived on Wednesday and Thursday with the idea of getting in a few rounds of golf before the qualifying round on Saturday morning. Among them were A. B. Daniels, G. Thompson, P. Thompson, Geo. Sturges, Nelson Barker, Jr., all of San Diego; Cyril Tobin, Joe Tobin, Percy Selby, Charles T. Crocker, Henry F. Dutton, R. M. Loeser and Arthur Foster of San Francisco and Burlingame. Lieut. and Mrs. Greason entertained eight at dinner on Tuesday evening. A mass of violets formed the centre piece while hundreds of violets were scattered in charming confusion over the table. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. White, Major and Mrs. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Gillis, Mrs. Baxter and Capt. Jordan. Mrs. James Coffin, Miss Sarah Coffin, Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Dibblee, Miss Foster, Mrs. J. T. Kittle, Allen I. Kittle and J. C. Kittle formed a party who went down for the week-end to enter the golf tournament. The Washington's

Dinner party favors for St. Patrick's Day at all four of Geo. Haas & Sons' Candy Stores. A little Green Satin Box filled with sweets and decorated with a Shamrock makes an ideal dinner favor.

Birthday Golf Tournament opened on Saturday morning with an entry list of fifty men. A number of the scratch players who generally attend the Del Monte tournaments were unable to be present. Mr. Eader of Pacific Grove won the qualifying round with the lowest net score, R. H. Fortune missing that honor by one stroke and R. M. Loeser by two strokes.

Barbour Lathrop is at Hotel Coronado. Among the arrivals from San Francisco are Misses Florence and Lillian Boyere. Things at Coronado are very gay. What with dances twice a week, dinners and suppers in the grill, and golf, tennis and polo games every day the sojourner has little time to himself. Mr. Jas. Irvine is at Hotel Coronado for the polo season. Excitement is running high over polo. The season has been a tremendous one—not since the eventful fleet year has the hotel been so crowded. The Colonial Ball of February 22 was a wonderful success. Only those in costume were allowed to dance until after ten, so one had an opportunity of admiring the many attractive Colonial costumes, but after that hour the gowns were equally fascinating, being brilliant in the extreme. Major and Mrs. Ross entertained at a dinner of forty-four in the banquet room Saturday night. All the polo men were invited. The decorations were of white and green. Later the party attended the Colonial Ball.

Not Like the National Game

Geraldine—Did you ever play kissing games?

Gerald—Yes, and I remember them as games that didn't have to be called on account of darkness.

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(Advertisement)

The Great Genée

By Theodore Bonnet

Having seen Genée I can understand the transports of our fathers induced by a Taglioni floating through the air, a phantom of delight, or by a Grisi composing physical rhythms while impinging the boards with the tip of one pink foot. In the days of my boyhood the ballerina was my pet aversion. Those were the days of Kiralfy and the ballet that was an inexhaustible source of inspiration to comic writers. Many a fairy spectacle of the Kiralfy brand was spoilt for me by a ballerina with a Latin name. It was my understanding of the matter in those days that the ballerina was some kind of concession to bald heads; that her performance appealed only to men in their dotage who were so near-sighted that they crowded the front rows. So deep-rooted was the prejudice created in those days that not until the most recent years did I come to realize that dancing was a form of art. And even then it seemed a very inferior form. I tried to cultivate a taste for it, beginning with skirt dancers and later pondering the ballerina in her pirouettes and her posturings at ridiculous angles. Being of the opinion that art meant the creation of beauty, it puzzled me, this art of the ballerina. I knew she was trying to represent and interpret life, and I was told that every gesture had a meaning all its own. A friend was so good as to give me some instruction in the vocabulary of this sign language. But all to know purpose. It was an art that raised in me no pleasurable emotions.

I could see nothing but a technique somewhat akin to that of the acrobat. And I always felt sorry for the lady who danced on her toes. To me there was always a pathos in her smiles that filled me with sad thoughts of the little ones at home, for I was always sure she was a poor mother condemned to the terrible drudgery of toe dancing. Besides it was apparent to me that the unnatural exercise had a tendency to destroy the symmetry of her legs, itself a tragedy the poignancy of which is not to be easily mitigated. It was not till I beheld Genée, a personification of daintiness and gracefulness and an actress as well as a dancer, that I became sensible of the beauty of the ballerina's art. All the dancers that have tripped it into the dark backward and abysm that I have come out of were marionettes in comparison with this lovely apparition who emerged from a frame last Monday night creating the illusion of an old master come to life. To Genée I am greatly indebted not only for the delight she gave me, but for having made it clear to me that my esthetic perceptions are not so dull as I had begun to believe. Genée is a liberal education in the art of dancing. It is not merely that she has faultless technique: she begins to create her art where faultless technique leaves off. It is not that she does difficult things with ease; it seems natural that she should do what she does just as she does it. When technique is an end instead of a means to an end, we may subconsciously analyze the effects and thus lose some of the pleasure

of them. Now you never think of Genée's technique, and as a result you get all it is possible to get in the way of emotional satisfaction. And the emotional satisfaction Genée gives is not the emotional satisfaction one might expect from a dancer. There is, I mean, little of the voluptuous appeal in her art. The fragile, evanescent beauty of it that leaves only a memory never to be realized again except by the artist herself is the beauty of a pastoral symphony or a glorious lyric. In her exposition of the dancing of the centuries ago she takes you into an atmosphere wholesome, invigorating and refreshing. In her interpretative work one sees that she is a woman of high intelligence, and that every faculty is in harmony. In her comedic performances she is the sweet magician of the toe, dancing like the wave of the sea and as light as its foam. The personification of airy-fairness, the lambency and glow of her as she gleamed on my sight reminded me of Yeats's lines—

"I have spread my dreams under your feet,
Tread softly because you tread on my dreams."

Genée's step is as soft as a peacock's. She steps nowhere but on dreams. At times she is like a spirit revisiting the glimpses of the moon, and the mystery of her loveliness in motion is sweetest poetry. Genée! It is a name that will be handed down by San Franciscans of today to incredulous grandchildren. Not to see Genée is to be unaware of a figure that comes but once in a generation.

Gossip of the Theatre

Song and Symphony

A few months ago we were told that Mme. Nordica had returned from abroad with a beauty secret—some magic bathing powder. Sunday at the Columbia was our first opportunity to see her since her transformation. I should say it is a magic powder! The diva looked very beautiful. She has a Venus of Milo figure, the suppleness of which was shown when she stooped to pick up a bunch of violets. As for her raiment—one never can think of the lovely things Nordica wears as gowns or clothes—they were created by the artist that made Queen Mab's chariot of cobwebs and moonbeams. As for her singing—well Nordica must have found also a magic potion for the voice. The Nordica concert last Sunday surpassed in beauty and artistry every concert I have ever heard without exception. Nordica sang as though inspired. It was not the Nordica of what may be termed the heyday of her career, it was a greater Nordica, a Nordica I never heard before. In some of her numbers, especially in Tannhauser and in Brunhilde there seemed to be no limit to the power and brilliance of her voice. In her English and French songs it diminished to the tender daintiness of a lark far off in the distance. More amazing than all was her trilling. There was a flexibility in her trills that made one think of the lyric Melba. In short Nordica's singing last Sunday was the perfection of the lyric art. Phrasing, dramatic expression, style, diction—all the elements of good singing were at their best. Standing there calmly on the bare stage she created an elaborate mise-en-scene for each song. A gleam of her eyes, a droop of the lids, a tiny turn of her eloquent wrist, and she had told us a never-to-be-

forgotten story. She gave a rendering of "Butterfly" altogether different from her previous renderings. She sang of her lover's return as if in a dream, the pitiful dream of the faithful



BLOSSOM SEELEY

The musical comedy favorite who will appear this Sunday with RUBE MARQUARD at the Orpheum.

foreign girl obsessed with the idea that her lover would come back and resume the dear love life, and at the end her conviction rang out strong and compelling as poor Cho-Cho-San's own faith. Then there was the wild gaiety of the Bemberg "Bacchante." I could rave through the whole magnificent and varied program. Every American who loves music has great reason to be proud of Lillian Nordica. She wears the crown of American queen of song now more proudly than the diadem the opera patrons at the Metropolitan Opera House gave her years ago.

On Friday I heard Miss Fernanda Pratt sing at the Symphony Concert. I believe it was her debut—a very ambitious one. She is a young lady with a pleasing stage presence and lovely contralto tones. In the circumstances it is hardly fair to say that her upper register seems hardly to have been developed at all or to observe that she made nothing of the short but brilliant cadenza in her opening number or that she sang mechanically. She went through an ordeal that if she enters upon a career she will look back upon and marvel at. Her only evidence of unquietude was her extraordinary attitude. I hope she will have a career. I believe she has the equipment for serious study. She was a long time a pupil of Hugo Mansfeldt, and I hear she is a fine pianiste—which is no unimportant asset for a singer. She is also the possessor of what Lamperte called an indispensable adjunct for a singer—a voice. I should be glad to see her start right off to Europe whence to return an artiste of high rank. Any amateur with the courage to sing before a large audience with a

symphony orchestra must have the tenacity of purpose for real study. As for Mr. Hadley, amiability must be one of his chief characteristics. There are few conductors who would give an amateur a "try out" so to speak; especially as there has been so much dissatisfaction because renowned vocalists have been here on symphony days and have not been invited to sing. Mme. Galski for instance expressed her surprise that she had not been invited and others as well; for of course great artistes love to sing with symphony orchestras.

—Helen M. Bonnet.

Crane Still in the Senate

William H. Crane is celebrating the fiftieth year of his career on the stage by remaining in the United States Senate. Crane has been a stage senator so long that he knows more than many real legislators about procedure in the upper chamber of the national Capitol. Through many years he has been playing the part of a genial, honest, homely and shrewd senator, mixing in congressional intrigue and emerging victorious from the midst of snares and pitfalls, acting as confidential agent to Dan Cupid in the interest of nice young secretaries and pretty young ingenues and occasionally succumbing to the wiles of a handsome widow. "The Senator Keeps House" was carpentered to order for Crane by Martha Morton who, if memory serves, prepared some of the other senatorial plays in which Crane has previously appeared. It fits Crane like a glove. It was constructed with the express purpose of allowing him to play his own pleasant personality and he plays it for all it's worth. It is not a play to be taken seriously in any way, either by the actors or by the critics. Nobody takes it seriously on the stage except a very young girl whose serious business in the play is to capture the senator's secretary, a thing she contrives to do very seriously indeed. In the audience nobody took it seriously except one man in the gallery who applauded vociferously every time a platitude was uttered on the stage. This galleryite was undoubtedly a Bull Moose. Crane has a nice company about him, but what does a company amount to in the case of a star like Crane? Crane is the whole show.

—The Second Nighter.

Rube Marquard at the Orpheum

Rube Marquard, the great pitcher of the Giants, and Blossom Seeley, the musical comedy favorite, will begin a brief engagement in the musical comedy skit "Breaking the Record or Nineteen Straight" at the Orpheum next week. The book and lyrics are by Thomas J. Gray and the music by Maurice Levy. Marquard wrote some of the songs. Blossom Seeley is a favorite on Broadway. Lida McMillan, the original "College Widow" in New York and London will appear in "The Late Mr. Allen," a comedy sketch by Bozeman Bulger and May Tully. This is her first vaudeville tour. Eddy Howard, late of Howard & North, will appear in "Those Were Happy Days." He will have the assistance of Bert Snow, a capable comedian. Wotpart and Paulan are novelty acrobats. Next week will be the last of Diamond & Brennan, Apdale's Zoological Circus and "Puss in Boots."

Last Week of Vaughan and Lytell

Evelyn Vaughan and Bert Lytell's final week at the Alcazar commences Monday night. David Belasco's romantic comedy "Nobody's Widow" will be the medium of concluding their extremely successful season as leaders of America's finest stock company. There is no prospect of their engagement being extended, owing to the impracticability of postponing the reopening of their playhouse in Albany, the arrangements for which

have been perfected. No more appropriate vehicle than "Nobody's Widow" could have been selected for Miss Vaughan and Mr. Lytell's farewell performances. It affords them equal opportunity to appear to best advantage and leave pleasurable remembrance of their work with the folk who flock to bid them au revoir. The comedy was constructed to fit the talents of Blanche Bates who starred in it throughout two seasons, and the Belasco stagecraft is evident in every line, scene and situation.

The Tivoli Opening

The one big topic of conversation in musical and theatrical circles is the opening of the new Tivoli Opera House a week from Wednesday night, March 12, with Mme. Luisa Tetrazzini as Gilda in Verdi's "Rigoletto" and Mario Sammarco in the title role. Aside from the fact that the rebuilding of the Tivoli is a cause of universal rejoicing among lovers of that musical landmark, the advent of the Chicago Grand Opera Company with its three hundred people, thirty-seven principals, ballet of thirty-six and orchestra of seventy-five is the most important event of the kind in San Francisco since the fire. Not including the opening night, sixteen subscription performances will be given, including

"Thais," "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," "Louise," "Natoma" and "Carmen," in all of which Mary Garden will be heard. "La Traviata," "Crispino e la Comare" and "Lucia," in addition to "Rigoletto" will be the operas in which Mme. Tetrazzini will be heard. Andreas Dippel, general manager of the organization, points with pride to the number of Americans in his company and also to the fact that the two California singers, Edna Darch and Mabel Riegelman, have made pronounced impressions. Impresario Dippel names as Americans in his company Mary Garden, Clarence Whitehill, George Hamlin, Eleonora de Cisneros, Carolina White, Henri Scott, Jane Osborn-Hannah, Frank Preisch, Minnie Saltzman-Stevens, Helen Stanley, Marie Cavan, Helen Warrum, Margaret Keyes, Minnie Egner and the two Californians above mentioned. The French artists include Dalmores, Louise Berat, Dufranne, Huberdeau, Crabbe, Edmond Varnery, Nicolay and others. Cleofente Campanini is the general musical director and he will have among his assistants Marcel Charlier who was long with him at the Manhattan Opera House, and Ettore Perosie, an Italian conductor. The subscription sale of seats for the two series of eight performances will conclude at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s this Saturday evening and the result has



MADGE KENNEDY

A charming young actress new to the West who will be seen in the title part of the clever farce, "Little Miss Brown," at the Cort, Sunday night, March 2.

been very satisfactory to the management. Monday morning the sale of seats for single operas will begin at nine o'clock at the box office of the Tivoli, the prices being \$2, \$3, \$4, \$5, \$6 and \$7. Mail orders enclosing check payable to W. H. Leahy will be filled at the close of the subscription sale, seats being reserved as near as possible to the desired location.

"The Siren" at the Columbia

Seldom has Charles Frohman assembled and produced such a sweeping success as "The Siren" in which Donald Brian will be seen at the Columbia for one week, commencing Monday, March 3, with matinees Wednesday and Saturday. Brian comes here with a big supporting company including Carroll McComas, Will West, Ethel Cadman, Harry Delf, Florence Morrison, Grace Walsh, John Morgan, Cissy Sewell, Cyril



DONALD BRIAN

To be seen in "The Siren" at the Columbia Theatre.

Biddulph and others. The sirens and the chorus are the most attractive and vocally capable members of Frohman's London and New York musical organizations. "The Siren" is in three acts, and Mr. Frohman has never made a more beautiful and elaborate production. The book and lyrics are the work of those Viennese wizards, Leo Stein and A. M. Willner. The music is from the pen of Leo Fall. The American version is the work of Harry B. Smith. David Belasco's production of "The Concert" follows.

"Little Miss Brown" at the Cort

"Little Miss Brown" with Madge Kennedy in the title role and William Morris in the leading male part, will begin a two-weeks' engagement at the Cort Sunday evening. It is a farce of the rapid fire order with complications that involve little Miss Brown and Philip Dennison in three acts of trouble, threaten family scandal, the possible loss of a fortune for Dennison, result in breaking Miss Brown's engagement and afford an evening of hilarity. When it was decided on short notice to send "Little Miss Brown" to the Coast, William A. Brady kept with it the same cast that had made it a success on Broadway. The farce was written by Philip H. Bartholomae on typically American lines, with American characters and American humor.

Music Drama at Pantages

Another strong bill will begin at Pantages beginning Sunday afternoon. Menlo Moore, one of the best known musical comedy producers on Broadway, has entered into a contract with Alexander Pantages to show all of his tabloid musical plays. The first, to be shown next week, is "Rah, Rah, Boys!" Lorna Jackson, a stunning show girl, has the leading role, and has the assistance of a sextette of husky, athletic lads who can sing and dance. The production is mounted in splendid style and Miss Jackson wears beautiful gowns. The Seven Parisian Violets are talented musicians playing reed and brass instruments. They also have fine singing voices. "The Long and Short of Vaudeville" is what dainty little Clara Keating and Claude Golding term their act. The "scream" of the bill is Craig and Williams, curbstome comedians. Marr and Evans have a "rough house" acrobatic act. The Neapolitan Trio of operatic vocalists will present scenes from "Il Travatore" in costume with special scenery. Comedy motion pictures finish the bill.

The Adeline Ginee Season

This Saturday afternoon at the Valencia Adeline Ginee will give her first matinee. The program will consist of "La Danse" and the mis-

(Continued on Page 23)



GENEE

Assisted by
Volini and Complete Company

VALENCIA THEATER
This Saturday Matinee at 2:30

"LA DANSE"

This Saturday Night at 8:15
"LA CAMARGO"

NEXT WEEK FAREWELL

Monday, Wednesday, Friday Nights and Saturday Matinee

"LA CAMARGO"

Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday Nights

"LA DANSE"

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A MARVELOUS NEW BILL

RUBE MARQUARD, the Great Giant Pitcher and BLOSSOM SEELEY, the New York Musical Comedy Favorite in the Musical Comedy Skit "Breaking the Record or 19 Straight"; LIDA McMILLAN & CO. in Bozeman Bluger & May Tully's comedy skit "The Late Mr. Allen"; EDDY HOWARD in "Those Were the Happy Days"; WOTPERT & PAULAN, Catapult Exercises; DIAMOND & BRENNAN; APDALES ZOOLOGICAL CIRCUS; NEW DAYLIGHT MOTION PICTURES. Last Week of B. A. Rolfe's Extravaganza "PUSS IN BOOTS."

Evening Prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, \$1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c. Phones, Douglas 70 and Home C 1570.

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CORT THEATRE

on the afternoons of

Friday, March 7th, and Sunday, March 9th, 1913

Soloist—LOUIS PERSINGER, Violinist

Program Friday Afternoon, March 7th, 1913

Gustave Strube.....Overture, "Puck"

(First time in San Francisco)

Lalo.....Violin Concerto No. 1, Op. 20
LOUIS PERSINGER

Richard Strauss.....Symphonic Poem, "Don Juan"

SUNDAY MARCH 9th program will include: Weber, Overture, "Der Freischuetz"; Tschaiowsky, Symphony No. 4 in F Minor; Lalo, Norwegian Rhapsody.

SEATS ON SALE at Sherman, Clay & Co., Kohler & Chase and Cort Theatre.

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March 12,
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MAIL ORDERS for Season Filled Now. For single performances received now, filled after close of Subscription as near desired location as possible. Seats \$2, \$3, \$4, \$5, \$6 and \$7.
Special attention given orders of out-of-town patrons. Make all checks payable to W. H. LEAHY, Tivoli Opera House, San Francisco.
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Matinees Wednesday and Saturday

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EVELYN VAUGHAN and BERT LYTELL

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David Belasco's Farceal Romance

"NOBODY'S WIDOW"

Made Famous by Blanche Bates

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Matinees: Thursday, Saturday and Sunday

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Week Commencing Sunday Matinee, March 2nd

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7 PARISIAN VIOLETS

A Septet of Stunning Musical Show Maids

Menlo Moore's College Comedy Yell

"RAH, RAH, BOYS!!"

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Matinee Daily at 2:30. Nights, 7:15 and 9:15. Sunday and Holidays Matinees at 1:30 and 3:30. Nights Continuous from 6:30.

Prices—10c, 20c and 30c.

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"THE SIREN"

Music by Leo Fall. Brilliant Supporting Company

Enlarged Orchestra

Prices—Evenings and Saturday Matinee, \$2 to 25c.

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Monday, March 10th—"THE CONCERT."

Knabe

PIANOS—GRAND AND UPRIGHT

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Mexico's series of revolutions, higher money rates, renewed exports of gold, the New York subway contract tangle and other unfavorable developments sent stocks down to the lowest levels of the year, and well below those of 1912 in most cases last week. The public has been doing little, and stocks remain in strong hands, so that the stock market did not break badly at any time but declined in an orderly way without becoming very active. Copper metal quotations have been ridiculously out of line with the actual prices paid by consumers for several weeks, and after exposure of this condition, the worst came last week when it became known that electrolytic copper was being sold below 15 cents. The metal trade is disorganized and should be put on a business basis at once. Consumers will have to buy large quantities of copper next month and 15 cents looks like a fair price for all concerned. The New York Stock Exchange was worried by bills introduced at Albany for its regulation and incorporation, and by threats of restrictive legislation at Washington. The governors of the Exchange added their mite to the mess by proposals to change the constitution and make the rules still more stringent in order to forestall the proposed legislation. Real liquidation was noted throughout the week, the selling of Lehigh Valley by investors being quite heavy. Outside of some buying by odd lot houses the only support the market got was by short covering. The bears made handsome profits but the outstanding short interest is still heavy.

Wheat—The situation in the wheat market presents no important change from that of last week, or of many previous weeks, if the price is any criterion, as values are the same now as they were the first week in January and have varied but little from this price in the meantime. The sentiment seems to be confined to those who are very positive in their opinion that wheat must sell lower while others are in a state of indecision, but in reality are waiting for lower prices before they feel secure in making any investments. The market, as might be expected, under such conditions, is apathetic and devoid of any speculative enterprise. The only wonder is that a market so left to itself does not have a severe decline, and one of the remarkable and exceptional features in the trade throughout this crop year is the fact that there has been no speculative resistance to any depression, however severe. There seems to be but one ruling motive, to step aside and allow prices to sink and sink. Never before has Europe been allowed to buy our surplus at her own prices, uninterrupted and unresisted, day after day, and month after month, since the crop began to move. The trade became so bewildered by the report of mammoth aggregates of crop yields in circulation that the price ceased to be

an object and the only question was, how to rid our country of its surplus production. And so it came to pass that the trade of this country has witnessed the most lavish and precipitate marketing of its wheat crop ever known. We are getting near the season of crop scares and while as yet the growing plant is said to be in good condition, a mild winter usually brings forth a season of scares and generally higher prices. The market at present seems to be marking time but we believe any change will be in favor of the holder.

Corn—The country movement of corn to the terminal centers has been on a big scale, and values have suffered some recession on that account, but every material break seems to develop an export demand of large proportions. The price of corn in Argentina is 3 cents above values in Chicago, a condition that implies a continued good demand from abroad for our corn at current prices. The situation in this cereal seems to be eminently healthy and favorable for investment opportunities.

Cotton—It was a narrow market in cotton the past week and with the local professional crowd all bearish, prices were allowed to sag with the distant futures all under the 12 cents mark. The general news from day to day was more in favor of the bulls, but this counted for naught as the big professionals are all working for lower prices and take advantage of every little upturn to put out more short cotton. The Liverpool market has held up well considering the political news from the far east and high money rates abroad. Manchester has been reporting a fair business at firm prices although stocks of cotton there are very large, in fact larger than last year. The southern spot markets were generally quoted unchanged but a number of points reported spots easier to buy at slight concessions. This was used by the bears and they were predicting a big decline in spots the coming week. However the spinners' takings for the week were large at over 300,000 bales showing that the spinner is still in the market for cotton even at the big premiums over the futures. There is a good deal of talk about the expected big increase in the acreage for this year and no doubt the acreage will be increased, but the crop has to grow through the period of crop scares which always gives us a good trading market and prices are generally on the upward trend until something definite is known regarding the size of the crop. At present however there is so much hanging over the market in the way of political news, tight money and tariff revision, to say nothing of the pessimistic feeling in Wall Street that prices will hardly advance from this level but on any further break due to forced liquidation we believe cotton can be bought, especially the new crop months.

There are times when every man wonders if others suspect the mean things he knows about himself.

It's generally all over with the underdog.

After all, it may be cowardice that prompts a man to declare he would never marry again.

Perhaps the man who is looking for trouble is better prepared to dodge it when it comes.

The German Savings and Loan Society

(THE GERMAN BANK)

Savings Incorporated 1868 Commercial

526 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO

Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco

The following Branches for Receipt and Payment of Deposits only:

MISSION BRANCH, 2572 MISSION STREET
Between 21st and 22nd

RICHMOND DISTRICT BRANCH, S. W. Corner
CLEMENT and 7th AVE.

HAIGHT STREET BRANCH, S. W. Corner
HAIGHT and BELVEDERE

Assets	\$53,315,495.84
Capital actually paid up in Cash.....	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....	1,706,879.63
Employees' Pension Fund.....	148,850.22
Number of Depositors	59,144

Office Hours: 10 o'clock a. m. to 3 o'clock p. m., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock m. and Saturday evenings from 6:30 p. m. to 8 o'clock p. m. for receipt of deposits only.

Wells Fargo Nevada National Bank

No. 2 MONTGOMERY STREET

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits....	\$11,079,373.37
Cash and Sight Exchange.....	12,011,110.74
Deposits	26,882,124.40

Officers—Isaiah W. Hellman, Pres.; I. W. Hellman Jr., V.-Pres.; F. L. Lipman, V.-Pres.; James K. Wilson, V.-Pres.; Frank B. King, Cashier; W. McGavin, Asst. Cashier; E. L. Jacobs, Asst. Cashier; C. L. Davis, Asst. Cashier; A. D. Oliver, Asst. Cashier; A. B. Price, Asst. Cashier.

Directors—Isaiah W. Hellman, I. W. Hellman Jr., Joseph Sloss, A. Christeson, Percy T. Morgan, Wm. F. Haas, F. W. Van Sicken, Hartland Law, Wm. F. Herrin, Henry Rosenfeld, John C. Kirkpatrick, James L. Flood, J. Henry Meyer, Chas. J. Deering, A. H. Payson, James K. Wilson and F. L. Lipman.

Customers of this Bank are offered every facility consistent with prudent banking. New accounts are invited.

Safe Deposit Vaults



And see us about renting a safe deposit box for your valuables. It is the only place for them if you wish to insure their safety.

CROCKER SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS

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490 CALIFORNIA STREET

Branch, ST. FRANCIS HOTEL
SAN FRANCISCO

Members

New York Stock Exchange
New York Cotton Exchange
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Two Private Wires to
Chicago and New York

Washington, D. C., 1301 F Street
Los Angeles, 112 W. Third Street
New York, 31-33-35 New Street

Varied Types

(Continued from Page 6.)

for the referendum and to bait the corporations. Any sort of public service corporation is his black beast. Smashing boodlers and crooks between the eyes is his religion. He doesn't drink, smoke or chew; he never goes to a theatre or a ball game or a prizefight. What time he is not programming an improvement club or giving good advice to ungrateful and unregarding city fathers he is delving into reports and tables in his solitary bachelor apartment. He admits that he has always been too busy to fall in love or get married. The genial weaknesses of other men have no hold on E. P. E. His wildest play, his most extravagant dissipation is to steal an hour from the statisticians and devote it to the reading of philosophers like Bacon and Boyle, Paley and Locke, Littleton and Lecky and Swift or to his beloved Lavater and Spurzheim. After such an orgy conscience reproaches him and he rushes forth bitterer than ever against the crooks and the boodlers and the poisoned press.

I gather that E. P. E. is a man of some means. He followed his father in the insurance business, and also engaged in the business of building and selling houses. He has a good bit of property scattered here and there, I imagine. But despite his long career as a public wrangler he has never aspired to or held public office. The other day for the first time in his life he got on the public pay roll, doing subsidiary expert work for that High Muckamuck among experts, Bion Arnold. It must have given him a queer sensation when he cashed a municipal warrant. But he says he didn't seek that work; it sought him. He prefers to be in opposition. He's congenitally "agin the government." He reserves the right to call anybody he pleases a crook, a boodler, a knave; to brand any enterprise that displeases him as a foul, filthy and rascally robbing of the public pocket. If municipal affairs ever went the way he thought they should I'm sure he'd take sick from mortification and die from inactivity, his tongue retaining its vitality to the last.

Rather a pathetic figure, I should say. A man of narrow range and limited ability, he's sincerely convinced in his own mind that he has the solution for all problems of civics, but he can't concede sincerity in his opponents. All his stressful life he's been trying to drive ten penny nails with a tack hammer, and cussing the other fellow because he hasn't succeeded. Incongruities that others see cannot knock for entrance to this mind that was never dowered with humor. Without a smile he went to the Alms House for signatures to his latest referendum petition. Doubtless he thinks that in that asylum of failures and unfortunates all are as competent as he and the average citizen to settle a big transportation problem. And maybe he's right. For in E. P. E. that abstraction called the average citizen takes flesh and lives. The best that can be said of him is that he's a thorn in the side of bigger men. When he dies—and may the day be distant!—Billy Bourn and Henry T. Scott, Pat Calhoun and William F. Herrin will not be pallbearers at his funeral.

Discretion Was Better

During the recent lawsuit in Chicago in which Wilton Lackaye was interested a friend asked him if he would fight the injunction of the court.

"Fight the courts," repeated the actor, "I think not." Then he continued, "I remember one lawsuit in which I was involved. I walked into the Supreme Court and heard the clerk read, 'The People of the United States against Wilton Lackaye.' I picked up my hat and left. The odds against me were too great."

The Girl of Sixteen

(Continued from Page 8.)

"How old is your daughter?"
"Just sixteen, but a perfect angel."

The deuce! So I was now every night to guard a sixteen-year-old angel, whom I had promised on my word of honor to defend. This was a queer situation! I was ready to promote the pacification of Bosnia in every possible way except this.

"You will permit me, at midnight, when everybody is asleep, to bring my sweet little daughter to your room? I thank you! May Heaven bless you!"

But I would gladly have dispensed with such a blessing. I had given my word of honor to protect the girl, and that I might be sure to keep it, she was to be brought to my room at night. And I was to guard, with drawn sword, every night a beautiful girl, as the Sultan's bride is guarded at the feast of Beiram. Oho, we did not bargain for that! I am no anchorite. Besides, it was easy for St. Anthony, for he knew that the beautiful girl who visited him was Satan himself. He ought to have been in my place, where a mother herself brings her daughter and says she is an angel. But my pledged word! A soldier's honor! This woman sees in me some legendary hero, a Lohengrin, who comes in his boat drawn by swans to protect innocence. Dare I destroy her faith? Dare I break my promise? No! I will be iron! I will forbid my eyes to look at her. I will think of nothing but sorrowful things. I'll try to be sent on guard duty at night. I'm very fond of it when the rain drenches me to the skin. Stay! There's another idea! What if the whole thing is simply a plot? What if I am to be killed

like Holofernes? That's it! If I don't want to wake up to-morrow morning without any head, I must be on the watch!

But all my philosophical reflections were overthrown by the sound of light footsteps approaching my door toward midnight. Some one knocked timidly.

"Come in!"

The door opened cautiously, and, smiling pleasantly, the mistress of the house entered with her daughter in her arms. A pretty little creature in swaddling clothes.

"Here she is, colonel! Isn't she as beautiful as an angel?"

"Why—What—You told me she was sixteen!"

"Yes, in her sixteenth month. But she has been weaned, and she won't disturb you. I put a little poppy juice into her milk, so that she will sleep quietly, colonel."

"But—great guns! What harm did you think my Hussars would do the little thing?"

"I—I—" stammered the woman; "I was afraid—they might—eat—my—darling—"

I felt as if a torrent of cold water had drenched me. So these people believed we ate little children! I hope I shall never experience another such adventure.

He—We're coming to a long tunnel. Are you afraid?

She—Not if you take your cigar out of your mouth.

What was that handwriting on the wall at somebody's feast?

"I think it was a hint to make the after-dinner speeches short."

DRINK DISQUALIFIES A MAN—SO SAYS PRESIDENT TAFT

He who drinks is deliberately disqualifying himself for advancement. Personally, I refuse to take such a risk. I do not drink.—William H. Taft, President of the United States.

There's a volume in that brief utterance. It ought to be made mental note of by every man, and when the temptation to drink liquor presents itself, he should think of the advancement he has made, though, perhaps, slowly but sure-footedly, then take a view of the retrograde steps following that drink and the others to join it.

It's no use talking, when our most eminent men by their words and examples warn you, it's time the drinking man sits up and takes notice of the effects of the deadly art of drinking.

But some men CAN'T stop the drink habit. They need help. When argument and the picture of distress trailing in the flood of alcohol, tears, pleadings of force can't help him, there is another means of relief—treatment, medical treatment for the disease.

The treatment provided by the Gatlin Institute is working the greatest service for mankind—a greater service than even prohibition laws or restraint. Just three days, no more, and the Gatlin treatment effectually kills the nervous craving for alcohol, removes the poison from the system, clarifies the brain and fits the drinker once more for the advancement in his career that was checked when he took his first drink.

It's a new man that leaves the institute—quite a different fellow from the one who entered; and this wonderful change is the result of but three days' treatment—worth more than any man can ever pay for if the true value of it to him be considered.

In this treatment no poisonous drugs, no hypodermic injections, no harmful sedatives are used, and nothing is substituted as a stimulant. It is unerringly and powerfully efficacious and absolutely harmless to even a child.

We bind ourselves in writing to give back the fee and make no charge whatever, if, at the end of three days the patient does not indorse the treatment with his entire satisfaction.

Write, wire, or phone for booklet and full particulars in which we tell of our home treatment.

GATLIN INSTITUTE, 1428 Golden Gate avenue, San Francisco. Phone—West 75.

SUMMONS IN PARTITION

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California No. 35,453; Department No. —.

JAMES MAGUIRE, Maud Gallagher, Frank Kelly, Charles Kelly, Clara Kelly, Thomas Kelly, John J. Barrett and Geo. C. Ross, Plaintiffs, vs. John Kelly, Henrietta Louise Westphal, Dora Rose Chase, James F. Kelly, Annie Clark, George Maguire, Frank Maguire, Mark F. Kelly, James T. Kelly, Augusta G. Kelly, Cecelia G. Kelly, Josephine G. Kelly, Irvin S. Knapp, James F. Kelly as administrator of the estate of Anne Askins, also known as and called "Ann" Askins, deceased, E. M. Galvin as administrator of the estate of John Burns, deceased, E. M. Galvin individually, Mary A. Burns, Milton F. Burns, John T. Burns, Lillian M. Burns, Alice G. Burns, Henry Burns, John First Doe, John Second Doe, John Third Doe, Jane First Doe, Jane Second Doe, Jane Third Doe, and to all persons unknown who have or claim any interest in or lien upon the property described in the complaint in this action, and herein-after mentioned and described, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco in the office of the clerk of said Superior Court. John J. Barrett, Flood Building, San Francisco, and Ross & Ross, The First National Bank Building, Redwood City, California, attorneys for plaintiffs.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: John Kelly, Henrietta Louise Westphal, Dora Rose Chase, James F. Kelly, Annie Clark, George Maguire, Frank Maguire, Mark F. Kelly, James T. Kelly, Augusta G. Kelly, Cecelia G. Kelly, Josephine G. Kelly, Irvin S. Knapp, James F. Kelly as administrator of the estate of Anne Askins, also known as and called "Ann" Askins, deceased, E. M. Galvin as administrator of the estate of John Burns, deceased, E. M. Galvin individually, Mary A. Burns, Milton F. Burns, John T. Burns, Lillian M. Burns, Alice G. Burns, Henry Burns, John First Doe, John Second Doe, John Third Doe, Jane First Doe, Jane Second Doe, Jane Third Doe, and to all persons unknown who have or claim any interest in or lien upon the property described in the complaint in this action, and herein-after mentioned and described, Defendants:

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in the action brought against you by the above named plaintiffs in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after service on you of this summons, if served within said city and county; if served elsewhere within thirty days; and

YOU ARE HEREBY NOTIFIED that if you fail to so appear and answer plaintiffs will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint; and

YOU ARE HEREBY FURTHER NOTIFIED that said action is brought to obtain the judgment and decree of this Court as follows:

1. For the partition of the real property hereinafter mentioned, according to the respective rights of the persons interested therein;

2. For the general costs of this action, counsel fees and the costs of reference to be apportioned among the parties to said action, according to law;

3. That if partition cannot be made without great prejudice to the respective rights of the parties interested that said real property may be sold and the proceeds arising therefrom applied and apportioned according to law, and for general relief and for costs of suit.

That the real property affected by this action and which is sought to be partitioned consists of all that certain real property situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning on the westerly line of Mission Street one hundred and ninety (190) feet southerly from Twenty-sixth Street; running thence southerly on Mission Street three (3) feet seven (7) inches; thence southwesterly on Mission Street sixty-two (62) feet and six (6) inches; thence westerly ninety-five (95) feet; thence northerly forty-five (45) feet and six (6) inches; and thence at right angles easterly one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet to the point of beginning.

WITNESS my hand and the seal of the said Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 2d day of May, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy County Clerk.

JOHN J. BARRETT,
Flood Bldg., San Francisco, Cal., and
ROSS & ROSS,

The First National Bank Bldg., Redwood City, Cal.,
Attorneys for Plaintiffs, 2-15-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JACOB BAUER, Deceased.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Henry Bauer, executor of the estate of Jacob Bauer, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said executor at the office of Wise, Sapiro & O'Connor, attorneys for said executor, Room 1009 First National Bank Building, San Francisco, Cal., which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Jacob Bauer, deceased.

HENRY BAUER,
Executor of the Estate of Jacob Bauer, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, February 1, 1913.

WISE, SAPIRO & O'CONNOR,
Attorneys for Executor,
First National Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-1-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MORRIS FREDRICK, Deceased.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the last will and testament of Morris Fredrick, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of G. C. Ringolsky, Esq., Rooms 805-807 Claus Spreckels Building, Third and Market Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Morris Fredrick, deceased.

MARCUS FREDRICK,
EMILIE FREDRICK,
Executors of the Last Will and Testament of Morris Fredrick, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, February 8, 1913.
G. C. RINGOLSKY, ESQ., Atty. for Executors,
805-807 Claus Spreckels Bldg., San Francisco. 2-8-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANGELE KLEINCLAUS, Deceased.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor and Executrix of the last will and testament of Angele Kleinclauss, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor and Executrix at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Angele Kleinclauss, deceased.

FRANK SEYFERTH,
Executor,
ALICE INNOCENCIA GARRISSERE,
Executrix,
* Of the Last Will and Testament of Angele Kleinclauss, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, February 21, A. D. 1913.
A. COMTE, JR., Atty. for Executors,
333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 2-22-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 13,252; Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of AMELIA FORD, Deceased.

It appearing to the Court from the verified petition of John Ford, Administrator of the estate of Amelia Ford, deceased, that it is necessary to sell the whole of the following described real estate, to-wit:

That certain lot of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Lyon Street, distant thereon one hundred and fifty (150) feet northerly from the point formed by the intersection of the northerly line of Golden Gate Avenue with the westerly line of Lyon Street running thence northerly along said westerly line of Lyon Street twenty-five (25) feet, running thence at a right angle westerly one hundred (100) feet, running thence at a right angle southerly twenty-five (25) feet, running thence at a right angle one hundred (100) feet easterly, to the point of commencement.

It is hereby ordered that said petition be filed and that all persons interested in said estate appear before the above entitled Court, department number ten thereof, at its Courtroom in the temporary City Hall, Market Street between Eighth and Ninth Streets, San Francisco, at ten o'clock a. m. on Monday, the 17th day of March, 1913, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the Administrator for the sale of such estate as prayed in said petition and that a copy of this order be published in "Town Talk," a newspaper published in the City and County of San Francisco, once a week for four successive weeks.

Dated: February 8, 1913.
THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.
Filed: February 10, 1913. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By
E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.
JOS. P. LUCEY, Atty. for Administrator,
Nevada Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-15-5

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE BY GUARDIAN

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 1431, N. S.; Department No. 9.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of RICHARD BURKE, JUNIOR, a Minor.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, made on the 6th day of February, 1913, and filed herein on said day, in the matter of the estate and guardianship of Richard Burke, Junior, a minor, the undersigned, Richard Burke, as guardian of the person and estate of said minor, will sell at private sale to the highest bidder, for cash, in gold coin of the United States, on or after Monday, the 3rd day of March, 1913, and subject to confirmation by said Court, the undivided five twenty-fourths (5/24) interest of the estate of Richard Burke, Junior, a minor, in and to the following described real property, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at the southeasterly corner of Bush and Montgomery streets, which point is thirty-two (32) feet four and one-half (4 1/2) inches easterly, at right angles, from the Monument line of Montgomery street; and running thence easterly along the southerly line of Bush street one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet six (6) inches, more or less, to a point which may be further described as being on the southerly line of Bush street distant easterly one hundred and seventy (170) feet three and one-half (3 1/2) inches from the Monument line of Montgomery street, and also distant westerly two hundred and seventy-five (275) feet from the westerly line of Sansome street; thence at right angles southerly one hundred and fifty-four (154) feet to a point which is one hundred and seventy (170) feet three and one-half (3 1/2) inches easterly, at right angles, from the Monument line of Montgomery street; thence at right angles westerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet six (6) inches to a point on the easterly line of Montgomery street, which point is distant easterly at right angles thirty-two (32) feet four and one-half (4 1/2) inches from the Monument line of Montgomery street, also one hundred and fifty-four (154) feet southerly from the southerly line of Bush street; thence at right angles northerly along the said easterly line of Montgomery street one hundred and fifty-four (154) feet to the southeasterly corner of Bush and Montgomery streets and the point of commencement, being a portion of 50 Vara Block Number 56.

Ten (10) per cent of the bid payable at the time of sale and the balance upon confirmation of the sale by said Court; deed and abstract at the expense of purchaser; the purchaser to assume the payment and take the property purchased by him subject to all the State, county and other taxes, and all assessments of whatsoever name and nature that are now or hereafter become chargeable to or a lien against the property purchased by him.

Offers of bids must be in writing and will be received and may be left at the office of Garret W. McEnerney, attorney for said guardian, Room 1277 Flood Building, San Francisco, California, or may be delivered to said guardian personally, or may be filed in the office of the Clerk of the above named Court at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of this sale.

RICHARD BURKE,
Guardian of the Person and Estate of Richard Burke, Junior, a Minor.
GARRET W. MCENERNEY, Attorney for Guardian,
Room 1277 Flood Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-15-3

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 34,221.

JOHANNES BICKEL and MATILDA BICKEL (his wife), Plaintiffs, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Johannes Bickel and Matilda Bickel, plaintiffs, filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at the Northerly line of Fell Street at about distant thereon Fifty (50) feet Westerly from the Northwesterly corner of Fell and Scott Streets; thence running Westerly along said Northerly line of Fell Street Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Northerly One Hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Easterly Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Southerly One Hundred (100) feet to the Northerly line of Fell Street and point of commencement. Being part of Western Addition Block 446.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiffs are the owners of said property in fee simple absolute; that their title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover their costs herein and have such other relief as may be met in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 21st day of December, A. D. 1912.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.
MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in Town Talk newspaper on the 4th day of January, A. D. 1913.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: Names—Humboldt Savings and Loan Society (a corporation). Addresses—San Francisco, Cal.

JOHN F. HANLON, Atty. for Plaintiffs. 1-4-10

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE BY GUARDIAN

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Department No. 9.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of WILLIAM P. BURKE, ALICE MARY BURKE, EDITH MARGARET BURKE and RICHARD BURKE, JUNIOR, Minors.—No. 1431, N. S.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, made on the 25th day of September, 1912, and filed herein on the 28th day of September, 1912, in the matter of the estate and guardianship of Edith Margaret Burke and Richard Burke, Junior, minors, (William P. Burke and Alice Mary Burke having arrived at legal age prior to the date hereof), the undersigned, Richard Burke, as guardian of the persons and estates of said two remaining minors, namely, Edith Margaret Burke and Richard Burke, Junior, will sell at private sale to the highest bidder, for cash, in gold coin of the United States, on or after WEDNESDAY, the 19th day of March, 1913, and subject to confirmation by said Court, the undivided five-twelfths (5-12) interest of the estate of said Edith Margaret Burke and Richard Burke, Junior, minors, and all the right, title and interest of said two remaining minors in and to the following described real property, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the northeasterly line of Spear street, distant thereon two hundred and twenty-nine (229) feet and two (2) inches northwesterly from the point of intersection of the northwesterly line of Folsom street with the said northeasterly line of Spear street, and running thence northwesterly and along said northeasterly line of Spear street forty-five (45) feet and ten (10) inches; thence at a right angle northeasterly and parallel with said northeasterly line of Folsom street one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches; thence at a right angle southeasterly and parallel with said northeasterly line of Spear street forty-five (45) feet and ten (10) inches; and thence at a right angle southwesterly and parallel with said northeasterly line of Folsom street one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches to said northwesterly line of Spear street and the point of commencement. Being a portion of One Hundred (100) Vara Block Number Three Hundred and Twenty-two (322).

Ten (10) per cent of the bid payable at the time of sale and the balance upon confirmation of the sale by said Court; deed and abstract at the expense of purchaser; the purchaser to assume the payment and take the property purchased by him subject to all the State, county and other taxes, and all assessments of whatsoever name and nature that are now or hereafter become chargeable to or a lien against the property purchased by him.

Offers or bids must be in writing and will be received and may be left at the office of Garret W. McEnerney, attorney for said guardian, Room 1277 Flood Building, San Francisco, California, or may be delivered to said guardian personally, or may be filed in the office of the Clerk of the above named Court at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of this sale.

RICHARD BURKE,
Guardian of the Persons and Estates of Edith Margaret Burke and Richard Burke, Junior, Minors.
GARRET W. MCENERNEY, Attorney for Guardian,
Room 1277 Flood Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-1-3

Perhaps marriage is so often a failure because the average man's love is greater than his bank account.

Stage

(Continued from Page 19.)

cellaneous numbers which follow it. The night program will consist of "La Camargo" and a list of special features. The second and farewell week of Genee and her company will open Monday night. "La Camargo" will be given Monday, Wednesday and Friday nights and at the Saturday matinee, and "La Danse" will be given on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday nights. The seats are now on sale at both Sherman, Clay & Co. and the Valencia. Following the engagement here Genee will make a short tour of the State and if possible a single performance will be given in Oakland at the Macdonough during the week of March 11.

The Beel Quartet

The Beel Quartet will give its final concert of the season at the St. Francis Hotel this Sunday afternoon, March 2, at 2:30 p. m. The program will be one of exceptional interest. Miss Virginie De Fremery and Mr. Beel will play Beethoven's "Kreutzer" Sonata and Mr. Charles Schmidt, viola, and Mr. Victor De Gomes, violoncello, will assist in the rendition of the Quintet by Schubert and Sextet by Brahms. Tickets may be secured at the usual Greenbaum box offices.

Josef Lhevinne

The music lovers are to have the privilege of hearing one more of the world's great pianists before the close of the season. Manager Will Greenbaum announces a series of three concerts by the Russian virtuoso Josef Lhevinne, the first of which is announced for Sunday afternoon, March 23.

Dr. Harvey M. Wiley to Speak Here

Dr. Harvey M. Wiley, for many years the head of the Bureau of Chemistry of the U. S. Government and known as "the father of our pure food laws" will speak at Scottish Rite Auditorium on Wednesday and Friday nights, March 19 and 21. His subject will be "Good Health—America's Greatest National Asset."

Ysaye Coming

Eugen Ysaye, the master of all the master-violinists of whom Fritz Kreisler said, "We must all take off our hats and bow low before Ysaye when he plays," will be the last of the violin virtuosos to play here under the Greenbaum direction this season.

Clara Butt and Kennerly Rumford

In London there is an auditorium called "Albert Hall" which seats over seven thousand people. It is occasionally used for concerts, but there are not more than three or four artists living who dare attempt a concert in a hall of that capacity. One of these is the celebrated contralto Mme. Clara Butt who is fairly worshiped by the English people and who is a singer of a type we rarely hear in America. This summer Mme. Butt is under contract to appear in Australia in conjunction with the eminent English baritone Kennerly Rumford at the highest fee ever paid a concert artist, with perhaps the single exception of Melba who is a native of that country. Mme. Butt and Mr. Rumford will sail from Vancouver in April and as their course takes them through this city, our music lovers will have the opportunity of hearing these world-famous artists at the Cort on Sunday afternoon, March 30. Applications for seats are already coming in to Manager Greenbaum from many who have heard Mme. Butt in Europe.

Julie Gulp

Another important engagement by Manager Greenbaum is that of Julie Gulp, the Dutch "lieder singer" who is the sensational success of the music season in New York. Coenraad V. Bos, the master-accompanist, will add to the interest of the Gulp programs.

The Symphony Concert

Louis Persinger, the young American violinist, will come here fresh from a series of triumphs in New York, Chicago and other cities to appear with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra at their fourth supplementary symphony concert at the Cort next Friday afternoon, March 7. Persinger is on his first tour of the Pacific Coast, after exceptional triumphs in Berlin, Vienna, Brussels and London. Conductor Hadley has prepared a most attractive program for the concert, which will be the last but one of the supplementary series, and which includes the following numbers: Gustave Strube, Overture, "Puck," (first time in San Francisco); Lalo, Violin Concerto No. 1, Op. 20, Louis Persinger; Richard Strauss, Symphonic Poem, "Don Juan." The last concert of the supplementary season will be given at the Cort on Sunday afternoon, March 9. The program arranged is as follows: Weber, Overture, "Der Freischuetz"; Tschaikowsky, Symphony No. 4 in F Minor; Lalo, Norwegian Rhapsody.

Enjoying Life at Last

Jones had been working so hard and worrying so much that he broke down and went out of his mind. They sent him to an asylum for the insane. There he was visited several weeks later by his employer, who found Jones sitting on the porch smoking a pipe and evidently enjoying himself.

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXI. No. 1072

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TOWN TALK

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The Inaugural Address

In his inaugural address President Wilson touched deftly on the real issues of the day and said nothing to cause alarm except among men who have already been apprehensive. Those who have been pleased to hail him as a radical will find little to enthuse them in these words with reference to our economic system: "It will be dealt with in the spirit of those who question their own wisdom, not shallow self-satisfaction or the excitement of excursions whither they cannot tell. Justice, and only justice, shall always be our motto." While there is much forthright common sense in the address, there is also much loose rhetoric. For instance: "—the light that shines from the hearthfire of every man's conscience. . . . we have been refreshed by a new insight into our own life. . . . Men's hearts wait upon us; men's lives hang in the balance; men's hopes call upon us to say what we will do." There is also something of transcendentalism in the address reminding us of what Emerson said about Republics—that they abound in young civilians who believe that laws make the city, and that grave modifications of the modes of living and employment of the population can be voted in or out. Like the New England reformers of whom Emerson wrote, President Wilson appears to have a superstitious esteem for ordinances and statutes. It is not wise, however, to judge a President by his inaugural address. With one or two exceptions the Presidents of this country were men who after taking the reins of government fell into the divine circuits and were enlarged. A President's first valuable discovery is the discovery of himself. The responsibilities of the high office must have a sobering effect on any man who is not a colossal egotist.

Our Political Graveyard

The New York World asks, "What has made the office of Mayor of New York a political graveyard? Why does it invariably wreck the political career of every man who attains it?" The same questions may

properly be asked with reference to the office of Mayor of San Francisco. For more than forty years," says the World, "no Mayor of New York has ever advanced one step politically beyond the City Hall." How long since a Mayor of San Francisco advanced one step politically beyond the City Hall? Not since the days of Mayor Washington Bartlett who was elected Governor in 1886. Far surpassing all Mayors since that time in efficiency and ability was E. B. Pond, who succeeded Washington Bartlett, and who was nominated for Governor of the State but not elected to the office. The office of Mayor of San Francisco is a political graveyard, and the reason may not be hard to find. It was natural for some of our Mayors to meet their political death at the end of their term. The wonder was that they had ever any political career at all. But men of ability have occupied the office, men of good reputation like Phelan, Sanderson, Sutro and Ellert, and they left the office much less esteemed than when they entered. Eugene Schmitz was not the only Mayor who was generally execrated at the end of his term; Mayors who kept their hands clean emerged from office in ill repute. None since Pond's time made so favorable an impression as to be thought of as a gubernatorial candidate, and yet nearly every one was ambitious of promotion. Indeed it was this very ambition that wrecked the career of more than one Mayor. The Mayor who has his eyes turned in the direction of the capital is very likely to "do politics." In all probability he will try to please certain newspapers. Surrounded by sycophants, he is never like the deaf adder that stoppeth the ear to the voice of the charmer charming not wisely, but wise in his conceit, he hears nothing but words of commendation, fancies that his lines are in the pleasantest places, and it is only toward the close of his term that he wakes up to find the whole town laughing at him.

The Press and Its Puppets

There is hardly a paper in the country that has not denounced as brutal the conduct of Representative Pujo and Attorney Untermeyer in pursuing the aged and dying Rockefeller to Jekyl Island for the purpose of subjecting him to an inquisition. So severe have been the comments of the press that Mr. Pujo published a statement the other day in defense of himself, saying that when he had run his quarry to earth he explained to the old man's physician that if the patient's condition was such that it would be unsafe to examine him the examination would be indefinitely postponed. This of course was merely a case of eleventh hour repentance, as the physician had previously informed the committee of Mr. Rockefeller's condition. The explanation of the whole miserable drama that was enacted on Jekyl Island is obvious enough,

and for their own benefit it ought to be pondered by all statesmen and public servants in this press-ridden country. The pursuit of Rockefeller was induced by the press. The daily newspapers whose sense of decency was outraged by the spectacle of the hounding of an old man almost into his grave were the very newspapers that inspired the chase. From day to day they had ridiculed Representative Pujo and his associates for not compelling the attendance of Mr. Rockefeller. They knew that Mr. Rockefeller was an aged, sick and infirm man, and they knew his medical adviser had warned the committee of the danger of torturing him with questions, but what they harped upon was his great wealth, thus to account for the failure of the committee to subject him to examination. Daily they intimated that a poor man would find it more difficult to defeat the purpose of the committee. And so the people's cowardly representatives, eager to placate a depraved and despotic press, ordered the excursion that ended in the distressing scene on Jekyl Island. Then when public feeling was revolted the newspapers turned on their obedient servants and execrated them for their inhuman conduct. There is a lesson in the experience of Mr. Pujo for all public servants.

The Stupidity of Moralists

The hardest of all problems is that of purifying mankind and reducing the number of sinners in the world. Perplexing in all its aspects is this problem, and the more zealously it is wrestled with the more complex it becomes. This appears, however, to be due less to the problem itself than to the mentality of the folk who have consecrated themselves to the solution of it. The flurried moralists who are eternally bruising the serpent and pursuing the sons of Belial are at a great disadvantage in all their contests with wickedness. Providence appears to have been more kind to sinners than to the militant virtuous, for lack of common sense is characteristic of all persons who think they will be damned if they pause an instant in their crusading against vice. Now hardly anything can be accomplished without common sense, and hence the futility of all the efforts of all the moralists of this day and generation. Always they are circumvented by the wicked to whom they have been made inferior in intelligence. God is kind to sinners. Were it not for the stupidity of our moralists cheerfulness would be extremely hazardous and we should all be as good as our neighbors. As it is "God sends meat and the devil sends cooks," and the probability is the moralists will be damned for their ineffectiveness. The stupidity of moralists is well illustrated by their attitude toward the municipal clinic. The moralists are uncompromising foes of the white slave traffic;

and we learn from the District Attorney and our police magistrates that the municipal clinic has done more toward putting an end to that abominable traffic than any other agency. Thus we see the moralists playing into the hands of the devil. Again is their stupidity illustrated by their incessant and noisy agitation for the extermination of that most venerable of all things in a world of virulent vice—the Barbary Coast. They regard the Barbary Coast as Satan's last stronghold, and their chief objection to it is that vice there is visible and alluring. There is probably no place in the world where vice is more repellant than on the Barbary Coast. But to concentrate all our moral batteries on the Barbary Coast, and to be unmindful of the general looseness and profligacy of an age in which women have taken to the foulness of politics and the public consumption of cocktails and cigarettes, and in which audacious suggestiveness characterizes the social relaxation of middle class and high class society, is akin to straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel. The Barbary Coast is probably the least important feature in the life of this city. The translucent beams of reform may shine forever in its warrens of wickedness without elevating the tone or morals of the community in the slightest degree. But all is vanity in this world—even the lidding of the Barbary Coast. The modes and manners of the Barbary Coast are as immutable as the laws of the Medes and the Persians. The lid has been put on a thousand times since the fifties of the last century. It always blows off when the spasm blows over.

A Royal Philistine

King George has given the playwrights of England another snubbing, and doubtless he has shocked all the esthetes of his capital. At the time of his coronation when according to custom he was called upon to select a play for the festival, he could think of nothing better than Lytton's mediocre comedy "Money." The literary lights of London were amazed that the King should display such poor taste. Now we read that another play is to be produced in obedience to royal mandate. It is one of the functions of the King to nominate the play to be performed for the benefit of the Actors' Fund of England, and once more does George go back to the early Victorian era in quest of a drama. This time his choice is Boucicault's comedy "London Assurance," the first play written by the Irish actor, but probably the best of all his works. "Money" had its first performance in 1840, and the Boucicault play a year later. Both plays have survived only because of their historic interest—historic in the sense that they indicate the extreme poverty of the English drama in the period in which they were written. They are pointed to as horrible examples of the decadence of the theatre in the early Victorian era. Read "London Assurance" and you will find that the comedy will make you irreverent inasmuch as it will make you laugh—at your grandfather. You will laugh to think that your grandfather laughed at Boucicault's

epigrams which are little better than rhetorical bombast. This is one of the striking sentiments to be found in the play that King George hankers for: "The title of gentleman is the only one out of any monarch's gift, yet within the reach of every peasant. It should be engrossed by truth, stamped with honor, sealed with good feeling, signed and enrolled in every true young English heart." Probably it was this very sentiment that moved the King to order the play. For perhaps the King has more of sentimentality than culture in him. But whatever the inspiration it is certain that his Royal Highness is not in sympathy with the contemporary drama of England. And it is equally certain that he has rather poor taste in drama. If he doesn't appreciate Shaw, Barker, Galsworthy or the author of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" who was knighted by his father, there was no necessity of delving for a play into the most barren period of English literature. He might have gone back to Sheridan or Goldsmith or even unto the days of Elizabeth.

Past and Present

It may be that King George resents the tone, thought and spirit of the contemporary drama in England and that he would like to revive the sentiments and feelings of other days. There are some original and formative minds in English letters today, but the dominant note of the drama is distinctly humanitarian and democratic. The playwrights are flouting tradition, scoffing at the institutions of the country—political and religious. They are presenting morbid problems. In short they are reformers and are writing what are known as unwholesome plays. If King George takes any interest at all in literature it would be natural for him to favor the return of the spirit of that reaction against liberalism that was led toward the end of the last century by Rudyard Kipling and W. E. Henley when they began clamoring for the ancient Barbarism and the delights of war. Round Kipling and Henley gathered a number of writers who plied the hammer of sneer and gibe round the humanitarian ideal and the smug satisfaction of the apathetic bourgeois. Frankly Tory, proudly Imperial, theirs was the appeal to the enduring elements of human emotion. They proclaimed the supremacy of England, glorified her as a mother worth dying for, sang the praises of her heroes on sea and land, and their intoxicating words had the force of a gospel. Then Henley died, and Alfred Austin instead of Kipling was made Poet Laureate. And now we have the academic enthusiasm of the man with a message who puts impossible people into drama for the purpose of proving his thesis that as God doesn't know His business it is every man's duty to alter the scheme of creation. We may not be able to sympathize with King George's taste in plays, but at least we can understand his neglect of contemporary playwrights.

Conservative Journalism

It occurs to us that our esteemed contemporary the Chronicle is making the kind

of history that serves as a valuable asset when converted by Time into tradition. The Chronicle is the only daily newspaper in San Francisco that has taken a stand for the taxpayer. For years the Chronicle has been known as a conservative journal, and conservativeness in journalism has been regarded in certain quarters as a sign of effeteness. But now that economy is no longer practiced in municipal government and real estate values are tumbling, one conservative journal in the midst of a bevy of shrieking pace-makers excites widespread interest and affection. You hear the Chronicle talked about nowadays as if it had made a sudden change of policy. As a matter of fact the Chronicle has always been on the side of the taxpayer, but never before was the taxpayer of San Francisco more in need of counsel and protection, and so in his distress he regards the Chronicle as a new-found friend and champion. All the Chronicle's daily contemporaries are either frankly encouraging the debauch of extravagance or taking it as a matter of course. There is no trimming in the editorial columns of the Chronicle, no coddling of improvement clubs, no flattering of ladies intent on self-advertisement by plunging us into the expense of a futile recall election. The Chronicle takes up every issue involving the interests of property owners and discusses its merits and demerits. And the Chronicle is accomplishing something. It is demonstrating that argument is more effective than noise. It stood alone among the dailies against the proposals to increase the bonded debt. One swat from the Chronicle at the Committee of One Thousand scheme after Mayor Rolph had approved it, and it died a'borning. The only daily that exhibited signs of human intelligence when the plan for the dismemberment of the Southern Pacific Company was broached was the Chronicle, and the arguments made by that paper against the plan were embodied in the decision of the Railroad Commission. We call attention to these matters because San Francisco has suffered for years from the malign influence of its jacobinical press. As a city is judged by its newspapers it is well to have at least one influential daily newspaper to demonstrate that yellow incendiaryism is not essential to success in journalism in this metropolis.

The Pastor and The Lady

Whether innocent or guilty the Rev. Cowley-Carroll of Ross Valley is much to be pitied. It is a terrible thing for a minister to be involved in a vulgar scandal that appeals to the newspaper instinct for sensation. Of course the newspapers are most unreasonable in the hungry attention which they have shown for details, as scandals of this sort have become as commonplace as the prosiest happenings that mark revolt from the humdrum of existence. Admitting that the Rev. Cowley-Carroll made love to Mrs. Fields and captivated her untutored heart, what of that? Hasn't philandering become one of the recognized diversions of the clerical profession? As we have more than once pointed out Satan appears to be

doing all in his power to undermine the pulpit. Everywhere he is employing women to lead God's ministers astray, and never a week passes without noise of the fall of some clerical victim of the devil's unholy wiles. So even though we were disposed to give credence to the worst that Mrs. Fields says against her former pastor, we should say nevertheless that the newspapers have given the scandal undeserved prominence. And admitting the worst, why not pity the poor young preacher rather than torment him with publicity? If he fell from grace it was in a good cause. It was in the performance of his clerical duties that he visited Mrs. Fields. He found her like one of Ibsen's heroines suffering from a severe attack of uncongenial husband and walking in darkness, and he kindly undertook to lead her into the light. We shall not attempt to defend his course. He erred from the beginning, but the error was due to his training. An old fashioned pastor of the long ago would probably have directed the distressed lady to the hidden manna of the gospel which is fitted both to nourish and minister delight to the soul. Not so the fashionable minister of the day. The fashionable minister of the day has only a bowing acquaintance with the gospel. Trained on higher thought, his bible is Maeterlinck, the favorite author by the way of the late Dr. Brown of Oakland, who loved to read the Belgian poet and mystic especially on his errands of mercy to the ladies that craved culture in Alameda county. Mrs. Fields, the Ross Valley preacher tells us, had a thirst for culture. In like circumstances the old fashioned preacher would have read to the unfortunate one a chapter from his Imitation of Christ wherein we are told of the danger of indulging the desire to increase learning; of the futility of seeking inward satisfaction from words; and of the only antidote against all manner of difficulties. The Rev. Cowley-Carroll may never have heard of the Imitation of Christ. Anyway he prefers Maurice Maeterlinck, and there is something in that mystic that causes an emotional hyperesthesia in some women, which they manifest by their responsiveness to the overtones of love. So the course of treatment prescribed by the Rev. Cowley-Carroll was hardly the right thing from the religious standpoint in the case of a woman ill-mated and with none of those impulses that make it possible to pass the time even with a husband of no temperament. It was almost like taking a Byronic advantage of the lady to dose her with Maeterlinck, a poet who has made many a lonely female feel like dancing the rag with wine leaves in her hair. Besides was not the reverend gentleman himself in the nature of a temptation? He is not quite thirty-five years of age. Recently it was discovered that forty was the dangerous age in woman. There is also a dangerous age in man; that is an age at which man is most alluring to women. Schopenhauer in his Metaphysics of Love tells us that men aged between thirty and thirty-five are at the acme of their virility and more attractive than at any other period. So here was

the Rev. Cowley-Carroll at the dangerous age reading the dangerous mystic Maeterlinck to Mrs. Fields. Not only that: he recited tender poetry of his own composition to her, and, as he frankly tells us, he did "some strumming on the piano." In other words this good and holy man in the innocence of his amiability subjected the unfortunate lady to the very arts by which the Troubadours of France and the Minnesingers of Germany achieved their conquests of married women in the days of the infamous Courts of Love. Readily we understand the tragedy of the lady's soul, and deeply we sympathize with the good clergyman who unwittingly excited her romantic passion while striving nobly to mitigate her heaven-sent tribulations.

Our Transportation Problem

From what is being said in some of the daily papers about plans for the development of a municipal street railroad system one might conclude that the transportation problem had been solved. The truth is the problem is as far from solution as was the water problem when Jimmy Garfield granted his revocable permit for the use of Hetch-Hetchy. Some sardonic genius has for years been presiding over the destinies of this city. His principal occupation is that of raising our hopes to great heights for the purpose of dashing them to corresponding depths. As a consequence through the years that have passed since the heyday of the Tennis Cabinet we have been alternately felicitating ourselves on our solution of the water problem and complaining of the stubbornness of unsympathetic officials in Washington. The sardonic genius is trifling with us. He doesn't tell us the whole truth. He is in sympathy not with the people, but with the men who are posing as public benefactors, the civic patriots whose most conspicuous virtue is their hostility to public service corporations. The sardonic genius is repeating with reference to the transportation problem the same tricks he beguiled us with to induce complacency while money was being spent for water rights we may never use. And so San Francisco is today in a most extraordinary plight. The city which has invited the peoples of the earth to an exposition to be held in two years is not able to say at this moment how it will provide adequate transportation facilities or how it will supply sufficient water to quench the public thirst. If you think there is no worry over these problems ask any of the directors of the Exposition how he feels about them. The truth is all the directors are deeply concerned about them. The truth also is they know that to get the necessary transportation facilities the United Railroads should be induced to make certain extensions. Now instead of being told the truth we are asked to go into raptures about impracticable schemes invented by dreamers. First it was the elevated Embarcadero road for the exclusive benefit of commuters, which cannot be built for less than \$500,000 and which would be consigned to the scrap-heap at the close of the Exposition. Then came

the Van Ness avenue project—a line to parallel Polk street with no title to transfers except from Geary street. Nor is it certain that the people will vote money for the construction of any road. Indeed they have already refused to do so. Nevertheless the projectors are working up enthusiasm as though the problem had been settled, and at the same time they are ignoring every sound objection that is made, or indulging in misrepresentations, as was done with reference to the speech made by Thornwell Mullally, Acting President of the United Railroads at the banquet of the Transportation Club last Saturday night. We are told that he threatened to "bottle up the Fair" if the city did not grant the company indeterminate franchises. Of course he did nothing of the kind. The stenographic report of his speech published by only one paper shows that he made no threats at all. What he said was virtually what Patrick Calhoun said at a public meeting years ago. He expressed himself as heartily in sympathy with the Exposition directors, and he discussed the importance of the transportation problem, the advantage of extensions and the disadvantage of relying on new lines. Then he explained that it was impossible for private capital to compete with the city. "If," he said, "the city operates at a loss the taxpayers must pay. If a private company runs at a loss it goes into bankruptcy." Furthermore: "Private capital cannot compete with a competitor who may take such streets as might be profitable and relegate private capital to unprofitable extensions, and who has the power if it so desires to pass ordinances designed to incommode." Nothing in the nature of a threat in those sentences. It is all very clear, very simple and undeniable. Mullally explained further: "We cannot get people to put their money into the building of unprofitable lines." In other words it would be useless for a company to issue bonds to build nothing but extensions on a revocable permit. Is there anybody so foolish as to believe to the contrary? Reading further we find that instead of making a threat Mullally said the United Railroads was willing to assist the city in extending its system. "We stand ready," he said, "to enter into a contract to build lines and extensions and turn them over to the city when it wishes them. All we ask is fair protection for our investment and a reasonable return on it." And he added, "It is a well known fact that private capital can build the lines at a saving to the city of many thousands of dollars." It is hard to believe that anybody sincerely dissents from what Mullally said, or that anybody really doubts the wisdom either of the course outlined in the interest of the company or the course outlined in the interest of the city. Yet the railroad corporation is being censured for refusing to invest its money on the strength of the very same kind of permit that the city obtained from Jimmy Garfield. And meanwhile the transportation problem remains unsolved, not because it is hard to solve, but because it is more profitable to a few men to parade their hostility to a public service corporation.

Varied Types

CXVI—JAMES ROLPH JR.

By Edward F. O'Day

Reader, missing a picture in the middle of this page do you jump to the conclusion that it was impossible to obtain a photo of His Honor? Not so! The thing is feasible. There are pictures of Mayor Rolph extant. They have even been published in newspapers. Not to hamper ourselves too severely with exactitude, we might say that the smiling countenance of our First Citizen has been published in one paper or another about three hundred and sixty-five times during the past year. Every man, woman and child in town knows the ineffaceable Rolph grin and the indefatigable Rolph glad hand. So why reproduce them here? Why not be different by omitting them?

But let us pass the persiflage and be serious. Interviewing His Honor is a serious business. Which reminds me. Above my desk I have a cartoon made by Herbert Roth of the Bulletin in the good old days before the fire. It is called "To Interview His Honor the Mayor." That was in the days when Bulletin interviewers were about as popular as rattlesnakes around Mayor Schmitz' office. Such an interviewer is represented in the picture. The Mayor's sanctum is bolted and barred. It is guarded by a cannon and by two comic opera awkward squadsmen armed with sabres and blunderbusses. Before them, his hands lifted in surrender, his hat rising with his terrified hair and his copy paper spilling on the floor stands the would-be interviewer. Nothing like that happens in the temporary City Hall. As soon as you are known for a newspaperman the smiling colored functionary passes you along to two handsome and smiling secretaries, (both newspapermen and mighty good ones), and they in turn pass you along to smiling and handsome Mission Jim who meets you on the threshold of his sanctum, greets you with a compliment and a handshake, sits you down at his right elbow and offers you a two-bit cigar.

But again I have digressed. Let's get down to this interview. We have serious matters to discuss and they cannot wait. Why chatter when we have the Committee of One Thousand, Spring Valley and Hetch Hetchy, transportation and water for the World's Fair, vice conditions in our town, the municipal clinic, "outside influences," municipal ownership and Bion J. Arnold to talk about?

I was surprised to learn that the Committee of One Thousand is not dead but sleeping. Mayor Rolph had been telling me that the papers were a great help to him and that he considered carefully all their suggestions, a nice, diplomatic, mayoral way to put it.

"But haven't they sometimes embarrassed you?" I asked.

"Never!" was the emphatic reply.

"How about the Examiner and the suggestion for a Committee of a Thousand?"

"That was a splendid suggestion."

"Then why was it abandoned?"

"But it wasn't abandoned. It's not going to be abandoned. I have named the preliminary committee of fifty, although there are on the list the names of some men whom I have not yet asked to serve. My idea is to have some work for this committee to do before I announce its personnel. If the water problem were in such shape that a committee of public spirited men could take hold of it and solve it I should name them and ask them to go to work. As it is, I must wait."

Is not that a message of cheer? The Frank

W. Marstons of our community may once more pluck up heart of hope. But why not turn that committee loose on the pressing transportation problem? That surely is in shape to be tackled right now.

"How about that water problem?" I asked.

"Well, I don't wish to criticise my predecessors in office, but it is too bad that the city should have spent twelve years and some four hundred thousand dollars with nothing to show. If the question had been tackled right in the first place we shouldn't have been humbugged as we have been. Why, Spring Valley could have been bought in the first place fifteen million dollars cheaper than it will cost us, and like all other big cities we'd have had a self-sustaining water system capable of giving us all the water we need. As it is we haven't got enough water by a whole lot, and I want to tell you that unless we have plenty of rain soon there's going to be a very serious water famine in this city. Only the people in the outlying districts appreciate how serious the situation is right now. And here we are with the World's Fair only two years away, and it will take all of two years if not more to get the water we shall need for the Exposition. Spring Valley won't develop any more sources. The only thing for us to do is to buy the system as soon as possible and develop the Livermore sources, at the same time building the Calaveras dam. The money is available out of the Hetch Hetchy bond issue. We can't possibly have that dam built for the Fair, but if we start in right away we can develop a bigger supply than we have now. And even so we shall probably have to sink wells on the Exposition site and use as much salt water as possible, so as to save the fresh water for domestic purposes. We must reach an agreement with the Spring Valley people. Condemnation proceedings might last interminably, and would absolutely prevent us from developing any additional water supplies."

As the Mayor put it I couldn't figure out how we are ever to get enough water for the Fair in any circumstances, but His Honor is of an amazing optimism and thinks that the problem will be solved satisfactorily.

That this Rolph optimism is in excellent working order was proved by his remarks on the transportation problem that the Fair has brought up for solution.

"With the Stockton, Fillmore and Broadway tunnels and a street car line running over Van Ness we shall be able to take care of the Exposition crowds," he says.

But there was no mention of the fact that passengers who use the Van Ness line will not be able to transfer to or from the United Railroad lines. As to the Polk street extension, the Mayor says the United Railroads cannot have a revocable permit unless they meet the Charter provisions. The United Railroads want an unconditioned permit. Here is another deadlock warranted to strain any optimism but His Honor's. Apparently it doesn't worry him at all.

Mayor Rolph has roseate hopes of municipal ownership. He said the Geary Street Railway was making money. I pointed out that figures supplied by Auditor Boyle showed that it was losing money. How did I make that out, asked the Mayor. I reminded him of the many items of expense not included in the tables compiled by enthusiastic municipal ownership champions; items of damage suits, of depreciation, of revenue lost when the old cable line ceased operation and

so on. I mentioned that when you figured in these necessary items you found that the Geary Street Railway was actually losing money. The Mayor did not admit that my contention was correct. He simply took another tack and asked me to consider what a money-maker the road would be when it extended from the Ferry to the Beach and enjoyed full transfer privileges. He asked me to look further ahead to the day when the Union street line would revert to the city and when other feeders made the Geary street line the nucleus of an extensive municipal system. So enthusiastic was His Honor on this subject that I nearly caught the contagion of his optimism. Nearly but not quite. I couldn't help wondering why he didn't get more figures from Auditor Boyle.

"What about vice conditions in our town?" I asked.

"I have never met anybody anywhere," the Mayor replied, "who uttered a disparaging remark based on the supposed wickedness of this city. It seems to me that the men who say that such disparaging criticisms are common must go about hunting for them very industriously."

"You think that we have some men here who ought to be muzzled?" I suggested.

"That's a pretty strong expression," laughed the Mayor.

But I have a hunch that if he were not very diplomatic he would have used it himself. The Mayor doesn't let himself go in talking for publication. He considers every word; more than that, he frequently uses language to conceal his thoughts.

"How about the municipal clinic?"

"I think it's one of the best institutions we have. It does a great work of charity as well as of cleanliness. After hearing the arguments pro and con I am more in favor of it than ever."

"What do you think of Bion J. Arnold, the railroad expert?"

"Bion J. Arnold was hired by the previous administration, and I am glad that his services to the city are about over. I don't believe a city should hire an expert who makes reports which it requires another expert to interpret for plain people. Arnold is too theoretical. He doesn't get down to the practical matters. His reports are full of technical data which only an engineer can understand. He hasn't given us a clear, succinct plan."

"You don't think we have gotten \$50,000 worth of use out of him?"

"No," said the Mayor, "I do not. I certainly do not."

That was the plainest speaking the Mayor treated me to. He seemed to enjoy coming out with it.

At this point I thought of the mysterious "outside influences" which Andy Gallagher borrowed

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The Geary Street Road a Financial Failure

Editor Town Talk, Sir: Why will not the large dailies of San Francisco tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth about the new municipal road on Geary street?

I read the interview of Auditor Boyle in Town Talk of 22nd ult. with much interest. The conclusion that the Geary street line WILL NOT BE ABLE TO EVEN PAY THE INTEREST ON ITS COST is enough for most busy people, but a little detail from an observing though untechnical taxpayer may be of interest to you if not to your readers even though the conclusions are based only on newspaper information.

It is safe to assume that those who voted for this municipal line expected confidently that it would be self-supporting and would add no burden to the taxpayers even if it did not prove to be a very profitable business venture. They must certainly feel disappointed at the actual results for it is running behind about \$12,000 per month as it appears to me.

1. It cost, according to Auditor Boyle, \$91,906 for the four municipal road elections. No pretense is made of making good this amount to the treasury from the surplus earnings of the road. To pay off \$91,906 in twenty years would call for sinking fund monthly installments of \$383 and at 4½ per cent, monthly interest payments of \$345.

2. Two million dollars' worth of 4½ per cent bonds were issued to pay for building the road, to be retired in twenty years at the rate of \$100,000 per year or \$8,333 per month for sinking fund provisions, and \$7,500 per month for interest. No consideration is given for this sinking fund from the earnings of the road, the interest only being allowed for.

3. In the early part of the operation the superintendent was given \$10,000 in a lump to lubricate the rough places in operation, this money to be repaid later from the earnings of the road. This \$10,000 is never referred to in the newspapers' financial accounts of the road's showing, and apparently it is not to be paid off in installments or in a lump or to draw interest. One hundred dollars per month installments on the capital and 4½ per cent annual interest, or \$37.50 per month interest payments, would be a fair allowance for that debt.

4. The old Geary street cable road paid the city 5 per cent of its gross receipts. No effort is made to put this amount into the treasury from the surplus earnings of the road. In January 5 per cent of the gross receipts would have amounted to \$873, in February to \$28.

5. If this \$2,000,000 road had been built by private capital and assessed at 50 per cent of its value and at \$2.09 per \$100, as we all paid this year, the city would have received \$1,742 per month in taxes, which are now lost. No one ever suggests that that \$1,742 ought to be made good to the treasury by the new road.

6. In January there was an accident on the Geary street line. One claim—for the wrecked auto truck—for \$6,750 has been filed. A baker, whose horse was killed and wagon demolished should receive \$250 at least. The repairs to the electric car will amount to about \$500, probably. This accident will cost the taxpayers probably \$7,000, but no one ever hints that the earnings of the road should carry its cost.

The daily papers published a statement that the road earned \$415 in January over the expenses of operation and the interest on the bonds. The total of the burdens just referred to and which

the taxpayers had been led to expect the road would carry, and which are not included by the newspapers, is \$18,813 (\$383, sinking fund for cost of elections; \$345, interest on cost of elections; \$8,333, sinking fund for \$2,000,000 worth of bonds; \$100, installment repaying \$10,000 advanced; \$38, interest on same; \$873, 5 per cent of gross receipts lost by taking the operation away from private owners; \$1,742, lost from non-receipt of taxes; \$7,000, cost of accident in January).

Deducting from this \$18,813 the \$415 (alleged profit over operating expenses and interest on bonds) leaves \$18,392 that the Geary street road ran behind in January. Similar calculations show that it ran behind \$11,780 in February—less as there was no \$7,000 accident in February.

If private parties had built this road, they would have been obliged to keep the paving in order between the tracks and for two feet on each side. The care of this strip of paving, twenty feet wide and five and one-half miles long, the taxpayers must now pay for—probably \$25 per day after a few years.

Today with no repairs on new tracks, new overhead and underground wires, new cars and with little or no expense yet for various departments usual in railroads such as law, claims, buying, repairs of track, repairs of cars, line men, pavers, etc., the road on one of the best streets in the city is running behind \$12,000 per month when no accidents occur. As this \$12,000 per month or \$144,000 per year is about 2 per cent of the total taxes collected, if the taxpayers could be relieved of this burden, logically our tax rate of \$2.09 per \$100 could be reduced 2 per cent or from \$2.09 to \$2.05.

Again, this \$144,000 per year is paid by all the taxpayers while the Geary street road is used only by the few living along that line, and they receive no cheaper or more frequent car service, enjoy no more rapid speed or safer transport than if the road was privately owned or privately operated or than is now furnished on the cars of parallel streets so owned and operated. In fact the Geary street people do not get as good service, as they do not now and never will enjoy the same universal transfer privileges at all interesting points that they would if this line formed a part of the United Railroads' system, and they lose altogether the advantage of emergency transfer to parallel lines in cases of long interruptions from processions, fires, mobs, falling wires, acts of God, etc.

The road seems to be an expensive toy, an ill-advised experiment. Instead of being a creditable matter that this city is the first one in the United States to build and operate its own street railroad, the facts above indicate that it is evidence of civic ignorance, stupidity and incompetence on the part of those who advocated and voted for this plan, particularly so when the city had the printed history of the Chicago experience available where thousands of dollars and much time had been spent to decide on the best solution of a similar problem there.

WHY it is losing money though operating on one of the best routes in the city, enjoying the lowest rate for power granted by the gas company to any one in the town and having absolutely new tracks, cars and wires, is "another story."

WHAT TO DO NOW the city's expert Bion J. Arnold has told us often, most recently last night before our Public Utilities Committee of the Board of Supervisors from his rich experience in Chicago where the city arranged on the ideter-

minate franchise basis to receive a large percentage of the net receipts from street railways operating after the expiration of their franchises, and has already received into the treasury \$12,000,000 in five years in clear cash, whereas in San Francisco today we face an annual deficit of at least 7 per cent on the \$2,100,000 cost of the road (\$12,000 deficit per month).

The solution of the problem in Chicago after expensive and exhaustive investigations and on the advice of experts was Municipal Ownership but Private Management and it proved a success from the beginning.

The solution in San Francisco after no investigation at all, and on the advice of newspaper editors and political agitators, was Municipal Ownership and Municipal Management and it has so far proved a failure even with brand new equipment, cheap power and excellent route.

The logical conclusions from the above seem irresistible:—

1. Do not go any deeper into this Municipal Ownership and Municipal Management work, follow the lead of Chicago, change to making money from losing money, raising the tax rate and driving people across the bay.

2. Turn over the operating of the Geary street road to some responsible corporation like the gas company or the United Railroads for the largest percentage of the gross or net earnings procurable, and the more quickly this is done the better it will be for the taxpayers as a whole, for the residents along Geary street and for the reputation of the city for business sanity.

Respectfully,
—Taxpayer.

March 1, 1913.

A Troy Story

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: Have you space for an E. P. E. Troy story? I was reminded of it when I read the character sketch of E. P. E. in last week's Town Talk. The local Democratic convention of 1896 was a very stormy affair. The minority was full of fight and every session in Odd Fellows' Hall was enlivened by half a dozen personal encounters. Sam Rainey was in control and Dr. Ragan was the chairman. Troy was one of the militant minority, but every time he tried to speak a couple of sergeants-at-arms would sit on him. Finally he went to Dr. Ragan and asked to be recognized for a nominating speech. He said he knew Dr. Max Magnus was on the slate for coroner, but he had promised to put another man in nomination and would the chairman please recognize him? Dr. Ragan said he would. So Troy got the platform, and being a ready talker made the convention listen to him. He said the office of coroner was a very important one. He said it was the coroner's duty to see that the dead were respected. But he said

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INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS
VISITING CARD PLATES ENGRAVED

ROBERTSON

UNION SQUARE

SAN FRANCISCO

Perspective Impressions

"Felix Diaz is given ovation."—Newspaper headline.

So was Madero.

Police Commissioner Kuhl is probably able to perceive by this time that it is wiser to let well enough alone than to try to placate Father Terence Carraher with half a lid.

"Wilson's brother importuning Senators for a job."—Newspaper item.

Well, Governor Johnson has no patent on the man-must-eat principle.

"As for the excellent Mr. Wilson, he is to be Brother Bryan's errand boy and dummy director."—New York Sun.

And the Sun is a most temperate and polite journal; also, a stickler for accuracy.

How often in the lives of men they mistake blessings for misfortunes and misfortunes for blessings! A notable instance of this confusion occurred when George C. Pardee defeated Franklin K. Lane for Governor. By his triumph Pardee met his downfall. Defeat started Mr. Lane on the road to the Cabinet.

The Ross minister may be irresistible, but he can't write poetry.

Let us hope President Wilson may disappoint the enemies and delight the friends of stable government.

Vice-President Tommy Marshall cuts a poor figure complaining about the smallness of his salary.

Professor Cubberly of Stanford agrees with Charles Wesley Reed that our school system could be greatly improved by appointing instead of electing our Superintendent of Schools. Perhaps if we knew the name of their friend who wants the job we might agree with them, but before committing ourselves we should like to hear from E. P. E. Troy.

The Hetch-Hetchy permit is very much like the case of Finnegan; not for that reason to be deplored, however, since it serves as a fine pretext for joy rides to Washington at the expense of the infatuated taxpayers.

The closest some men get to greatness is to be mentioned for a Cabinet position.

So Carl Brown is in favor of abolishing poverty in this State by legislative enactment! How is it that Carl has never been asked to run for Governor of California?

Mrs. Wilson describes the gown which she wasn't able to wear at the inaugural ball (only because there was no ball) as "artistic, simple and graceful without being ornate." This assertion affords a clue as to Mrs. Wilson's taste in dress, but the gown speaks for itself more authoritatively than its owner.

The objection to interlocking directorates is that they facilitate big business. The objection to unlocking the interlocked directorates is that big business will find it more difficult to develop the resources of the country. It is difficult to say which is preferable because the indications are that we shall have to have mighty hard times in this country before the plain people come to their senses and start the long delayed pastime of riding demagogues on a rail.

Fables

By George A. B. Dewar

I.—THE BLOTTED PAPER

When the man who had made no particular noise in the world came to the great door of hereafter he found all ready for examination. "So even in the next world," he said to himself with a weary sigh, "one cannot escape from competition!" He took his place with the rest, and sat at just such a little table, inked and cut all over with idle names, as he remembered having sat at many years before, in the far-away examination schools of an impossible past. Still stranger, he seemed to recall the words which, in letters of diamond sapphire, flashed out everywhere—Dominus Illuminatio Mea.

But everything else was entirely different from the competition he had grown used to on earth. No subject was set. Every candidate chose his own subject, and did with it exactly as he liked. The energetic men, the men who had made a noise in the world, or got others to make it for them, were hard at work at once. There was the rustle of papers everywhere, and the man who had had a struggle to get a living on earth felt he was out of it. He had scarcely got a few words on paper ere he noticed that the more pushing competitors were already handing in reams of closely written stuff to the examiners.

In the end he did contrive to hand in himself a few lines, much to the scorn of those who had been pouring it in so thick.

After all the papers were in, there was viva voce, and each candidate was asked questions about his paper: had it taken him long, could he always guarantee to turn out so much copy in such a time, had he invented it out of his own genius then and there, could he do a better paper if another hour were given to him, or another day or week? These questions were very different from any asked in earthly viva voce, yet the replies were just what one might

expect if such questions were put to candidates on earth. They could all do more and better with more time—their papers were wholly out of their own genius—and so on.

Last came the turn of the man who had handed in the very small lot. His paper was blotted over with much ink and tears. It was hardly legible. It was incomplete, and touched only one side of the subject which the writer had chosen. As the others looked over the examiner's shoulder at the paper they nudged each other and were full of scorn and meaning smiles. What a paper to hand in at Heaven—how could anyone expect a good class who could do no more than that!

And when the writer of it began to answer the questions, they smiled still more. For when he was asked whether he could do a better one or a fuller one if given more time, he replied No—he was tired out.

The smile turned into a guffaw among his rivals when he answered this last question—How much work did this little scrap represent? For he replied that it represented the labor and experience of a hard lifetime.

But the examiner who had put these questions did not join in the general laugh. He scribbled down something on the back of the paper more illegible than the paper itself, signing it with the device of a butterfly, and the man who had handed in this blotchy little paper got the best First of his year in those schools.

* * *

II.—MAGNUM BONUM

There was a man who intensely believed in the virtues of a potato named the Magnum Bonum. He took it up from the very start and concentrated on it. He went deep into the subject of soils and manures and climatic conditions all over the land, and was ready to prove to any inquirer that, take it all in all, there was

no tuber in the market to touch Magnum Bonum. He was so sure of this that he practically gave his life to the potato. All his labor and most of his leisure were spent on Magnum Bonum. He photographed them in every stage of their growth. He analysed their constituents. He mastered botany and chemistry for their sake. He could show by figures which no one had ever been able to disprove—it is doubtful whether there were two men in the country competent to question these figures—that, if we all ate Magnum Bonum potatoes, the race would vastly improve in body and mind.

He felt the thing so deeply that he fretted when he heard or read anything that pointed to the Magnum Bonum not being in such favor as some other newer sorts. He wrote indignant letters to the press whenever anything appeared there which told against Magnum Bonum potatoes.

He was even on the alert for statements which quite indirectly belittled Magnum Bonum by praising highly the virtues of other and newer sorts which come into favor from year to year.

He savagely attacked some of the popular successors of his favorite variety—Al, the Kaiser, None-Such, and Superbissima.

The man became a laughing-stock. It was said he was a crank and had been hopelessly "left."

(Continued on Page 21.)

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Poems About San Francisco

LXXXIII—AT THE GOLDEN HORN AND THE GOLDEN GATE

By Clinton Scollard

(Verses from the ever-running pen of Clinton Scollard have appeared, at one time or another during the past twenty years, in all the periodicals of the country. So it need not surprise us to find that he once celebrated San Francisco in the Overland Monthly of this city. The following appeared in the Overland for December, 1888.)

I.

The sunrise cry from many minarets
Floats down the Maytime morning clear and
cool,
From Asian shores a bland breeze westward sets
And stirs the almond trees of Istamboul.

As on the Mosques the first rays slantwise shine,
And golden glory floods the gloomy gray,
The city of imperial Constantine
Uplifts her weary lids to greet the day.

The torpor of decay upon her lies;
Her heart is palsied though her face be fair,
Though still majestic to the changeless skies
Aya Sofia rears its dome in air.

Soon through her streets a motley concourse
pours,
With turbaned head and sullen eye and brow;
While to and fro between the swarming shores
Dart noiseless, narrow boats with double prow.

What though the fitful glow of life seem warm,
There broods a fatal apathy o'er all:—
It is the hush that bodes the rising storm,
The calm that comes before the final fall.

II.

Far from the shrines where paynim Moslems
kneel,
Their shaven crowns in prayer towards Mecca
bent,
Serene she sits in ever-growing weal,
The youthful Empress of the Occident.

Hers is no record of dark years of crime,
Of savage plunder, and of fire and sword;
Time has not touched her with his whitening
rime,
Nor loosed upon her 'a devouring horde.

Her heart is as the heart of some young maid,
Untrammelled by all bonds, and fresh and free;
And joying in her birthright, unafraid,
She bares her bosom to the western sea.

She is beloved by all—a mighty land—
The flag of freedom o'er her is unfurled;
And she might hold within her regal hand
The gathered navies of the whole wide world.

Deepen the shadows of the night of fate,
And darkness closes round the Golden Horn;
But radiantly above the Golden Gate
Breaks the resplendence of a glorious morn.

The Spectator

The Servant Problem

Why is it that a man like Daniel C. Jackling who can afford to build a magnificent home prefers to live in a hotel? I have heard the question asked several times since the announcement that this young Salt Lake millionaire had leased an entire floor in the new wing of the St. Francis. The question asked about Jackling might with greater pertinence be asked about several others who will have luxurious quarters in the new "millionaires' wing." Henry T. Scott is going to live there. The Herbert Fleishhackers are to have splendid quarters there. So are Mose Gunst and Morris Meyerfeld. These are all men of family, while Jackling is a bachelor. That Scott and Fleishhacker, Gunst and Meyerfeld should prefer a hotel to a home may seem peculiar. But if you ask them for an explanation, ten to one all will return the same answer. The servant problem. In a home, particularly in a large home, the servant problem is well nigh unsolvable. Millionaires complain that they can't get the kind of servants they want, and that when they do get a good servant they can't keep him. But in a hotel there is no such worry. The only servants needed are a maid or a valet. The hotel attends to the rest. Good service is always forthcoming, for hotels like the St. Francis won't keep a careless or inefficient attendant, and every time a guest complains of inattention he is pretty sure to get immediate satisfaction. That is why people who could maintain big private establishments of their own prefer to live in hotels. It is too bad, but it's a fact.

Jackling's Cook

Jackling was telling only the other day how he grappled once with the embarrassment of the servant problem. He travels, as befits a copper magnate, in a magnificent private car and of all the car's appointments he is proudest of the kitchen. Naturally he must have a cook to match. He had one, a treasure of a woman with a magic control of all the culinary mysteries. But one day when Jackling was down in the northern part of Mexico looking over some copper properties his cook resigned. Just what the trouble was I don't know, but she walked out of her kitchen-on-wheels and hid to parts unknown. It was a difficult situation for Jackling and the friends he had along with him. There were no good cooks to be had in that section of Mexico, and a cook must be found quickly. So Jackling had his private car hitched to a train and ran up to Los Angeles for a cook. He found one there and returned to Mexico. That little excursion cost him a few odd hundreds and intensified his feeling on the servant problem.

A Tip for Our Millionaires

I notice with a great deal of satisfaction that Jackling is going to have a steam yacht in San Francisco bay. Here is something that should make our millionaires sit up and think. This copper magnate from Utah is practically the first to recognize the sporting possibilities of our magnificent harbor. He has given orders in Seattle for a steel yacht which is to cost \$200,000, so undoubtedly it will be a beauty. This yacht will be

anchored in the bay, and will be used for short as well as long cruises. I don't know anything which is capable of giving a San Francisco millionaire so much fun as a steam yacht on this splendid bay, but where are our millionaire yachtsmen? The only steam yacht which ever anchors here is John D. Spreckels'. Charley Fair had one, built in Seattle by the way, but its construction was faulty in some way or other, and he abandoned it. What yachts there are on the bay are sailing yachts, and they are not owned

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by millionaires. The members of our yacht clubs are men in moderate circumstances, and they have been enjoying for years the keenest sort of sport. The Wieland boys went in for yachting in the years ago, and James V. Coleman is still a keen yachtsman, but where are all the other men of money? Why hasn't Templeton Crocker a yacht? I don't suppose he'd bother learning to sail a yacht, but he could easily afford a steam yacht as fine as that which Jackling has ordered. So could a score of other local men. The waters around New York City are filled with steam yachts, and the yachting is not nearly as good there as it is with us. It is to be hoped that other men will follow Jackling's example.

Living in Hotels

The Blue Book is just out, and it contains some handy information not included in former issues. It gives, for instance, the names of the permanent guests at the big hotels. That a great many whose names are so listed have taken refuge at the big hotels from the annoyance of the servant problem I make no doubt. One reads the names of many who could have great houses in Pacific avenue if they chose. Thus, we find that at the St. Francis the permanent guests include Senator and Mrs. Belshaw, the Duane Blisses, the John A. Brittons, Colonel and Mrs. Dan Burns, Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Green, Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Michels, the John Morrisseys, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Pissis, the Fred Talbots, the Charles Sutros and Mr. and Mrs. Otto Irving Wise. At the Palace we find the Frank Drews, the George P. Fullers, the J. C. Meyersteins, the Fred Sharons and Dr. Harry Tevis. Then at the Fairmont are Dr. Albert Abrams, the Gordon Blandings, Mrs. Jane Bothin, the E. P. Brinegars, Mrs. Gallois, the George Hattons, Dr. and Mrs. G. H. Martin, some of the Slosses and the Hayes Smiths. A number of these whom I have selected at random have country places, but they could maintain city homes with ease if they cared to. I wonder if the servant problem is as bad in the country as it is in town?

A Defeat for Joe

Joe Redding and his friends and admirers (who are many) hoped that musical affairs at the World's Fair would be presided over by the versatile author of "Natoma." Judge of their disappointment when the appointment went to J. B. Levison. Levison has considerable versatility himself, for he is an expert insurance man as well as an accomplished musician. He is one of the best amateur flutists in town. While Redding's friends are aggrieved because he didn't get the appointment for which he was so eager, musicians and music-lovers throughout the city regard the selection of Levison with great satisfaction. He is a thorough musician with a predilection for the classics, so we shall not see the great composers slighted in favor of the popular writers in the musical festivities of 1915.

President Taft and Father McQuaide

Father McQuaide, the popular pastor of Sacred Heart Church, went East recently and visited Washington to see his dear friend President Taft. The relations between these two men have been exceedingly close ever since they first met in the Philippines at the time when Taft was Governor-General and Father McQuaide was chaplain of the First California Regiment. The intimacy was of great value to California during the congressional struggle between San Francisco and New Orleans for the World's Fair, Father McQuaide rendering splendid service to the city at that time. During his recent visit Father McQuaide learned with considerable surprise that President Taft had it in mind to confer

a great honor upon him. It was the President's intention to send Father McQuaide's name to Congress as one of the seven national commissioners for the World's Fair provided for in the Rodenburg bill. These commissioners were to receive, if I remember aright, ten thousand dollars a year. But the President's plan to honor his friend came to nothing. The Rodenburg bill was defeated through the efforts of Congressman Kent and others; and before the Perkins Senate bill was vetoed by Taft it provided for three commissioners who should be representatives of the State, Army and Navy Departments. Father McQuaide will not be a National World's Fair Commissioner, but needless to say he was deeply touched by the unexpected evidence of friendship on the part of President Taft.

A Side-Light on Rev. Cowley-Carroll

As I observed some weeks ago when commenting on the case of Minister Horn of Richmond it appears to be the easiest thing in the world for men who could get along in no other profession to make fairly good headway in the ministry of some of the jarring sects. Almost every time a minister figures in a scandal I am less astonished at his getting into trouble than at his having got into the pulpit. The Rev. Cowley-Carroll of Ross Valley is no exception. Telling the reporters the other day about his experience with Mrs. Fields in Santa Cruz, he said: "While she was in the room my wife hid behind the curtains. My wife often does that. She may be hiding behind those curtains now, listening to us talk, but I don't care; she is my wife and has a perfect right to hear all my conversations." What a lovely, sweet character is thus revealed to us! How generous to his wife! My sympathy goes out to Mrs. Cowley-Carroll. It was wholly unnecessary for the minister to take the reporters into his confidence in this matter; also foolish since if a wife is in the habit of hiding behind curtains to listen to her husband's conversations, it is naturally to be inferred that she has no confidence in him. And sometimes it is true of a man whose wife has no confidence in him that he is undeserving of her confidence. This may not be true of the Rev. Cowley-Carroll for he is a man who inspires much confidence. The trustees of his church expressed their confidence in him and so did his bishop even after they learned that Mrs. Fields had accidentally received a black eye. But if the Rev. Cowley-Carroll be given plenty of opportunity he may impair their confidence; if not their confidence in his chastity, at least their confidence in certain important

qualities of mind and heart. And after all chastity is not the most important of the virtues.

A Lincoln Manuscript

There is no more interesting or instructive study than the manuscript of a great writer—the sheets of paper on which in his own handwriting he put down his thoughts and corrected and polished the sentences by which they were expressed. I realized this to the full the other day on seeing the manuscript of Abraham Lincoln's speech on Inventions and Discoveries delivered at Jacksonville, Ill. This manuscript is the property of Justice Melvin, who obtained it from his father. The elder Melvin was one of the twelve citizens appointed by the City of Springfield to accompany the body of Lincoln from Washington back to the martyred President's old home. Just before leaving for Washington to be inaugurated Lincoln gave a satchel containing a lot of his mss. to Mrs. Grinsley, daughter of Mrs. Lincoln's uncle, Dr. John Todd. Among them was the manuscript now belonging to Judge Melvin, which was given to his father by Mrs. Grinsley. To read this manuscript is to be taken into Lincoln's literary workshop, and to see how careful he was in the selection of words. Outside the Bible there are few better specimens of the force and beauty of simplicity of speech than Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. It is considered one of the finest models of simplicity in the English language. Now Lincoln it is evident from the Melvin manuscript strove for simplicity and attained it because he had an instinct for words, a sense of the clang-tint of phrases. I will give an example. Lines are drawn through the following sentences: "Beavers and musk-rats build houses, but they build no better now than they did five thousand years ago. Ants and honey-bees lay up their winter stocks of provisions; but they do so nowise better or less laboriously than they did at the dawn of creation." For these sentences the following were substituted: "Beavers build houses; but they build them in nowise differently or better now, than they did five thousand years ago. Ants and honey-bees provide food for winter; but just in the same way they did when Solomon referred the sluggish to them as patterns of prudence." The word "patterns" in the last sentence was originally "examples." Lincoln ran his pen through examples and substituted the word that exactly expressed his meaning and that goes better with "prudence." The rounded period Lincoln preferred to the one that ends in a little pronoun. Speaking of the wind he says that "quite possibly one of the greatest discoveries

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hereafter to be made will be the taming and harnessing of it." Inked is "it" and "the wind" substituted.

The Clock Winder Talks

The other day I found that inveterate cynic, the man who winds the ferry clock, smoking a pipe on the edge of a wharf. He was sitting down, dangling his legs over the lazy waters of the bay, and as he puffed his pipe he chuckled audibly. "What's the joke," I asked. "I was just thinking," he said, "of the Southern Pacific,—how it was saved from disintegration by our Administration." Asked to explain himself, the man who winds the ferry clock took a few pulls at his pipe before beginning his discourse. "You probably remember," he said, "what the Governor and the rest of us were going to do to the Octopus. Well now you see we have been mighty good to it. Those big Wall street money trust fellows started in to carve the Octopus. There wouldn't have been anything left of it if Hiram hadn't come to the rescue. He just called in his railroad commission and he said to them, Get busy, save our great railroad from disaster. It's all right enough, he says, to knock 'em when the campaign is on, but we need 'em in our business. You tell old Wickersham that it doesn't go. And then you saw what happened. But I don't know whether you noticed how the lawyers were distributed. There was the firm that Railroad Commission Thelen belonged to when the Governor gave him his job. It generally represents the Western Pacific, but this time it was on hand for the S. P. And Charley Wheeler—our particular friend Charley—he represented the W. P. And there was Mr. Herrin, the man that our Governor doesn't like in campaigns, he bobbed up as lawyer for the C. P. So you see it was no amateur mix-up. The thing was handled scientifically right down the line, and the people of the whole State, the dear pee-pul who hate the Octopus because it takes money for freight and won't let us ride free, why they were tickled to death when our Governor saved the enemy." As I was about to go the loquacious clock winder gave me a bit of inside information. "You know we're going to lose Joe, don't you?"

"What Joe?" I asked.

"Joe Dwyer, our commissioner. The Governor is going to sign the bill providing for two more courts in San Francisco, and Joe is going to get one of the jobs. Isn't it awful?" I suggested that it wasn't so bad, that Joe might make a very good judge. "Oh, I don't mean that," said the clock winder. "It's awful to lose him. What will the water front be without Joe! Oh!—oh!—oh!" But he merely sneezed.

Good News for Author

Grant Carpenter, the clever short story writer whose Chinese stories have been an interesting feature of *Sunset* of late, received good news from New York the other day. He recently

submitted a Chinese play and the libretto of a musical comedy to the reader for the Cort theatres, and the news he received was of their acceptance. The Chinese play deals with life in our chinatown, and is a serious psychological study of Chinese character. The heroine is a Chinese girl who has been educated in the university, and whose ideals are not compatible with her surroundings. The story is one of profound human interest, abounding in dramatic episodes. The author had much experience among the Chinese as an attorney, and he studied not only their manners and customs but their mental processes and the effect on them of contact with white people. His play reveals the tragedy of a Chinese girl's soul.

The Success of Gladys Unger

Gladys Unger, the daughter of Frank Unger of this city, has a play running in London, and judging from the London newspapers, it is a decided success. "The Son and Heir" is the title of Miss Unger's latest composition. It is a drama of English county life and as the critics find it faithful to the milieu it describes, Miss Unger must have had first-hand opportunities of studying the most exclusive family life in England, that of the county squires in the midlands where ancient estates have descended in unbroken line from eldest son to eldest son, where a younger son is educated for the army or the church and where to be an old maid is a disgrace. When this play had its premiere recently it received an enthusiastic hearing from a big audience, and Miss Unger was given an ovation when the last curtain fell. The critics devoted a great deal of space to "The Son and Heir," and most of their articles were highly laudatory.

High Praise from the Critics

Thus we find the critic of the London Times stating at the end of a complimentary review, "Miss Gladys Unger is a force to be reckoned with amongst the younger dramatists of the day." This critic also writes that the author "has what Sarcey used to call 'the theatre' at her fingers' ends. . . . It is the gift of Miss Gladys Unger to write telling dialogue whether it be serious or comic, and when it comes to be blended with deeper observation of life she will write a play of concentrated characterization free from the conventional influence of the theatre." The critic of the scholarly Saturday Review says that "Miss Unger has insisted upon her thesis with the same womanly vigor which marked Miss Sowerby's unfolding of 'Rutherford and Son.'" He finds the play "entirely and unexpectedly delightful" because Miss Unger knows how to "let herself go." "She is an intelligent author," he

remarks, "with a great deal yet to say." This critic compares Miss Unger with Galsworthy, very much to the latter's disadvantage. So it is quite evident that Miss Unger has arrived.

Her Other Plays

So much interest has been taken in this play by a Californian that the Daily Chronicle sent a reporter to interview the author. "I never dreamed it would take me ten years of hard and anxious work to qualify for the honor of being trusted to write an original play for London production," she told him. "I have done adaptations without number, and stacks of one-act plays, some produced and others still buried beneath the lumber of early efforts. But 'The Son and Heir' is my first big modern play." Miss Unger told the reporter the names of her other efforts. "Inconstant George," "Better Not Enquire," "Decorating Clementine," "Nightbirds," "Mr. Sheridan," "The Knave of Hearts," "Henry of Lancaster" and "Edmund Kean" were some of the names she mentioned. At one time she had three plays running in London. Miss Ellen Terry appeared in one of her adaptations. Her present play, by the way, has the advantage of one of the best casts in London.

Larry Toole Retires

Larry Toole has retired from the position of dramatic critic of the Examiner to make room

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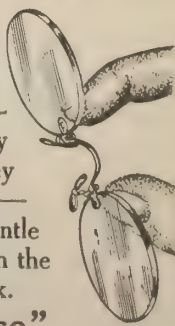
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for a newcomer in the local journalistic field by the name of Wilson. It is whispered about Lotta's Fountain that some of the local theatrical managers are responsible for Toole's retirement. It is said that their protests against his biting critiques have been so numerous that the local management of the Examiner felt the necessity of making a change. Toole's first Bernhardt criticism was exceptionally severe, so severe that readers of the Examiner regarded his subsequent high praise of her acting with great amazement. No doubt he was told then that he was going too far in the use of vitriol. Toole has not severed his connection with the Examiner, but simply moves to a responsible editorial position. Meanwhile Ashton Stevens is rusticated with Jimmy Swinnerton at Colton, and there are a lot of people who would be happy if he should come back to his first love instead of returning to Chicago where he has never been very content. Young Wilson who succeeds Toole used to be the Examiner correspondent at Stanford. It was he who wrote the famous interview with David Starr Jordan about Isabella de Vermandois. Jordan promptly elected the interviewer to membership in the Ananias Club, but that's a habit the Doc has and it is not a serious reflection on Wilson's accuracy.

The Music of Welcome

When Ashton Stevens arrived at Colton, by the way, Jimmy Swinnerton had the Colton municipal band at the station to greet him. Jimmy organized that band, and is mighty proud of it. Being a cultivated musician himself Jimmy plays the bass drum, belaboring it with a finesse worthy a comic supplement artist. When Stevens stepped off the train the band struck up the welcome-to-our-city music. And what do you suppose it was? "Massa's in the cold, cold ground." As Stevens went down to the hot town near the desert for the benefit of his health he didn't find this music too cheering. "You are a well meaning friend," he told Jimmy, "but your sense of the fitness of things has been sicklied o'er by the pale cast of comic art." Jimmy told that to the band and they all said it was the greatest compliment they had ever received.

Jim Murray's Luck

Jim Murray doesn't need the money in the least; and that's the reason no doubt why he keeps on piling it up almost automatically, for is it not written, "To him that hath shall be given"? Jim Murray recently acquired a mine in Arizona, and in accordance with the demands of the irresistible Murray luck it is already paying smashing big dividends. When Jim Murray moved his millions down from Montana to Cali-

fornia he didn't want to worry about making any more money. He had enough to keep him in a satisfactory state of comfort till the day after tomorrow or even till the middle of next week; so why should he bother his head about finance any more? So Jim Murray negotiated for the very beautiful Tevis hacienda at Monterey, started to turn the bowling alley into an art gallery (a thing which gladdened the heart of every artist living in Monterey) and from time to time kept an eye on the statue of one of his favorite heroes, Junipero Serra, to see that tourists didn't chip it. To Jim Murray living this existence of dolce far niente, as Jim Murray's friend Pat Sexton would say, to Jim Murray came a needy man with a mine. Just simply had to have money; couldn't hold on to the mine; didn't want it to get into undeserving hands; and would Jim Murray buy it? It sounded like the appeal of the "moocher," but Jim Murray knew the man and liked him. He bought the mine. It was involved in litigation, but that didn't worry Jim Murray. He bought out both ends of the litigation and with a quit claim in his pocket turned his attention to more important things. The mine began turning out gold by the car load and only the other day Jim Murray was offered a staggering figure for that mine. But he was too busy buying pictures to talk business.

Town Lots in Great Falls

Mention of Jim Murray's friend Pat Sexton reminds me of that worthy's latest enterprise. Pat Sexton, Colonel by grace of his southern origin, was a pal of Jim Murray in Montana. Pat Sexton writes insurance, draws the long bow of anecdote and quotes poetry, without too much regard for the poet's exact language, according to Jim Murray. Pat Sexton's latest endeavor is to put the town of Great Falls, Idaho, on the map. There is a tremendous future for Great Falls, he says, and he has all sorts of schemes to make it the centre of a thriving and prosperous community, ranging from the control of water rights to the sale of alfalfa acreage. The other day Pat Sexton tried to sell Jim Murray some corner lots in the future metropolis of Great Falls. "Buy 'em, Jim," said Pat Sexton, "and in twenty years you'll quadruple your money." But Jim Murray shook his head. "I won't live that long, Pat," he answered; "and besides, the options you hold are on my property. I've owned quite a little parcel of Great Falls real estate for the last fifteen years." And Pat Sexton collapsed.

Carroll the Siffleuse

Apparently our newspaper editors have forgotten that Carroll McComas who is here with Donald Brian in "The Siren" is one of our old

friends. She's not so very old at that, for she can't be more than twenty-seven. The Carroll McComas who has an important part in "The Siren" and plays it very daintily indeed is Carroll the Whistler. In the old days before the fire everybody here knew Carroll the Whistler and had heard her whistle at entertainments. She has risen in the world since then, but she still whistles. While the newspapers failed to identify her the audience at the Columbia Monday night recognized an old favorite and gave her quite a reception. Strangely enough one of the first lines spoken on the stage after her entrance refers to her well known accomplishment. The marquis looks at her and is so taken with her beauty that he whistles. "She's got him whistling," says the minister of police. Several whistling numbers have been interpolated in order to allow Carroll to display her proficiency as a siffleuse. They make a great hit.

A Talented Family

Carroll McComas comes of a talented family. She is one of the four daughters of Judge and Mrs. McComas of Los Angeles and San Francisco. Mrs. Alice Beach McComas was very ambitious for her daughter. She earned a great deal of money in different business ventures and in literature, and this she spent principally in making her four girls the possessors of accomplishments that would help them toward independent careers. One of the girls fell a victim to burns which caused her death. Alice, another daughter and a charming girl, studied piano under William Piutti and showed considerable talent, but was hampered by lameness and delicacy of constitution which prevented her from winning distinction. Claire, the beauty of the family, was very unhappy in her matrimonial life. Mrs. McComas was undaunted by all these setbacks of unkind fate and centered her ambitions on her youngest daughter, little Carroll. After exploiting her talent as a whistler at small affairs in this city she obtained an engagement on the Orpheum circuit. Her skill combined with her attractive appearance and winning way made her a success all along the circuit. Then she secured an engagement in New York and since then has been going steadily upward.

Bowie's Chance Gone

When the Senate confirmed the appointment of Larz Anderson as Ambassador to Japan, the hopes of Henry P. Bowie were dashed. Henry

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P. Bowie has some very influential friends in the new Democratic administration, and I understand that if President Taft's appointment, Ambassador Anderson, had not been confirmed these friends would have presented Bowie's name for the consideration of President Wilson. The embassy to Tokio is the only one which Bowie would consider. He loves Japan with a love that has been the passion of his life; he knows some of the greatest men of Japan; and is thoroughly versed in Japanese history, literature and art. It is not so long since he published a book on Japanese art which immediately took its place as a work of authority. In his beautiful place in San Mateo County Bowie lives a good deal in the Japanese fashion. He would have made an ideal ambassador, and I imagine that he looks with regret at the opportunity which was lost when the Senate confirmed Larz Anderson.

News From Washington

Two interesting pieces of news come from Washington after the inaugural ceremonies. One was that the Iroquois braves of San Francisco, headed by that redoubtable job-holder Mr. Arthur Barendt, arrived at the reviewing stand five hours after the head of the procession reached the same spot. We are told it was dark when the representatives of California's Democracy, footsore and weary, signalized the close of the day's ceremonies by wandering off into the night. It was not a very brave showing that our braves made in the procession, but Mr. Barendt will see that President Wilson is duly informed that the Iroquois Club did its duty. The other piece of news from Washington is that Mr. Franklin K. Lane remembers that proceedings for the acquisition of Hetch Hechy were be-

gun when he was an office holder in San Francisco. Thus we are reminded that the Hetch Hetchy project is only twenty years old. Apparently we are as far from consummating the project now as we were when Mr. Lane was City Attorney. But we have spent a lot of money on it, and with the help of Mayor Rolph we will spend a lot more.

A Tribute to Louis Sloss

Louis Sloss was the guest of honor at the fourth of the good-fellow dinners which men of affairs are giving once a month at the Cliff House. The name of Sloss in this community is one to conjure with, and it was not surprising that no one invited to the feast failed to attend. More than six score of men prominent in professional, business and club circles made the trip to the white house by the sea to pay tribute to Louis Sloss and incidentally to fan the flame of conviviality. Frank Maroney was the toastmaster. The speakers were Seth Mann, Joseph Redding, Larry Harris, James H. O'Brien and John J. Barrett.

That Leopold Fiction

In announcing the engagement of Hayden-Clarendon to the beautiful Miss Alice Cowdery one of the papers, tells a story to the effect that Hayden-Clarendon once dashed a glass of beer in the face of the late King Leopold of Belgium. It seems that Hayden-Clarendon had great admiration for the dancer Cleo de Merode, and that his wrath was aroused when he saw her enter a Parisian cafe with the king. The story is interesting, but I do not see how it can be true. A great Parisian detective who knew Leopold well published his memoirs some time ago, and he had a good deal to say about the stories connecting the Belgian king's name with that of Cleo. He states positively that these stories were made of whole cloth and says that Leopold did not meet Cleo until a year or two before his death. In fact he quotes the words that Leopold used when she was presented. The king said in effect that he regretted the stories which had been told because they must have given her pain and he added gallantly that these fictions had credited him with a good fortune which it had not been his luck to attain. So it couldn't have been Leopold's face that received the beer dashed by Hayden-Clarendon. Perhaps it was somebody who looked like Leopold.

Bonds and Bonds

There is so restricted a market for some of our municipal bonds that the last Geary Street issue had to be sold "over the counter" in small lots. Compare with this the experience of the St. Francis Hotel people. They issued a million and a half of five per cent bonds to pay for the construction of the new Post street wing of the hotel. The whole issue was snapped up by local investors in three hours. Truly there are bonds and bonds.

London and Our Pageant

Mr. Herbert C. Thompson, the well known local newspaperman on the staff of the Associated Press, is traveling in Europe. He writes me from London as follows: The Benson pageant idea for 1915 is accomplishing what all the press agents in the world would be unable to do. It has caught the imagination of England; and I have information that already such notables as

March 17th will soon be here. St. Patrick's Day Candy Boxes with Shamrocks and the Harp of Erin. At all four of Geo. Haas & Sons' stores.

Sir Edward Grey, former-Premier Balfour and Lady Elcho are intensely enthusiastic over the plan. To London, our city of San Francisco is simply a name. Even well informed Londoners recall it chiefly as a place "wiped out" by an earthquake. World's fairs are in themselves of no interest to people used to the great palaces, galleries and monuments of the old country. Moreover, there is a sullen dislike of America in trade circles, not only because of the inroads of American manufactured products, but the heavy tariff which has shut off English importations. So far as the mere exposition is concerned, London has been taking about as much interest in that as New York does in a Susanville apple carnival. But a pageant devoted solely to the great idea of depicting the progress of Anglo-Celtic civilization, a pageant which will show what the people now scattered over the British Isles, the United States, Canada, Australia and other parts have accomplished for humanity and progress—that is another matter. But it must be done on the broadest possible lines, without a touch of jingoism or of local partiality. Then San Francisco will have the privilege of meeting and of entertaining the British Empire's leaders in thought and action.

The Inception of the Idea

The story of the inception of the pageant idea, continues Mr. Thompson, is not without local interest, since it is due to a little group of Stanford expatriates. Professor Henry W. Rolfe, formerly of the Stanford Greek department, lives in the ancient village of Chipping Campden, near Stratford, where he is at work on a monumental history of Greece. Ben Allen, one of the London correspondents of the Associated Press, and Harry Johnson, a mining engineer, both Stanford men, were visiting Professor Rolfe, when the conversation chanced to turn upon their friend Benson and his pageants. Out of this grew the idea of a pageant for 1915. Bert Hoover, a wealthy Stanford graduate who is now one of the world's most distinguished mining engineers, was appealed to. Benson himself became most enthusiastic over the idea. Hoover then sent Benson to San Francisco to present the matter to the exposition committee. According to interviews given out in London, Benson is full of enthusiasm over California in general and San Francisco in particular. Benson, by the way, is now putting on a highly successful Shakespearean season in London, before returning to the national theatre at Stratford. The fineness and evenness of his productions has won the praise of such critical journals as the Times. Benson's one idea is a correct and artistic interpretation of the play as a whole, without regard to "stars." It is said that he has developed more fine actors than any man in England, not excepting Beerbohm Tree.

She—What is your principal objection to the Suffragettes?

He—Well, they look as though they would make better fathers than mothers.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Some Missed the Party

The calico ball given by the Henry T. Scotts at the Burlingame Country Club was announced as a Mi-Careme affair. As it turned out that was an unfortunate designation, for it caused some of the invited to miss the party. There have been several Mi-Careme affairs this Lent, and they have not all occurred on the same night. Hosts and hostesses seemed to think that as Lent is a movable season Mid-Lent could be moved as well. Of course Mi-Careme can't be moved here and there any more than you can move the centre of a circle. But there was a lot of calendar confusion, with the result that several men and women on the Henry T. Scott list got their dates mixed and failed to put in an appearance at the Burlingame Country Club for what proved one of the most successful parties of the season.

Heller Nearly Mobbed

Herman Heller of the St. Francis orchestra had charge of the music for the calico ball. Henry T. Scott instructed him to play "Home, Sweet Home" at three o'clock Sunday morning. Three o'clock Sunday morning came with incredible swiftness, such a merry time was everybody having. And when the strains of the farewell waltz floated over the ballroom floor everybody was indignant. The very idea of stopping so soon! Heller came near being mobbed by debutantes, but Henry T. Scott saved him from that awful fate by prolonging the merriment for another hour. The girls avowed that Henry was "an old dear," but Henry queried: "Why the adjective?"

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A Tambo Artist

There was a volunteer player in that orchestra of Heller's. Who should it be but the young scion of the house of Newhall? Newhall captured a tambourine from one of the pretty girls who was attired as a gipsy and added its music to Heller's ensemble. Everybody declared that young Newhall showed wonderful talent, and it was freely stated that he played the difficult tambourine as well (almost) as Bobby Eyre plays the drum. But in his enthusiasm for his instrument young Newhall thumped it carelessly and took all the skin off his knuckles. He was around Sunday exhibiting his hurt hand and insisting that he had been wounded in a worthy artistic cause.

A Tip for the Humane Bureau

It is to be hoped that the plans for the Charity Ball that takes place March 28 at Scottish Rite Hall will contain some improvements over those of last year when the holders of boxes monopolized the dancing floor. The price of a ticket was supposed to include dancing privileges, but when holders of single tickets arrived they were informed that they were expected "to sit in the gallery." The only persons permitted on the ground floor were those who had bought the boxes that lined the four sides of the ball room, and the occupants of the boxes danced with one another all evening. There was no place for the others even to stand around. Once in a while a determined man would go up in the gallery and ferret out a girl whom he suspected of being there, dance with her and then take her aloft again. If any such arrangement is contemplated this year many who helped to swell the funds for the benefit of the Humane Bureau last winter will remain away.

The Tale of a Broken Arm

Humphrey Sullivan the silver-headed Adonis of the Union League Club has broken his arm. Humphrey is a dancing man, a reliable dinner guest and a generous host, so that when the news went forth there was sorrow and dismay in his set. It was expected that his social activities would cease for the season. His first hostess was rather embarrassed when he accepted her invitation to dinner and presented himself at the proper moment in her drawing room. The nice question of etiquette which disturbed her was, What assistance a disabled man should be rendered at a formal dinner. Should she relegate the duty of cutting his meat, etc., to the butler; should she let his dinner partner, out of the goodness of her heart, assist him; or should she do it herself? But she might have saved herself the trouble of cogitation on the knotty problem. Even with one arm Humphrey can take care of himself. When the meat was served he calmly took from the pocket of his dress suit an amazing contrivance that looked like a small sickle with three small fork prongs at the end. It is known in mercantile parlance as a "one-armed man's knife." Humphrey proceeded to manipulate it to the utter astonishment of the assembled guests who had never seen one before. When he began the lady next to him looked as

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if she were sorry she had not worn a mackintosh, but her fear was groundless, as his dexterity with the contrivance soon caused her to marvel.

As to the Koshland Party

Time was when Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Koshland held the palm for originality of entertainment. Out of their brains of teeming fancy was spun the thought which gave San Francisco the celebrated "Rough House" ball, a ball which set a mark in private entertainment and provided food for talk that lasted many a day. When shall we forget the thrills of horror experienced by the guests of the Koshlands that memorable night when a police patrol backed up to the curb in front of the Washington street Trianon and beaux and belles were bundled into Black Maria by stern-faced cops? Or how those thrills of horror became thrills of delight when it was discovered that this by-play was part of the entertainment provided by the most original entertainers in our city? It is pleasant to recall that party, but it is also sad. For alas! the truth must out: the Koshlands have deteriorated. They gave another big party recently. What was it? What but a conventionally beautiful, a formally gorgeous costume ball whereat originality was hampered by stiff satins and gaiety was smothered with rice powder. Sternly, but with a sense of responsibility deepened by years of disinterested observation of social affairs in San Francisco, I must say that this will never do. The precedent set by the "Rough House" ball has been ignored. The Koshlands have fallen down.

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They have descended from the proud eminence they so deservedly occupied. The horrid suspicion that their originality has been exhausted insists on obtruding itself.

Ideas Overlooked

When I read of the "Adam and Eve" party given in Chicago the other day I said to myself: Here is something worthy of our smart set! When the news of the Louis Tiffany studio party in New York reached me I murmured: How like our smart set at their best! At the Tiffany party Ruth St. Denis danced and it was said of her that the warmth of her posturing was her sole protection from the cold. At the "Adam and Eve" party our first parents were played to the life by a sprightly couple who appeared wearing only fleshlings and fig leaves, nothing more. Which reminds me of the story of the Boston school ma'am who came to California and uttered an exclamation of horror when she was shown her first fig tree. "I thought the leaves must be larger," she explained. In addition to Adam and Eve there were "impressionistic monkeys" at this Chicago revel. The monkeys were two fair girls who wore long green tails, dark tunics cut low at the bosom and reaching only to the knees, and green fleshlings. This is originality, this is novelty of the sort society was wont to give us but alas! gives us no longer.

Heightened Pleasure at Tait's

Nothing can heighten the pleasure of a day's shopping more than an hour or so whiled away at Tait-Zinkand's Cafe. You are certain to find something new in the way of amusement, something that will drive away the trivial cares of the day, for the cafe is famous for the uniqueness of its entertainments. Then too the atmosphere of the place is in such pleasing contrast to the busy hum of the city street. The decorations have been chosen with an eye to the restful and harmonious and give a delightfully pleasing effect. This week the music has received an unusual amount of notice, the orchestra being at its full quota. Madame Van Baker still continues to excite the wonder of the lady visitors with her marvelous revelations of the future, for it is her pleasure to tell the fortunes of the various visitors to the cafe.

Culture Looking Up

It is nice to be able to state that culture is not being totally neglected in this ragging, frivolous town. The highbrow has not yet gone completely out of fashion. All the reading of Maeterlinck and other esthetic modernists is not con-

finied to philandering clergymen. Of course there is culture and culturine, but let us not over-emphasize the latter. Only the other day Mrs. Sydney Ashe read "Enoch Arden" to the good women of the Century Club, and they were enthralled. "Enoch Arden" is a pretty long poem, and by no means Tennyson's best, but it held the Century clubsters spellbound. Many of them had never heard of it or read it before, and they felt deeply grateful to Mrs. Ashe for calling it to their attention. In their enthusiasm some of them declared that they were going to read all of Tennyson. That is surely a good thing, for Tennyson is a safe, sane, conservative poet who can harm nobody and may do his readers a lot

Deetle who makes known the marriage of her sister Miss Nevada Hefron to Mr. Alfred Alexander Hesse of Paris. The wedding took place several months ago, but only a few intimate friends in New York were made aware of it at the time. Mrs. Hesse had been living in New York for three years and met her husband shortly after her arrival. Both are in the literary field. Mr. Hesse who is a Frenchman, is a writer of short stories for foreign papers and a translator of French and German plays. Mrs. Hesse is collaborating with her husband in dramatic work. Several years ago Mrs. Hesse achieved considerable success on the stage, but abandoned that career to enter journalism. Mr.



BIRD'S EYE VIEW FAMOUS HOTEL GREEN, PASADENA, CAL.

of good. Then again, we are soon to have the popular Marshall Darrach in an interpretation of "The Tempest" at the St. Francis. This is one of Darrach's best dramatic interpretations, and all society is to be on hand to hear him. Mrs. Eleanor Martin heads the list of box-holders, and this fact is a tribute not only to Marshall Darrach but also to sublime culture as represented by the Swan of Avon. Let us not take too seriously the complaints of the pessimists who wail about the decadence of culture in the smart set.

An Eligible Bachelor

Why doesn't some ambitious girl set her Easter bonnet for Bert Nixon? Here is a young man who has so many millions that he can't count 'em, and apparently the girls are giving him the overlook. Bert Nixon is the son of the late Senator Nixon of Nevada. In conjunction with George Wingfield Senator Nixon mastered the secret of the Midas touch—everything he turned his hand to was transmuted to twenty dollar gold pieces. Bert Nixon doesn't bother his head much about the business enterprises his father left. The newspapers, the hotels and the banks the Senator left are taken care of by Mrs. Nixon. Meanwhile Bert Nixon has a good time. His principal passion is his high-powered motor car, and every time he comes to this city he is promptly arrested for speeding. "I can't help it," he says; "we Nevadans are full of red blood and ginger and we can't go slow." That sort of young man ought to appeal to some of our high-spirited belles. Bert Nixon is not an Adonis or an Antinous, but he's a millionaire and likes a good time. Will some San Franciscan beauty take the tip?

Miss Hefron Weds

An announcement of interest to many people of San Francisco comes from Mrs. Arthur

and Mrs. Hesse are to make their residence abroad.

A New Feature at Techau's

It is not remarkable that Techau Tavern is the popular cafe of the city, but it must be most gratifying to the management that the clientele of the cafe is composed of the best element of San Francisco society which appreciates the air of refinement and respectability for which the Tavern is noted. A new feature of great interest to the ladies is the \$1000 sealskin coat which has been ordered from H. Liebes & Co. of 167 Post street, for presentation to some lady patron. The coat, which is magnificent, will soon be displayed at the cafe.

Miss Petre at Kohler and Chase's

The principal feature at the Kohler and Chase Music Matinee this Saturday will be the solo work of Miss Helen Petre, an operatic and concert soprano who a short time ago returned from Europe and the East. Miss Petre has a beautiful voice. Among the compositions Miss Petre will interpret will be Elsa's Dream from "Lohengrin" and works by Schubert and Gounod. There will also be several excellent instrumental selections on the Pianola Piano and the Aeolian Pipe Organ.

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Gossip of the Theatre

Marquard in Vaudeville

One of the purposes of vaudeville is the circulation of celebrities, if not in moving pictures, in the flesh. Hence the engagement of Rube Marquard, the renowned baseball hero whose very name thrills the hearts of millions of the American people. There are certain seasons of the year when there is more widespread interest in the doings of Marquard than in the doings of Congress. One day in New York when at the same hour Marquard appeared on one side of Broadway and the President of the United States on the other, there were fifty people that

on the diamond—here he is trying to justify himself as a headliner in vaudeville and achieving nothing but the awkwardness of self-consciousness. His attitude on the stage is one of abject apology. It is only when he quits trying to put irrelevant things over the footlights and gives an exhibition of the science of putting the ball over the plate that the audience takes him seriously. Rube in his element is a hit at the Orpheum, but the mighty giant of the box as the short end of the firm of Marquard and Seeley is a whale stranded.

—Theodore Bonnet.

"The Siren" and Its Waltzes

"The Siren" is as full of waltzes as an egg is full of meat. In "The Siren" everybody's doin' it, but "it" is the waltz not the rag. After seeing this waltz-me-around-again musical melange you can understand why Leo Fall made fun of himself in that pretty thing "The Eternal Waltz" presented not so long ago at the Orpheum. Either Leo Fall has a craze for waltzes or else he realizes that the public can't get too many of them. As Leo Fall is a Viennese his waltzes are all tip-top. And Donald Brian dances them in tip-top fashion. A ready footer is this young man, and he has partners worthy of his skill in the numerous sirens of the piece. Any dancing man would esteem it an honor to waltz with our own pretty, clever Carroll McComas or with Ethel Cadman, but mighty few of our dancing men could do justice to the skill of these charming girls. Bill Lange and Charley De Young are the only two I can think of offhand. Donald Brian is not only a wondrous waltzer but a very superior dresser. I heard several nuts in the lobby speculating as to the name of his tailor. Take it as a waltzing ecstasy and you cannot help liking "The Siren." The singing is of minor importance, so little regard was paid to voices in forming the cast.

—Edward F. O'Day.

The Beel Season Ends

"The Beel quartet concerts will be resumed during the coming season." That message was printed on the programs of the Beel concert of last Sunday, and it must have cheered the music-lovers who gathered in the colonial ball room. For Sunday's was the last Beel concert of this season. It was the sixth of a series of chamber music concerts never surpassed in this city. The music-lovers who attend the Beel concerts see the season draw to its close with sincere regret, but they do not repine. They are now looking forward to the coming season with lively anticipations. Sunday's program was one of very happy selection. Schubert, Beethoven and Brahms were the masters represented. They were heard with that hushed attention characteristic of the Beel concert audience, but all three numbers were heartily applauded. It is very pleasant to look about and observe the diverse elements that make up a Beel audience. Here are men and women of high musical accomplishment, professional and amateur. Here are music teachers sitting beside their young pupils, all alike captive to the spell of Sigmund Beel. Here are artists, doctors, lawyers, men of large business affairs—all worshipers at the shrine of melody where Sigmund Beel is high priest. A subtle web seems cast over players and listeners alike, holding them together in perfect sympathy. The Schubert Quintet for Strings in C major, op. 163 was the opening number. This was followed by the famous "Kreutzer Sonata" of Bee-

thoven which was played by Miss Virginie de Fremery and Mr. Beel. Here as in everything which was done by Sigmund Beel and his associates the most delicate co-ordination of instruments was observable. If Beel was ever tempted to lord it over the piano with his magic bow, the temptation died at birth. The unselfish sacrifice of mere virtuosity, the subordination of instrument to instrument demanded by a rigid interpretation of the score—these are excellences of playing always apparent at a Beel concert. They were admirably shown in the rendition of the magnificent "Kreutzer Sonata." The concluding number was the Brahms Sextet for Strings in B flat major, op. 18. At its close the audience testified its appreciation of the concert and of the entire Beel season by giving the players a heart-warming ovation. In addition to the members of the quartet, Messrs. Beel, Meriz, Firestone and Villalpando, Mr. E. C. Schmitt, violist, and Mr. Victor de Gomez, 'cellist, were heard in Sunday's concert.

—Edward F. O'Day.

Dr. Wiley to Speak Here

Dr. Harvey M. Wiley, formerly head of the U. S. Government's Bureau of Chemistry and the father of our pure food laws, will deliver his famous lecture on "Good Health—America's Greatest National Asset," at Scottish Rite Auditorium, Wednesday night, March 19, and again on Friday night, March 21. Manager Greenbaum will have charge of the Wiley lectures, and the sale of seats will open at Sherman, Clay & Company's on Monday morning, March 17. The admission will be fifty cents, with a limited number of reserved seats at one dollar. Special rates will be made to societies, clubs, colleges and schools desiring to attend in large parties. On Thursday afternoon, March 20, at 3:30 p. m., Dr. Wiley will address the people of Alameda county at Ye Liberty Playhouse in Oakland where the seats will be ready at the same date, viz, Monday, March 17. For special rates for either event



WILLIAM ROCK and MAUDE FULTON
Who will appear this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum.

followed the pitcher to one that followed the Chief Magistrate. So it is easy to understand why Marquard, though a virtuoso in nothing but baseball, though, indeed, possessed of none of the gifts that enable men and women to ornament the stage, is now following in the footsteps of Sarah Bernhardt. There is a good deal that is grotesque in the Orpheum bill this week. There is for instance, the black bear that rides a tricycle and plays the banjo. There is also Lida McMullin who plays the good-fellow girl, an exotic type of femininity that must be, contrary to my long cherished convictions, tolerable to many people, else she would not have been made the heroine of a vaudeville sketch. And last but not least there is Rube Marquard, the great baseball hero looking more like his Christian name than anything else. As I watched Blossom Seeley taking the giant pitcher through his paces on the other side of the footlights it occurred to me that there is much in common between a man and a fish. Here is Marquard, as graceful a figure as ever stood in a pitcher's box, a man of parts in his element, a darling of the multitude



MABEL RIEGELMAN
As "Gretel" in "Hansel and Gretel" with the Chicago Grand Opera Co. at the Tivoli Opera House next Thursday afternoon.

address Mr. Greenbaum at Sherman, Clay and Company's in this city.

Clara Butt, Great Contralto

Clara Butt, described as having the most phenomenal contralto voice in the world and recognized as one of the foremost concert singers living, is now making her second American tour. It is twelve years since Mme. Butt sang in this country. Her tour was a very limited one, and she sang in but a dozen or so cities. Various managements have been endeavoring to induce her to return, but she is so busy in Europe that until this year a second visit to America was impossible. In the East and in Canada Mme. Butt who is accompanied on this tour by her husband Mr. Kennerly Rumford, the eminent baritone, is meeting with wonderful success, and the largest auditoriums have proven too small to accommodate the throngs desirous of hearing her glorious voice. Manager Loudon Charlton has wired Manager Greenbaum to secure the largest theatre in this city for the first appearance here of Clara Butt, and so the Cort has been engaged for Sunday afternoon, March 30, when our music lovers will at last have the opportunity of hearing this world-famous artist.

The Lhevinne Piano Recitals

Three years ago the Russian piano virtuoso Josef Lhevinne visited this city and gave three concerts. The audience was small at the first event, but it went away so enthusiastic that the second concert drew a much larger crowd and the third one taxed the capacity of the hall. Today Josef Lhevinne stands in the very front rank of pianists and no less an authority than Henry T. Finok has hailed him as "Rubinstein the Second." It seems to be the consensus of opinion that Josef Lhevinne and Josef Hoffman are the two pianists who really play with the skill and understanding of that famous Russian master. This season in the East Lhevinne has attracted more attention than ever before and his tour has been one succession of triumphs. Manager Will Greenbaum announces three concerts by Lhevinne, the dates being Sunday afternoon, March 23, Tuesday night, March 25, and Saturday afternoon, March 29, at Scottish Rite Auditorium. Lhevinne will not play in Oakland this season, his time being very limited on the coast trip.

The Last Performance by Genee

Mlle. Adeline Genee, assisted by M. Volinin, her splendid ballet company and grand orchestra will give her final performances at the Valencia this Saturday and Sunday afternoons at 2:30 p. m. The demand for seats at the matinees has been so large that Manager Greenbaum decided to omit the Saturday night performance and give a special one Sunday afternoon. At the Saturday matinee the pantomime-ballet "La Camargo" will be given, and at the Sunday matinee "La Dance" will be the special feature. Seats may be secured at Sherman, Clay & Company's and at the Valencia Theatre. Next Thursday afternoon at 3 and again in the evening at 8:30 the complete Genee company will appear in Oakland at the Macdonough Theatre when "La Danse" will be given at each performance. Seats will be ready at the Macdonough box office on Monday morning.

Tetrazzini Opens the Tivoli

Next Wednesday evening the new and magnificent Tivoli Opera House will open its doors in Eddy street. The occasion is made doubly interesting from the fact that our own Luisa Tetrazzini and the best organization traveling, the Chicago Grand Opera Company under the management of Andreas Dippel, will dedicate the new house. The engagement will end in a blaze

of glory Saturday evening, March 29. The advance sale is unprecedented, and three hours after the box office was opened on Monday morning there was not a seat left for the first performance. "Rigoletto," the opera in which Tetrazzini first sang in San Francisco at the Tivoli at Mason and Eddy streets, will be the opening bill, and in the cast with the diva will be Aristodeme Giorgini, a wonderful young Italian tenor, Mario Sammarco, the Sicilian baritone, Henri Scott, Margaret Keyes, Louise Berat, Constantin Nicolay, Nicolo Fossetta, Emilio Venturini, Vittorio Trevisan and Minnie Egner. Cleofante Campanini will conduct. Thursday afternoon there will be a triple bill, consisting of "The Secret of Suzanne," with Jenny Dufau, Giovanni Polese and Francesco Daddi; "Hansel and Gretel," with Mabel Riegelman, a California girl, Marie Cavan, Adele Legard, Louise Berat, Armand Crabbe and Helen Warrum; the orchestra under the direction of Marcel Charlier; and a grand ballet divertissement by Rosina Galli, Julie Hudak, Luigi Albertieri and the large corps de ballet, Giacomo Spadoni being in the conductor's chair. Thursday evening Mary Garden will make her first appearance in "Thais," the others being Hector Dufranne, Edmond Warnery,

Nicolay, Fossetta, Cavan, Egner and Berat. The first Wagnerian work sung here since the fire will be "Die Walkure," Friday night, with Minnie Saltzman-Stevens, Jane Osborn-Hannah, Eleonora de Cisneros, Charles Dalmores, Henri Scott, Clarence Whitehill, Egner, Ruby Heyl, Berat, Dufau, Cavan, Keyes, Legard and Helen Stanley. Saturday afternoon Tetrazzini will sing "La Traviata," with Giorgini, Polese, Egner, Berat, Venturini, Fossetta, Trevisan, and Nicolay. Saturday night the Victor Herbert-Joseph D. Redding opera, "Natoma," will be heard for the first time, with Mary Garden, Stanley, George Hamlin, Scott, Dufranne, Sammarco, Crabbe, Nicolay, Frank Preisch, Rosina, Galli, Egner and Desire Defrere. This will complete the first week's offerings and Sunday afternoon, March 16, there will be a symphony concert under the direction of Campanini, with the leading operatic soloists and a ballet. The prices for this concert will be popular, ranging from fifty cents to two dollars.

"The Concert" at the Columbia

David Belasco presents his famous comedy production "The Concert" at the Columbia for two weeks beginning Monday night, March 10.



MADGE KENNEDY

Who has proven to be "the cutest girl that ever came to town" as "Little Miss Brown" at the Cort.

This comedy has been remarkably successful everywhere. Produced in New York three seasons ago it has been played ever since. New York kept it over a year and a half, and it has been played over one thousand times. Leo Ditrichstein adapted it from the German and acts the chief part. Isabel Irving plays the part of his wife. There will be matinees at the Columbia on Wednesdays and Saturdays during the engagement.

Another Week of "Miss Brown"

"Little Miss Brown" has proven herself the charming girl she was heralded to be. San Francisco has quite fallen in love with her. She



LEO DITRICHSTEIN

To appear in the comedy "The Concert" at the Columbia Theatre.

already ranks high in the list of local favorites. In the person of Madge Kennedy she is wholly delightful, a unique personality, a bundle of magnetism. The Cort has been packed since this heroine of Philip Bartholomae's farce appeared there last Sunday night. The final week of the engagement starts Sunday night. "The Prince of Pilsen," its popularity undiminished, comes to the Cort starting Sunday night, March 16. Henry W. Savage announces an elaborate revival of the Pixley and Luders musical comedy. "Jess" Dandy will once more be seen in his uproarious portrayal of the eccentric Hans Wagner. An augmented orchestra will be in evidence and the chorus is notable for its beauty.

Edison's Latest at the Orpheum

William Rock and Maude Fulton who are making their farewell vaudeville tour together will head the new attractions at the Orpheum next week. Rock is to devote his attention to the presentation of musical vehicles and Miss Fulton will bid for public approval alone. The team are recognized in this country and in Europe as unrivalled exponents of spectacular songs and of the highest development of dancing pantomime and burlesque. Amelia Stone and Armand Kalisz will present the miniature operetta "Mon Amour," the book by Edgar Allan Woolf and the music and lyrics by Mr. Kalisz. Thomas A. Edison's latest, greatest and most wonderful invention, talking moving pictures, the Kinetophone, a perfect combination of his two former products, the moving picture and the phonograph, will be shown for the first time here. These talking moving pictures have taken the East by storm and are proving the greatest

theatrical sensation it has known in many years. The entertainment provided by the Kinetophone for next week consists of a descriptive lecture and the Edison minstrels. Jean Bedini and Roy Arthur, the "jovial jugglers" are included in the novelties. The other new acts will be Mr. H. K. Guerro, the famous violin virtuoso, Mlle. Carmen, the brilliant harpist and Nita Allen, a clever eccentric comedienne. Next week concludes the engagements of Eddy Howard and Rube Marquard and Blossom Seeley.

"The House Next Door" at the Alcazar

A memorable Alcazar success, "The House Next Door," is to be revived next week, commencing Monday night, with the finest cast it has ever had here. Louis Bennison will again be incomparably effective as Sir John Cotswold and Will R. Walling is specially engaged to repeat his impressive impersonation of Sir Isaac Jacobson. The work of those two actors in the principal roles would alone be a splendid performance, but everything possible has been done to have the subordinate character adequately portrayed. When this "play for Jew and Gentile" was presented by Belasco and Mayer two years ago it appealed so forcibly to all creeds that popular demand for its revival has existed ever since, but could not conveniently be acceded to until now. It is a three-act comedy that affords excellent entertainment while performing a great ethical and social service.

Billie Reeves at Pantages

Billie Reeves, the original and intangible "souse" is the stellar attraction at Pantages next week. Reeves is the highest-salaried entertainer who has ever played the Pantages Circuit, but his success warrants the money he demands. Local show-followers will recall him as the drunk in Ziegfeld's Follies. Walter Montague's latest effort "Good-Bye to Bohemia" will be the added attraction on the bill. It is a musical satire and

depicts the so-called bohemian life in the gay districts of San Francisco. The piece will be elaborately mounted and carries a cast of eight principals. The Four Regals are a quartette of strong men. The dean of old time minstrels, Billy Kersands, just returned from Australia where he was the leading comedian with the Dixie Minstrel Troupe, will make his first reappearance in this city after an absence of ten years. Brown and Foster are a pair of eccentric comedians. Marie Hardlicks is a blonde songstress with elaborate gowns. Miss Freda West, known as the California Venus, has a beautiful posing act. Motion pictures will round out the bill.

Last Concert by Symphony Orchestra

With the concert Sunday afternoon, March 9 the brilliant season of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra will come to a close. The excellent program prepared by Conductor Hadley for Sunday's concert makes a most fitting closing for an unusually successfully season. Considering that the San Francisco Orchestra is only in its second season, the difficulties it has been obliged to overcome as a comparatively new organization, together with the work of educating the many to the appreciation of music in its higher forms, this has been an entirely satisfactory season, and assures the continuation of the orchestra as a most important factor in the musical life of San Francisco. The program for Sunday afternoon will prove of great interest. The overture to "Der Freischuetz," Weber's greatest work, will open the program, the feature of which will be Tschaikowsky's Symphony No. 4 in F minor. The Prelude to Act III of "Nabucco," the American grand opera in three acts by Victor Herbert and Joseph D. Redding will follow. The last number on the program is Lalo's Norwegian Rhapsody.

Louis Persinger Recital

Louis Persinger, the violinist who was heard



Billie Reeves, in
"A Night in an English Music Hall,"
at Pantages

for the first time in San Francisco at the symphony concert on Friday afternoon of this week, is to appear in recital on the evening of March 11, at the Knights of Columbus Hall. The great Ysaye under whom Persinger studied for two years, wrote of him, "Louis Persinger is today a virtuoso of a superior order, and I can say with all sincerity that he is one of my best pupils." An excellent musician, in love with his art, Persinger



JOSEF LHEVINNE

The great pianist to be heard here soon.

can aspire to a brilliant career." With the excellent program prepared for his recital, and the enthusiasm he arouses in his audiences, it is safe to predict that he will play to a capacity audience on next Tuesday evening. The concert is under the management of Frank W. Healy.

A Music Talk

The second of the series of "Opera Talks" that Miss Mundell the singer and pianist gave on "Louise" last Thursday was attended by a large and appreciative audience. The music was particularly well suited to Miss Mundell's clear soprano voice, the aria "Depuis le Jour" eliciting spontaneous applause. So much interest is being taken in these explanatory and illustrated "Talks" that Miss Mundell will give "The Juggler of Notre Dame" before its production by the Chicago Opera Company in the near future.

In the Social Spotlight

The Hotel Oakland bulletin for last week included: Tuesday—Oakland Ad Club luncheon; dinner to Frank S. Andrews who is going East, by the employes of the Central National Bank of Oakland in the English room. Thirty-seven attended. Wednesday—Mrs. F. E. Beik, Hotel Carlton, Berkeley, entertained at luncheon. Thursday—Recital by Barbazon Lowther in the Ivory ball room; dinner to fourteen by J. H. Robinson of 1432 Broadway, Oakland, in the Blue room; Rotary Club luncheon. Friday—Card party in the English room given by Mrs. Westphal following a luncheon in the tan and gold dining room. Saturday—Ball given by Mrs. Webster, 807 Vernon street, Oakland, in the Ivory ball room.

Isaac Guggenheim, Dr. Robert Kunitzen, W. H. Fletcher, Mrs. Gilmore and daughter, have been at Del Monte sometime and expect to remain indefinitely. A. S. Robertson, V. S. Kidd and J. W. Furness motored from San Francisco for the week end. Nelson Barker Jr. who came up from San Diego to play in the Mid-Winter Golf Tournament, played an excellent game and after many hard fought battles won the right to have his name engraved on the handsome Tisdale Trophy. This cup has to be won three times by the same person, but each time the winner is

given a replica. Mrs. Rufus H. Smith and Miss Margaret Smith of Seattle spent several days at Del Monte on their way south. They will return later for an extended stay. Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Backus who spent a week or so there a short time ago have returned from a motor trip to Los Angeles, and will remain a week or ten days.

Things at Coronado still keep gay; what with the polo games each afternoon, teas at the club house, dinners to congratulate winners and to condole with losers, one has little time for rest. Sunday night John Dupee of Chicago had a dinner of twenty-five, Walter Dillingham a dinner of twelve, both of which were served in the grill, and then with the Winship dinner dance of sixty in the green banquet room and the delightful dinner given by Frank Mackey on Wednesday at which he entertained twenty-five there is little chance of ennui.

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Presents his latest and Greatest Invention "TALKING
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Last Week of RUBE MARQUARD & BLOSSOM
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March 12 and 24, Rigoletto, with Tetrazzini; March 13,
Matinee, Secret of Suzanne, Hansel and Gretel and Inter-
national Ballet; March 13, Thais, with Mary Garden;
March 14, Die Walkure; March 15, Matinee, La Traviata,
with Tetrazzini; March 15, Matinee, with Garden; March
17, Louise, with Garden; March 18, Lucia, with Tetrazzini;
March 19, Matinee, Carmen, with Garden; March 19, Noel
and Pagliacci; March 20, Crispino e la Comare, with Tet-
razzini; March 22, Matinee, A Lover's Quarrel and Le
Jongleur de Notre Dame, with Garden; March 22, Tristan
and Isolde; March 26 and 28, Jewels of the Madonna;
March 29, to be announced. PRICES, \$2 to \$7.

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Program

Weber.....Overture, "Der Freischuetz"
Tschaikowsky.....Symphony No. 4, in F Minor

I. Andante sostenuto—Moderato con anima.

II. Andantino in modo di canzona.

III. Scherzo: Pizzicato ostinato.

IV. Allegro con fuoco.

Victor Herbert.....Prelude to Act III, "Nabucco"

Lalo.....Norwegian Rhapsody

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Wall street was blue all last week. Another set of Mexican revolutions, the renewal of fighting in Turkey and reports that J. P. Morgan was seriously ill added to the general unsettlement. The feature of the week was the great weakness in many recently listed specialties and industrials that are not regarded as seasoned dividend payers and have not been widely distributed among investors. Banks will not lend money on such collateral and those who have been trying to make a market for these stocks have to choose between taking them back to support quotations and letting them break wide open when any selling pressure is applied. Professional traders have been making handsome profits by raiding some of these securities when they saw support was not forthcoming, and people who have been carrying them on margin have met with severe losses. In no case is there a large outstanding short interest. The bears simply raid and take profits before any defense of their value can be organized. The declines in this group reflect in part the fear that general business is about to receive a setback and that tariff revision will prolong the dullness in trade that some think is at hand. When Southern Pacific broke below par the last faint hope that banking interests would support the market at these low levels disappeared. Apart from the significance that attaches to the decline below par of Southern Pacific, neither it nor the rest of the standard issues sustained severe losses though the average price of the so called barometer stocks fell to the lowest point in the current year or in 1912. The volume of trading was light and securities on which banks lend money did not fall fast enough to cause any anxiety, though both banks and commission houses called for additional margins. In the last two days of the week a better feeling prevailed owing to the prediction of a favorable speech by President Wilson, and shorts covered freely, giving the market a fair rally and a better tone.

Wheat—The conspicuous feature in the wheat market is the fact that it is so unresponsive to predictions and expectations of lower values. The market bends a little, but does not break, and all the time it possesses an unmistakable undertone of strength. A careful examination of the situation traced from the producer to the consumer reveals, in our opinion, fundamental causes for the strength, which will be recognized sooner or later. In the great producing sections of the Northwest, bankers claim that it is difficult to maintain their reserves. Notwithstanding the bountiful crop yields last season, merchants in that part of the country are complaining about poor conditions, while farmers assert they are making no money, because prices of grain are so low, and they seem disposed to indulge in quer-

ulous criticisms regarding the governmental and educational suggestions about increasing the yields; when the present production, they claim, does not pay anything. Doubtless it will be remembered that according to the Government investigation on December 1 the average price of wheat on the farm was 69 cents in North and South Dakota and Nebraska, and but 71 cents in Kansas, and as values are but little higher now it follows that wheat, which is universally acknowledged to be the best and most popular food on earth, is now selling in this country at or near the cost of production, and if this does not furnish a fundamentally sound basis of values in one of the prime necessities of life it will be difficult to discover one that will. So much in regard to the value of wheat based on the cost of production, and when it comes to a consideration of the demand for this product all must acknowledge the unexampled avidity with which this year's production of wheat has been absorbed. For a little time recently there has been a lull in the demand, but the last week has experienced a reappearance of the export inquiry, and although it is not of sufficient magnitude as yet to have any marked effect on sentiment, it is suggestive of how greatly the demand might become enlarged on only a small reaction in values here. It is also an indication that Argentina is unable to supply the requirements of Europe, and an additional feature that is corroborative of this suggestion is contained in the price of wheat in Buenos Aires, which is 2½ cents above the market in Chicago. We do not see what can prevent an advance in values of wheat, and we believe the necessities of Europe for foodstuffs will compel one.

Corn—The visible supply of corn is increasing in liberal amounts from week to week, and now aggregates 16,576,000 bushels, compared with 13,301,000 bushels a year ago. The price is about 10 cents lower than it was at that time when the market was gradually tending upward to the 80 cents mark, where it remained for several months, supported entirely by the domestic demand. Europe at that time was drawing almost its entire supply from Argentina, but the crop of that country is much smaller this year than last, and the price at Buenos Aires is 3 cents above that in Chicago and 5 cents higher than in Kansas City, consequently conditions have changed about, and Europe is now drawing its supplies of this cereal from the United States instead of Argentina. The present crop in this country is, of course, much larger than that of 1911, but according to the Government data only 15 per cent of the production leaves the farm; consequently the European demand will be an important factor in reducing the commercial supply. An additional feature of strength which must be taken into consideration is the high

prices of hogs and cattle, which are far above the parity of the present value of corn. These conditions, in our opinion, do not provide much latitude for any decline in values, and they are suggestive of good opportunities for the investor.

Cotton—We feel that the present time is appropriate for calling attention to the action of the market after the gathering of our five record crops. A careful study of the past reveals the fact that cotton generally established its low during the months of its heaviest receipts—October, November and December. Especially is this true of our big crops, and the reason is not hard to fathom—the weight of the actual cotton automatically establishes its own low level, and it always comes some time before Christmas. By that time it is generally conceded on all sides, within a comparatively narrow margin, what the total yield will show and it is just about then that the public begins to sell on the general theory that there is too much cotton in the country when as a matter of fact, they should be forgetting those things which have passed and looking forward to what the future might have

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in store, whether another crop record is to be broken right over again. We learn by parable that after favorable conditions come unfavorable conditions; it has been so in all history of cotton production, and it is so with everything in life. We beg to submit a table showing the action of the market after our record crops of 1904, '06, '08, '11 and '12. It will commence around the first of the year and advance well into the summer to discount the oversold condition of our previous crop:

1905, Jan. to July—6.50 to 11.40, advanced 490 points.
1907, Feb. to Sept.—9.30 to 12.70, advanced 340 points.
1909, March to Nov.—9.00 to 15.00, advanced 600 points.
1912, Dec. to July—8.70 to 13.20, advanced 450 points.
1913—Will history repeat itself?

After the gathering of our four small crops of 1903, '05, '07 and '09 the direct opposite of the above has proven to be true, the market commencing around the first of the year and up to the middle of the following summer discounting the overbought conditions of our previous small crops. The elements generally come to the rescue in such cases, as the reader will notice how systematically our small and big crops come.

Small crops—1903, 1905, 1907, 1909.
Big crops—1904, 1906, 1908, 1911-12.

The average advance afterwards—after the past four big crops—is 470 points; the low on October cotton in January was 11.10. If history repeats itself, October should sell at 15.80 by the first of next August. All sorts of arguments can be advanced why cotton already low should keep on declining, but history cannot be denied.

The People's Forum

(Continued from Page 7.)

that the coroner had a more important duty still, namely, to perform autopsies. Then he said that a very important autopsy would soon have to be performed in San Francisco. "Gentlemen," he concluded, "the Democratic party is about to die, so I nominate Sam Rainey for coroner." E. P. E. dove off the platform, ducked two men who made a grab for him and wedged himself between two policemen. They managed to get him out of the hall alive.

Yours truly,
—An Old Timer.

Queries Answered

Editor Town Talk, Sir: To decide an argument will you kindly give the literal translation and genesis of "Mi-Careme" and also the correct plural of prima donna. Is it proper to say prima donnas?

Respectfully,
—Subscriber.

San Francisco, February 28, 1913.

(Careme is French for Lent, so Mi-Careme means Mid-Lent. Careme is derived from Quadragesima, an ecclesiastical Latin word meaning Fast of Forty Days or Lent. It is interesting to compare Careme with the obsolete English word Carene which has the same meaning. Carene comes from the medieval Latin Carina and that in turn from Quarantina which gave us our English quarantine. The plural of prima donna is prime donne, but prima donnas is colloquially permissible.)

Some Heat There

"There you go, Henry. You've dropped the bucket and spilled coal all over the cellar floor again. I never saw such a careless man! Now you get right down on your hands and knees and pick up every bit of that coal! My goodness, with coal so high we can't afford to lose so much as a cinder! As it is, I don't know what on earth we're going to do to keep the house warm this winter!"

"My most amiable wife," meekly suggested the object of this lengthy tirade, "we might—er—utilize your temper, you know!"

Varied Types

(Continued from Page 6.)

from Captain Mooney and flourished at Aleck Vogelsang's head. I asked the Mayor if he ever felt the pressure of "outside influence" in his administration.

"All the meetings I hold on public business are held in this office," he told me; "and this is a public office. No, I have seen no indications of 'outside influences.' As to this apparent split in the Board of Supervisors, I don't think it will continue. In fact I know that they will all be united soon."

Then the Mayor told me about the report he is compiling on the cost of running the city. He said he had figured out that the tax rate next year would be \$2.06 or one cent more than this. That is going to make the taxpayers roar, but it doesn't worry Optimistic Jim.

"It was bound to go up," he says, "and it will keep on going up. It was kept down in the past for political purposes merely, and it had to be boosted sometime."

Which shows that His Honor has the courage of his convictions. But then, he says he is not a politician; just a business man holding public office.

"I've only been to my own business office once this year," he told me.

"Are you glad you're Mayor?" I asked him.

"I am," he said. "If I had it to do over again, knowing what I do now, I'd take the nomination just the same."

That's what they all say.

It takes two to make a bargain, but only one to break it.

Fables

(Continued from Page 8.)

* * * * *

He had a contemporary who enriched the world by fine theories on art, literature, statecraft, religion. This great man ranged from theme to theme, dazzling and delighting people with the brilliance and freshness of his mind. He was never left—it is the most fatal of all things to be left. He was always in the van of human thought and science.

Al, the Kaiser, None-Such, and Superbissima each in turn had his approval.

At the close he was put with pomp and glory in the great Cathedral where he still is—a pinch of dust.

The end of the zealot who concentrated on one kind of potato was utterly obscure. No wonder it was obscure, for he was taken up to Heaven in a cloud.

Everybody's Doing It Now

The Prominent Citizen fairly radiated that contentment which is the aftermath only of a good deed well done.

"You have a regular post-New Year's look," his friend observed. "You must have sworn off something and thereby gained much peace of mind. What was it?"

A wider smile played around the Prominent Citizen's lips. A deeper twinkle came in his eyes. His chest expanded another inch. He inhaled a luxurious whiff from his perfecto. Then he spoke:

"My personal taxes," he said.

DRINK DISQUALIFIES A MAN—SO SAYS PRESIDENT TAFT

He who drinks is deliberately disqualifying himself for advancement. Personally, I refuse to take such a risk. I do not drink.—William H. Taft, President of the United States.

There's a volume in that brief utterance. It ought to be made mental note of by every man, and when the temptation to drink liquor presents itself, he should think of the advancement he has made, though, perhaps, slowly but sure-footedly, then take a view of the retrograde steps following that drink and the others to join it.

It's no use talking, when our most eminent men by their words and examples warn you, it's time the drinking man sits up and takes notice of the effects of the deadly art of drinking.

But some men CAN'T stop the drink habit. They need help. When argument and the picture of distress trailing in the flood of alcohol, tears, pleadings of force can't help him, there is another means of relief—treatment, medical treatment for the disease.

The treatment provided by the Gatlin Institute is working the greatest service for mankind—a greater service than even prohibition laws or restraint. Just three days, no more, and the Gatlin treatment effectually kills the nervous craving for alcohol, removes the poison from the system, clarifies the brain and fits the drinker once more for the advancement in his career that was checked when he took his first drink.

It's a new man that leaves the institute—quite a different fellow from the one who entered; and this wonderful change is the result of but three days' treatment—worth more than any man can ever pay for if the true value of it to him be considered.

In this treatment no poisonous drugs, no hypodermic injections, no harmful sedatives are used, and nothing is substituted as a stimulant. It is unerringly and powerfully efficacious and absolutely harmless to even a child.

We bind ourselves in writing to give back the fee and make no charge whatever, if, at the end of three days the patient does not indorse the treatment with his entire satisfaction.

Write, wire or phone for booklet and full particulars in which we tell of our home treatment.

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SUMMONS IN PARTITION

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 35,453; Department No. —.

James Maguire, Maud Gallagher, Frank Kelly, Charles Kelly, Clara Kelly, Thomas Kelly, John J. Barrett and Geo. C. Ross, Plaintiffs, vs. John Kelly, Henrietta Louise Westphal, Dora Rose Chase, James F. Kelly, Annie Clark, George Maguire, Frank Maguire, Mark F. Kelly, James T. Kelly, Augusta G. Kelly, Cecelia G. Kelly, Josephine G. Kelly, Irvin S. Knapp, James F. Kelly as administrator of the estate of Anne Askins, also known as and called "Ann" Askins, deceased, E. M. Galvin as administrator of the estate of John Burns, deceased, E. M. Galvin individually, Mary A. Burns, Milton F. Burns, John T. Burns, Lillian M. Burns, Alice G. Burns, Henry Burns, John First Doe, John Second Doe, John Third Doe, Jane First Doe, Jane Second Doe, Jane Third Doe, and to all persons unknown who have or claim any interest in or lien upon the property described in the complaint in this action, and hereinafter mentioned and described, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco in the office of the clerk of said Superior Court. John J. Barrett, Flood Building, San Francisco, and Ross & Ross, The First National Bank Building, Redwood City, California, attorneys for plaintiffs.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: John Kelly, Henrietta Louise Westphal, Dora Rose Chase, James F. Kelly, Annie Clark, George Maguire, Frank Maguire, Mark F. Kelly, James T. Kelly, Augusta G. Kelly, Cecelia G. Kelly, Josephine G. Kelly, Irvin S. Knapp, James F. Kelly as administrator of the estate of Anne Askins, also known as and called "Ann" Askins, deceased, E. M. Galvin as administrator of the estate of John Burns, deceased, E. M. Galvin individually, Mary A. Burns, Milton F. Burns, John T. Burns, Lillian M. Burns, Alice G. Burns, Henry Burns, John First Doe, John Second Doe, John Third Doe, Jane First Doe, Jane Second Doe, Jane Third Doe, and to all persons unknown who have or claim any interest in or lien upon the property described in the complaint in this action, and hereinafter mentioned and described, Defendants:

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in the action brought against you by the above named plaintiffs in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after service on you of this summons, if served within said city and county; if served elsewhere within thirty days; and:

YOU ARE HEREBY NOTIFIED that if you fail to so appear and answer plaintiffs will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint; and:

YOU ARE HEREBY FURTHER NOTIFIED that said action is brought to obtain the judgment and decree of this Court as follows:

1. For the partition of the real property hereinafter mentioned, according to the respective rights of the persons interested therein;

2. For the general costs of this action, counsel fees and the costs of reference to be apportioned among the parties to said action, according to law;

3. That if partition cannot be made without great prejudice to the respective rights of the parties interested that said real property may be sold and the proceeds arising therefrom applied and apportioned according to law, and for general relief and for costs of suit.

That the real property affected by this action and which is sought to be partitioned consists of all that certain real property situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning on the westerly line of Mission Street one hundred and ninety (190) feet southerly from Twenty-sixth Street; running thence southerly on Mission Street three (3) feet seven (7) inches; thence southerly on Mission Street sixty-two (62) feet and six (6) inches; thence westerly ninety-five (95) feet; thence northerly forty-five (45) feet and six (6) inches; and thence at right angles easterly one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet to the point of beginning.

WITNESS my hand and the seal of the said Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 2d day of May, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy County Clerk.

JOHN J. BARRETT, Flood Bldg., San Francisco, Cal., and

ROSS & ROSS, The First National Bank Bldg., Redwood City, Cal., Attorneys for Plaintiffs, 2-15-10

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT

REFEREE PUBLISHING & AMUSEMENT COMPANY.—Location of principal place of business, City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Notice is hereby given, that at a Meeting of the Directors, held on the 25th day of February, 1913, an assessment of 20 cents per share was levied upon the Capital Stock of the Corporation, payable on the 5th day of April, 1913, to the Secretary of said Referee Publishing & Amusement Company, at its office, 361 Pacific Building, in San Francisco, State of California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 5th day of April, 1913, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on the 25th day of April, 1913, to pay the delinquent assessment together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

H. R. BAKER, Secretary.
Office 361 Pacific Building,
San Francisco, Cal.

3-8-4

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MORRIS FREDRICK, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the last will and testament of Morris Fredrick, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of G. C. Ringolsky, Esq., Rooms 805-807, Claus Spreckels Building, Third and Market Streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Morris Fredrick, deceased.

MARCUS FREDRICK,
EMILIE FREDRICK,

Executors of the Last Will and Testament of Morris Fredrick, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 8, 1913.

G. C. RINGOLSKY, ESQ., Atty. for Executors,
805-807 Claus Spreckels Bldg., San Francisco, 2-8-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANGELE KLEINCLAUS, Deceased.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor and Executrix of the last will and testament of Angele Kleinclauss, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor and Executrix at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as the place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Angele Kleinclauss, deceased.

FRANK SEYFERTH,
Executor,
ALICE INNOCENCIA GARRISSERE,
Executrix,
Of the Last Will and Testament of Angele Kleinclauss, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 21, A. D. 1913.
A. COMTE, JR., Atty. for Executors,
333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 2-22-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 13,252; Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of AMELIA FORD, Deceased.

It appearing to the Court from the verified petition of John Ford, Administrator of the estate of Amelia Ford, deceased, that it is necessary to sell the whole of the following described real estate, to-wit:

That certain lot of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Lyon Street, distant thereon one hundred and fifty (150) feet northerly from the point formed by the intersection of the northerly line of Golden Gate Avenue with the westerly line of Lyon Street running thence northerly along said westerly line of Lyon Street twenty-five (25) feet, running thence at a right angle westerly one hundred (100) feet, running thence at a right angle southerly twenty-five (25) feet, running thence at a right angle one hundred (100) feet easterly, to the point of commencement.

It is hereby ordered that said petition be filed and that all persons interested in said estate appear before the above entitled Court, department number ten thereof, at its Courtroom in the temporary City Hall, Market Street between Eighth and Ninth Streets, San Francisco, at ten o'clock a. m. on Monday, the 17th day of March, 1913, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the Administrator for the sale of such estate as prayed in said petition and that a copy of this order be published in "Town Talk," a newspaper published in the City and County of San Francisco, once a week for four successive weeks.

Dated: February 8, 1913.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Filed: February 10, 1913. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

JOS. P. LICEY, Atty. for Administrator,
Nevada Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-15-5

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE BY GUARDIAN

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Department No. 9.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of WILLIAM P. BURKE, ALICE MARY BURKE, EDITH MARGARET BURKE and RICHARD BURKE, JUNIOR, Minors.—No. 1431, N. S.

Notice is hereby given in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, made on the 25th day of September, 1912, and filed herein on the 28th day of September, 1912, in the matter of the estate and guardianship of Edith Margaret Burke and Richard Burke, Junior, minors, (William P. Burke and Alice Mary Burke having arrived at legal age prior to the date hereof), the undersigned, Richard Burke, as guardian of the persons and estates of said two remaining minors, namely, Edith Margaret Burke and Richard Burke, Junior, will sell at private sale to the highest bidder, for cash, in gold coin of the United States, on or after WEDNESDAY, the 19th day of March, 1913, and subject to confirmation by said Court, the undivided five-twelfths (5-12) interest of the estate of said Edith Margaret Burke and Richard Burke, Junior, minors, and all the right, title and interest of said two remaining minors in and to the following described real property, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the northeasterly line of Spear street, distant thereon two hundred and twenty-nine (229) feet and two (2) inches northwesterly from the point of intersection of the northwesterly line of Folsom street with the said northeasterly line of Spear street, and running thence northwesterly and along said northeasterly line of Spear street forty-five (45) feet and ten (10) inches; thence at a right angle northeasterly and parallel with said northwesterly line of Folsom street one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches; thence at a right angle southeasterly and parallel with said northwesterly line of Spear street forty-five (45) feet and ten (10) inches; and thence at a right angle southeasterly and parallel with said northwesterly line of Folsom street one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches to said northeasterly line of Spear street and the point of commencement. Being a portion of One Hundred (100) Vara Block Number Three Hundred and Twenty-two (322).

Ten (10) per cent of the bid payable at the time of sale and the balance upon confirmation of the sale by said Court; deed and abstract at the expense of purchaser; the purchaser to assume the payment and take the property purchased by him subject to all the State, county and other taxes, and all assessments of whatsoever name and nature that are now or may hereafter become chargeable to or a lien against the property purchased by him.

Offers or bids must be in writing and will be received and may be left at the office of Garret W. McEnerney, attorney for said guardian, Room 1277 Flood Building, San Francisco, California, or may be delivered to said guardian personally, or may be filed in the office of the Clerk of the above named Court at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of this sale.

RICHARD BURKE,
Guardian of the Persons and Estates of Edith Margaret Burke and Richard Burke, Junior, Minors.

GARRET W. MCENERNEY, Attorney for Guardian,
Room 1277 Flood Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-1-3

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Action No. 34,221.

JOHANNES BICKEL and MATILDA BICKEL (his wife), Plaintiffs, vs. All Persons Claiming Any Interest in, or Lien Upon, the Real Property Herein Described or Any Part Thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of Johannes Bickel and Matilda Bickel, plaintiffs, filed with the clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

Commencing at the Northerly line of Fell Street at about distant thereon Fifty (50) feet Westerly from the Northwesterly corner of Fell and Scott Streets; thence running Westerly along said Northerly line of Fell Street Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Northerly One Hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Easterly Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Southerly One Hundred (100) feet to the Northerly line of Fell Street and point of commencement. Being part of Western Addition Block 446.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiffs are the owners of said property in fee simple absolute; that their title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiffs recover their costs herein and have such other relief as may be met in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 21st day of December, A. D. 1912.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this summons was made in Town Talk newspaper on the 4th day of January, A. D. 1913.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: Names—

Humboldt Savings and Loan Society (a corporation). Addresses—San Francisco, Cal.

JOHN F. HANLON, Atty. for Plaintiffs. 1-4-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON PETITION FOR SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 2079; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ELIZABETH PARKER HASTINGS, an Incompetent Person.

L. M. Hoefler, Guardian of the estate of Elizabeth Parker Hastings, an incompetent person, having presented to the Court and filed herein his verified petition praying for an order for the sale of certain real estate belonging to said Elizabeth Parker Hastings, and it appearing to the Court from the said petition that it is necessary and would be beneficial to the said Elizabeth Parker Hastings that certain portions of her real estate should be sold;

NOW, THEREFORE, it is hereby ordered and directed that the next of kin of the said Elizabeth Parker Hastings and all persons interested in her estate appear before the Court on Tuesday, the 25th day of March, 1913, at 10 a. m. at the Courtroom of Department No. 10 of the above-named Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted for the sale of said real estate;

AND IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for three successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper printed in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, February 19, 1913.

J. J. TRABUCCO,
Judge of said Superior Court.

HOEFLER, COOK, HARWOOD & MORRIS,
Attorneys for Guardian,
105 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 3-1-4

"I've just seen your husband. I nearly ran over him," said her motorist admirer.

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Letters

A Rollicking Story

Earl Derr Biggers appears to be a new name in the literary index. If "Seven Keys to Baldpate" is a first novel he has struck his nail squarely on the head at the first blow. It is not a soul-thrilling and heart-racking drama of the emotions, but a rollicking farce which fits neatly in the next niche to "Seven Days," and ought to make as successful a dramatization. Two love stories which lurk well in the background are brought to a successful termination, and as the whole action is crowded into the space of three nights and two days, there are happenings thick and threefold for every moment. From the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

A Plantation Tale

"The Children of the Meadows" is an interesting little story of life on an Alabama plantation during the Civil War. Though it is designed for children, Mittie Owen McDavid has had the rare good taste not to "write down" to their supposed level, and in consequence she has produced a piece of work which, though unpretentious, will prove just as acceptable to the adult reader. Cosmopolitan Press.

Minor Poetry

The poems of Campbell Mason, gathered into a taking little volume of some seventy printed pages, slip readily into the catalogue of minor poetry. They are neither better nor worse than the average output of magazine verse for the last ten years, and perhaps, had they been published in the early years of the last century when reputations were easily made, they would have attracted the attention bestowed on so many versifiers whose poetry is long since dead and forgotten but whose names are all recalled. But even though the great world is indifferent, there are always relatives and near friends who are appreciative of the efforts of those near and dear to them, and no doubt the little collection will be warmly welcomed for the sake of the writer. Cosmopolitan Press.

"When Things Go Wrong"

Mrs. Emma Belle Pierson has compiled for the use of housekeepers and non-professionals generally a series of useful hints for emergencies, and has covered her field. There is scarcely a day, or for that matter, many hours in a day when a little timely knowledge will not save much trouble and expense, and there are few indeed who have not read in household magazines, odd corners of the daily papers or even the patent medicine almanacs the item of practical information suitable to the case—if they could only recall it or even remember where they had put the clipping for reference. The only really reliable and infallible means of fixing such matters in the memory is to try the experiment at once, repeat it two or three times in succession. There are only seventy-five small pages to "When Things Go Wrong," besides a good index. It is a handy volume to add to the kitchen library shelf, where it will be always at hand when most needed. Most housewives will have a few additions of their own which can easily be added in printed slips or by pen to the blank leaves. Cosmopolitan Press.

"Curious Bits of History"

A. W. Macy's "Curious Bits of History" might be appropriately called a reprinted scrap book, since its contents comprise brief paragraphs recounting the unusual episodes and half-forgotten

foot notes of history such as used to be preserved in scrap books in the days when printed books were costly and brief digests few and far between. Mr. Macy is a veteran journalist who has contributed to most of the leading newspapers in the country, and his object in collecting his fugitive paragraphs is two-fold, that of providing amusement and instruction in condensed form and of stimulating others to researches in the same field. It is most interesting to happen on such bits of information as the origin of the titles of the old political factions of "Barn-burners," "Hunkers," "Know-nothings," and "Skedaddlers"; to learn that a common young porker caused complications between the United States and England right here on the Pacific Coast; that Black Hawk, the Indian Chief, once proposed an effective if impractical solution of the combined slavery and negro problem; and upwards of a hundred equally odd, entertaining and useful bits of knowledge. The daily and weekly papers not to mention the monthly magazines furnish inexhaustible supplies of such items all well worth preservation and the scrap-book habit, with this stimulus, is one that might well be revived. Cosmopolitan Press.

About West Africa

"In an Elephant Corral" is not a particularly well chosen title for the small volume of sketches issued by the Neale Company for Rev. Robert Hamill Nassau, sometime a missionary in West Africa. It gives the false impression that one is about to be enlightened on the subject of pachydermata, whereas the incident described, though no doubt one of the most thrilling in the life of Mr. Nassau, is only one of a number of stories and not particularly well told at that. The missionary's experiences and difficulties are of the usual order, the disregard of native customs and usages or the tacit encouragement of converts to actions which, slight in themselves, are nevertheless irritating to the adherents, are never-order. The bits of natural history are interesting, but decidedly the best and most worth-while are the native folk-lore tales. If Mr. Nassau knows any more as good as "The Transformed Matricide" or those included under the title "Uvengwa," he should lose no time in putting them into form.

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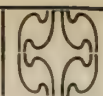
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TOWN TALK

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Our Candid Mayor

Speaking of the tax rate Mayor Rolph says it will be higher next year. And Mayor Rolph is in favor of a higher tax rate. He says he is. "It was bound to go up," he says, "and it will keep on going up." All of which is true enough, but the truth of it does not mitigate the painfulness of it. This is the day of the high cost of government. The debauch of extravagance has become chronic in every department. The signs of the times are no less visible in Sacramento and in Washington than in San Francisco. The pork barrel is growing every year, and we are approaching a point where the most pressing of all problems will be the problem of devising a new source of revenue. There are but few known sources remaining to be tapped. Meanwhile our politicians and statesmen while intent on regulating every kind of private business are conducting the public business with a view to their own aggrandizement. Our Mayor therefore is in harmony with the spirit of the times. He differs from the average politician only in this,—that he does not preach economy while thrusting his hands into the pockets of the taxpayer. He has the courage of his spendthriftiness. An experienced member of Congress or a shrewd politician like Governor Johnson might pronounce it sheer stupidity, but we prefer to describe it as the courage of candid Mission Jim.

The Breeding of Fallen Women

Some time ago George Bernard Shaw observed that the great army of fallen women was recruited chiefly from stores and factories in which girls are employed for wages insufficient to keep body and soul together. About that time we called the attention of our legislature to this subject, and suggested that an Administration which professed to be more solicitous for the welfare of the downtrodden than for anything else ought to concern itself about wage earners in department stores. We produced statistics showing that here in San Francisco women are working for less than \$5 a week, and we said it was commonly re-

ported that there were girls who worked in stores every day and on the Barbary Coast every night. Apparently the subject was of no interest to our humanitarians at Sacramento. At any rate they paid no attention to it. Neither did the good ladies of the civic clubs whose time is occupied by graver problems. But the legislature of Illinois has given heed to the words of the English playwright, and a committee of the legislature has obtained testimony of the existence of a straight and broad pathway leading down from the mammoth department store to the dens of the underworld. The statesmen of Illinois are thinking of establishing a minimum wage scale for women of twelve dollars a week, and department store managers are much perturbed by the prospect. They say it would be unjust to make them pay so high a minimum wage, but when the manager of the Marshall Field stores was asked as to the net profits of the business he declined to answer. There is one department store in San Francisco which is said to have earned twenty-six per cent net profits last year and twenty-three per cent the preceding year. What the average wage paid by this store is we do not know, but the legislature can find out. Evidently though there is no widespread demand for the information. The daily press which shares in the profits of our big stores and makes them pay stiff advertising rates is not at all interested in the question whether stores that make tremendous profits are breeders of fallen women. The only business in which the daily press cares to interfere is that of public service corporations.

Taft's Last Vetoes

On the eve of his return to private life President Taft rendered conspicuous service to the country by vetoing two bills, the consequence being that he intensified the disfavor in which he is held by organized labor. The seamen's bill was one of them. This bill was sponsored by Andrew Furuseth, earnest and zealous champion of the sailor, and no less earnest and zealous enemy of the ship owner. We are told one of the objects of this bill was to prevent a repetition of the Titanic disaster. Maybe it was one of the objects, but to attain this object it was deemed necessary to facilitate and encourage desertion and put the ship owner at the mercy of union sailors. The other bill vetoed by Mr. Taft was the sundry civil appropriation bill into which the pliant tools of organized labor in Congress inserted a provision forbidding the use of any money appropriated for the enforcement of anti-trust acts in the prosecution of workingmen or farmers. This was intended of course to make a favored class of union workingmen. Farmers were included in the provision to convey the impression that they were seeking protection from the

Government, and the provision was made to apply to all workingmen that it might not appear to be the handiwork of Samuel Gompers. The only workingmen who could derive any benefit from tying the hands of the Department of Justice are union workingmen, and immunity granted to them would mean withdrawal of protection from unorganized workingmen by whom much the greater part of the labor of the United States is performed. It is worth while to note that as soon as the bill was vetoed the labor leaders got busy and that the Lower House of Congress passed the bill over the veto. It is worth while calling this matter to the attention of those wise citizens, who, though they apprehend the menace of organized labor, are in favor of the election of United States Senators by direct vote of the people. The House of Representatives lost no time in passing the bill over the veto because the members of the House are ever on the alert to conciliate labor leaders. Whatever votes are organized the average Congressman would barter his soul to gain, and when all Senators are elected by popular vote the Senate will be of the same temperament and as responsive to constituencies that count as the House of Representatives. And the time is not far distant when both branches of the national legislature will be so much alike in morals and intelligence that it will be difficult to tell them apart. Indeed even now, in so many States has government been brought back to the people, that save in tenure of office there is no difference between the average Senator and the average Representative.

How Milk Should Be Taken

In the midst of the many problems that engross the attention of the individual of this transitional period it is no wonder that dyspepsia is becoming a national disease. The problems of the pocket have become far more enthralling than the problems of the stomach. In our eternal rush for space on the ground floor those of us that do not bolt our food, in all probability are at least negligent of the science of eating. Yet the literature of this and kindred sciences is becoming more abundant every day, and much of it is far better reading, far more wholesome and easier of digestion than the best-seller of the fleeting minute. Also it is more exciting than tales of adventure. What could be more exciting than a short study of bacteria gnawing at our vitals? We are constrained to take a deep personal interest in the tale of the hostile microbes that are waging war in our very veins. Nor is it hard to cultivate a taste for the light literature of the medical profession. The average medical journal will grip any man who isn't in perfect health. And it may be read for instruction as well as for thrills and diversion. For its instructive articles

alone it may be heartily recommended. Here in the Journal of the American Medical Association is an article that tells of the result of a scientific investigation of the digestibility of raw milk. Here is pictorial demonstration of the curds that form in the stomach when raw cold milk is taken. We learn from this article that milk alone of all foods enters the stomach a liquid and becomes there a solid substance. Raw and boiled milks are not identical foods. The long established fiction that boiled milk interferes with intestinal activity has been entirely exploded. Boiled milk is the most digestible and germ free form of this valuable food. Boiled five minutes it is more easily digested than pasteurized milk. It remains in the stomach nearly a liquid food, whereas raw milk commonly forms hard masses that pass undigested throughout the whole alimentary tract. This is the sort of information one gets from medical literature.

The Benighted East

Notwithstanding the granting of the franchise to women by the people of this State the people of many Eastern States are still opposed to woman suffrage. This stubbornness, this blind adhesion to a prejudice that lurks among the benighted is incomprehensible to the emancipated of California. Here we know that everything that is right. California is in the van of civilization. Like Arizona, New Mexico and Washington it is ever in a receptive mood, eager to take advantage of every new wind of doctrine, and it views with sorrow the backwardness of such antiquated commonwealths as New York and Massachusetts. It is astonishing that the people of those States do not catch the exaltation of Western spirit and follow the lead of California in everything affecting the public welfare. Instead of doing so they are inclined to compassionate us. Worse than that, they speak of California in the same breath with Oklahoma. The woman problem is far from unsolved in the East, and what the women of California have accomplished appears to be of no advantage to their sisters on the Atlantic seaboard. On the contrary opponents of woman suffrage are pointing to California as a horrible example of the granting of equal opportunities. When Elihu Root said the other day that in politics "there is struggle, strife, contention, bitterness, heartburning, excitement, agitation, everything which is adverse to the true character of woman," and that when woman enters the political arena "she loses all those sweet and noble influences by which she rules the world," it was suggested that exemplification of what he said might be found in San Francisco where women were trying to recall a police judge. Anna Howard Shaw refuted all of Mr. Root's arguments with an unassailable conclusion. "Mr. Root," she said, "is a sentimental idealist without one touch of practical common sense." This master stroke of dialectic completely squelched the great statesman, but other weak men took up the thread of the argument. One writer in the New York Sun opined that clubwomen

realize sooner or later the wisdom of Mr. Root's warning. Speaking of women's club elections he says: "Not rarely there seems to be no practice too vile, no trick too ingenious, no story too baseless, no scandal too transparently false to be used to further a favorite candidate or defeat an opponent for office." This as we all know is sheer calumny. That women do not lose their sweetness of temper in politics is proved in the present campaign against Judge Weller. The women who are fighting Judge Weller are extremely courteous. No vile practice will they tolerate, to no baseless story will they give circulation or ear. They are models of exemplary conduct. Nevertheless woman suffrage is not making much headway in the East.

The Arrogance of the High-Brow

Not to be of the inner circles these days is to be considered out of the main current of the highest intellectual thought. These inner circles are dominated by literary men and women who have for their disciples persons of the so-called artistic temperament. Every poet who confounds his emotions and mistakes an animal passion for the voice of his soul is the oracle of some inner circle. The writer who reads the maunderings of a young college professor fresh from the pages of Nietzsche, and who straightway invents a thesis and debates it in a novel is the object of an inner circle's worship. These literary folk, though hopelessly book-bitten fancy they are interpreters of life, and they are terribly impressive with their socio-political, psycho-physico adjectives, with which they embroider the most familiar subjects till they are beyond recognition. And it is these literary folk who supply the main current of the highest intellectual thought beyond which is the region of the profanum vulgus. These reflections were inspired by the reading of a review of the latest play of Mr. Paul Hervieu of the French Academy. Hervieu is not well known in our inner circles; at least, not so well known as Maeterlinck or Strindberg or Shaw or our own sweet young philosopher, Professor Highbrow. But in France, which is the source of no small measure of the intellectual thought of the day, Hervieu is recognized as a playwright whose every drama marks a distinct stage of artistic development and throws its light on the taste of the country and the evolution of public spirit. He is a man of the highest personal distinction, of undisputed artistic disinterestedness. But he never writes for the papers, never appears at a popular meeting. As a writer he lacks the fertility of our own Jimmy Hopper, or even of Jack London, but whatever he writes is the product of real, undeniable artistic effort. Now, Paul Hervieu, though a profound thinker and a man whose thoughts have a great influence on the cultured mind, holds opinions greatly at variance with some that no inner circle would be without. He abhors, for instance, the claims of passion, and he mocks at the rights of the individual, all of which are the very basis of all the arguments of the inner circles in favor of divorce and short-term marriages. His conception

of the family, of marriage, of divorce is based on the rights of the child; that is to say, a limitation of the freedom of individuals. His criticism of existing laws is based on their partiality for the man who longs for self-realization through the medium of an affinity and for the wife whose sin sprang from her higher nature. A man who would express the views of Paul Hervieu at a meeting of an inner circle would be looked upon as a New England dinner might be looked upon by a gourmet. Hervieu of the Academy would never be admitted to the inner circle of Carmel. He is not of the elect of the hour.

The Cult of the "Anti"

To the inner circle belongs the cult of the "anti." The intellectual prodigies who give impetus to the main current of the best thought of our times, are rebels against all orthodox beliefs and accepted conventions. Most of them are for the overthrow of vital principles not only in the arts and in politics but also in religion. Naturally they regard the Roman Catholic Church as abhorrent, since the church upholds everything that is old fashioned. Its obsolete ideas and institutions they would consign to the scrap-heap, wanting as they do a warmer and saner outlook upon human development and desire. And the Catholic Church according to the learned prophets of our intellectual coteries is doomed. They foresaw its doom several years ago when they detected symptoms of a modernism that was sapping its ancient foundations. Then it was they knew the age of reason had come with its revolutionary fire of which the youthful Coleridge and the enthusiastic Wordsworth and the inflammatory Shelly had caught the premature glow. But one doesn't hear so much of modernism at this moment as was heard a lustrum ago. The antiquated nest of superstitions is still intact; the Vatican is doing business at the old stand, and Faith marches at the head of an army of millions. Unreasonable all, to be sure, caught in the trammels of an historical religion that impresses the Metaphysical Society of Oshkosh as a nightmare labyrinthine dim and drifting. The way this old church, this monument of superstition persists in the face of its doom is enough to cause a paralysis of doubt, a scepticism of reason itself, everywhere but among the comfortable thinkers of the inner circles. It does more than persist; it actually threatens at times to intercept the current of best thought, as for instance the other day when a whole flock of Anglican monks, graduates some, from the University of Oxford, went over to the "Scarlet Woman" bag and baggage. The story is told in a despatch to the New York Times. On Caldy Island is an abbey established by clergymen of the Church of England, who organized a religious community with the consent of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Here the English monks carried on various arts and crafts and their sanctuary had become rich and powerful. There were thirty of them. Twenty-eight of them have become converts to Roman Catholicism. A Roman Benedictine has been installed as Abbott, and the former

Church of England Abbott is now in Rome preparing himself for the priesthood. Naturally this wholesale apostasy has caused a great stir in England, especially, we presume, in the inner circles. What a strange power is this exercised by that incurable church, which, by every rule of the reason of the elect who stand for philosophy at its highest, ought now to be preparing for dissolution rather than making converts of English monks! The phenomena presented by this church are discouraging to all those poets and philosophers who are eager to throw light on the things of life and who investigate dispassionately with that scientific detachment of mind on which they preen themselves. Last week the last will and testament of a veteran Catholic priest was filed in Oakland. He left a large sum of money for masses for the repose of his soul. The old gentleman had faith in masses. In other words he believed in what he preached. And it is not remarkable that he left money for masses. Priests are doing that every year. Priests have been doing it for centuries. Even the wicked Bishop of Ibsen's play "The Pretenders," who lived centuries ago was extremely solicitous about prayers for his soul. Suppose we agree with the inner circles that it is a pathetic superstition, this faith in post mortem prayer, but what about the religion that inspires it not only in the most ignorant of laymen but in the most learned of church dignitaries? It is a religion that bridges the chasm between the ages, that keeps vital a church that has seen new thought come and go and fade in the vista of centuries, the very same church that was thought to be gasping for breath when the poetic Macaulay predicted that it would be flourishing even unto the day when some traveler from New Zealand shall have taken his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge and in the midst of a vast solitude sketch the ruins of St. Paul.

Meyer Lissner's "Life"

Wise men have so long occupied themselves with the nature of folly and the analysis of fools that the subject is about

exhausted. It was not at all enriched the other day when Mr. Meyer Lissner published his autobiography. The kind of fool that this prominent citizen revealed himself to be is as familiar as any other. It is the kind that takes a sprightly joy in indiscreet self-display. Mr. Lissner's pretext for writing of himself is that reactionary newspapers have made "slighting references" to his career and especially to his early occupation, and that he feels his friends should know the truth. If Mr. Lissner has any friends he does them injustice in assuming that they are affected by the misrepresentations of his enemies. And certainly he makes a fool of himself in assuming that what he says of himself is the last word to be said on the subject. "If anyone finds anything herein," says Lissner, "that he can use against me he is welcome to it." And then follows the story of his life in fifteen hundred words. Mr. Lissner holds the cards, stacks them behind closed doors, comes out and deals them and is then willing to bet that he holds the winning hand. Doubtless anyone who disputes the fairness of the proposition is a reactionary. The career of Meyer Lissner is a matter of small interest to the readers of Town Talk. We have never dealt with the subject of his past. The present of him we have always considered text sufficient. But the intellectual exercise to which he invites us is tempting. He gives us what we take to be in the nature of a dare, and notwithstanding the stacking of the cards in the true Progressive manner we will accept. "I don't claim to be any better than the next fellow," says Lissner in the first paragraph, "but there is very little in my previous career to be ashamed of." Here we submit Mr. Lissner convicts himself with his own pen of being a shameless creature. It is universally admitted that there is much beast and some devil in every man. There never was saint that didn't have much to be ashamed of in his career. It is only the man who has an inherent discrepancy between his intellect and his moral nature who never feels a sense of shame. In the circumstances

Mr. Lissner's testimony about himself is of little value. Reading on we find that what has chiefly pained Mr. Lissner is the "slighting reference" to his former business. It appears he used to be a pawnbroker. Now, notwithstanding his immunity from shame, he appears to think it necessary to apologize for having been a pawnbroker; and to vindicate himself from what he probably regards as an ignominy he blames it on his father. It appears that the Los Angeles boss was born a pawnbroker. But, as he says, "he didn't remain in the business very long." We have heard it explained why he got out of it, but on this point he does not touch. This is unfortunate. His enemies will probably say there was good reason for the slight reference to the turning point in his career, for that is the very point on which they love to dwell. But it should be remembered that Mr. Lissner is the dealer in this game. Coming down toward the end of the autobiography we find these words: "I have never touched stocks or bonds, partly because I prefer to handle my own investments and partly because I am firmly of the opinion that the man who is active in politics should keep absolutely free from any connection with quasi public or utility corporations." This reminds us of a story which may or may not be applicable. Years ago a leading citizen of a big city who held a lot of stock in a public service corporation and who was prominent in the management of it became a candidate for Mayor. He sold his stock and when elected proceeded to smash the company. The question we would ask of Mr. Lissner is this: Supposing a single tax propaganda became popular today and the people ceased to have any hostility to public service corporations, wouldn't you sell your real estate and invest in stocks and bonds? As it is a wise man who knows how little space for good or ill he occupies in the thoughts of men, we doubt that Mr. Lissner will be able to see the point of the query or realize that his own certificate of character doesn't entitle him to freedom from quarantine.

Perspective Impressions

Appropriately enough W. W. stands for Water Wagon as well as for Woodrow Wilson.

Dr. Van Dyke of Princeton seems to be pleasantly platitudinous, prettily bromidic and a good teller of fish stories.

The apparent enmity of Congressman Kent to California is to be explained on the theory that he is "getting even" for having had to spend a fortune on his campaign. The toughest and meanest of all rich men is the rich reformer.

It is true Secretary Fisher put us to a lot of needless expense, but think of the joy rides to Washington! And who cares for expense anyway. We dumped a lot of money into Hetch-Hetchy before we ever heard of Secretary Fisher. So there!

Moved and seconded that Mrs. Pankhurst's name be changed to Jane Cade.

May it not be advisable in the interest of public decency to quit trying Dr. Joslen?

It is perhaps a minor pathos of humanity that the reformers who stirred our blood in our youth, in our middle life stir our spleen.

The name of Sulzer has been added to the Hearst blacklist. Another illustration of the futility of trying to play both ends against the middle.

Now comes the startling news that Wilson, Marshall and Bryan are teetotallers. Naturally we are curious to know the nature of the vice that offsets this horrible virtue.

Church-hide-and-seek is not much of a Sunday game, even when played by the President.

President Wilson is a true Democrat, and he will take particular pains to let everybody know it.

"The Geary street railroad's profits are prophetic."—The Call.
Of higher taxes?

So the St. Francis burglar blames it on the errant wife of a minister. The pulpit is becoming as great a scandal as a red light district.

Supervisor Koshland denies that he was joyriding in a municipal auto. Says he was inspecting a Spring Valley reservoir. In view of the extent of his technical knowledge of reservoirs, wouldn't it be better to plead guilty to joyriding?

Varied Types

CXVII—REV. BRADFORD LEAVITT

By Edward F. O'Day

"You are such a comfortable man, you see," said Minnie. "You take things so easy."

"No use taking 'em otherwise," said Mr. Omer.

"No, indeed," returned his daughter. "We are all pretty gay here, thank Heaven! Ain't we, father?"

"I hope so, my dear," said Mr. Omer.

The passage came back to me when I read that Dr. Bradford Leavitt intended to forsake the Unitarian ministry for the undertaking business.

You remember the day poor little Davy Copperfield arrived at Yarmouth and was fitted for a mourning suit at the establishment of "Omer, draper, tailor, haberdasher, funeral furnisher, etc." You can't have forgotten Omer, or his daughter Minnie, or Mr. Joram who was afterwards taken into the firm. With little Davy you must recall "the breathless smell of warm black crape" (could words describe it better?) and how he heard "from a workshop across a little yard outside the window, a regular sound of hammering that kept a kind of tune: Rat—tat-tat, Rat—tat-tat, Rat—tat-tat," the sound of the hammers nailing his mother's coffin.

I thought of this because the newspapers conveyed the impression that the Rev. Dr. Leavitt was going to be a gay undertaker like Mr. Omer. Dr. Leavitt, we were given to understand, would try to take the sting out of death, to subdue "the Arch Fear in a visible form," to make the bereaved smile through the tears shed in the first poignancy of the irreparable loss. In other words, Dr. Leavitt was to be a new kind of undertaker. He was to take from "the trappings and the suits of woe" the major portion of their lugubriousness. There was to be, if not "mirth in funeral," at any rate less of dole and gloom. From a clergyman, striving to make death less terrible for the dying he was to become a funeral director, endeavoring to make it less sorrowful for the bereaved. He was to tell us with Longfellow,

What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers

May be heaven's distant lamps.

Reading these newspaper accounts I was a good deal puzzled. Here was a clergyman of the Unitarian church who was going to give up his pulpit. He explained that he was constrained to do so by the greatly-to-be-pitied misfortune of failing eyesight which made the continuance of work at his study desk impossible. He looked about for another field of activity, and he found it in the undertaking business.

But what kind of undertaker was he to be? Was he to follow this respectable calling as the cheerful, the gay Mr. Omer followed it? Was he to follow it as did that other undertaker in "Great Expectations" who, at the funeral of Mrs. Gargery, commanded: "Handkerchiefs out!" Was Dr. Leavitt using polite phrases to reconcile his many friends to the idea of his engaging in a rather uninviting business? Or was he being lured into the business under false pretenses by a clever firm which realized the purely commercial value of his services?

These were natural questions, and I went to Dr. Leavitt, hoping that a discussion of his project might supply answers for them. I went away from him only partially enlightened.

Dr. Leavitt is a pale, handsome man with keen, well-chiseled features and a delicate though bulging brow. A thinker, you say offhand. But who knows? Perhaps "dreamer" is a better designation.

Dr. Leavitt gave me to understand that his novel departure is but the expression of his temperament. For years, he says, he has been thinking (or dreaming?) that he would like to do something to modify the vulgar attitude toward death on the part of the survivors.

"My purpose is," he told me, "to take from the grave that irreligious, artificial fear which now attaches to it; to do away with those unnatural ideas about death which are now prevalent. All this draping in black, this shrouding in gloom is not right either in reason or in religion. Death is sad. It must always remain sad. But the sense of loneliness, of gloom and terror which overwhelms the bereaved belongs to the formalism of mourning and should be done away with. To do away with it shall be my endeavor."

"We believe in a Beyond. Even the agnostics



Photo, Kathryn Hopkins
REV. BRADFORD LEAVITT

do not question it. I could read you passages from Paine and Ingersoll to show that this is so. But as to the details of that Beyond we know nothing. The agnostics differ from us because they are brave enough to say so. If then death is only a separation, if by death the body becomes merely a cast-off garment, why act as if we regarded it as a final parting? We believe in a Hereafter. Why not behave as if we did? We say that the sufferer has found peace. Why not act as if we meant it?"

Dr. Leavitt, it must be remembered, is a Unitarian. Unitarianism, if I be not mistaken, has come by a gradual evolution to stand for non-sectarianism, for a large toleration, for the recognition of universal religion. It has a repugnance for formulated creeds; it minimizes, if it does not eschew dogma. His Unitarianism, I take it, makes it comparatively easy for Dr. Leavitt to take the vague, non-doctrinal view of death which he explained to me. It is significant that he turned for an illustration of his viewpoint, not to the Gospels or to St. Paul, but to the Phaedo of Plato. He likes the common ground where Socrates and Ingersoll can meet without debate.

But will not this militate against the success of Dr. Leavitt in his enterprise? The number of people whose views of death are shaped by dogmatic belief is tremendously large. Can Dr. Leavitt make his appeal to such people?

Dr. Leavitt thinks so.

"I am going out of my profession and into business," he says quite plainly. "I shall not take the place of the clergyman. My work will in no way interfere with the spiritual ministrations of the Protestant minister, the Catholic priest or the Jewish rabbi. My work will only be religious insofar as any attempt to help or serve people is religious. I shall not preach."

"But I shall advise people to do away with the long-drawn out and very trying services which are now so common. Some clergymen are actually cruel in the way they harrow up the feelings of the bereaved. Their personal egotism spurs them on; they would make a reputation as funeral orators. They add to natural sorrow a gloom which, I repeat, is neither religious nor sensible."

"Let us have flowers to remind us of the beauty of friendship and of the fragrance of memory. Let us not try to do away with candles if they are sacred as part of religious symbolism. Let us have burial or cremation, according to the beliefs or preferences of the bereaved. But why should the room of death be darkened and draped in black? Why should the whole atmosphere of death be gloomy and unnatural? By encouraging this attitude toward death we are not practicing what we preach. If a custom has meaning it would be impertinent to interfere with it. Wakes? I don't know much about them."

It will be seen that Dr. Leavitt speaks in very general terms. For the life of me I cannot figure out satisfactorily just how he is going to modify the general feeling about death. I do not wish to be considered unsympathetic, for I am not—I am impressed with Dr. Leavitt's sincerity—but I cannot see that allowing God's sunlight to stream upon a coffin is going to make much difference.

"I have that within which passeth show;

These but the trappings and the suits of woe," said Hamlet. And to my old-fashioned mind "that within which passeth show" will continue to take more consolation from Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians than from all the modifications of funereal gloom which Dr. Leavitt can bring about.

Dr. Leavitt, though, has another worthy purpose.

"Advantage is taken of the poor in the hour of death by the unscrupulous. They are led into useless expense. Sometimes indeed this is the fault of the family. They need a counsellor. I shall attempt to give counsel in such cases. And I hope to do charitable work. I hope that undertakers do charity work for people who cannot pay. I suppose they do."

This is a side of the undertaking business about which I am ignorant. Dr. Leavitt is to be the vice-president of one of our oldest undertaking establishments. Let us hope that he will not be disillusioned on this point.

"It is an opportunity for hard and self-effacing work," he said. And he spoke of "self-immolation," though without accenting the word.

You see, Dr. Leavitt is very sincere. Let us hope that he will succeed in his worthy work. But he is passing from the cure of souls into business, and business is not for the dreamer.

The People's Forum

More About the Municipal Road

Editor Town Talk, Sir: In my communication which you published last week I neglected to mention two items of expense incurred in connection with the Geary street road in February. These two were legitimate charges against operation—namely, \$293 for having the tracks cleaned by Contractor Rolandi and \$5,000 for storeroom supplies to replace worn or broken parts of cars, etc. If the track had been cleaned the day before the cars began running the cost might have been charged to construction but when ordered February 18, nearly two months after the road started, December 28, the expense is clearly chargeable to operating expenses. If a car front is demolished in a collision, a window broken or a car wheel wears out, for example, and a new part is substituted for the broken or worn worthless one, the city has no more property than before and the cost of this replacement is chargeable to operation. This \$5,000 voted by the Supervisors for renewal supplies is wholly a charge on operation, either all in one month or spread over several months. The daily papers that are exploiting the Geary street road will probably continue to dishonestly try to make their readers and the taxpayers generally be-

lieve that the only expenses of operation are for wages and salaries and for interest on bonds and will ignore these last two items of track cleaning and stock just as they ignore the other financial burdens referred to already. These burdens are unavoidable, however. They exist as the result of the adoption of the Municipal Ownership and Operation Idea and if not carried by the road must be carried by the taxpayers. The subject of depreciation has not been referred to but is worthy of a few lines. The bonds will not all mature for 20 years, whereas the paving, tracks, cars and overhead wire will only last about ten years. At the end of ten years, accordingly, the taxpayers will probably be called on to vote about \$1,000,000 worth of more bonds to rehabilitate the road—while \$1,000,000 of the old issue of bonds still remain outstanding.

Respectfully,

—Taxpayer.

A Rock Crusher Under Sentence

Editor Town Talk, Sir: You were in error in saying the city has no rock crusher. There is one out at the County Jail. It was once used to crush rock for the city, but in some mysterious

way it wandered out to the County Jail there to fall into desuetude. For awhile when Tom Finn was sheriff he used it as an appliance for the exercising of prisoners who had taken on too much flesh. I have heard it suggested that perhaps it was sentenced to the County Jail for an indefinite term for having interfered with the business of some contractor who needed the money to be made by crushing rock for the city. Cannot something be done for this neglected rock crusher? I would suggest that you use your influence to get it pardoned and have it restored to full citizenship. Why not bring it to the attention of our vigilant Mayor. Perhaps he may be induced to extend his glad hand to the crusher and welcome it back to the job.

Yours truly,

—A Former Deputy Sheriff.

Alias Suffragettes

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: I notice that the Saturday Review of London calls the wrecking suffragettes "franchise furies" which isn't half bad. I prefer to call suffragettes "the sexually unemployed."

Yours truly,

—Silurian.

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

Crete Now With Greece

The withdrawal of the ships of the protecting Powers stationed in Cretan waters marks the final step in the reunion of Crete with Greece. The struggle has taken eighty-five years. From the days of the Greek war of independence to 1898 there was a perpetual insurrection on the island. The Graeco-Turk war of 1897 was over Crete, but the rescue of the island from the Ottomans came only with the intervention of the Powers in 1898. For fifteen years Crete has been a problem for Great Britain, Russia, France and Italy, the protecting Powers. The people of Crete have demanded union with Greece. The Greeks have clamored for a recognition by Greece of Cretans sent to Athens to sit in the Greek Parliament. But under the menace of the Powers Greece has declined to admit them. As for the Powers, their sympathy with the Cretans was clear, but the necessity for saving Turkish prestige and preventing a crisis in the Eastern Question has compelled them to hold Crete apart from Greece. From this difficult situation the present war has relieved the protecting Powers and it is clear they do not mean to wait for peace to make their escape. Cretan soldiers are serving under the Greek flag in Macedonia. The people of Crete are all Hellenic by race and language and only a few are Mohammedans.

Dancing in the Nude

The latest development of high terpsichorean art in Paris is dancing in the nude. This has been done by Mlle. Adoree Villany. Naturally the critics played on this artist's name. Some said her dancing in the nude was adorable; others that it was villainous. But the supreme critic in such matters is M. Lepine, the Chief of Police. He stopped the performance, even

if it did take place at the Comedie Royale. "Could anything be more heart-breaking?" said Adoree. "I expected the Parisian authorities to show a higher appreciation of pure art." The interviewer asked if she didn't mean art in puris naturalibus, but Adoree said he was flippant. "When first I appear on the stage," she continued, "there is a general lifting of opera glasses among the audience, but after a few seconds all attention is concentrated on my dancing." It is thought that she flatters herself. She vows she'll keep it up, police or no police.

German Students Drink Milk

Bonn is one of the great universities of Germany. The Kaiser was a student there, and so was von Bethmann-Hollweg, the imperial chancellor. The old traditions are strong at Bonn, but they are breaking down. The students who used to consume enormous quantities of beer are now drinking a great deal of milk. The students at Bonn petitioned the university authorities the other day for the erection of another milk shop on the university premises. The consumption of alcohol among the students goes on but it is along more sensible and therefore more enjoyable lines. The old Bonn men who visit the university are astonished at the change, but they cannot truthfully say that the greater temperance has decreased the joie de vivre among the students.

Italy Bans Lotteries

The last Italian lottery drawing has taken place. Italy has followed the lead of England and France in banishing government authorized lotteries. The officially recognized lottery is nevertheless slow in disappearing. Spain, Austria, Holland, Prussia and Argentina run lotteries

and tickets are eagerly bought. The profits of the Italian lottery have been very large. During 1907-8 the gross receipts of the Italian lottery amounted to \$16,800,000 of which \$8,000,000 was distributed in prizes, leaving \$8,680,000 profit to the government after the expenses of running had been deducted. Several thousand tickets for the last Italian drawing were lost in the Titanic wreck. They had been bought by Italians living in the United States.

Typhoid Mastered in Army

Report of the remarkable results obtained by the use of anti-typhoid vaccine in the United States Army was made by Major F. F. Russell of the Army Medical Corps in an address before the Harvey Society at the Academy of Medicine, New York. In Jacksonville, in 1898, there were more than 1,000 cases of typhoid fever among 10,000 troops, and the mortality was very high, 87 per cent of the total deaths being due to typhoid. In 1912, the first year of compulsory anti-typhoid inoculation in the army, out of an army force of 58,000 men there were only fifteen cases of undoubted typhoid fever, with only two deaths. Dr. Russell says this record is unequaled elsewhere in the world.

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The Last Bus

By Ernest Bliss

"'Ere y'are, sir, last 'bus for Brixton," shouted the hoarse conductor of the motor-'bus.

It was considerably past midnight and I had no more idea of going to Brixton than to Timbuctoo or Saskachewan, but I was in a restless peregrinating frame of mind, so I boarded the 'bus. Had its destination been Piccadilly or Pimlico I should have boarded it just the same.

"Jest room for one, sir," said the conductor, as he shouldered me in. Ting, ting!

I promptly filled the vacant seat—in fact, I may say I more than filled it—and curiously surveyed my fellow passengers.

They were just the heterogeneous miscellany of mortals one would expect to see in a Brixton 'bus and nowhere else. Had I contemplated the same assembly in their mid-day demeanor I should have deemed them commonplace and uninteresting, but the glamour of midnight was upon them—possibly upon myself—and under its spell, four-and-twenty prosaic persons were metamorphosed to four-and-twenty interesting individuals. My neighbor on my immediate right claimed my first attention. He was abundantly charged with the spirits of midnight—to say nothing of other spirits, and had reached the somnolent stage of inebriety. He appeared to resent my intrusion and gazed into my face with a glassy stare. Then he looked out of the window and a worried expression came over his face.

"Blest 'f I know where we are," he maundered. Then I received a violent prog in the ribs. "'Scuse me, ol' chap, can you tell me is thish Piccadilly or—Thursday?"

The question took a little sorting out: for the moment I was at a loss for a pertinent reply, the next moment he was asleep.

His companion, who was still further advanced in somnolence, momentarily lapsed into comparative wakefulness.

"Wha'll y' have, old chap?" he blithered. His friend instinctively responded to the invitation.

"Sco'ch an' soda," he murmured. Then they both dropped off to sleep, and in their minds the abstract drink took concrete form.

Presently the question was repeated: "Wha'll y' have, Dick, ol' f'ller?"

Dick shook his head invertebrately.

"No, thanks, ol' chap, I won' have another. As a marrer o' fac', I didn't really want the last," he virtuously gurgled.

"Westminster Bridge," announced the conductor. My eyes then fell upon a portly matron and an attractive girl of the romantic age, in the conductor's corner of the 'bus.

The girl was intently studying a program; from that and the snatches of conversation which reached my ears, I gathered that they had been to the theatre.

The daughter was enraptured and enthusiastic in retrospection of the play she had witnessed; her mother was cold and emotionless as became one to whom playgoing was no novelty.

"Wasn't the Prince a pet, Ma?" rhapsodized the maiden.

"Umps," responded her Ma, coldly.

"He looked for all the world like a real prince, didn't he, Ma?"

"Lor', 'Etty, how you do run on!" exclaimed her mother, testily. "When you've been to the theayter as often as what I 'ave"—this in loud tones—"you won't carry on like a silly ninny about the 'ero. Bless yer life, he's only a man, same as what your Pa is."

The girl pouted. "Oh, Ma, he wasn't a bit like Pa. I had a good look at him through the glasses, he had the loveliest long eyelashes you ever saw."

"Tchut! tchut! 'Ansom is as 'ansom does! I expect, if we only knew the truth, he comes 'ome tipsy every night and ill-treats 'is pore wife shockin', same as all actors do. I know 'em, dear, yer can't tell me!"

She clasped her hands across her ample waist and wagged her head disparagingly.

Hetty expressed indignant incredulity. Then her eyes strayed to the other end of the 'bus. Her gaze was there arrested, and a look of delighted surprise came into her eyes.

I followed her gaze. The object of her interest was a pale young man seated in the far corner.

He was wrapt in reverie and appeared oblivious to his surroundings.

The edge of his collar was lined with greasepaint, so it needed not the intuition of a Sherlock Holmes to deduce his calling.

Ma, by this time, was dozing, but was rudely awakened by a strenuous nudge from her daughter.

"Lor' bless the child, what is it now?" she snapped.

"Look, look! It's him!" exclaimed the maiden, rapturously.

Ma looked around vaguely but saw nothing to arouse her interest.

"What a erritin' child you are to be sure, 'Etty, she exclaimed querulously. Who's 'im?"

"The Prince, Ma, the Prince!—the hero," answered the girl, still vigorously using her elbows.

In spite of her assumed indifference, the lady scrutinized the face of the actor with interest.

"Lor', I do believe it is," she agreed.

Two pairs of scrutinizing eyes were then fixed upon the blissfully unconscious "Prince."

"Oh, Ma, isn't he a dream?" enthused the girl. "Should you think he's married?"

Ma sniffed. "I expect he's got lots of wives, like all actors have," she retorted, sourly.

"Oh, don't I wish I was one of them," gushed her daughter, casting languishing eyes in his direction.

"Kennington Gate," shouted the conductor.

I should certainly not have listed to the lovers' quarrel which reached my ears from the left, but I was out for "copy," with eyes to see and ears to hear, and I made a point of using them.

He was a typical Brixtonian, she seemed a cut above him, and would not have looked out of place even in West Kensington.

"It isn't good enough, Flo," I heard him protest; "it's got to be me or him, and that's all about it. I don't intend to play second fiddle to anyone."

The girl handed him the frigid eye and froze him with a look.

"Second fiddle, indeed," she scornfully retorted.

"You ought to think yourself jolly lucky to be in the band at all."

The withered one's reply was drowned by loud voices which reached my ears from the opposite side.

"It's all a bloomin' swindle, that's wot I sez!" came from a burly artisan.

"Well, I dunno, I'm sure," replied his companion; "ten bob a week ain't to be sneezed at when ye'r laid up, with all your doctorin' shoved in, that's what I thinks abart it."

"Yus, that's if yer gets it," sneered the other. "It's all a bloomin' 'oax, that's wot it is. 'Ere I've paid thruppence a week, wot I might have spent in beer, for the larst six months, and, when I went to see the doctor the first day I got the pink ticket, d'ye think he'd give me a sustifit? Not 'im!"

"Well, there don't look much the matter wiv yer, Bill," replied his mate.

"'Yus, that's just wot 'e said, but I tell yer, I was feelin' rotten queer."

"Can yer eat orlright?" sez the doctor.

"'Yus,' sez I, 'my happytite ain't so bad.'

"Can yer drink orlright?" sez 'e.

"'Yus,' sez I, 'I ain't got nothin' to complain of abart that.'"

"Well, wot's the matter wiv yer?" 'e sez.

"I dunno, guvner," I sez, 'but I ain't wot I ort to be, not by long chorks. I eats and I drinks and smokes and sleeps as well as wot I ever did, but the very sight of a bit of work sets me all of a tremble. It ain't right, is it, Doctor,' I sez. 'Wot I wants is a 'oliday.'"

"Well, I wouldn't be surprised if yer 'ad one afore long," 'e sez.

"Wot abart Lord Gorge's ten bob, guvner?" I sez.

"'Nothin' abart it,' sez 'e—'good night,' and that was orl I could get out of 'im after payin' thruppence a week and licking narsty stamps every Sat'day for six months.

"Lord Gorge, bah!" He expectorated. "It's a pity they don't send the bloomin' Welshman back to Wiltshire."

"'Ear, 'ear," agreed a husky voice from the other end of the 'bus.

Here the 'bus stopped; we had reached our destination. All alighted but my convivial friends of the midnight spirit; they slept on.

The conductor shook them vigorously by the shoulders.

"Wha'll y' have, Dick?" asked one.

"Sco'ch soda," responded the other. "Chin, chin, ol' chap!"

They were assisted from the 'bus and I watched their circuitous progress down the street.

One lustily carolled "We won' go home till morning," the other declared in a different key: "I don' care wha' becomes o' me."

The one certainly couldn't, the other obviously didn't—but both were happy.

"It's a rum world, ain't it?" philosophized the conductor, jerking his thumb in their direction. "Some of us' as all the pleasure in life, others 'as all the work. Good night, guvnor." Ting Ting.

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Poems About San Francisco

LXXXIV—SAN FRANCISCO

By John Vance Cheney

("San Francisco," wrote John Vance Cheney when sending the following to Current Literature (it was published in that magazine September, 1906), "San Francisco was a wild flower. She belonged to Nature first, afterward to man. She was untamed and happy. I knew her well, and I have just returned from wandering over the waste place where late she bloomed.")

Who now dare longer trust thy Mother hand?
 So like thee who hadst not another child;
 The favorite flower of all thy Western sand,
 She looked up, Nature, in thy face and smiled,
 Trustful of thee, all-happy in thy care.
 She was thine own, not to be lured away
 Down joyless paths of men. Happy as fair,
 Held to thy heart—that was she yesterday.
 To-day the sea is sobbing her fair name;
 She cannot answer—she that loved thee best,
 That clung to thee till Hell's own shock and flame
 Wrenched her, swept her, from thy forgetting breast.
 Day's darling, playmate of thy wind and sun—
 Mother, what has thou done, what hast thou done!

The Spectator

W. P. Hammon's Latest

Wendell P. Hammon returns to San Francisco with a golden smile upon his face. Hammon is happy, and the inward gratification finds its outward sign in a pleased relaxation of the facial muscles. Wherefore the happiness and the smile? Because W. P. Hammon has just completed the biggest deal of his busy career. There's millions in it. When Hammon went to Europe about one year ago many who did not feel too kindly disposed toward him and his enterprises predicted that he would come a cropper. He has not only flouted the prediction but outdone his own expectations. Contrary to a resolution adopted many years ago Hammon had gone into the oil business. He had induced an English syndicate to take an option on some valuable oil properties. But things went badly in England and the syndicate was in a fair way to let its options lapse, thus leaving Hammon with a bigger proposition on his hands than he felt competent to take care of. Hence his hurried trip to Europe; hence too the gloomy predictions of the envious. But when Hammon returned to New York about two months ago the announcement was made that the big oil deal had gone through. That was one reason for Hammon's happiness. But the golden smile he is displaying in San Francisco is not entirely or chiefly on that account.

An Alaska Bonanza

For many years the late Colonel Sutherland tried to promote a big Alaskan gold mining project in London. He had acquired options on the Perseverance, Cow Creek and other gold claims which are across Juneau Bay from the great Treadwell properties. Colonel Sutherland labored hard but was never able to put the deal through. For some reason or other London capital failed to respond to his overtures. While he was in London on the oil deal Hammon turned his attention to this Alaskan proposition. He managed after considerable work to get the holders of the various claims together and the result was the formation of the Alaska Gold Mines Company. He interested London money in this enterprise, succeeding where Colonel Sutherland had failed.

Part of his success was due to the fact that he had the financial backing of a strong Boston bank. Dan Jackling, the young millionaire who is to make his home in this city, and Bert Holdon, another mining engineer with a reputation in London, were sent to Alaska to examine the properties. Their report was more than favorable; it was enthusiastic. "Forget these Englishmen," was what in effect they told Hammon; "we'll take this proposition ourselves. Why, it's bigger than the Treadwell." But Hammon couldn't do that; he had tied up with the Londoners and refused to turn them down. The result is that the bonds of the corporation have been oversubscribed three or four times. There is \$4,500,000 lying in that Boston bank right now for equipment and development work, and that is only the first installment of twelve millions which will be put into the enterprise. How much Hammon will clean up I don't know. He isn't doing much talking, but that golden-smile won't come off.

Quick Verdict in Damage Suit

One of the daily papers gave a lot of space the other day to the pathetic details of a railroad damage suit in Judge Sturtevant's court. The plaintiff, an aged woman with a fractured hip, had to be borne to the witness stand by her attorney. She was so weak that at times she was on the verge of collapse. One day she was so completely overcome that a trained nurse accompanied her to her chair. This lady was suing for thirty-five thousand dollars damages. I was curious to know what the wind-up of the case was, but if the dailies reported it they gave it such scant notice that it escaped my attention. So I had to seek first-hand information. Much to my astonishment the jury rendered a verdict against the lady. The jury made up its mind in twelve minutes. Now juries don't often do this in damage suits, especially when the plaintiff has an attorney with a sense of drama and no scruple against rigging up theatrical effects to play on the emotions of men. The chances are always greatly in favor of the plaintiff in railroad damage suits, and for that reason railroads always

prefer to compromise than to fight. When they resist it is generally because they believe they are being "gouged." There are attorneys who make a specialty of this sort of business, and in some States they are discouraged by statute. They are known as ambulance chasers in New York where they have men employed to trail the victims of accidents and bargain with them. Usually they agree to take a case for half the sum recovered and hence they are sometimes called half-a-leg lawyers. As this sort of practice is conducive to a zeal somewhat inconsistent with the ethical demands of the legal profession, the law of some States gives the court the power to fix the fee and prohibits attorneys from bargaining for half the leg. This is all by way of explanation of my astonishment at the verdict in the case before Judge Sturtevant which abounded in theatrical effects. I was curious to know how the jury came to ignore the trained nurse and the accentuated feebleness of the plaintiff, and I think I found out.

Exit Nurse

The trained nurse apparition appeared to strike Judge Sturtevant with astonishment. As quick as

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a flash he adjourned court and told counsel he would like to see them in chambers. It turned out that he wanted to see them about that nurse; to learn whether she was regularly employed or only for court purposes. It was confessed that she was not regularly employed, and she was seen no more in court. Perhaps from this circumstance the jury drew certain conclusions. But that was not all. While it was not disputed that the plaintiff had a maimed hip, the preponderance of medical testimony was to the effect that the injury occurred many years before the accident complained of. Indeed the case for the plaintiff was shattered all along the line, and from the testimony it would appear that though the lady may have good cause of action she might have fared better had she sued her surgeon instead of the railroad company. The attorneys for the plaintiff were Sullivan, Sullivan and Roche, who have had great experience in damage suits. William M. Cannon appeared for the defendant.

The Engaging of Dan

Why all this criticism of Danny Ryan for going to Sacramento to represent the insurance combine? The answer to Mr. Ryan's critics is evil to him who evil thinks. The disposition to find fault is too much indulged these days. We ought to spend more of our time finding things to praise. Objects of praise and admiration are not hard to find. In this very matter under discussion, consider the admiration due the insurance men. Now that the government is poking its nose in every man's business it behooves every man to get in close touch with the good and true officers of government. The insurance men have caught on to this fundamental principle. That's why they hired Dan Ryan. True they have a regularly employed attorney, a mighty good lawyer for ordinary routine legal business, but when one has business with the Administration, the pure and unsullied Administration, the thing to do is "get next." This is what the insurance men

have done. I can imagine the meeting of insurance men at which Ryan was engaged.

"Let us get some one close up to Johnson and then we'll be close up to the Legislature," was one of the first suggestions made.

"Good idea!" exclaimed—well, let us say it was Mr. Dutton.

"Why not employ Dan Ryan." I'm sure the speaker was Rolla V. Watt of the Y. M. C. A.

"Who in hell is Ryan?" was perhaps the inquiry of a spectacled individual who never gets out of California street.

It is quite reasonable to suppose that Mr. Watt, or whoever it was that suggested Ryan explained that Danny was attorney for the Harbor Commission thus making the affinity obvious.

My admiration goes out to the insurance men, and I'm glad Mr. Ryan has the job.

Lawyers on the Job

When you have business with the holiest Administration the State has ever known, the supposition is it's half over when you get the right kind of lawyer. If you are unsophisticated in these matters, keep your eyes open, and you'll see the cat jump. When the book trust needed a lawyer a little while ago, did it look around for brains and ability? Did it employ a lawyer who has mastered the technique of his profession? Or did it prefer one who practices law by ear? Judge for yourself. It employed Bill Langdon. When the railroad unscrambling case was before the Railroad Commission who were the lawyers that got the fees? Of course it is not fair to the Administration to assume that an advantage is to be derived from the wise selection of an attorney. But not to be denied is the right of a lawyer to capitalize the friendships he has established as a politician, or the right of a business man to avail himself of a political lawyer's valuable asset. And anyway if your opponent hires a Langdon what's to prevent you from hiring a Ryan? As yet there is no trust in lawyers "close up."

The New Police Commissioner

Be not excited, gentle reader. I am not about to tell you the name of the new Police Commissioner whose attempt it will be to supply the loss we sustained when James Woods of the St. Francis resigned. I am not going to tell you because I don't know. I doubt whether the Mayor knows yet. I am no Ismar—I cannot read the mayoral mind or pierce to the secrets the Mayor holds in petto. But from all I have heard I conclude that the Mayor is in sore perplexity about this matter of a new Police Commissioner. Some little time has passed, and the Police Commission, burdened as rarely before with matters of import, remains lamed for the lack of one of its members. Why? Echo answers, Why? But there is no answer from the Mayor's office. First we heard that Oliver Olson of the firm of Olson and Mahony, a personal friend of the Mayor, was to be appointed. Then the story went that Olson had declined. The name of Doctor Shumate was mentioned. Some said that Frank Maroney was to be the man. But the appointment is still a subject of speculation. If Schmitz or McCarthy had held up so important an appointment this long the newspapers would have taken the roof off the Mayor's office. But Rolph bears a charmed life in this respect.

A Woman Demanded

Part of the Mayor's perplexity—so at least "on dit"—is caused by the insistent demand that a woman be placed on the Police Commission.

This demand comes from a number of militant "deadliars" drawn up before the Mayor in the embattled ranks of civic clubs, uplift organizations and service societies. The ladies (Lord send 'em wisdom) say that the Police Commission is just the place where a woman is needed. Are not women interested in the granting, the withholding and the revoking of liquor licenses? Are not women entitled to a say and a vote in this burning matter of lidding or unlidding the Barbary Coast? Are not women to have their finger in the segregation or scattering of prostitutes? And so on. The women are clamoring for representation. The Mayor is trying to make up his mind on the subject. He is torn by doubts. Personally, my notion of no place for a woman is—on the Police Commission.

Our Advanced Women

I attended a session of the San Francisco Center the other day. The San Francisco Center, I will explain, has nothing to do with geometry. But from it radiates no end of feminine wisdom in matters which our grandmothers and not a few contemporary women folk whom we respect would not be ashamed to be ignorant of. The San Francisco Center is the logical outcome of the enfranchisement of women. It is the female Commonwealth Club of San Francisco. Its purpose is to promote the interchange of ideas for the benefit of mankind. Very well worth attending is a session of the Center, as it enables one to appreciate the progress women are making in affairs that were once thought by man in his arrogance to belong exclusively to his province. Listening to the ladies discussing the municipal clinic, the red light districts, the white slave traffic in terms which but a short time ago no gentleman would use in the presence of a lady, I realized how greatly the sex was indebted for its emancipation to Dr. Aked and its other enlightened champions. Also, I realized the magnitude of the revolution of ideals that had taken place in recent years.

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Exhibit Mary

Not the least important feature of the session I attended was supplied by San Francisco's representatives in the Legislature. I was told they were invited that the women might be able to get an idea of "the nature of the beast." A typical statesman sat through the session with his mouth open. He gave no signs of anything approximating human intelligence. The session was greatly enlivened by Miss Frances Joliffe (pronounced by the chairwoman Sholeefe), enthusiastic propagandist for legislation in behalf of widowed mothers. Miss Joliffe asked permission to present her case, or rather, as she explained after the manner of one practiced in oratory, she desired permission for Mary Doyle to present the matter. The chairwoman told her she was out of order. "Am I to understand that Mary Doyle will not be heard?" demanded Miss Joliffe. One could see that the brilliant dramatic critic was very much in earnest, and that she felt that a matter of the utmost importance depended on Mary Doyle. Consequently Mary loomed up in the mind's eye as a personage of some consequence. But who is Mary Doyle? This was the question of the moment in everybody's mind. Miss Joliffe was told that the day's program was not to be interrupted, but that Mary should be heard later on. She was not at all satisfied, and she withdrew, taking Mary Doyle with her, but not before we learned that Mary was the mother of an extraordinarily large brood of children. She had been brought to the session as an exhibit. Miss Joliffe returned with Mary Doyle, and got her a hearing. But Mary didn't make a hit. The most impressive thing about her was a huge feather. If she had brought her children and left the feather at home her complaint about the difficulties of getting on despite the small sums that she collects every month and the charity doled out to her might have been viewed differently by the women of the Center. But neither Mary nor her talk was conclusive of the crying need of more legislation and the proposal was voted down.

A Reporter as Regent

There was a great deal of interest manifested in the neighborhood of Lotta's Fountain when it became known that Governor Johnson had appointed Edward A. Dickson of Los Angeles to the Board of Regents of the State University to succeed Truxtun Beale. For Dickson is a newspaperman of Los Angeles. It has been usual to appoint men of mature years to the Board of Regents, but Governor Johnson is not a slave to precedent and does not regard Dickson's youth as a handicap. Ed Dickson is a reporter on the Los Angeles Express, E. T. Earl's afternoon paper. He wrote politics for the Express, and when the Lincoln-Roosevelt League was organized Earl allowed Dickson to come to San Francisco for long periods to assist in the work of building up

the reform machine. In fact Dickson has found little time for his newspaper work during the past few years. When Senator Works was elected Dickson accompanied him to Washington as his secretary. He has always been close to Earl, and has frequently voiced Earl's opinion in progressive councils. He was very busy in the Bull Moose headquarters at the time Roosevelt and his followers bolted the Republican convention. Dickson was always an aggressive newspaperman and during one session of the Legislature which he covered for the Express he was assaulted by Senator "Bill" Savage of San Pedro, the self-styled "Apache" of the Legislature, for an article he had written. Dickson takes his place on the Board of Regents with much older men, no doubt because the Governor wants some young blood injected into its deliberations.

Napoleon's Son

It is not at all unusual for the daily papers to "play up" stories which have first of all appeared in these columns. The latest instance occurred Monday when the papers devoted considerable space to Curator Barron's statement that Napol-

**DR. HARVEY W. WILEY**

Who will talk on pure food on March 19 and 21 at Scottish Rite Auditorium.

eon Bonaparte had a natural son who worked in this city as a jeweler. The story did not create the sensation intended, because it was known by that large section of the public which reads these columns. I published the story in the issue of March 16, 1912, on the authority of Dr. W. F. McNutt. Curator Barron of the Park Museum told the people who attended the Laurel Hill meeting that in his cups John Gordon struck the favorite pose of his father and that at such times his resemblance to the portraits of the Emperor was most striking. I wonder where he gathered that information? And I should like to know by what means the Laurel Hill people are going to prove where Gordon-Bonaparte's body lies.

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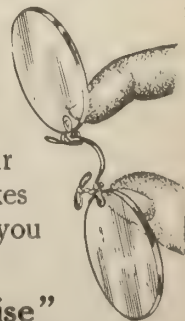
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They claim to have located the burial plot through the circumstance of its not being marked. A sort of "lucus a non lucendo."

Anna Lane, Wednesday Night

Tell me, pal, is it like the old?
The good old place we knew?
I didn't have to loaf in the cold
When that old place was new.

But times have changed and it's mighty rare
That I get to the opera now;
Why, I ain't heard that Mobile air
Since the night Tet made her bow!

No taxis then, and we weren't swell
With jewels and dresses bright;
There was much more garlic than perfume to
smell
In the old tune-house that night!

But the spirit was there—and I guess at that
The spirit ain't changed a bit;
But a new crowd sits where we dead ones sat—
Do they stamp when the tenor's a hit?

Did they holler "brava!" and cry their "bis"
When Louise let out her voice?
But of course they did; a crowd like this
Knows when the singing's choice.

Yes, it's pretty tough to be stony broke
On a night like this has been,
And to hang around, a seedy bloke,
On the outside rubberin' in.

But before they go you'll see me there;
I can make the price, I think;
Enough at least for a gallery chair—
Sure! I'll take a drink.

Young's History

A history of San Francisco from the day of its discovery down to the present year, a history that traces the growth of the city and describes the manifold activities of its citizens, and pictures all the varied phases of life in the evolution of the village, town and metropolis—this is what John P. Young has given us in two beautiful volumes that are fine specimens of the printer's art. There is no man in San Francisco better qualified for the task that Mr. Young has performed. He is a veteran journalist not only of San Francisco but of the United States. In all this country there is not to be found a man who has occupied the position of managing editor of a daily newspaper for the length of time that John P. Young has guided the destinies of the Chronicle. He has been actively engaged in the newspaper business in this city

since 1877. During nearly all of that period he has had supervision of the history for each day of the world in which he lived. And now he has given us a vivid compilation of all the data touching the important vicissitudes of that world together with the information gathered from many sources of the transactions and incidents of former times, not merely of the extraordinary events, but of the business of every day life that reflects light on the successive advances of the community. It is said that men who make history have not time to write it. This is not true of John P. Young, for he has had something to do with the making of history in San Francisco. Yet as a historian it is evident that he aims to be just and impartial. If there is any fault to be found with his history it is that he has not been as exact as he might have been. There are some evidences of great hurry in this important work, as for example, when he tells us that Dave Scannel was killed on the morning of the earthquake. This was of course a slip of the pen, but how singular it was not caught in the "proof!" And there are other inaccuracies of like character. It is also evident that Mr. Young was too ready to accept versions of stirring affairs given by historians of their period. If he had delved more deeply into the motives of the leading figures of the Vigilante days and studied the psychology of the uprising and the mainsprings of conduct he might have changed his viewpoint. It is in dealing with affairs of his own time that Mr. Young does his best work, though, to be sure his judgment will not always be approved by people who participated in some of the stirring events. His analysis of the A. P. A. movement will surely not escape criticism, nor his account of the Graft Prosecution. But in a work of so much excellence it is not the unbiased critic who will search for flaws. Mr. Young has written a complete history, a valuable book of reference, compact of information touching all matters industrial, political, social and financial which have influenced the growth and character of this community.

An Enthusiastic Guggenheim

It's too bad Isaac Guggenheim came to San Francisco so late in life. This great captain of industry who was here last week is probably the most enthusiastic eulogist we ever had. A discriminating critic is Mr. Guggenheim. Northern California for him. "I haven't seen it all," he said, "but what I've seen makes me eager to see more. I'm coming back. If I were a little younger I'd come right back bag and baggage and spend the rest of my life here." We need a few Guggenheims hereabouts. It was at the Bohemian Club that the copper magnate went into raptures over San Francisco. He was en-

tertained there at a luncheon last Saturday. Dr. Walter B. Coffey was the host, and among the guests were Mr. M. H. De Young, E. O. McCormick, I. W. Hellman Jr., Thornwell Mullally, William M. Abbott, J. C. Wilson and David Rich. Dr. Coffey and Isaac Guggenheim are old and intimate friends.

Why "Cam" Is Strong

Washington despatches convey the news that Senator Caminetti of Amador may pluck one of the big plums from the Democratic patronage tree. He is spoken of as the likely successor of Daniel J. Keefe, Commissioner-General of Immigration. It is not generally known that "Cam" rendered a great service to Woodrow Wilson during the presidential campaign. It was "Cam" who removed the prejudice against Wilson from the minds of the Italian voters of the country. A great deal of attention had been drawn to the language Wilson used about Italian immigrants in his history of the United States, and the result was a widespread hostility to Wilson among voters of Italian birth. Caminetti, being an Italian and a handy writer of the language, was selected by the national campaign committee to write an article which would remove this dangerous prejudice. "Cam" wrote a clever article in which he proved that Wilson's slurring words were not as bad as they sounded. The article was published in every Italian paper in the United States, and Wilson is of the opinion that it won him the Italian vote.

He Was "Cleaned"

His name had better be kept out of this. But he's a well known young man, son-in-law to a multimillionaire of the East whose name is a household word. On the boulevards of Paris, about Piccadilly Circus and on Broadway the spenders who never go broke because there is always more where the rest came from call him by his first name and consider him one of them. He knows the ropes and never bought a gold brick. But he admits with a rueful countenance that he was "trimmed" in San Francisco. It happened only the other day, and he has been telling the story to some of his local intimates. In the lobby of one of the big hotels he met a young woman of faultless costuming and ravish-

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ing beauty. So at least he describes her, and he is considered a judge in such matters. Nobody introduced them; they just met. One word led to another, and of course they discovered that they had many tastes in common. One of them was a taste (or should I say thirst?) for those pretty clover leaf cocktails that slide down like cream and diffuse a glow that paints the world in soft appealing pastel tones. He suggested that they have one. "But not here," said the charming girl; "I am too well known, and it would never do if mother heard that I had been drinking in public." He rather liked this delicate discretion, so they went around the corner to a nice place and drew the curtains of a cabinet particulier. After the third clover leaf he proposed dinner, for she was really very charming and cultivated and he was fascinated with her conversation and pretty ways. She excused herself to telephone to mother. The rest is bromidic. She never came back. And with her went his wallet (bursting with yellow bills), his watch and chain and his favorite diamond scarf pin. Did he report it to the police? I should say not!

Force of Habit

John Morrissey who up till recently was local manager of the Orpheum, walked into the Columbia the other night puffing vigorously at a fragrant Partagas. The doorkeeper looked at him in surprise and the head usher was by his side in a moment. "You are smoking, Mr. Morrissey," said the head usher. "What of it?" asked John. "It's against the rules," explained the head usher. "What!" exclaimed John. And then: "By Jove, do you know, I thought I was walking into the Orpheum!"

The "Alameda" Trip to the Canal

The trip of the "Alameda" to Panama is exciting interest in so many directions that the management have been compelled to make many unlooked for preparations to take care of the pet hobbies of the excursionists. Mrs. Coryell is sending her head gardener to Panama who will spend all of his time gathering rare species of

orchids. In the jungle just outside the Canal Zone orchids grow wild in the tropical growth and many rare specimens are to be obtained. The Coryell orchids are famous for their beauty and culture and horticulturists are awaiting with keen interest the result of the hunt of the Coryell gardener at Panama. Several of our young bloods who are making the trip, have sent their autos down with their chauffeurs on the slow boats going to the Isthmus, with directions to have the machines tuned up and ready for use by the time the "Alameda" arrives. Hotel accommodations have already been arranged for the party, and with the official ball which will be given on the Saturday night of the "Alameda's" stay at Panama, the four days' visit of our San Franciscans promises to be one not soon to be forgotten from a social standpoint as well as having afforded the last opportunity of viewing the wonderful engineering work before the water is turned in. Bob Fowler, the well known aviator, is taking his new aeroboat on the "Alameda" and intends to be the first aviator to cross the Isthmus. As Fowler's machine is primarily a boat he will make several landings while the water is in the canal and the "Alameda" will claim the distinction of sending the first small boat through the canal.

Collis Peddled Clocks

Like John Muir, the great naturalist, and the father of Joaquin Miller, Collis P. Huntington once kept the wolf from the door by working as a clock peddler. The story is told in the New York World which says that General Rufus Ayers, former Attorney-General of Virginia, has in his home at Big Stone Gap a grandfather clock which was peddled by Collis. I don't know whether it is still running; neither do I know whether it is for sale, but if it is, I shouldn't be surprised if Colonel Charles Mifflin Hammond of Clear Lake makes an effort to add it to his wonderful collection. But as to the history of this clock: More than sixty years ago, before the era of railroads in Virginia Collis P. Huntington, then a young and enterprising Yankee, engaged

in peddling clocks through the Southland and on one of his trips sold this clock to a farmer living across the Virginia line in Tennessee. It was the custom at that time to sell such articles on a credit of one year. The peddler would go on his rounds making sales, and on the return trip a year later would collect for previous sales. When Huntington returned a year later to collect for this clock, now owned by General Ayers, the old farmer did not have the cash to pay him; so Huntington proposed to take four head of fine beef cattle in settlement. The farmer readily agreed, but he could not understand why Huntington should accept the cattle, since there was no market for them at the place. But Huntington hired a man to accompany him and drive the cattle to Rogersville, Tenn., which was a stopping place for the stage lines running north and south at that time, and there he sold them to the innkeeper. "I didn't lose anything on the transaction," said Huntington, "for I sold the cattle for enough to pay for the clock and the hire of the man to drive them."

Dainty Souvenirs at Techau's

A dainty little souvenir which will be greatly appreciated by the lady patrons of Techau Tavern is the Aubrey Sisters' Beautifier which will be presented to each lady on Saturday, March 15. Great interest is manifested by the ladies in the magnificent \$1000 sealskin coat which the management of the Tavern has ordered from the well known fur house of H. Liebes & Co. of 167 Post street, and which will be presented to some lady patron of the cafe at a future date to be announced in these columns. This beautiful garment will soon be on exhibition at the cafe.

Said Sir Gorgius Midas to a very minor poet, with insane condescension: "Well, Stiffkins, still writing poetry?"

"Yes, Sir Gorgius," responded the bard, "must keep the wolf from the door, you know."

"Ah," said the magnate, "I suppose you read it to the wolf."



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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Spinsters' and Holluschickie

Agnes Tillman who is spending this year in Europe is the only remaining member of the Spinsters' Club that was organized with so much gusto by a bevy of society buds two or three winters ago. The others have succumbed to the lure of matrimony in spite of their sworn fealty to the constitution and by-laws of the club. The last one to hoist the white flag of surrender before Agnes Tillman's departure was Dorothy Van Sicklen who married Dr. Edward Lyman and who is now in Munich. With only one remaining the Spinsters' Club may be properly considered defunct. The same process of disintegration has been going on in the Holluschickie Club for the past year and its appellation is fast becoming a misnomer. In the parlance of the Alaskan frontier the Holluschickies are the bachelor seals, and when the exclusive club of young men was organized in San Francisco it was the intention of the members to conform to the demands of the name. But the announcement of the engagement of Isaac Upham to Olga Temohovich emphasises the fact that the Holluschickies will shortly be masquerading under a false title. Isaac Upham is the fifth member to announce his intention of forsaking the joys of bachelorhood, and rumor hath it that one other is about to follow in his footsteps. Frederick Harvey whose engagement was recently announced to Anna Miller Wood of Boston is a member of the club; Mathew Harris is another "Bachelor Seal" who will soon desert the ranks as his marriage with Mrs. Nellie Van Arsdale will take place within a few months. Peter Blanchard and Arthur Bowles are the two other members of the club that are engaged. It seems quite as difficult for men to remain single as for

the girls—after they have pledged themselves to celibacy.

A Sextet and Cupid

A season or so ago there was a sextet of girls who could be counted on to spend a great deal of time in one another's company. These were Mary Keeney, Florence Hopkins, Helene Irwin, Jeanne Gallois, Marian Newhall and Marian Zeile. There was a strong bond of friendship holding this half dozen of charmers together, a bond which has not been broken though Cupid has loosened it somewhat. When girls marry they cannot find as much time for one another's company as when they were fancy free and without husbands to take care of. Mary Keeney became Mrs. Talbot Walker; Florence Hopkins became Mrs. Cheever Cowdin; Helene Irwin became Mrs. Templeton Crocker; and now Jeanne Gallois is to change her name to Mrs. Horace Hill. There remain of the sextet only the two Maid Marians, Miss Newhall and Miss Zeile. The question is, When will these two plight their troths? It will be soon, mark my word.

Our Inactive Young Matrons

And by the way, the traditions of the Hopkins family are being violated by the social inactivity of its most recent bride, Mrs. John Cheever Cowdin. As a "bunch of brides," Mrs. Will Taylor, Mrs. Fred McNear and Mrs. Gus Taylor continued the lively career that had marked their course from their debutante days to the time of their marriage with hardly a break for the honeymoon. The Burlingame set has always looked to them as the motive power of its gayety, and it was predicted at the time of her brilliant wedding that Florence would take her place with them as one of society's most vivacious matrons. Instead of this she has been seen nowhere this winter. She has attended not a single Bachelor and Bendedick Assembly nor the Cinderella Ball, and was most inconspicuous at the Mardi Gras. She has given up golf and lost her enthusiasm for polo and entertains most infrequently. Which suggests the query, Where are the buds of yesterday? Mrs. Templeton Crocker is the only bride of the large coterie of girls who have married in the past two seasons who has kept her place in the front rank of things social since her wedding. How seldom one sees Mrs. Talbot Walker or Mrs. Christian de Guigne (Marie Louise Elkins) or Mrs. Paul Foster (Margaret Calhoun), and now Mrs. Willard Chamberlin who as dashing Innes Keeney was the life of her set has taken a house in the country and announced her intention of giving up society. If the smart set were dependant upon its brides for entertainment the season would have been a dull one.

The Charity Ball

The big affair of the Post-Lenten season will be the Charity Ball. This will be the smartest subscription dance of the year, and everybody who is anybody in society will be there. The exclusive set of the city and the exclusive set of the peninsula will be fully represented. Burlingame is to turn out in all its glory. Already plans have been laid for a number of very smart

dinner parties on the night of the Charity Ball. Mrs. Fred Kohl will give a dinner for the debutantes who will all be at the Charity Ball. Mrs. Folger will be another dinner hostess, taking her guests to the Charity Ball afterwards. The success of this affair is already assured, and there is going to be an interesting crush. The Charity Ball will be given for the benefit of the Catholic Humane Bureau. This is one of the most deserving institutions of charity in our midst, and under the able presidency of Mrs. Garret McEnerney its affairs have been splendidly managed. It is one of the largest institutions in the State. It has under its care about six hundred children, Catholic and non-Catholic, and it expends for the maintenance and relief of these little ones between five and six hundred dollars per month over and above the allowance received from the State and County. The Charity Ball is given to meet this expenditure. Tickets including supper are five dollars. They may be procured from any of the patronesses or at the office of the Catholic Humane Bureau in the Callaghan Building, 1112 Market street above McAllister.

Patronesses and Box Holders

A list of the patronesses will indicate what a swagger function this Charity Ball will be. Their names stand for exclusiveness, and an affair which they have charge of is sure to be smartly conducted. The patronesses are: the Mesdames C. Frederick Kohl, Jos. A. Donohoe, Templeton Crocker, J. G. Hooper, C. W.

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To Become a Citizen

Dr. James Eaves, the young English physician who is to marry the beautiful and attractive

daughter of the Reverend Bradford Leavitt, has signified his intention of becoming an American citizen. The credit for this must be given to Helen Leavitt who was anxious that her husband-to-be should become a subject of Uncle Sam and who found little difficulty in persuading him to renounce his allegiance to King George. Dr. Eaves is lecturing at the Cooper Medical College, but will soon relinquish his chair there to enter on private practice.

One Blonde in the Party

By the way, Helen Leavitt who is a blonde had intended to have only brunettes in her wedding party, thus assuring an artistic and striking contrast. The girls she picked for bridesmaids were Esperance Ghirardelli, Marjorie Smith and Helen Elizabeth Cowles. These three are pronounced brunettes, and so are the matrons of honor, Mrs. Alanson Weeks and Mrs. Harold Casey. But unfortunately the quintet of brunettes has been broken. Mrs. Thomas Magee, the aunt of Helen Cowles, is so ill that the belle has felt the necessity of withdrawing from the wedding party. Her place will be taken by Gertrude Davis who is a blonde, like the bride-elect.

Vesta Returns

That was a great dancing party given in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Haig Patigian at the home of the Edgar Peixottos last week. The returned travelers were greeted by a houseful of their dearest friends, and the merriment lasted till three in the morning. The great surprise of the occasion was the appearance of Major and Mrs. Harry Davis. Few of the old friends of Mrs. Davis were aware that she had returned to San Francisco, and they were delighted to see her again. Mrs. Harry Davis is of course Vesta Shortridge Bruguere Davis. She returns more beautiful, more vivacious and wittier than ever. And she is radiantly happy in her second marriage. Major Davis who is connected with the Marine Corps is devoted to his charming wife, and his charming wife is just as devoted to him, if not more so. They are not going to stay in San Francisco, much to the regret of Mrs. Davis' many friends. Major Davis has been ordered to the Philippines, and Mrs. Davis will accompany him. But during their stay here all of Mrs. Davis' old friendships have been revived, and she has been the motif for a round of entertainments.

The Amateur Chauffeur

How would you like to descend to chauffeur's rating in the appraisal of your lady love? Not very agreeable, say you? So thinks a certain youth about town who knows whereof he thinks. This young man has a responsible position with one of the big firms along Automobile Row. He has also a position in society which makes it possible for him to aspire to the affections of one of our most charming belles. The other afternoon a young lady who had bought a big car from him telephoned to the office. Her chauffeur was indisposed, so would he kindly send a man to drive her car as she had calls to make? There was no man to send, so he volunteered to go himself. It was perfectly sweet of him, she gurgled, so he felt amply paid in advance. But horrors! the first call she made was to the home of his lady fair! There he sat at the wheel, chauffeurishly accoutered in leathers,

What every woman knows—a dainty satin-covered, egg-shaped box filled with sweets is the most delightful Easter remembrance to give or to receive. At Geo. Haas & Sons' four Candy Stores.

(Advertisement)

while she tripped up the steps and rang. But he was not discovered until the call was over, and his lady love came down the steps with her caller. Lady love recognized him, gave him an icy stare and returned to the house. No more amateur chauffeuring for him. He hasn't mustered the courage yet to call and explain that he is not an ordinary chauffeur. He's a afraid when he tells her, "I don't belong to the union; I'm only a volunteer," she won't believe him.

Miss Carlisle's Success

Few visiting artists won more friends in San Francisco than Miss Mary Helen Carlisle who visited and painted here about a year ago. Those who succumbed to the charm of her personality and high talents will be pleased to learn that she has achieved a great success; and they will be interested to learn that the success was directly due to an idea which came to Miss Carlisle while she was staying in California. Miss Carlisle's success has been achieved by painting the great gardens of England. Her garden pictures were the admiration of artistic London; now they are the admiration of artistic New York. If it hadn't been for her visit to California, Miss Carlisle might still be living on her reputation as a portrait painter and miniaturist, instead of winning celebrity by conquering still another field. While she was here Miss Carlisle painted landscapes in which our rich wild flowers were the dominant note. Then she conceived the idea of painting our landscape gardens. Miss Carlisle was a guest at several of the palatial country homes down the peninsula, and was full of praise for the beauty of the cultivated estates. So she painted them, and painted them charmingly. It was a new fad for Mrs. Carolan, Mrs. De Sabla, Mrs. Charlie Clark and the rest, and she had invitations to paint nearly all of the great gardens of this section.

A Hit in London

When Miss Carlisle left here she gave an exhibition of these garden paintings in London. They were an immediate success. The King and Queen had some of the pictures sent to Buckingham Palace for their inspection. I leave it to Mrs. Carolan, Mrs. De Sabla, Mrs. Clark and so on to decide among themselves which received the most praise when royalty gazed at the painted presentment of their flower beds. All London

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went to Miss Carlisle's exhibition, and she was asked to paint English gardens. Among those interested was Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, who gave to Miss Carlisle a list of gardens that she considered particularly beautiful, and moreover, aided the artist in obtaining permission from the owners to visit them. The gardens at Chatsworth, the Duke of Devonshire's splendid seat, for instance, are not among the portions of the estate shown to the public, but Miss Carlisle was enabled to work in them. The garden of Holland House, Kensington, is another sacrosanct place which she was permitted to reproduce on canvas, and there are a number of other gardens equally jealously guarded to



CLARA BUTT

The world's greatest contralto who will appear at the Cort Theatre March 30 and April 6.

which she obtained access. She went last summer all over the country in a motor car, visiting one lovely garden after another. Among the gardens Miss Carlisle painted are some belonging to King George, Princess Louise, the Dukes of Norfolk, Marlborough, Rutland, Sutherland, Devonshire, Portland, and Newcastle, Evelyn, Duchess of Wellington, the Marquis of Salisbury, the Marquis of Northampton, the Earls of Warwick, Northbrook, Normanton, and Desart, Lord Montagu de Beaulieu, Lord de L'Isle and Dudley, Lord Northcliffe, Lord Savile, Lord Sackville, Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, W. W. Astor, and Leopold de Rothschild. These paintings are now being shown in New York.

An Unexpected Meeting

When "Bud" Havens was in New York with his second bride, pretty Estelle Houghton, he stopped at the Knickerbocker. The day of their arrival bride and groom entered the dining room together, the picture of matrimonial bliss. But

the look of happiness went out of "Bud's" face almost before the steward of the dining room had a chance to make his obeisance. For the first eyes that "Bud" looked into in that dining room were the bright eyes of his first wife, Hope Cheney Havens. Then "Bud" looked the other way, and went silently to his table.

The Kohler and Chase Matinee

At the Music Matinee in Kohler & Chase Hall this Saturday afternoon Robert M. Battison, tenor, will be the soloist. Mr. Battison is well and favorably known as one of our foremost church and concert singers. He will sing an aria from La Boheme and a group of songs including works by Massenet and Flotow. There will be a series of instrumental compositions interpreted on the Pianola Piano and the Aeolian Pipe Organ. These will include the Second Hungarian Dance by Brahms and Debussy's famous Prelude entitled An Afternoon of a Faun.

Where All Are Pleased

Some afternoon when you are weary and worn from shopping and are in search of mental and physical relaxation, drop in at Tait-Zinkand Cafe and while away an hour or so. Many diverting and pleasing happenings are seen every day in this popular cafe and those who seek amusement within its beautiful and restful confines are always sure of being pleased. And some noon time, when

you are not really hungry but think you should eat something stop in Tait's and try the special luncheon at 50 cents. Before you are half through it you'll know that you really are hungry, so appetizing and dainty is the food served. This special luncheon is a daily event from 11:30 till 2 and there is always good music and entertainment accompanying it.

In the Social Spotlight

The Hotel Oakland bulletin for this week included: Tuesday—Convention of California State Retail Hardware Association. Smoker for delegates. One hundred and fifty were present. South room card party, one hundred guests, given by Mrs. C. F. Smith and Mrs. A. A. Long. Ad Club luncheon. Wednesday—Hardware convention and theatre party. Thursday—Hardware convention banquet. Lumbermen's banquet in English room. Rotary Club luncheon. Dinner to hotel men of Oakland by Victor Reiter, manager of Hotel Oakland. Friday—Phi Sigma dance in ivory ball room, five hundred present. Saturday—Banquet of Swedish society in south room. Sunday—Concert by Columbia Park boys in ivory ball room at 8:15 p. m. Public invited.

H. B. Allen, Mrs. D. Allen, Mrs. F. W. Bridge and Miss W. Bridge motored from San Francisco via Los Gatos into Santa Cruz, over the mountains and to Del Monte this week. Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Martin who have been spending the winter at Del Monte motored to Santa Cruz and the Big Trees last week. They were accompanied by Miss Flora Low and Miss Ella Morgan. Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. J. B. Crockett of Burlingame, Mrs. R. Wilson of San Francisco and Mrs. Wendele Baker of New York are spending the week-end at Del Monte. The full dress parade at the Presidio of Monterey is becoming quite a society affair. On the porch of the Officers' Club may be seen many beautifully gowned

women, while the roads surrounding the parade grounds are lined with machines. It is really a beautiful sight and one well worth seeing. Among those who were there last week were Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Backus, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Jones of Tacoma, Mrs. Arthur Dunn and Mrs. Ryan of Seattle, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Broadford of San Rafael, Mr. and Mrs. Chester Thorne, Miss Thorne and Miss Constance Rice of Tacoma, Mr. and Mrs. Hurley of Tacoma and their two children, Mr. and Mrs. Kinsley, Mrs. H. R. Warner and Miss Alice Warner, Miss Dorothy Taylor and several others. W. C. Merritt of Claremont spent last Saturday at Del Monte with his friend W. H. Smith Jr. of New York. Mr. Merritt has been spending some time in the south. Mr. and Mrs. Edward Cookingham of Portland are making their annual visit to Del Monte and expect to remain indefinitely. Mr. Cookingham is an enthusiastic golfer. Miss Flora Low and Miss Ella Morgan who have been spending the last six months at Del Monte returned to San Francisco for the opera. They are planning a short trip east before returning to Del Monte for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. De Young and their attractive daughters Miss De Young and Miss Phyllis are recent arrivals at Coronado for the polo season. Mr. and Mrs. Jos. O. Tobin are also of the party.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Hathaway, Misses Marie and Mabel Hathaway and Mrs. Nicholi Betts motored to Paraiso last Monday. Mrs. H. B. Mehrmann and Miss Helen Mehrmann of Oakland were house guests of Mrs. H. McGowan of Paraiso Springs for the past week. Miss Helen goes abroad April 4 for six months.

Nuggets

The people who are well heeled are not always those who give the stamp of approval.

Many a man feels like a hypocrite when he offers his congratulations to a bride and groom.

Is it possible for a many-sided man to be square?

All things are more apt to come to those who don't wait.

Applaud a fool and he is always there with the encore.

Some men rise in the world and others are merely stilted.

It's the bone of contention that causes a man to lead a dog's life.

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First Night of The New Tivoli

By Theodore Bonnet

Once more there is a little opera house in Eddy street where in the years to come as in the years that have gone you may steep your soul in music and find plenary contentment far from the sharp and harsh realities of a commonplace world. Gladly I assisted Wednesday night in the dedication of this little opera house that "Doc" built. I partook of all the joys of the occasion. I soused myself in sentimentality, contributed to the general gush of feeling, and with the sensitiveness of a Cremona yielded to every spiritual wave, every intellectualized emotion that swept over the vibrant audience. And it required no effort. Nobody could be of that audience and not in the spirit of it. You just had to let yourself go. Which is a refreshing thing to do. It is good for all of us who experience the wear and tear of the rough and tumble of life, taking our portion of its futilities and disappointments, to submit our nerves to a debauch once in a while. Wednesday night everybody was in the mood for ecstasy. How could it be otherwise? Consider the combination of get-together inducements:—the first night of the new Tivoli, the first night of what is perhaps the best equipped opera company that ever visited us, and the night of the reappearance of our beloved Luisa, the frolicsome Tetrassini, lady of the voice that reverberated up through the Italian peninsula, across the steppes of Russia, the waters of the Atlantic and into the hearts of the people of San Francisco. Let us take them up—as they say at the Iroquois Club—seriatim. First the theatre. I am old enough to have seen the old Tivoli in the days of the round tables and Hattie Moore and Satanelle. I am also young enough not to be melted to tears of regret by the fond reminiscence; young enough to enthuse over the new house, the beautiful, comfortable, cosy theatre that took fourteen months to plan and four to build. The exterior of the new Tivoli is not at all pretentious. Its architectural virtues are on the inside. It is a kind of architecture that has responded nobly to a particular need. Symmetrical, spacious, it has picturesqueness and beauty without flimsiness of ornamentation. It has been said of buildings that if they had been constructed by music some would appear to have been fashioned by grave and solemn tones, and others to have danced forth to light, fantastic airs. Of this latter kind is the new Tivoli; robust, yet delicate of outline,

soft of color and charming in the simplicity of its details. I can rhapsodize over the new Tivoli, but I will not be disloyal to the old. What though the wooden walls of the old rattletrap have fallen and new ones have arisen in their place? The old Tivoli was the foundation of the new. Our fresh joys rest on the prosperity that was known when The Mikado was young and The Wizard of the Nile was making a record run this side of the Cataracts. Ah! those old memories, they will not down. The new Tivoli gives one something of the sensation to be felt at the dismantling of an old historic house. I wonder if some of the qualities of the great soul of a place are not permanent! Memories grouped about the old Tivoli revive in concrete walls. From out the past flash vivid pictures that are woven in the web and woof of the city's life. Beneath steel girders the spell remains unbroken. The old traditions still linger. So while saluting the new house, and paying it the tribute of our admiration and wishing ourselves many ambrosial nights therein let us dedicate a little of tender sentiment to the old. The house-warming in Eddy street was an event that we shall tell our grandchildren about. Men of long and reverent memories will try to describe that scene within and without, sparkling with ceaseless animation. The glitter of the horseshoe tier of boxes, the high tension of people on the stage, the nervousness of the tenor who forgot his lines, the speech of Mayor Rolph, the speechlessness of Impresario Leahy, hero of the occasion, the gladness of Tetrassini, her first curtain speech in English, and her warbling between the acts of Home Sweet Home—all these materials of tradition will inspire recitals by firesides for the entertainment of generations unborn. And now as to the company and performance. Right here be it attested in fairness to the metropolis of the Middle West that something good can come out of Chicago. While the potentialities of this grand opera company rounded up by Mr. Dippel are not to be judged by a first night performance of Rigoletto, one thing is clear enough,—that the management goes in for complete, artistic production. If it cannot boast the galaxy of stars of the Metropolitan Opera House at any rate it can give a more evenly balanced performance than was given in this city by the Conried Company. And after all it is completeness of detail and achievement

of illusion that the canons of art demand in grand opera. The workmanship of this Chicago organization is thorough and sincere. When all is said and done we shall acknowledge the glory of its ensembles. And this is not to say that it is lacking in top-notch voices. Of Tetrassini nothing need be said. Her sweet and flexible lyric voice we are all familiar with, and the lavishness with which she pours out her golden tones is an inbred characteristic that has endeared her to the hearts of the people. Giorgini the tenor, and Sammarco the baritone are new comers who easily sustain the reputation that preceded them. An unequivocal verdict was rendered in favor of Giorgini before he had taken his first breath in the *Questa o quella*, and if the memory of Caruso was revived when he sang *La donna e mobile* it did not deter the audience from hearty applause. Sammarco is one of the most robustious of baritones, and like most Italian baritones he is an excellent actor. Rigoletto may be banality, but Sammarco almost succeeds in raising it to the sublime. He won the sympathy of the audience from the start, and he made us follow with breathless interest the sombre tragic story of the fool's revenge. But all the glory of Wednesday night was not on the other side of the footlights. Not less important than the singers of a grand opera company are the musicians, and as fine a band as ever came to San Francisco is the one that is led by Campanini. There are more superb harmonies, more glorious raptures of ardent and eloquent music than Verdi wrote for Rigoletto, but none that I ever heard with greater satisfaction than those extracted at the new Tivoli by the man from La Scala. Here is a man who seems to have realized that a perfect manual technique is as important for a conductor as for a pianist, and who brings to the art of interpreting music an imponderable ethereal quality that cannot be described or scheduled. Campanini is a leader who visibly infuses his spirit into his musicians, and with a minimum of effort. He never makes two beats where one will do, never beats four in a bar when he can hold his rhythm together with one. And opera appears to be his kingdom. A master at once of passionate rhythms and extreme nuances, when he takes up his stick the music seems to flow out spontaneously, inevitably like a scroll unrolled at his bidding.

"The Concert" at The Columbia

By Edward F. O'Day

It looks as though the Ancient Order of Cuckolds is going to have a new member. The candidate for admission to this inclusive organization is a young physician who pays more attention to his practice than to his young wife, with the result that she is very quickly possessed of the opportunity and the inclination to put horns on his brow. The gentleman who is prepared to oblige by assisting this young woman in her assault upon the Decalogue is a musician. You can't blame him very much. He is surrounded by a bevy of soft-skinned, hysterical, passionately rabid adorers who pay ten dollars per for his music lessons in order to have the chance to rub purringly against him and fire themselves at his head. There isn't a peach of them all that doesn't let him know she is ripe for his plucking. In the circumstances he behaves just as the cuckold-

makers I saw at the Columbia Monday night would if they had his chances. He selects the juiciest peach of them all and takes her to a bungalow in the Catskills. She's a little dream of hyperemic, empty-headed loveliness, is this amorous young lady who forgets her doctor-hubby when the great musician tosses her the handkerchief. She's just the sort of wedded girly-girl George Moore would celebrate if he ever wrote another conte of Orelay. She's coy and coo and clingsome, but very coquettish too, as the musician discovers very soon after they reach their mountain bower and begin to bill. Unfortunately for the musician he can't keep his mouth shut. He likes the sound of his own patter, so he talks too much. The bewitching little fool learns to her humiliation that she is not the first adorer who has kept an assignation at the

bungalow. Bless her soft, silly heart, there have been any number before her. I saw several popular Lotharios in the audience shake their heads rather contemptuously when the musician made this admission. Plainly they regarded it as a tactical blunder. The little wife of fragile virtue goes suddenly cold when she realizes that the musician has been discriminate but liberal in the lavishing of his favors. Liking the quarry but not the pursuit, the musician shrugs his shoulders and prepares to go back to New York, quite confident of finding less finicky adorers. But this is where the real trouble starts. Enter the candidate for cuckoldom with the musician's wife. (For the musician has a wife, a wife of whom he is very fond in the intervals between little unchaperoned excursions to the Catskills.) They have come because they "know all." A

jealous admirer of the musician, a pupil nothing loth whom he scorned for the physician's wife, has divulged the assignation. It's a comic situation. Such situations are always comic—on the stage. Here its comic possibilities are exhausted by the cunning use of riskiness and rectitude, double entendre and sentiment. Common sense is the only lack in this scene, but what has common sense to do with an expurgated exposure of flagrant delict? From now on the comedy runs along familiar lines. Its amorous unconventionality is conventionally wound up. The hearth fire triumphs over the flame of concupiscence. The Decalogue has suffered "severe contusions and possible internal injuries" but not a fracture, as they say around the Emergency Hospital. The musician promises to emulate Joseph when Mrs. Potiphar invites him again. And his wife is happy, probably because she knows he won't keep his promise but doesn't care. Such is "The Concert." It's a clever exposition of certain current American morals, a flavored dish of mingled music and sexuality. Tofstoi would like its intimation that music is the mother of desire. It has no serious purpose, but it may induce some of our worried husbands to discourage their wives' musical adorations, (for the musical god is not of the stage only; we know him in real life too.) That is an obvious meaning which may be read into its racy lines, but interlineally it has a satirical grin for marital complacency and wags the fingers of derision at wifely or husbandly trustings. The longer you think about it the more it will entertain you and the less you'll like it, especially if you're married. But it strikes both ways. I saw some Lotharios at the Columbia who seemed sorry they went.

A Contrast in Vaudeville

Nowhere is there so much demand for originality as in the vaudeville theatre. The performer who would remain on the topmost circuit must cultivate and sprout ideas. There are some exceptions—men and women who come round like the seasons, doing the same thing year in and year out, but it is not because of an indulgent management that they are not required to do something new. It is because there are fast colors in the wares they peddle. On the other hand there are "teams" in vaudeville that are always doing something new and scoring on novelty only. It is novelty that counts. Of this there is illustration at the Orpheum this week where Amelia Stone is playing what she calls a musical romance entitled "Mon Amour." Now this is nothing more than a setting for the ordinary "team" stunt. A few songs are strung together on a mere thread of dialogue. But Amelia Stone wears beautiful gowns and fetching smiles, and all are shown to fine advantage in soft lights against a colorful background of draperies and furniture. This is what may be termed "a costly production." It is weak in talent but strong in pictorial effects. In fine contrast with it, and as though intended to signalize the superiority of mimetic virtuosity over scenic sumptuousness is the performance of William Rock and Maude Fulton. They indicate their furniture by means of cardboard signs. And nothing more is necessary. Here is a team that engages your intelligence. It abounds in ideas, and it has the power to give them the highest expression. They bring before you a touch of the life drama of the streets, and they achieve comic effects by means of the qualities of reticence, moderation and suspended emphasis. These qualities are not common in vaudeville. The average comedian and the average comedienne regards emphasis as all important. When, for instance, Armand Kalisz says to Amelia Stone, "I always feel like a big fool when I dance,"

there is a pause to let the remark strike home, and then with a knowing look at the audience, and with emphasis guaranteed to carry over the footlights Miss Stone observes, "Oh, you're not so big." And again, when she says, "I was looking for a lobster," Armand solicits attention as he exclaims, "I wonder if she means me." Nothing like that in the Rock and Fulton act. This is not by way of invidious comparison. Amelia Stone gives a very charming performance, and it deserves the applause it receives, but Rock and Miss Fulton are in a class by themselves. Miss Fulton is a young woman whose gamut in the purely comic, if I mistake not, is wide. She has a mobile face and the gift of expression. She has personal charm, she can be deliciously gay, there is finesse in everything she does, and at no time does she resemble any other woman in vaudeville. There are not many dull moments at the Orpheum this week, and there is one thing on the bill that marks an epoch in science—Edison's latest invention, the Kinetophone. All that we have been told about it is true. A man comes out on a screen and talks to you. You see him drop a plate and you see it and hear it break. He introduces a pianist who sits down and plays and you hear him play. There is a minstrel performance on the screen and you hear everything that is said and sung. If the

thing doesn't awe you with its spookiness it is only because you are familiar with motion pictures and the graphophone and the wizardry of Edison.

—Theodore Bonnet.

Dr. Wiley to Lecture

Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, formerly head of the U. S. Bureau of Chemistry and the father of our pure food laws, will give two talks at Scottish Rite Auditorium, the dates being Wednesday evening, March 19, and Friday evening, March 21. His theme is "Good Health—America's Greatest National Asset." His talks will prove of vital interest to every parent, every teacher and every good American citizen. Tickets will be ready Monday at Sherman, Clay and Company's. In Oakland Dr. Wiley will speak at Ye Liberty next Thursday afternoon at half past three. Tickets Monday at the box office of Ye Liberty.

Josef Lhevinne, Russian Pianist

Josef Lhevinne, the Russian piano virtuoso who ranks among the world's very greatest artists and who made many friends when he played in this city three years ago, is announced for three recitals at Scottish Rite Auditorium under the direction of Will L. Greenbaum. The first



MARY GARDEN

Who made her first San Francisco appearance in opera at the Tivoli Thursday night.

will be on Sunday afternoon, March 23. The program will include the "Fantasie and Fugue," Bach-Liszt; both series of the "Variations on a Paganini Theme" by Brahms; a group of Chopin numbers; Balakireff's "Orientale Fantasie Islamey," and works by Mozart, Mendelssohn and Rubinstein. The second and only evening concert will be given on Tuesday night, March 25, when Schumann's "Toccata," Brahms's "Sonata" in F minor Op. 5; Mozart's "Sonata" in G major



JOSEF LHEVINNE
Russian pianist who will appear at
Scottish Rite Auditorium.

No. 3; Chopin's "Impromptu" and "Allegro de Concert;" and works by Liszt will be the feature numbers. The farewell concert will be given on Saturday afternoon, March 29, with a quite exceptional offering. Beethoven's "Sonata," Op. 81; Schumann's "Carnevale;" a group of Chopin gems; and the rarely played "Fantasie on Robert le Diable" by Liszt will be among the works rendered. The sale of seats opens next Wednesday at Sherman, Clay and Company's and Kohler and Chase's where mail orders may now be addressed to Will L. Greenbaum. The limited time at the disposal of Lhevinne will make an Oakland concert impossible.

Good Friday Concert at Greek Theatre

The third annual Good Friday concert at the Greek Theatre of the University of California will be given next Friday afternoon, March 21, at three o'clock. Rossini's "Stabat Mater" will be given under the direction of Paul Steindorff, the Choragus of the university, with a chorus of two hundred, an orchestra of sixty-five and a quartet of soloists from the Chicago Grand Opera Company, by arrangement with Manager Andreas Dippel. The soloists will be Helen Stanley, soprano; Margaret Keyes, contralto; George Hamlin, tenor; and Henri Scott, basso. Preceding the Rossini work there will be a sacred concert and each of the operatic stars will be heard in solo numbers. This will make one of the most interesting programs ever offered in the auditorium. The box offices in San Francisco will

(Continued on Page 21.)

AMUSEMENTS

GREEK

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GOOD FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 21st, 3 p. m.
THIRD ANNUAL SACRED CONCERT

"STABAT MATER"

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George Hamlin—Henri Scott

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MARCH 19th and 21st

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THURSDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 20, at 8:15
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Matinee today at 2, La Traviata, with Tetrzzini; to-night at 8, Natoma, with Mary Garden; March 17, Louise, with Garden; March 18, Lucia, with Tetrzzini; March 19, Matinee, Carmen, with Garden; March 19, Noel and Paggiacci; March 20, Crispino e la Comare, with Tetrzzini; March 22, Matinee, A Lovers' Quarrel and Le Jongleur de Notre Dame, with Garden; March 22, Tristan and Isolde; March 24, Rigoletto, with Tetrzzini; March 26 and 28, Jewels of the Madonna; March 29, to be announced.

Prices—\$2, \$3, \$4, \$5, \$6 and \$7.

Sunday, March 16, at 2:30

CLEOFONTE CAMPANINI WAGNERIAN CONCERT

Prices—50c to \$2.00.

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Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon. Matinee Every Day
THE HIGHEST STANDARD OF VAUDEVILLE

DIGBY BELL & CO. in Geo. V. Hobart's farce entitled "It Happened in Topeka"; WILL DILLON, the Popular Song Writer; "THE GIRL FROM MILWAUKEE," a Remarkable Vocalist; THE KYLES, offering "Johnny and the French Maid"; EDISON'S TALKING MOVING PICTURES (The Kinetophone) in a New Program including Truly Shattuck and "The Quarrel Scene" from "Julius Caesar"; AMELIA STONE and ARMAND KALISZ; BEDINI & ARTHUR; GUERRO & CARMEN. Last Week of WILLIAM ROCK and MAUDE FULTON.

Evening Prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, \$1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c.

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MONDAY, MARCH 17th—SECOND AND LAST WEEK

David Belasco Presents

THE COMEDY TRIUMPH

"THE CONCERT"

From Belasco Theatre, New York, with

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Matinees Wednesday and Saturday

Sunday Night, March 23—CHAUNCEY OLCOTT in
"THE ISLE O'DREAMS."

Pantages Theatre

Market Street, Opposite Mason

Week Commencing Sunday Matinee, March 16th

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ALCAZAR THEATRE

O'Farrell, near Powell. Phones, Kearny 2 and Home C 4455

Monday Evening, March 17th, and Throughout the Week

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Great Racing Play

"CHECKERS"

Introducing John A. Butler and Clara Beyers as Regular Members of the Alcazar's Acting Corps.

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Matinees: Thursday, Saturday and Sunday

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COMMENCING SUNDAY NIGHT, MARCH 16th

Two Weeks Matinees Wednesday and Saturday

HENRY W. SAVAGE'S BRILLIANT REVIVAL

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With "JESS" DANDY, a Specially Selected Cast and Chorus and Augmented Orchestra

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—After a little show of strength early in the week, (brought about by general short covering throughout the list), the market again turned weak and some of the stocks made new low records for this year. The principal factors in the market seem to be the money stringency at Berlin and the probability of heavy gold exports in the next few weeks. The political outlook in the Far East is the principal cause of the money stringency, and while this will soon right itself it has given the bears courage to attack the market and in the absence of any good support prices are allowed to sag. There is also some apprehension regarding the new tariff bill and rumor of a drastic cut is having its effect upon some of the tariff-protected stocks. A rumor was circulated that the Union Pacific plan had been abandoned, although Attorney General McReynolds approves it in essential features. Talk of the removal of the duty on sugar had a bad effect on American Beet Sugar and this stock sold down to a new low at 30. There was also very heavy selling of Steel and Reading, the former selling below 59 with very little support apparent. At the close of the week sentiment was decidedly bearish, rumors of all kinds were in circulation and lower prices were being predicted. However we have had just such markets before and it is usually the case, when everyone is so bearish and no one cares to own stocks, that the market is generally on the bottom. Admitting that there are many things of an unfavorable nature hanging over the market, prices are now down to a level where investors will take hold and with any favorable news the market is in a position to have a sharp rally. We favor buying stocks and bonds at this level for an investment.

Wheat—The wheat market the past few days has reversed its action and has moved downward instead of upward, as it has been doing. The movement either way however does not signify any fundamental change in the underlying situation, for the action is circumscribed and represents simply a small readjustment of local conditions one way or the other. There is at no time much wheat pressing on the market for the demand about keeps pace with the supply, but the trade is pessimistic, as is indicated by the enthusiasm that greets any decline in the price. Based on the Government's final estimate of the production of 1912, the excess supply of wheat over the yield of 1911 already has been marketed, exported or otherwise absorbed in our domestic consumption, which apparently places the country in about the same condition regarding supplies as it was a year ago at this time. Yet the primary receipts are nearly double this time a year ago. On the other hand while the receipts are double those of a year ago the shipments are twice as large. All re-

ports of the growing crop are flattering, as they usually are at this season, and a change in crop news is bound to be in favor of the holder. Values of wheat on the farm are now so low the producer is complaining of unremunerative prices. Another feature is that the markets of this country are so closely adjusted to international values and the present parity is so wide that there can be no material depression here without a general decline in the world's markets, of which there is no present indication.

Corn—The demand for corn has slackened considerably, and the price has yielded somewhat in consequence, but present values appear very satisfactory to the consumptive trade at home and abroad. Accordingly the lull in the demand is probably only temporary. The trade, however, is disposed to very conservative action until after the reception of the next Government report on farm reserves.

Cotton—A general feeling of pessimism seems prevalent in the cotton market, and the further break in the stock market, strained money conditions abroad and general loosening up of spot markets in the South are giving new encouragement to a unanimous army of bears who are having everything their own way. There seems little doubt that spot dealers are weakening under the stress of financial troubles. Some figure there must be 2,700,000 bales of spot cotton unsold in the South, and it is only a question of time when this will have to be disposed of. The sooner there is a general break in Southern spots and they come to a closer parity with futures, the better off the market will be. Today spots are about 200 points above one year ago, while the new crop options are only 60 points higher. On this theory spots could stand a good break without seriously affecting futures, and Liverpool's action seemed to reflect that sentiment. Some reports from South Atlantic States say there will be no increase in acreage this year, and the use of fertilizer will be no greater than last year, the reason being the large balances country merchants are carrying from 1912 and consequent inability to furnish them. More talk is heard of boll weevil from the Mississippi Valley, as the lowest temperatures in this section this winter were ten above the point where the pest makes its exit. Everybody is willing to talk of strained money conditions and predict drastic things to be done by the new administration at Washington. But all are reluctant to admit that this same condition will prevent the Southern farmer from buying more fertilizer and paying higher prices for more mules, regardless of the fact that many of his last year's obligations have not been met. There must be a turning point somewhere, and as a rule it generally comes when things look the darkest.

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Stage

(Continued from Page 19.)

be at Sherman, Clay and Company's and Kohler and Chase's, opening next Monday morning; in Oakland at Sherman, Clay and Company's; and the usual places in Berkeley. Address mail orders to Will L. Greenbaum at Sherman, Clay and Company's or Kohler and Chase's.

The Clara Butt Concerts

All musical San Francisco is awaiting the opportunity to hear the wonderful voice of Clara Butt, the famous contralto. Her voice is said to be unique and its range really a phenomenon. With her will appear Kennerly Rumford, a baritone in the front rank of concert singers. Manager Greenbaum announces two concerts by these artists at the Cort on Sunday afternoons,

March 30 and April 6. On Friday afternoon, April 4, they will appear in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse.

New Players at Alcazar

Two new members of the Alcazar company, Clara Beyers and John A. Butler, will make their first appearances next week in Henry Blossom's famous racing play "Checkers." All the established favorites and a host of specially engaged people will be in the cast. Miss Beyers, a capable and experienced actress with a rich equipment of beauty, is engaged as second leading woman. Butler will fill juvenile and light comedy roles in which lines of work he has earned a very favorable reputation in New York and other Eastern cities. Both players have shown at rehearsals that they are amply qualified to fill their positions in America's finest dramatic stock

corps. This will be the first presentation of "Checkers" since it was withdrawn from the road after nine years as one of the most profitable attractions in America.

Chauncey Olcott at the Columbia

At the Columbia the Belasco production of "The Concert" will be seen for a second and final week commencing Monday night. There will be matinees on Wednesday and Saturday. The next attraction will be Chauncey Olcott who is to appear for two weeks commencing Sunday, March 23. "The Isle O'Dreams" is said to put new laurels on his brow. Olcott has a budget of new and beautiful songs, a fine cast and production. Henry Miller is now managing Olcott, and his fine hand is seen in "The Isle O'Dreams."

Digby Bell at the Orpheum

The Orpheum bill next week will have as headliner Digby Bell, one of the best American comedians. He is remembered from his prominent association with the Gilbert and Sullivan and McCaull opera companies. For this, his first vaudeville tour, he has secured a one-act comedy by George V. Hobart entitled "It Happened in Topeka" which affords him fine opportunity. Will Dillon, the popular song writer, will make his first appearance here. "The Girl from Milwaukee," a handsome young woman whose identity is a mystery, has a fine contralto voice and will be heard in popular numbers. The Kyles will present an act combining work on the Roman rings, acrobatics, tumbling, balancing and comedy. Edison's Talking Moving Pictures will be continued with a change of program which will include Truly Shattuck and the quarrel scene from "Julius Caesar." Next week will be the last of Amelia Stone and Armand Kalisz; Bedini and Arthur; Guerro and Cramen; and William Rock and Maude Fulton. The latter will continue by special request their amusing burlesque of Bernhardt and Tellegen.

The Tivoli Repertoire Next Week

This Saturday afternoon Tetrizzini will sing "La Traviata" at the Tivoli, and in the evening the Victor Herbert-Joseph D. Redding opera "Natoma" will be heard here for the first time with Mary Garden in the title role. Sunday afternoon there will be a Wagnerian concert under the direction of Cleofonte Campanini, with the big orchestra and eminent soloists. Monday evening Charpentier's musical romance "Louise" with Mary Garden will be sung. The lover is sung by Charles Dalmores. There are forty-one parts in the opera, a few being sung by Dufranne, Berat, Wernery, Venturini, Fossetta, Crabbe, Huberdeau, Mabel Riegelman, Egner and Daddi. Tuesday will be the third Tetrizzini performance, "Lucia" being the opera, and Giorgini, Egner, Polese, Henri Scott, Venturini and Aleott the other artists. Wednesday afternoon "Carmen" will be sung in French by Mary Garden, Dalmores being the Don Jose and Hector Dufranne singing the Toreador; the others in the cast being Defrere, Huberdeau, Jenny Dufau, Marie Cavan, Margaret Keyes, Nicolay and Daddi, with incidental dances by the corps de ballet, headed by Rosina Galli. Wednesday evening "Noel," a lyric drama in three acts by Frederick d'Erlanger, will be given for the first time in this city. The principal characters will be sung by Minnie Saltzman-Stevens, Dufranne, Daddi, Berat, Wernery, Cavan, Riegelman and Keyes. "Noel" will be followed by "Pagliacci," with Helen Stanley, Gaudenzi, Sammarco, Crabbe and Venturini. Thursday evening the delightful "Crispine e la Comare" will be the bill, with Tetrizzini, Trevisan, Sammarco, Huberdeau, Venturini, Fossetta, Egner, Berat and Defrere, followed by a grand ballet divertissement, with Rosina Galli, Julie Hudak, Luigi Albertieri and the



THE PRINCE OF PILSEN

Edna Pendleton and Mary C. Murray, who will add to the charm of the famous Pixley-Luders' musical comedy at the Cort Theatre.

(Continued on Page 23.)

SUMMONS IN PARTITION

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 35,453; Department No. —.

James Maguire, Maud Gallagher, Frank Kelly, Charles Kelly, Clara Kelly, Thomas Kelly, John J. Barrett and Geo. C. Ross, Plaintiffs, vs. John Kelly, Henrietta Louise Westphal, Dora Rose Chase, James F. Kelly, Annie Clark, George Maguire, Frank Maguire, Mark F. Kelly, James G. Kelly, Augustus G. Kelly, Cecelia G. Kelly, Josephine G. Kelly, Irvin S. Knapp, James F. Kelly, as administrator of the estate of Anne Askins, also known as and called "Ann" Askins, deceased, E. M. Galvin as administrator of the estate of John Burns, deceased, E. M. Galvin individually, Mary A. Burns, Milton F. Burns, John T. Burns, Lillian M. Burns, Alice G. Burns, Henry Burns, John First Doe, John Second Doe, John Third Doe, Jane First Doe, Jane Second Doe, Jane Third Doe, and to all persons unknown who have or claim any interest in or lien upon the property described in the complaint in this action, and herein-after mentioned and described, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco in the office of the clerk of said Superior Court, John J. Barrett, Flood Building, San Francisco, and Ross & Ross, The First National Bank Building, Redwood City, California, attorneys for plaintiffs.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: John Kelly, Henrietta Louise Westphal, Dora Rose Chase, James F. Kelly, Annie Clark, George Maguire, Frank Maguire, Mark F. Kelly, James T. Kelly, Augustus G. Kelly, Cecelia G. Kelly, Josephine G. Kelly, Irvin S. Knapp, James F. Kelly as administrator of the estate of Anne Askins, also known as and called "Ann" Askins, deceased, E. M. Galvin as administrator of the estate of John Burns, deceased, E. M. Galvin individually, Mary A. Burns, Milton F. Burns, John T. Burns, Lillian M. Burns, Alice G. Burns, Henry Burns, John First Doe, John Second Doe, John Third Doe, Jane First Doe, Jane Second Doe, Jane Third Doe, and to all persons unknown who have or claim any interest in or lien upon the property described in the complaint in this action, and hereinafter mentioned and described, Defendants:

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in the action brought against you by the above named plaintiffs in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after service on you of this summons, if served within said city and county; if served elsewhere within thirty days; and

YOU ARE HEREBY NOTIFIED that if you fail to so appear and answer plaintiffs will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint; and

YOU ARE HEREBY FURTHER NOTIFIED that said action is brought to obtain the judgment and decree of this Court as follows:

1. For the partition of the real property hereinafter mentioned, according to the respective rights of the persons interested therein;

2. For the general costs of this action, counsel fees and the costs of reference to be apportioned among the parties to said action, according to law;

3. That if partition cannot be made without great prejudice to the respective rights of the parties interested that said real property may be sold and the proceeds arising therefrom applied and apportioned according to law, and for general relief and for costs of suit.

That the real property affected by this action and which is sought to be partitioned consists of all that certain real property situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning on the westerly line of Mission Street one hundred and ninety (190) feet southerly from Twenty-sixth Street; running thence southerly on Mission Street three (3) feet seven (7) inches; thence southwesterly on Mission Street sixty-two (62) feet and six (6) inches; thence westerly ninety-five (95) feet; thence northerly forty-five (45) feet and six (6) inches; and thence at right angles easterly one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet to the point of beginning.

WITNESS my hand and the seal of the said Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 2d day of May, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

JOHN J. BARRETT, By L. J. WELCH, Deputy County Clerk.

Flood Bldg., San Francisco, Cal., and ROSS & ROSS,

The First National Bank Bldg., Redwood City, Cal., Attorneys for Plaintiffs, 2-15-10

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT

REFeree PUBLISHING & AMUSEMENT COMPANY.—Location of principal place of business, City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Notice is hereby given, that at a Meeting of the Directors, held on the 25th day of February, 1913, an assessment of 20 cents per share was levied upon the Capital Stock of the Corporation, payable on the 5th day of April, 1913, to the Secretary of said Referee Publishing & Amusement Company, at its office, 361 Pacific Building, in San Francisco, State of California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 5th day of April, 1913, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on the 25th day of April, 1913, to pay the delinquent assessment together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

H. R. BAKER, Secretary, Office 361 Pacific Building, San Francisco, Cal.

3-8-4

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ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 13,252; Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of AMELIA FORD, Deceased.

It appearing to the Court from the verified petition of John Ford, Administrator of the estate of Amelia Ford, deceased, that it is necessary to sell the whole of the following described real estate, to-wit:

That certain lot of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Lyon Street, distant thereon one hundred and fifty (150) feet northerly from the point formed by the intersection of the northerly line of Golden Gate Avenue with the westerly line of Lyon Street running thence northerly along said westerly line of Lyon Street twenty-five (25) feet, running thence at a right angle westerly one hundred (100) feet, running thence at a right angle southerly twenty-five (25) feet, running thence at a right angle one hundred (100) feet easterly to the point of commencement.

It is hereby ordered that said petition be filed and that all persons interested in said estate appear before the above entitled Court, department number ten thereof, at its Courtroom in the temporary City Hall, Market Street between Eighth and Ninth Streets, San Francisco, at ten o'clock a. m. on Monday, the 17th day of March, 1913, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the Administrator for the sale of such estate as prayed in said petition and that a copy of this order be published in "Town Talk," a newspaper published in the City and County of San Francisco, once a week for four successive weeks.

Dated: February 8, 1913.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,

Judge of the Superior Court.

Filed: February 10, 1913. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

JOS. P. LUCEY, Atty. for Administrator, Nevada Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 2-15-5

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE BY GUARDIAN

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—Department No. 9.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of WILLIAM P. BURKE, ALICE MARY BURKE, EDITH MARGARET BURKE and RICHARD BURKE, JUNIOR, Minors.—No. 1431, N. S.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, made on the 25th day of September, 1912, and filed herein on the 28th day of September, 1912, in the matter of the estate and guardianship of Edith Margaret Burke and Richard Burke, Junior, minors, (William P. Burke and Alice Mary Burke having arrived at legal age prior to the date hereof), the undersigned, Richard Burke, as guardian of the persons and estates of said two remaining minors, namely, Edith Margaret Burke and Richard Burke, Junior, will sell at private sale to the highest bidder, for cash, in gold coin of the United States, on or after WEDNESDAY, the 19th day of March, 1913, and subject to confirmation by said Court, the undivided five-twelfths (5-12) interest of the estate of said Edith Margaret Burke and Richard Burke, Junior, minors, and all the right, title and interest of said two remaining minors in and to the following described real property, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the northeasterly line of Spear street, distant thereon two hundred and twenty-nine (229) feet and two (2) inches northwesterly from the point of intersection of the northwesterly line of Folsom street with the said northeasterly line of Spear street, and running thence northwesterly and along said northeasterly line of Spear street forty-five (45) feet and ten (10) inches; thence at a right angle northeasterly and parallel with said northwesterly line of Folsom street one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches; thence at a right angle southeasterly and parallel with said northeasterly line of Spear street forty-five (45) feet and ten (10) inches; and thence at a right angle southwesterly and parallel with said northwesterly line of Folsom street one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches to said northeasterly line of Spear street and the point of commencement. Being a portion of One Hundred (100) Vara Block Number Three Hundred and Twenty-two (322).

Ten (10) per cent of the bid payable at the time of sale and the balance upon confirmation of the sale by said Court; deed and abstract at the expense of purchaser; the purchaser to assume the payment and take the property purchased by him subject to all the State, county and other taxes, and all assessments of whatsoever name and nature that are now or may hereafter become chargeable to or a lien against the property purchased by him.

Offers or bids must be in writing and will be received and may be left at the office of Garret W. McEnerney, attorney for said guardian, Room 1277 Flood Building, San Francisco, California, or may be delivered to said guardian personally, or may be filed in the office of the Clerk of the above named Court at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of this sale.

RICHARD BURKE, Guardian of the Persons and Estates of Edith Margaret Burke and Richard Burke, Junior, Minors. GARRET W. MCENERNEY, Attorney for Guardian, Room 1277 Flood Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-1-3

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON PETITION FOR SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 2079; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ELIZABETH PARKER HASTINGS, an Incompetent Person.

L. M. Hoefler, Guardian of the estate of Elizabeth Parker Hastings, an incompetent person, having presented to the Court and filed herein his verified petition praying for an order for the sale of certain real estate belonging to said Elizabeth Parker Hastings, and it appearing to the Court from the said petition that it is necessary and would be beneficial to the said Elizabeth Parker Hastings that certain portions of her real estate should be sold;

NOW, THEREFORE, it is hereby ordered and directed that the next of kin of the said Elizabeth Parker Hastings and all persons interested in her estate appear before the Court on Tuesday, the 25th day of March, 1913, at 10 a. m. at the Courtroom of Department No. 10 of the above-named Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted for the sale of said real estate;

AND IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for three successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper printed in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, February 19, 1913.

J. J. TRABUCCO,

Judge of said Superior Court.

HOEFLE, COOK, HARWOOD & MORRIS, Attorneys for Guardian, 105 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 3-1-4

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANGELE KLEINCLAUS, Deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor and Executrix of the last will and testament of Angele Kleinclauss, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor and Executrix at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Angele Kleinclauss, deceased.

FRANK SEYFERTH,

Executor,

ALICE INNOCENCIA GARRISERE,

Executrix,

Of the Last Will and Testament of Angele Kleinclauss, Deceased.

Dated San Francisco, February 21, A. D. 1913.

A. COMTE, JR., Atty. for Executors, 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 2-22-5

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Stage

(Continued from Page 21)

corps de ballet. Saturday afternoon Parelli's "musical comedy in one act," "A Lover's Quarrel," with Dufau, Giorgini, Crabbe and Berat will precede "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," Massenet's miracle play, sung by Mary Garden, Dufanne, Huberdeau, Warnery, Scott, Nicolay, Crabbe and Defrere. Saturday evening the second and last Wagner opera will be given in "Tristan und Isolde," with Saltzman-Stevens, Dalmores, Scott, Clarence Whitehill, Crabbe, de Cisneres, Venturini and Frank Preisch.

"The Prince of Pilsen" at the Cort

The Cort will offer "The Prince of Pilsen" for two weeks beginning Sunday night. This charming musical entertainment is in the full flush of another successful season, and Henry W. Savage has made a new production in every detail. Costumes, scenery and effects, all the many requirements of a high class musical offering, have been added to the new company. Jess Dandy will be seen as Hans Wagner. The whole cast is one of superiority and strength. New girls make a chorus of as pretty show maids as has ever been sent out. Lottie Kendall is the widow in the cast; while Mary C. Murray, a prima donna with a beautiful coloratura voice, has the role of Edith. Arthur Hull and Fred Lyon are in the cast too. The enlarged orchestra under the direction of Emil Biermann will be a feature. "Little Miss Brown" will be seen for the last time this Saturday night.

Banda Roma at Pantages

Signor Giuseppe Sirigano's famous Italian band, the Banda Roma, consisting of twenty selected musicians from La Scala Conservatory tops the new bill at Pantages. The band played a command performance before King Victor Emanuel before departing for America. Two brilliant soloists and a beautiful young harpist are with it. The singing and piano Gray Trio played for almost a year in New York. Felix Quick, for many years with the leading dailies of Chicago, is a pleasing feature with his cartoon work. He picks out subjects at random from the audience. Charles A. Loder is a German character comedian with a playlet "The Night Doctor." Williams and Sterling have a bit of singing and chatter called "Smiley Nonsense." Miss Williams is a swagger girl with an elaborate wardrobe. Ralph de Ermay, a hand equilibrist, and Dixie and George in "The Bootblack and the Lady" complete the bill.

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Second—As regards meals eat meat only once a day and let the diet be eggs, cereals and vegetables, fruits and fresh cows' milk. Take the last named as much as possible. Masticate your food carefully.

Third—Take a hot bath every day and a steam bath once or twice a week if the heart is strong enough to bear it.

Fourth—Early to bed and early to rise.

Fifth—Sleep in a very dark and very quiet room, with windows open. Let the minimum of sleeping hours be six or six and one-half hours. In case of woman eight and one-half hours is advisable.

Sixth—Take one day of absolute rest each week in which you must refrain from even reading or writing.

Seventh—Try to avoid any outbursts of passion and strong mental stimulations. Do not tax your brain at the occurrence of inevitable incidents or of coming events. Do not say unpleasant things nor listen, if possible to avoid it, to disagreeable things.

Eighth—Be married! Widows and widowers should be married with the least possible delay.

Ninth—Be moderate in the consumption of even tea and coffee, not to say tobacco and alcoholic beverages.

Tenth—Avoid places that are too warm, especially steam heated and badly ventilated rooms.

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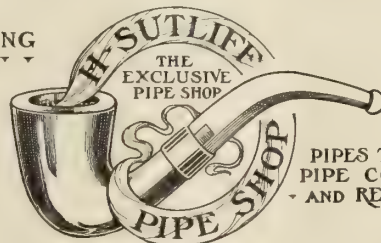
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ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXI. No. 1074

SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 22, 1913

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

The Cemetery Removal Project

We are asked to express our views with regard to the agitation for the removal of the cemeteries in the neighborhood of Lone Mountain. For the vested interests of the dead as well as the living, we have profound respect. The only objection to the cemeteries which we deem at all worthy of consideration is that they complicate the transportation problem. But why not extend a street or two through the cemeteries? Years ago when there was a demand for the extension of Sixteenth street west of Dolores there was objection to the project because it would necessitate the removal of some of the graves in the Old Mission cemetery. The street, however, was extended. And one or two streets ought now to be put through the cemeteries at Lone Mountain. But the cemeteries as a whole ought to be preserved and parked. There are sentimental considerations that should prevail against the sordid motives of undertakers and realty speculators. As to the folks who own homes in the neighborhood of the cemeteries, they bought with their eyes open. And anyway the landscape of a cemetery may be made attractive, and if the improvement clubs now agitating the removal of historic graves will devote their energies to the business of inducing the expenditure of money for transforming the cemeteries into beautiful parks they will render a service not only to contiguous property but to the whole city while possibly earning the immortal gratitude of thousands of shades that swell the "innumerable caravan!"

Lane's Fatal Devotion to Principle

If our Hetch-Hetchy enthusiasts are still competing with Mark Tapley they must be gluttons for punishment. It is always the darkest hour before dawn with these sanguine gentlemen. Their emotions are in a perpetual whirl. Every dark cloud that settles on their hopes has a silver lining. Hardly had Secretary Fisher rendered them despondent when President Wilson evoked shouts of jubilation by making Franklin K.

Lane Secretary of the Interior. Mr. Lane, we were assured, could be depended upon to do the right thing for the dear city that turned him down when he ran for Mayor. But alas and alack! Mr. Lane, the greatest side-stepper in American politics, begged leave to regret that the ethics of officialdom had a strangle-hold on his prepossessions. Nearly a quarter of a century ago when the Hetch-Hetchy project was in embryo Mr. Lane was beginning his honorable career as a taxeater. As the official attorney of San Francisco he contracted a fatal prejudice in favor of Hetch-Hetchy, which now operates as an insurmountable impediment to the gratification of the dearest wish of his warm heart. Clear enough, isn't it, the sacred principle involved? So naturally and consequently and therefore Mr. Lane, whose heart is in the right place, be assured, will do precisely what Mr. Fisher did—pass the buck up to Congress. For the minute the glooms have the situation well in hand, but the enthusiasts will soon find a new pretext for gladsomeness.

Our Two Ex-Presidents

There are political prophets who tell us that Theodore Roosevelt, quickest-witted of politicians, stands ready, nay, eager, to take advantage of all the mistakes of the administration. And they predict that he will "come back" stronger than ever in 1916. To forecast events is much easier than to observe what is going on around us, and for this reason events that are foreseen do not always happen. Better for the prophet to reject the equivocal testimony of the seeds of time and to devote all his attention to the things from which he infers the inevitable. To be blind to one fact is to be led astray by the others. Now the prophets who predict the repetition of Roosevelt have lost sight of the presence of Taft. We are blessed with two former Presidents in good health; one the spoiled child of Good Fortune, a dethroned hero whom the world knows as the thersitical champion of his own ambition; the other an amiable, modest gentleman who endears himself to the hearts of the people by all the qualities which Nature studiously eschewed while fashioning the howling energumen of Oyster Bay. Now that former President Taft has taken up the duties and responsibilities of a private citizen, former President Roosevelt will find that his influence over the minds of the people has somewhat diminished. The Colonel no longer enjoys a monopoly of the prestige that he took with him out of the White House. On all important questions and in every emergency Mr. Taft's countrymen will be glad to hear from him. There is no likelihood of his capitalizing the prestige he derived from the people by hiring himself out as an associate editor, but at great public gatherings no voice will be more welcome, no counsel

more respectfully listened to, for Mr. Taft, the plain, unassuming citizen, who as President kept his oath, revered and defended the Constitution, enforced the laws and obeyed them himself, is constantly rising in public esteem. Whatever may be thought of Mr. Taft's administration, he has made an indelible impression upon the country as a courageous public servant whose devotion to its interests could never be questioned. And aside from his qualities of heart and mind, there is one thing above all others that will give weight to the counsel of Mr. Taft in the years to come, and that is the exemption of it from suspicion of self-interest. He will never appear before the people in the role of a self-seeking politician. In the circumstances it seems to be by no means a shrewd policy on the part of President Wilson to make Progressivism the keynote of his administration. There is little of magic splendor clinging to the Colonel, and he is not an apparition to be seriously dreaded.

Ambassador Wilson Under Fire

Until the other day it was generally believed that great credit had been reflected on our diplomatic service by the policy and conduct of Ambassador Wilson during the whole tumultuous period in which he has represented this country in Mexico. We had been told of the complimenting of him by the State Department under President Taft, and of a kindly message of approval sent to him by Secretary Bryan, and we had heard no word of disparagement until last week when a campaign of calumny was started against the Ambassador in the East. Who instigated it is a mystery, but it may be of some significance that it was started shortly after the arrival in this country of three members of the wealthy Madero family who appear intent upon influencing American sentiment against Diaz and his followers. One of the charges against Mr. Wilson is that he created several panics at Washington during the Madero regime by announcing catastrophes that failed to materialize, and that he was guilty of bias in favor of the Diaz regime. Nobody in Washington knows anything of the panics, and as to the charge of prejudice surely the Ambassador had no reason to have great confidence in Madero, who was far from friendly to this country. Mr. Wilson probably kept his eye on Madero much to the disgust of the politicians behind that greedy little tyrant. To say as does one New York paper that in this country "the impression is unmistakable that Ambassador Wilson's attitude was not what should be expected from an American representative towards a people struggling, however painfully, away from feudalism and oppression towards democracy," is manifestly to utter what is not true. No such impression exists in this country. It could not exist because people

generally are not informed that Mr. Wilson's attitude was biased one way or the other. Besides, in this country there is no sympathy with the struggle in Mexico, which by the way is not a struggle towards democracy; nor are the people engaged in it. It is nothing more than a row among the politicians, a struggle for power, and it is of interest chiefly to the army and the lawless element. The people of Mexico are about as ripe for democracy as the people of the Philippines.

The Irony of Fate

During the graft prosecutions in this city there was much agitation for the reform of the criminal laws, and the passions of the hour were reflected in legislation at Sacramento and subsequently in amendments to the Constitution. As a consequence while it is now more difficult for the guilty to escape it is also easier to do injustice to the innocent. Of the so-called reforms born of the graft prosecution we are reminded by a decision of the Supreme Court rendered the other day in the case of W. J. O'Brien, convicted of murder in Los Angeles. O'Brien is a representative of organized labor. It was organized labor that made possible the so-called reforms. The labor unions of San Francisco, incensed against men who had defeated them in a strike, were passionately opposed to a measure designed to enable a man accused of crime to avoid trial in the court of a prejudiced judge, and they were heartily in favor of laws increasing the power of trial judges and decreasing the power of appellate courts. And it turns out that what the labor unions so ardently craved when inflamed by the Bulletin and other newspaper guides, they now have reason to deplore. The new laws went into effect about the time that representatives of the unions felt the need of all the safeguards that a humane code formerly threw round the innocent. Perhaps for the time being we should all feel that the so-called reforms came at the psychological moment, but W. J. O'Brien, who in all probability voted to make it harder for an innocent man to get justice, has reason to regret that the unions were dissatisfied with the principles of the old code. O'Brien was a member of the union that declared a strike against the Llewellyn Iron Works. He was arrested for the murder of a non-union workman, and he was given as tough a trial as any man ever got in California or elsewhere in the United States. He was convicted, and he appealed, and the Supreme Court found that a number of errors had been committed, but under the new law he could not be given a new trial. One of the errors was that of admitting testimony given by the defendant before the Grand Jury when he was not instructed as to his Constitutional right to decline to be a witness against himself or warned that his statements might be used against him. In other words O'Brien was compelled in violation of the Constitution to be a witness against himself, and yet he cannot get a new trial.

The Wail of the Poet

Every little while our poets catch the ear of the public and pour into it a long tale of

woe. They are neglected, poetry is not appreciated, such is the burden of their wail. Alfred Noyes, a poet recently come over, is voicing the sorrows of his tribe and provoking discussion in the press. It is his desire, the New York Post tells us, to rally a large company of fearless standard-bearers, confident of their high calling and determined to gain proper recognition. It is significant that when our poets catch the public ear prose is generally the medium of their achievement. Seldom by song do they arrest attention. Yet it is not to be said that there is lack of opportunity for singing themselves into public notice. It is easy to get books of verse published, and the magazines are not prejudiced against poets. Also there are readers of poetry, many of them, but undoubtedly they prefer the old to the new. Wordsworth, Shelley, Byron, Keats, Burns, Longfellow, Browning, Tennyson—these are the favorite poets of to-day. But surely lovers of poetry are not to be censured for preferring genuine poetry to what is merely an imitation of it. We do not mean to say that no genuine poetry is written nowadays, or that there are no living poets worth reading, but we will say that a person may waste a lot of time reading the output of contemporary poets that might be spent profitably in communion with old favorites. And there is this to be said about contemporary poets,—that there is very little of originality among them. There are poets galore with pipe lines direct to the Pierian spring, never in the history of the world was there so much prosodical activity as at present, but how much of the poetry that we see in the magazines is not in imitation of poetry to be found on our book shelves? Do not most of our living poets echo the sentiments of bards that are gone? The Post thinks that our poets would fare better if they would deal with the life of the time, the lasting truth of their day. Perhaps the Post is right, but it is not enough for poets to deal with the life of their time; much depends on how the life of their time is dealt with. We have poets who do not shrink from dealing with raw human nature, but, alas, though their themes are human, their treatment is far from divine. The trouble with the most of them is they are moved more by ideas than the living web of things. The great mass of contemporary poetry is self-conscious poetry. It lacks freedom of utterance, the spontaneity that distinguishes art from artifice. It may be the product of first-hand experience, but it has more of decorative beauty than fire. Our poets are terribly afraid of expressing themselves inelegantly, and they would be ashamed to be guilty of the obvious. There is many a poet who interprets a mood as though he defied the world to interpret his poetry. Some poets think it a great achievement to shed darkness on the insignificant. What principally is the matter with our poetry is its refinement. It has become more enigmatic than sincere.

The Shaw Movement

As George Bernard Shaw has a very keen sense of humor it must amuse him greatly

to observe the fruitfulness of his views on the subject of white slavery. Some weeks ago Shaw asserted that the most horrible of all social problems would never be solved until women employed in stores and factories were paid decent wages. No attention was paid to the remark in England where Shaw is known as a fanatical Socialist who writes brilliant dramas, but in this country our political reformers pondered it seriously and derived inspiration from it. Soon they got busy and started the most delightful of all American pastimes—an investigation. Of course Shaw never said that if all women were paid decent wages woman would cease to fall and there would be no more traffic for white slavers. But our reformers have come to the conclusion that a great evil is to be abolished by the simple expedient of a minimum wage for women, and the minimum wage propaganda that was started in Illinois a few weeks ago is sweeping over the country like wildfire. As this was perhaps the only reform ever recommended by Town Talk, we cannot but endorse the propaganda, but let us not be supposed to be of the opinion that the social evil will vanish as soon as the minimum wage is enacted or within a generation thereafter. The woman that must eat isn't the only woman that takes to prostitution. Nor is the white slaver the only man that starts girls on the downward path. The white slaver is really a much maligned person. He is more of a receiver than a creator of damaged goods. He is in a nasty business, but his soul may have fewer stains on it that are to be found elsewhere. However, we are for the minimum wage, and we are glad of the movement which has thrown light on the payrolls of Chicago department stores and which seems likely to soften the hearts of employers in our own city. We note with gratification that the manager of the Emporium is heartily in favor of paying his girls higher wages. If George Bernard Shaw had never spoken, it might never have occurred to the manager of the Emporium that the stockholders would as soon pay the girls a few dollars more as give the money away to charitable organizations. Shaw may take unto himself the credit of having quickened the conscience of big business in America. Several employers in Chicago have expressed a willingness to pay higher wages, and they are ashamed they didn't think of the poor girls before. One of them, Julius Rosenwald, confessed the other day that he could pay \$2,000,000 a year more to his underpaid employees without seriously interfering with his profits. How much more can be paid in this city without causing anybody to reduce the number of his limousines or requiring less of ostentatious social display, it would be interesting to know, but if by reason of the facile repentance of employers the minimum wage law is to be enacted without investigation we shall never find out. Perhaps that celebrated philanthropist, Harris Weinstock, who knows the business thoroughly and who is now equipped with many humanitarian impulses might be willing to act as chairman of a commission empowered to investigate.

A History of Prostitution

This problem of prostitution is one of perennial interest, probably invented by Providence to supply virtuous work for idle hands. In every generation reformers dedicate themselves to the solution of it, and always they assume that never before did it engage the attention of men. They go over paths that have been trod through the ages, gathering data of ancient vintage, and by the time their knowledge is complete their enthusiasm is exhausted. Here we find the reformers of this day and generation considering to what extent low wages are responsible for prostitution. This question, raised by George Bernard Shaw, is discussed as something entirely new. Yet it is dealt with in a book that was out of print fifty years ago, but which has been republished and is still in circulation. It is entitled "The History of Prostitution: Its Extent, Causes and Effects Throughout the World." The author of this valuable work, Dr. William W. Sanger, was resident physician of Blackwell's Island Hospital, when, at the suggestion of the Board of Governors, he made a study of the subject, devoting seven years of his time to it. His book, though in the nature of an official report, appears to have been forgotten even in New York where the newspapers are now urging an official investigation of the

causes of prostitution. If anybody can find any cause not mentioned and discussed in Dr. Sanger's work, or anything shedding light on the subject that was unknown to Dr. Sanger, he is certainly supplied with keener discernment and more diligence than are to be found in the average legislative committee. There are seven hundred pages in this volume, and it gives you the history of prostitution from the eighteenth century before Christ down to 1850 of this era. Incidentally it give you tables of statistics showing the average wages paid to women in many of the States. According to Dr. Sanger it is "a question for the political economist to decide whether the saving of a small percentage on wages is not more than counterbalanced by the enormous amount of taxation enforced on the public at large to defray the expense incurred on account of a system of vice which is the direct result, **in many cases**, of insufficient compensation for honest labor." So we see that on this very point Dr. Sanger thought more deeply than even George Bernard Shaw has thought; for Dr. Sanger conceived it probable that economic as well as moral considerations might support an argument in favor of higher wages for women. Dr. Sanger is undoubtedly the greatest authority we have on the most disagreeable of subjects, and it is therefore interesting to

note that after seven years of study he could recommend nothing better than what we have in San Francisco, an institution which some of our ministers gravely reprehend,—the municipal clinic. As to the eradication of the evil he says that to assert the possibility of it is absurd. He adds: "The whole power of the church when it was not merely a spiritual but an actual secular arm has been in vain directed against it. Nature defied the mandates of the clergy, and the threatened punishments of an after-life were futile to deter men from seeking and women from granting sinful pleasures in this world. Monarchs victorious in the field and unsurpassed in the council chamber have bent all their energies of will and brought all the aids of power to crush it out, but before these vice has not quailed. The guilty women have been banished, scourged, branded, executed; their partners have been subjected to the same punishment; held up to public opinion, denuded of their civil rights; have seen their offense visited on their families; have been led to the stake, the gibbet and the block, and still prostitution exists." Nevertheless it remains to be seen whether the ministers and their female associates of the California crusade will not succeed in strangling the monster with an act of the Legislature.

A Spring-Song in a Cafe

By Witter Bynner

As gray, on the table, lay his hand
As the root of a tree in a barren land,
Or a rope that lowers the dead.
As gray as a gravestone was his head,
And as gray his beard as dusty grain;
But his eyes were as gray as the rain,—

As gray as the rain that warms the snow,
The bridegroom who brings, to the grass below,
A breath of the wedding-day.
O his eyes were the gray of a rain in May
That shall waken and mate a dead May-queen,
When all the graves are green!

Perspective Impressions

Hint to the newspapers: Why not be original? Call some young Suffragette a "Joan of Arc."

The Supreme Court of the United States proposes and the Railroad Commission of California disposes.

So we are going to stop tong wars in Chinatown by threats of deportation! Nowadays there is no evil that cannot be eradicated instantaneously by resolution.

If Doctor Burke is pardoned he will reopen the Santa Rosa sanitarium and resume business. But will he promise not to buy any more dynamite?

A St. Patrick's Day orator pointed with pride to the fact that President Wilson has Irish blood in his veins. Yet nobody knows the side Mr. Wilson's ancestors were on at the Battle of the Boyne.

And now comes a Stockton minister as recalcitrant defendant in a suit for maintenance brought by his daughter. Perhaps he's so busy trying to close a red light district that he hasn't time to look after his family.

Question for the doctors: Why not wait and see how the Friedmann remedy works?

"You can't unscramble eggs," said Harriman, and it begins to look as though he knew whereof he spoke.

Our State statistician has figured out that one bride in every ten in California is a grass widow. Which proves that the gentleman has lots of leisure.

The publication of Mr. John P. Young's History of San Francisco reminds us that Professor Morse Stephens' History of the Earthquake and Fire is still to appear.

Another reformer gone wrong. The Golden Rule Mayor did unto his neighbor's wife what it was not meet that his neighbor's wife should do unto him.

President Wilson, it is said, agrees with Mr. Taft that it would be "vicious class legislation" to exempt labor unions from prosecution under the Sherman anti-trust act. This is the best news that has come out of Washington since the inauguration.

A yarn that is exceedingly fatiguing: That about Gaby Deslys and ex-King Manuel.

When shall we have a Sunday without motor manslaughter?

"Ireland," says the Call, "has given us the romances of Charles Levin." What romances did this Irish-Hebrew write?

If it is desirable to reform prisoners in San Quentin wouldn't it be well to safeguard them from the contamination of the ministry?

Bishop Berry of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Philadelphia says he wants prepossessing men of good carriage, good voice and pleasant manners for the pulpit. In the near future we may hear that to facilitate the conquest of souls Ovid's Art of Love has been substituted for the Bible in theological seminaries.

"By zeal, fortitude and winning personality he planted the banner of the cross on the confines of this heathen land."—St. Patrick's Day editorial in the Call.

By the same token he went clean into the heart of the country after the snakes and the winningness of his personality they never knew.

Varied Types

CXVIII—BISHOP EDWARD J. HANNA

By Edward F. O'Day

To look at him, you'd never think it. To see the winning smile that constantly illuminates his dark, handsome face and to hear the music of his soft and sympathetic voice, you'd never dream of such a thing. Never in the world! Yet it's true. He told me so himself.

The auxiliary bishop of the Catholic archdiocese of San Francisco is descended from "Roaring" Hanna.

Who was "Roaring" Hanna? You don't have to ask a North of Ireland man that question more than once. If he's a Catholic he'll communicate his private notion as to "Roaring" Hanna's eternal home by way of answer. If he's an Orangeman he'll tell you that "Roaring" Hanna was one of the greatest Orangemen Ulster ever produced and that he is fittingly commemorated by a statue in the heart of Belfast. "Roaring" Hanna! Can't you hear him singing "The Battle of the Boyne" on the Twelfth of July?

Yes, "Roaring" Hanna was one of Bishop Hanna's ancestors. Little he dreamed as he presided over his Orange Lodge that a distinguished descendant of his would celebrate Mass on St. Patrick's Day in San Francisco!

"But I came by my Catholicism honestly," said Bishop Hanna, and for a gloss on that quaint expression he gave me something of his family history.

Bishop Hanna has a piercing look in his dark eyes. It's not the look you'd expect to find in the eyes of a theologian wrapped in the commerce of books, but the keen vision of the clergyman of affairs. One concludes that while a great part of Bishop Hanna's life has been given to writing and teaching he has found plenty of time for the more energetic activities of his spiritual office. And that keen look betokens a keen mind.

I wanted Bishop Hanna's ideas on several questions of local interest. But I didn't get them. His Grace is distinguished by an intelligent cautiousness that is rather more rare in clergymen than it might be.

"Why should I presume to have opinions about conditions in a community which I have known for only ten weeks?" he asked me. "I am still getting acquainted. I am in the 'reception' stage of my work here. I am meeting people at receptions, greeting them and being greeted. Any opinions I might express on local matters would be superficial."

I could not resist the impulse of telling Bishop Hanna that other clergymen have made haste less slowly. I instanced the distinguished Doctor Aked who has a ready-made formula for every contingency.

Bishop Hanna was strangely silent.

Which seemed an adequate appraisal, so I said no more.

Bishop Hanna is impressed by the splendid organization in San Francisco of the church he represents. He is enthusiastic about its highly developed machinery for doing good.

"We hear much nowadays," he said, "about prophylaxis, the preventive treatment for disease. This sort of treatment is not confined to physical conditions. We have moral prophylaxis too, the preventive treatment for moral ills. I do not like the phrase particularly, but it describes the work which is being done by the numerous Catholic institutions throughout the city. The Catholic Humane Bureau, the Ladies' Aid Society, the Sisters of the Holy Family, the Helpers of Souls and many other institutions in the charge of nuns and lay women are laboring, not by passing reso-

lutions or advancing theories, but by actual work among the poor, the helpless and the ignorant of all beliefs to save them from evil and to make them better men and women and therefore better citizens."

"Do you find the women of San Francisco as much interested in such work as the women elsewhere?" I asked.

"More so," said Bishop Hanna emphatically.

"Their interest in politics has not taken them away from this sort of work?"

"So far I have met few women who vote," replied the Bishop.

"What is your opinion of woman's suffrage?"

"That is probably the most difficult problem that has been presented to us in a thousand years," said Bishop Hanna after a good deal of silent consideration of the question. "We know what

subject to him. Will this equality of political right interfere with her observance of the counsel of God?

"And will this political equality give an impetus to moral laxity? Will it increase divorce? Will it take woman away from home and the sacred duties of home?"

"The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world." Many are inclined to laugh at that old saying nowadays. But may it not be true? In the highest development of domestic life and in the highest development of women's gifts, would not the mother rule the state without voting, merely by her influence with her sons?

"If woman's suffrage meant merely the dropping of a ballot in an urn the problem would be simple. But political activity is by no means confined to that. Casting a vote is one thing; active participation in politics is a great deal more. Your sister or my sister is certainly better equipped for voting than the ignorant immigrant who works in the street. If voting will make the woman a better mother to her sons, it is a good thing.

"But isn't it bad enough to give all men the right to vote, as we do in this democracy, without also giving all women the same right? Will it change the result? Will it multiply our evils by two or tend to eradicate them? If a moral issue were presented squarely to the voters, perhaps the influence of women would be felt on the right side. But this so rarely happens. On ordinary occasions I suppose women will vote as men vote, for women always follow men."

Bishop Hanna is conservative. He looks at both sides of the problem, finding good and bad, but trusting that the future will minimize the bad. He doesn't pretend to know all about it in advance. He doesn't pretend to know all about anything, least of all about human beings. One thing he said will illustrate this.

"I lived for many years in Italy," he told me. "I was there so long that I believe I talked Italian better than I did English. I saw the Italians under all sorts of conditions. But I do not pretend to understand the Italians. The tourist who spends three weeks doing Italy knows all about the Italians and their problems. That is, he thinks he does. But after spending years in Italy I am still a great deal in the dark about that wonderful race."

Apply this to woman suffrage. Apply it to local conditions. Note the caution with which Bishop Hanna approaches discussion even of the more general phases of woman suffrage. Note the firmness with which he refuses to have anything at all to say about local conditions. Then decide whether this reticence is not more admirable than the loquacity of other clergymen, newcomers among us, who have a great deal to say about everything under the sun. Apparently your teacher of theology absorbs some of the prudent wisdom of the medieval doctors.



Courtesy of the Chronicle.

REVEREND EDWARD J. HANNA

has been said of its practical working in Australia and New Zealand but that doesn't help us, for ours is a different people. There are of course certain general principles from which we may draw conclusions as to the way it may work out, but it is safer to wait, to observe what actually happens.

"We know from our study of history that there have been epochs when women were in the ascendancy, when women sought equal political right with men, and that such epochs were epochs of deteriorating civilization.

"We know that there is a difference between the sexes, and that despite what may be said of the equality of the sexes, there is a definite dependence of woman on man and in the Christian ideal, the one sex supplements the other—'verily they are two in one flesh.'

"Then again, have women the talent for administration which men have? That is important, because in this country women will not be content to vote; they will want to hold office too.

"For the Catholic woman the problem is simpler than for others. The Catholic woman has the infallible counsel of God to guide her. She knows that she must obey her husband, be

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The People's Forum

Wheeler Versus Neylan

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: I see that Governor Johnson is reported to be grooming Mr. Charles Stetson Wheeler for the gubernatorial job, and that Mr. Wheeler made his first campaign speech before the Railroad Commission. This is inaccurate. Mr. Wheeler made his first campaign speech in Vallejo months ago when he appeared in court in behalf of the workingmen who were trying to nullify a ferry franchise. Mr. Wheeler no longer goes in for the technicalities of the law or the questions at issue or the principles involved. Whenever the opportunity presents itself he takes the broad firm ground of "the rights of the people." Charley is great at the spread-eagle business. He has become a rabble-rouser of the first class. I love to hear him talk, but I'm not for him for Governor. I'm for John Francis Neylan of the Board of Control, and, by the way, I can give you the low down—the Governor hasn't really made up his mind as between Wheeler and Neylan.

—A Progressive.

Vallejo, March 17, 1913.

Sensational Gossip

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: Has it occurred to you that powerful interests do not wish to have the transportation problem solved. There are some very interesting stories afloat about the influences at work in connection with this

problem. One is that behind the Van Ness avenue municipal railroad project are rich men and real estate speculators at both ends of the proposed line. I am told they are now making deals upon the assurance that sufficient newspaper influence has been secured to ensure the building of the road at the expense of our taxpayers. Why don't you go after the city officials who are standing in? It ought to be enough for you know that they are not such fools as to be unaware that a line across Van Ness with no transfer privileges is bound to be a frost after the Fair. There is also another story that a syndicate has been formed to operate motor omnibuses during the Fair, and that the members of the syndicate are using their influence to keep the transportation problem unsolved. There is surely something rotten in Denmark.

Yours truly,

—L. T. R.

Applied Eugenics

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: I hear people mentioning as one of the freak measures of the present Legislature the bill which provides for a State breeding farm where humans are to be bred on eugenic principles. I don't see anything freakish about that bill or the notion behind it. Do our people know that the German Government has just appropriated money for a similar institution? It's a fact. The German national

breeding farm for humans is to shelter one hundred women and one thousand men, and it is expected that their numerous progeny will be splendid physical specimens. The ratio of men to women is interesting, as it reverses the dictum of Rabelais. This eugenic idea is very, very old. The Queen of the Amazons journeyed to meet Alexander the Great during his triumphal march through Asia and made him a eugenic proposition which he cheerfully accepted. Hercules fell in with a eugenic scheme of Danaus, the father of the fifty beautiful Danaids, and old Danaus' eugenic theory was approved by the result. To come down to modern times, it is related that the Comte de Saint-Simon one day went to see Madame de Stael. "Madame," he said to the author of "Corinne," "vous etes la femme la plus remarquable en France; moi, je suis l'homme le plus remarquable. Si nous nous arrangions a vivre quelque mois ensemble, nous aurions peut-etre l'enfant le plus remarquable sur la terre." Unfortunately Madame de Stael declined the offer, and a great scientific project came to nothing. Isadora Duncan cherishes the true eugenic ideals. She visited Madame Maeterlinck some time ago and told her that it was her ambition to have seven sons by the seven great geniuses of the world. Madame Maeterlinck was silent a moment, then answered, "I'm willing if Maurice is."

Sincerely,

—Eugene.

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

To the Moon by Airship

A French scientist has it all figured out how the aviator may travel from the earth to the moon, a distance of 240,000 miles, in a little over forty-eight hours. He disclaims having received any assistance from the popular romance written by Jules Verne. The vehicle, he told the French Physical Society, will be a closed vehicle of extreme lightness provided with a motor of great power. This vehicle will be driven in much the same way as a rocket. If the vehicle weighs a ton the motor will have to be of 414,000 horse power. The journey will be divided into three parts. The first will be to drive the vehicle until the sphere of the earth's attraction is passed. This will take 24 minutes and 9 seconds. During the second part of the journey the vehicle will go on by inertia. This will take 48 hours and 50 minutes. When it reaches the sphere of the moon's attraction the difficulty will be over. The vehicle will simply drop onto the moon's surface, no motive power being necessary. This will take 3 minutes and 46 seconds. Total time for this little week-end trip, 49 hours, 17 min-

utes and 55 seconds. For the first 4,000 miles the passengers will feel as though they weigh one-tenth more than usual, but after that they will cease to weigh at all and will have the sensation of dropping indefinitely into space. Nobody has so far volunteered for the trip.

Lord Alfred's Libel Action

Lord Alfred Douglas, apparently not willing that his disgraceful relations with Oscar Wilde should be buried in oblivion, has brought an action of libel against Arthur Ransome who recently published a book on the dead author in which Douglas came in for biting criticism. It is said that Ransome will plead justification, and if the case comes to trial, the whole dirty scandal will be dragged again to light. Sir Edward Carson, the champion of the Ulster Orangemen in their ridiculous fight against Home Rule, will be Douglas' attorney. He defended the Marquis of Queenbury, Douglas' father, when Oscar Wilde sued the Marquis for libel and thereby wrought his own ruin. Douglas is a brother of Lord Sholto Douglas who married Loretta Mooney of this State. Lord Alfred married the poetess Olive Custance and has two beautiful children. He came to this country twelve years ago, but was so unmercifully snubbed at the Metropolitan Club in Washington that he went away, vowing he would never return.

Dr. R. Robinson of Paris that he has found a way to control the sex of the unborn, which he has proved, he says, as to animals, but has not verified in the case of human beings. His experiments have been made in collaboration with Dr. Carlo Basile of Rome. Briefly, their theory is that an injection of lecithin or of cholin will cause the offspring to be female, while the injection of adrenalin will incline the offspring to be of a male gender. Lecithin is a colorless phosphorized fat obtained from the cells of animals and vegetables. Cholin is an alkaline composed from the bile of animals, and it is obtained also from egg yolks and from animal nerve tissues. Adrenalin is an extract of the glands which lie above the kidneys without any known purpose. Lecithin and cholin, according to Robinson and Basile, destroy the male element in the maternal cells, and adrenalin destroys the female element in the cells.

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At Dalmary

By R. B. Cunninghame Graham

The road led out upon an open moor, on which heather and wiry grass strove for the mastery. Here and there mossy patches, on which waved cotton grass, broke the grey surface of the stony waste, and here and there tufts of dwarf willow, showing the silvery backs of their grey leaves, rustled and bent before the wind.

The road, one of those ancient trails on which cattle and ponies were driven in old times down to the Lowland trysts, was now half covered up with grass. It struggled through the moor as if it chose to do so of its own accord, now twisting, for no apparent reason, and again going directly up a hill, just as the ponies and the kyloes must have straggled before the drovers' dogs. It crossed a shallow ford, in which the dark brown, moorland trout darted from stone to stone when the shadow of a passer-by startled them as they poised, their heads up stream, keeping themselves suspended, as it were, by an occasional wavering motion of their tails, just as a hawk hangs hovering in the air.

Beside the stream, a decaying wooden bridge, high pitched and shaky, reminded one that in the winter, the burn, now singing its metallic little song between the stones, brown and pellucid, with bubbles of white foam floating upon its tiny linn or racing down the stream, checking a little in an eddy, where the tuft of heavy ragweed dipped into the flood, was dangerous to cross.

The aromatic scent of the sweet gale came down the breeze, mixed with the acrid smoke of peats. Hairbells danced in the gentle breeze, and bumble bees hummed noisily as they emerged, weighed down with honey, from the ling.

Across the moor, from farms and shielings, and from the grey and straggling village built on each side of the rough street, in which the living rock cropped up and ran in reefs across the road, came groups of men dressed in black clothes, creased and ill-fitting, with hats, grown brown with years of church-going and with following funerals in the rain; they walked along as if they missed the familiar spade or plough handle to keep them straight, just as a sailor walks uneasily ashore.

As they trudged on they looked professionally on the standing crops, or passed their criticisms on the cattle in the fields. Root crops, they thought, were back, tates not just exactly right, a thocht short in the shaws, and every cow, a wee bit heigh abune the tail, for praise was just as difficult a thing for them to give as blame was easy, for they were all aware their God was jealous, and it did not befit them to appear more generous than He. Hills towered and barred the north, and to the south the moors stretched till they met another range of hills, and all the space between them was filled with a great sea of moss, eyed here and there with dark, black pools on which a growth of water-lilies floated like fairies' boats. A wooded hill, which sloped down to a brawling river, was the fairies' court. Another to the south, steep, rising from the moss, the Hill of the Crown received its name, back in the times of Fingal and of Bran. Gaps in the hills showed where, in times gone by, marauders from the north had come to harry and to slay. The names of every hill, lake, wood, or stream were Gaelic, and the whole country exhaled an air of a romantic past.

In it, the dour, black-coated men, although they thought themselves as much a part and parcel of the land as the grey rocks upon the moor, were strangers; holding their property but on suffrance from the old owners who had named

every stone, and left their impress even in the air.

It seemed the actual dwellers acted, as it were, a play, a sort of rough and clownish interlude, upon a stage set out for actors whom the surroundings would have graced.

Still, though they shared the land, just as we all do, by favor of the dead, they had set their mark upon it, running their rough stone walls across the moors, and to the topmost ridges of the hills, planting their four-square, slate-roofed houses in places where a thatched and white-washed cottage, with red tropeolum growing on the corner of the byre, a plant of mullein springing from a crevice in the wall, and flaughtered feals pegged to the thatch with birchen crockets, or kept down with stones, would have looked just as fitting, as their looked out of place. A land in which the older dwellers had replaced the nymphs and hamadryads by the fairies, where, in the soft and ceaseless rain, the landscape wore a look of sadness, that the mist, creeping up on the shoulders of the hills, at times turned menacing, was now delivered over to a race of men who knew no shadows, either in life or in belief. If they believed, they held each letter of "The Book" inspired and would have burned the man who sought to change a comma to a semicolon, and if they had rejected faith as an incumbrance they could do without, denied the very possibility of any god or power but mathematics, holding the world a mere gigantic counting-house in which they sat enthroned. The moaning birches and dark murmuring pines, the shaggy thickets by the streams, and the green hummocks under which tradition held Pictish or Keltic chiefs reposed, the embosomed corries over which the shadows ran, as imperceptibly as lizards run upon a wall, turning the brown hillside to gold, which melted into green as it ran on, until it faded into a pale amethyst, faint and impalpable as is a color in a dream, seemed to demand a race of men more fitted to its moods than those who walked along the road chatting about the crops. Still it may be that though the outward visible sign was so repellent, the unexpected and interior softness of the black-clothed and tall-hatted men was bred in them by their surroundings, for certainly their hard, material lives, and their black, narrow, anti-human faith could not have given it.

The road led on until on the south side of it a path worn in the heather and the wiry grass, and winding in and out between the hillocks, crossed here and there by bands of rocks, outcropping, but smoothed down on the edge by the feet of centuries, broke off, not at right angles after the fashion of a modern road, but on the slant, just as a herd of driven animals slants off, stopping at intervals to graze.

The knots of black-clothed men, some followed by their dogs, slowly converged upon the path, and stood a minute talking, passing the time of day, exchanging bits of news and gossip in subdued voices, and mopping vigorously at their brows, oppressed with the unwonted weight of their tall hats.

"We've had a braw back end, McKerrachar," Borland remarked. The worthy he addressed, a gaunt, cadaverous man, so deeply wrinkled that you could fancy in wet weather the rain down the channels in his face, spat in contemplative fashion, rejoicing in a noncommittal way:

"No just sae bad . . . markets are back a

wee." A nod of assent went round the group, and then another interjected:

"I dinna mind sae braw a back end for mony a year; aye, ou aye, I'll no deny markets are very conseederably back."

Having thus magnified his fellow, after the fashion of the stars, he looked a moment with apparent interest at his hat, which he held in his hand, and ventured the remark:

"A sair blow to the widow, Andra's death; he was a good man to her."

No one answering him, he qualified what he had said by adding:

"Aye, sort of middlin'," and glanced round warily, to see if he had overstepped the bounds by the too indiscriminating nature of his praise.

The house towards which the various knots of men were all converging stood at the foot of a green, grassy mound, which looked as if it might have been the tumulus of some prehistoric chief. On it grew several wind-bent ash trees, and within twenty yards or so of the front door of the grey cottage, with its low thatched eaves, there ran a little burn. Two or three mulleins, with flowers still clinging to their dying stalks, on which they stuck like vegetable warts, sprung from the crevices between the stones of the rough byre. A plant or two of ragweed grew on the midden on which a hen was scratching, and out of it a green and oozy rivulet of slush filtered down to the stream. On one side was a garden, without a flower and with a growth of straggling cabbage, gooseberry bushes, and some neglected-looking haspberry canes, as the sole ornaments. In the potato patch a broken spade was stuck into the ground. All round the house some straggling plum trees, with their sour fruit half ripened and their leaves already turning brown, looking as if they had fought hard for life against the blast in the poor, stony soil, gave a peculiar air of desolation, imparting to the place a look as of an oasis just as unfruitful as the waste stretched on every side. On one side of the door, but drawn a little on the grass, not to obstruct the way, there stood a cart, with a tall, white-faced and white-pasterned horse between the shafts, held by a little boy. Peat smoke curled lazily out of the barrel stuck into the thatch that served as chimney, and cocks and hens scratched in the mud before the door, bees hummed amongst the heather, and once again the groups of men in black struck a discordant note.

Inside the house, upon four wooden chairs was set the coffin of the dead ploughman, cheap and made in haste, just as his life had been lived cheaply and in haste, from the first day that he had stood between the stils, until the evening when he had loosed his horses from the plough for the last time, his furrow finished and his cheek no more to be exposed to the November rain. Now in the roughly put-together kist he lay, his toil-worn hands crossed on his breast,

(Continued on Page 23.)

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Poems About San Francisco

LXXXV—AT THE PRESIDIO

By Edward Robeson Taylor

(The sonnet is Dr. Taylor's favorite verse form, and into its fourteen lines he sometimes pours a good measure of sweet simplicity. The Doctor is not a great poet, but by dint of much writing he manages to score once in a while. The following is in his best manner. It is taken from "Lavender and Other Verses" published by Paul Elder.)

The rose and honeysuckle intertwine
 Their fond arms here in beauty's own secret way;
 Here loveliest grasses never know decay,
 And every wall is eloquent with vine;
 Far-reaching avenues make beckoning sign,
 Where, as we stroll in lingering, glad delay,
 The trilling songster glorifies the sway
 That gives to him inviolable shrine.
 And yet, within this beauty-haunted place
 War keeps his dreadful engines at command,
 With frowning brow and unrelaxing hand;
 And as we saunter on in pensive pace,
 We start to see 'mid these so lovely bowers,
 A tiger sleeping on a bed of flowers.

The Spectator

Mr. Phelan Unbends

When James D. Phelan "loosens up" at a banquet there are bound to be valuable revelations. Mr. Phelan's post-prandial obiter dicta are always important but not always sensational. Usually it is the manner of them rather than the matter which excites interest and aids digestion. Occasionally, however, Mr. Phelan unbends and out of his unbending mood comes that which illuminates passing events insofar as Mr. Phelan is concerned with them. At the banquet of the Knights of St. Patrick last Saturday night Mr. Phelan was amiably loquacious. He came to the banquet in a mood of liveliness that recalled that celebrated occasion years ago when he made his not-to-be-forgotten "high tower" speech. The result was that the Knights of St. Patrick and their guests were treated to a number of intimate utterances. Mr. Phelan fairly oozed confidences. The banqueters learned of Mr. Phelan's political aspirations; they learned too of Mr. Phelan's attitude toward Mr. Secretary of the Interior Franklin K. Lane. There was breathless silence in the banquet hall of the Bellevue while Mr. Phelan divulged.

A Barmecide Feast

Mr. Phelan was to respond to the toast "The United States," but he took the post-prandial talker's privilege of speaking to anything save the set subject. By a deft limitation of his theme Mr. Phelan narrowed discussion to California, and of California he had only this to say, that California was of sufficient importance to be represented in the Wilson cabinet by one of her favorite though not native sons. "I refer," said Mr. Phelan with the trained orator's pretty way of enforcing the obvious, "I refer to the Hon. Franklin K. Lane, the new Secretary of the Interior." There was applause from the ebullient Irish-Americans seated at the board, and Mr. Phelan continued. "It is my opinion," said Mr. Phelan, "that the Hon. Franklin K. Lane is the most astute politician California has ever produced. I shall go further than that: Mr. Lane is the most astute politician in the United States." To prove it Mr. Phelan told a story, the story

of a Washington dinner given by Mr. Lane, a feast of barmecidal elusiveness so far as Mr. Phelan was concerned, he told the Knights of St. Patrick, because he was genially appointed Secretary of the Interior at that Washington dinner and graciously accepted the appointment, only to find himself later on "the Secretary of an empty post." It was this which satisfied Mr. Phelan's mind that Lane was the most astute politician in the country.

The Lane Dinner

Mr. Phelan elucidated. It seems that when our valiant champions were in Washington chasing the will-o'-the-wisp of Hetch-Hetchy Interstate Commerce Commissioner Lane gave a little dinner to which he invited Mr. Secretary Fisher, Mayor Rolph and Mr. Phelan. It was a good dinner, said Mr. Phelan, and the company was congenial. Over the coffee and cigars there was much heart-to-heart talk of Hetch-Hetchy and of Secretary Fisher's connection with the fight waged by San Francisco. Finally Secretary Fisher said that it had been a great responsibility and that he would be glad to lay it down. Particularly glad, he added with a smile and a bow, because he knew the vast powers of his office were to pass to Mr. Phelan, a man in every way competent to administer the trust. Mr. Lane agreed, and sketching rapidly the various duties of the Secretary of the Interior, named the many departments over which the Secretary of the Interior holds sway. "All these," he said, "all this great interior from wall to wall and from basement to ceiling is to be yours, Mr. Phelan." It was a nice play on words and Mr. Phelan appreciated it. He was all aglow, he let the banqueters know, when this matter was settled over the coffee and the cigars at Mr. Lane's board. As he told the story he turned from time to time to Mayor Rolph who was also at this Knights of St. Patrick banquet, and Mayor Rolph indicated by sundry noddings of the mayoral head that Mr. Phelan's recollection of all that had happened at that Washington dinner was substantially correct. Then Mr. Phelan concluded. "And now," he said, "I find Frank-

lin K. Lane sitting at President Wilson's cabinet table as Secretary of the Interior while I who was that night appointed to the position over Mr. Lane's coffee and cigars find myself the Secretary of an empty post."

Older's Sensational Open Letter

It is hard to follow Mr. Fremont Older in his backing and filling on certain matters of historical interest. Some time ago he admitted in a letter that the Graft Prosecution was tainted with unscrupulosity. Recently his deposition was taken and he gave testimony corroborative of much that has been said against the Graft Prosecution and its methods. Yet last week in a review of John P. Young's history of San Francisco he characterized as unjust the historian's criticisms of the Graft Prosecution. From his own testimony it appears that he was not informed of all that was done by the prosecutors. And as he admits that of some things he had no knowledge until long after they happened it is evident that he is hardly competent to question

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the accuracy of Mr. Young's criticisms. But the truth is that unconsciously Mr. Older is the severest, most uncompromising of all the critics of the Graft Prosecution. By way of illustration, let us examine his open letter addressed to Judge William P. Lawlor last Tuesday. Speaking of Ruef, he says to Judge Lawlor: "You and I together have fought this unfortunate man for years. Sometimes we were bitter, sometimes we were unfair. At all time we were full of hate and self-righteousness. Let us now atone." Now I submit that of all the charges that have been made against Judge Lawlor these that emanate from his old pal Mr. Fremont Older are the toughest. What is the implication of Mr. Older's exhortation? Judge Lawlor, be it remarked, was the man that presided over the trial of Abe Ruef. It was charged that Judge Lawlor was prejudiced against Ruef. It was charged that he was so bitter in his prejudice that he could not give Ruef a fair trial. Judge Lawlor then sat in judgment on himself. He appeared as a witness for himself, and he made oath that there was nothing in the charge of prejudice, and having confidence in his own veracity he decided that he was not disqualified from giving the defendant a fair and impartial trial. The fact that he did not give Ruef a fair and impartial trial, and that Ruef was treated as accused men are treated nowhere except in Russia does not argue that Judge Lawlor made false oath when he swore that he was unprejudiced. He might have been mistaken. We are not all able to look into our own hearts. But from Older's letter it is to be inferred that Judge Lawlor was not entirely unconscious of the psychology of his attitude.

Foundation for Impeachment

Mr. Older's open letter has more force than an ordinary indictment; for it is the confession of an accomplice and it was not made under promise of immunity. Mr. Older is testifying in this letter not only against Judge Lawlor; he is testifying also against himself. "You and I together," he says, "have fought this unfortunate man for years." And they fought "unfairly," and they were full of bitterness and hatred. Thus does Mr. Older assert authoritatively what hitherto critics of the Graft Prosecution have been unable to prove: that he was in cahoots with Judge Lawlor during the prosecution of Abe Ruef. Mark the terrible import of the Older letter: Older, the editor of a newspaper that was engaged in a conspiracy to railroad men to the penitentiary by hook or by crook, had the ear and the co-operation of a judge engaged in the trial of those men, and that judge shared his meanest passions. Older calls on the judge to join him in making atonement. He thinks they can atone by working together for the liberation of Ruef from the penitentiary but there are many harsh critics who will say that to make sufficient atonement at least one of them should serve a term in the penitentiary, for something

is due to the State as well as to the man they conspired against. Older's confession probably entitles him to the consideration vouchsafed the giver of evidence for the State, but what about Lawlor? At least it is not to be disputed that the open letter is foundation sufficient for impeachment proceedings.

Between the Acts

The appearance of Joe Redding on the stage of the Tivoli last Saturday night was almost as much of a surprise as the appearance of Kolb and Dill on the same stage on the opening night. But the audience was more pleased to see Mr. Redding than to see the slapstick Dutch comedians. Kolb and Dill are very well in their place, but their place is far from the Tivoli between the acts of Rigoletto. I am told that responsibility for their presence is a question that nobody connected with the Tivoli is able to solve. If the appearance of Mr. Redding was a surprise it was because there had been no call for the librettist of the opera. Nobody had taken the precaution to instruct the ushers to become clamant for Joe. This was an oversight. However, there was a pretext, the Bohemian Club having sent him a bank of flowers, and his appearance was well timed, occurring as it did after the second act of Natoma, which is the one act of the opera worth while. And also our townsman was welcome, for our Joe is a man of graceful parts, who looks well and talks well. It may be justly said of him that he contributed greatly to the delight of the performance, serving as he did as a "feeder" for Mary Garden, who cut didoes about his person in a most charming manner. She kissed Mr. Redding right out before everybody, but there was no harm in the kiss. It was but a chaste salute, nothing more than a stage kiss, a little peck on the side of the Redding face, and the talented librettist never turned a hair.

Comic Opera Next

Kolb and Dill got some good advertising out of their appearance at the Tivoli. The following day the rumor was bruited about that they were to take possession of the beautiful new opera house after the grand opera season. This was news to Manager Leahy who has made other arrangements. The Tivoli is an opera house, and such it is to remain. After the grand opera season there will be a season of comic opera, the kind which, if I am not very much mistaken, the town is athirst for. We shall have comic opera as only the Tivoli can produce it.

Gavin's Latest Mots

I met Gavin McNab the other day and we fell a-talking about politics and government. Gavin descanted on the extravagance of the State government. "If they don't put a taximeter on the tax-eaters the State will go broke," said Gavin. We talked too about the mad scramble for federal patronage among the Democrats of California. "If the Democrats of California," said Gavin, "don't get together on some plan the southern senators will fill all the offices with their poor relations, and they all have poor relations out here."

His Only Request

A certain well known and wealthy politician from a nearby State registered at one of our big hotels the other day. He is of Irish birth,

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and perhaps the approach of St. Patrick's Day impelled him to celebrate. His celebration took a liquid turn and was continued injudiciously, so much so that he approached the verge of delirium tremens. The hotel management deemed it wise to give him medical treatment, so they sent him to a hospital. He seemed to be in a pretty bad way, but he was conscious of his surroundings, for when he heard the physician and nurse conferring as to which ward they should put him in, he lifted his head and said in a shaky voice: "I don't care a hang what ward yez put me in so long as it's a Dimmycratic precinct."

Raker Is Sad

That great Democratic statesman Congressman Raker of Modoc is exceedingly sad these days. My Washington correspondent informs me that he wears a face of elongated woe. And all because President Wilson is not going to let him distribute the Democratic patronage in California. Sitting down with the other Democratic congressmen from California, Kettner and Church, Raker figured out a pretty little scheme whereby all applications for jobs should be referred to him as chairman of a pie-distributing committee of three. But the scheme doesn't work. President Wilson is not consulting congressmen about jobs and job-hunters. There are so many Democratic congressmen this session that, in the immortal words of Big Tim Sullivan, "they hitch horses to them on Pennsylvania avenue." The President can safely ignore about two hundred of the majority in the House of Representatives and Raker is one of those who will be ignored. Hence his awful dolor. Two men who are being consulted about patronage in California are Senators Perkins and Works.

Wallace to the Rescue

The tip comes to me from Sacramento that there is not likely to be an investigation of labor conditions with a view to fixing a minimum wage for women. When Senator Beban was cast into the discard by Lieutenant-Governor Wallace it was at once suspected that the department store magnates of Los Angeles had been active and triumphant. In the chemically pure city of Los Angeles are a number of large employers of female labor who are also large contributors to the Progressive political fund. These soldiers of the Lord are for purifying all business in which they have no interest, but they

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will never consent to the improvement of public morals at their own expense. And the administration needs them in its business.

Morrow Asked to Stay

The several distinguished jurists and self-sacrificing lawyers who have brought a pull to bear on President Wilson that he might know of the wealth of judicial material at hand and at his bidding will probably be disappointed to learn that Judge Morrow is very likely to remain where he is. Judge Morrow was seriously thinking of resigning, but leading members of the bar have been urging him to stay on the bench. It is said lawyers generally feel that if Judge Morrow resigned the Federal bench would suffer a severe loss that in the exigencies of politics at present President Wilson might find it extremely difficult to repair.

A Statue to Joaquin Miller

"He asked for bread and he received a stone" said the bitter satirist gazing at the "monumental bust" erected to Samuel Butler after he had died of starvation. Joaquin Miller did not lack bread, but he received scanty recognition during his life. Now that he is dead Oakland plans to commemorate him by a statue in the City Hall Plaza. The commemoration of a great poet in marble or bronze is always a worthy thing, and it is to be hoped that Oakland will do it worthily. Already the sculptors are busy putting their ideas in clay. Douglas Tilden has lost no time in coming forward with a design. He calls his composition "Joaquin Miller Embarking for Valhalla." The poet wrapped in an Indian blanket is borne aloft on the shoulders of a Mexican, a monk, an Indian, a pathfinder, a miner and a cowboy while his ship waits to carry him to the Paradise of the Norseman. Just why Miller should go to Valhalla rather than to the pagan's Elysium, the Indian's Happy Hunting Grounds or the Christian's Heaven I am not competent to decide. It is a bit incongruous to have a monk bearing the poet to the bark that will waft him to a heathen paradise. There is more to the monument. The pedestal shows at the four corners ships in full sail, while the inscriptions include words from the poem "Columbus." Nothing is left to the imagination in this composition. I understand that Rupert Schmitt is also at work on a Miller monument. Schmitt took a death mask of the poet, rather against the wishes of Mrs. Miller and Juanita Miller, I am told.

How About Gertrude Boyle?

Will Gertrude Boyle Kanno be considered by the Oakland authorities who supervise the erection of a Miller memorial? She is one sculptress who studied the poet lovingly and imaginatively during his lifetime, instead of waiting till after his death. Her plaques of the poet are well known, and her bust, a splendid interpretation, is now on exhibition at the Bohemian Club. Steps

are well under way to have it bought for the club by a subscription taken up among the members of the "old guard" who loved Joaquin Miller. I believe it is Gertrude Boyle Kanno's opinion that Joaquin Miller should be commemorated on his own "Hights," that a statue to him should hold company with the monuments the poet himself erected to Moses, to Browning and to Fremont. Certainly Miller was more at home on "The Hights" than in the streets of Oakland. Joaquin Miller once told Gertrude Boyle that she was destined to do a great work, to achieve a great artistic triumph. I know of no subject better calculated to call forth her powers and to justify the prediction of the poet than a monument to his own memory.

France and Our Fair

France wants to participate in our World's Fair, but her participation seems to be conditioned, like that of Germany, on certain trade concessions. The situation was explained to President Poincare by Senator Emil Dupont, the President of the Foreign Expositions Association. "Many French firms are most willing to send exhibits to San Francisco," explained Senator Dupont, "but their effective participation in the Exposition is subordinated to the question of the protection the United States Government is prepared to give to trade marks, designs and models of French origin. I and the would-be exhibitors desire to be certain before going to San Francisco that the best French products will not be copied there by competitors. American legislation offers no guarantee of the kind, nor does the United States Government show any disposition to modify the present laws. I cannot take the responsibility of organizing France's representation unless I am in a position to offer to the French exhibitors those guarantees of their commercial and industrial rights which they have a right to demand. These should be provided for permanently by the American law and not merely regulated temporarily for the purpose of the Exposition." President Poincare expressed the hope that some satisfactory arrangement may be made, but he approved the position taken by Senator Dupont and the Foreign Expositions Association.

Thigpen the Irrepressible

Loiterers in the lobby of the St. Francis Hotel have had their eyes gladdened during the past few days by the manly beauty of W. Gainer Thigpen. W. Gainer Thigpen lends the lustre of his presence to this city only temporarily; Portland rejoices in calling him her son, and the Multnomah Hotel is enriched by his ministrations as assistant manager. During his stay in San Francisco Thigpen has broken all the records of acquaintanceship, for he is able to call by first name and slap on the shoulder every other man he meets. Being an athlete of note the exercise of the glad right hand never tires Thig-

pen, and the hailing of acquaintances leaves his well oiled vocal chords unhoarsened. Thigpen has been known to call people by their last names, but only in moments of thoughtlessness. Which reminds me of one day when John Drew walked into the Multnomah and picked up a pen to register. "Well, well, John! how are you?" exclaimed Thigpen with his usual cordiality. John Drew was a picture of silent dignity. "We had Ethel here last week," continued Thigpen unperturbed. "Ethel?" said Drew, like one who had never heard the name before. "Why yes, John, your niece Ethel Barrymore. And we're glad to see you, John. Welcome to our city of roses!" John Drew fled.

A Good Word for Sacramento

Riccardo Martin of the Metropolitan Opera House, foremost American tenor, paid a nice

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compliment to Sacramento in a recent newspaper interview. He was telling of the little mishaps which come to all stage folk when they are on the road. This is what he said of Sacramento: "When I last sang in Sacramento the trunk containing my evening suit failed to arrive. There was only a short time before I was to appear at the concert. After endless inquiries I found a costumer who essayed to fit me to a suit which he had in stock. I appeared in due time at the auditorium in a most remarkable attire. The trousers were so big that they flapped in the breeze at each step, and the coat was just right for a man half my size. All I could see in front of me throughout the performance was an enormous expanse of protruding shirt front. Rudolf Ganz, the pianist, who appeared on the same program, politely suggested that if we could arrange the intermissions between numbers to allow more time he would change suits with me for each number. After careful reflection I decided against this course and determined to brave public gaze. It has always been satisfying to me to recall how courteous the people of Sacramento were. In spite of my circus appearance there was no display of mirth, nor was anything thrown. I was in good voice and sang with excellent results. The newspapers spoke of me in high terms of praise, although one daily after conceding me the possession of a voice observed that I did not seem to put my soul into my work."

The Lay of the Last Minstrel

Minstrelsy in its palmy days had only one Billy Kersands, and Billy Kersands, in those memorable days of Emerson and Reed and Rice, Primrose and Thatcher and Sweatnam, was the only colored man admitted on equal terms to that Standard Theatre galaxy. That was a long time ago. The vogue of minstrelsy passed, but Billy Kersands lagged, not quite superfluous, with the few survivors who carried on the splendid traditions. A new generation of San Franciscans had to be told who Billy Kersands was when he arrived here not long ago from the Antipodes. His Dixie Minstrel Troupe went to pieces in Australia, and Billy Kersands was "strapped" when he set foot in Market street. In the office of Aleck Pantages to whom he applied for booking on the "ten, twent and thirt" Billy Kersands pleaded guilty to sixty years, but he stinted himself a full decade of life. It was difficult to book Billy because he estimated his worth in terms of the golden long ago, but finally, only because he was broke, he agreed to Pantages' figure, "but only for one week," he stipulated. They billed the town with Billy Kersands' name, and it carried some of the old magic because Pantages was

packed to the doors when he opened two Sundays ago. . . . Thirty-five minutes Billy Kersands lingered on that Pantages stage, and wouldn't come off. He cracked jokes, he sang, he mugged, he shook a weary leg. Many in the audience got up and left. They rang the curtain down on Billy Kersands. All the other vaudevillians had gathered in the wings to see the great old minstrel but when he started toward his dressing room, they turned away, too embarrassed to speak to him. The call boy told Billy Kersands he was wanted at the office. Billy came out of the office dazed. He stood on the sidewalk with his hat in his hand and his eyes on his feet. Then he looked at his hat as though he didn't recognize it, put it on his head and walked slowly down Market street. Billy Kersands was closed out.

Enter the Movie Girl

Down in Los Angeles the chorus girl is lamenting evil times. Her vogue is of yesterday. The johnnie no longer waits for her at the stage door in the alley with a taxi and a roll of bills. No more nice little suppers at the Alexandria or the Van Nuys, no more, hilarious joyrides to the Ship at Venice or to Baron Long's at Vernon for poor little neglected Totty Twinkletoes. A hated rival has supplanted her. The movie girl is all the rage with the gilded boys of the Angel City. There are twenty-seven moving picture companies operating in and around Los Angeles. All these companies have bevy of stunning beauties, and there are plenty of these beauties not averse to the lobster when it is newburged and to the wine when it is chilled. So the johnnies are devoting themselves to the "little old flippant flappers," as Bunker Bean would say, of the moving picture companies. Your Los Angeles johnnie spends the leisure hours of the evening with his movie girl and drops in of an afternoon to see her on the film. And the chorus girl dines at a cafeteria and reads herself superfluous to sleep.

A Gubernatorial Trio

"Governor Haines of Idaho, I want to have you meet Governor Spry of Utah," said a newspaperman in the wine room of the St. Francis the other afternoon. So the Governor of Idaho shook hands with the Governor of Utah. "You know what the Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina," ventured the Governor of Idaho to the Governor of Utah. "I do," said the Governor of Utah to the Governor of Idaho. So they followed the Old Dominion precedent. Just then a stranger appeared. The newspaperman beckoned to him. "Governor Haines of Idaho and Governor Spry of Utah," said the newspaperman, "I want to have you meet Governor Oddie of Nevada." "Are you kidding

us?" chorused the Governor of Idaho and the Governor of Utah. "He certainly is not," said the Governor of Nevada. They all shook hands. "By the way," said the Governor of Nevada, "you know what the Governor of North Carolina—" "We do," chorused the Governor of Idaho and the Governor of Utah. So the Governor of Idaho, the Governor of Utah and the Governor of Nevada did it. The newspaperman said he was sorry the Governor of California didn't happen in to make it a quartet.

Umbesen's Big Deal

The sale of the property at the southeast corner of Market and Fourth streets for \$14,000 a front foot reminds me that the character of the south side of our main artery has changed somewhat since the fire. Formerly the traffic in the south side of the street was not half as much as that of the north side, but now it is the south side that gets the bulk of the traffic. This of course is due to the increase in the number of big buildings that have been erected in the south side. And now we are to have another big building, for the purchasers of the property at Fourth and Market street intend to put up a hotel of nine stories. This property, by the way, formerly belonged to the Mackay estate. John W. Mackay bought it when property in Market street was not worth \$100 a front foot. The sale the other day was one of the biggest realty deals of recent years, and credit for it is due to the wide-awake firm of G. H. Umbesen & Company.

A Banker for Reform

S. W. Strauss of the banking house of S. W. Strauss & Co., Chicago and New York, returned to San Francisco from Pasadena on Monday, engaging a suite of five rooms at the St. Francis for himself, his wife, child and maid. Mr. Strauss has delivered several informal addresses in San Francisco dealing with the lasting good that he believes will come from the Panama-Pacific International Exposition and also on a subject that is infinitely more vital to the financial interests of the country, namely, the question of legislation to curb stock manipulation. Mr. Strauss is well known in Chicago and New York club circles and his accomplishments in the field of stable and sure finance have made him more or less of a national figure. According to Mr. Strauss, no one except the most hide-bound conservative can deny that there is reason for the impending legislation in various States to curb stock manipulation. He says that the present movement which promises to reform stock exchange speculation was due more to the attitude of unseeing business men than to the rantings of demagogues.

The Architectural Exhibition

The forthcoming sixth exhibition of the San Francisco Architectural Club which will be held in the Hale building, Fifth and Market streets, from March 22 to April, Sundays excepted, will be, its promoters promise, the most complete and impressive display of the sort ever seen on the Pacific Coast. Its exhibits will comprise the best specimens of the work of the leading architects and decorative artists of the Pacific Coast, the Middle West, the East and certain foreign lands, many exhibits having been received already from abroad. At this exhibition the models and

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drawings of the buildings for the Panama-Pacific International Exposition will be placed on public view for the first time in their entirety. So will the models and plans of the Civic Center. Structural, decorative, monumental, and, in fact, every variety of architectural and ornamental art will be represented in the exhibition, which will be managed by a committee composed of the following architects: W. B. Faville, chairman; G. W. Kelham, E. H. Hildebrand, August G. Headman, John Bakewell Jr., Charles P. Weeks, Harry E. Nye, George Greenwood, Percy K. Simpson, Charles F. Pratt, Ed. F. Frick, Carl I. Warnecke, Edwin Flanders, Stanley Flawn, William Garren, H. A. Thompson. The exhibition will be open every day from 10 a. m. to 10 p. m. Music will be provided day and night. Admission will be free at all times, except on Saturday, March 22, when it will be by invitation only, for the press and for the club reception.

Presents at Techau's

All the ladies who were present at Techau Tavern last Saturday, and they were a host, were presented with the famous Aubrey Sisters' Beautifier in souvenir form. The announcement of the intended presentation was widely heralded in both the daily and weekly press and judging from the continuous throng of ladies who visited the Tavern the liberality of the management must have been appreciated. Next Saturday will be notable at the Tavern as the first day on which the \$1,000 sealskin coat which has been made by H. Liebes & Co. of 167 Post street, for presentation to some lady patron of the cafe, will be on exhibition on the main floor of the Tavern.

THE MAN FROM KANKAKEE

Tells How He Saw The Sights of San Francisco to The Best Advantage

"Yes, I'm from Kankakee," said the stranger in the lobby of the St. Francis Hotel. "But don't joke me about it. A lot of would-be humorists are in the habit of waxing jocose about Kankakee, but our town is no joke. It's certainly no joke to me, because I own a bank and three big business blocks there."

The Hotel Reporter looked the stranger over. He was a prosperous looking man of middle age, clean-cut, wide awake and genial.

"Out here on business?" asked the Hotel Reporter.

"I get enough business in Kankakee," answered the stranger. "I'm here on pleasure."

"First trip to San Francisco?" asked the Hotel Reporter. "How d'ye like our city?"

"I like your city first rate," replied the stranger. "Yes, I may say that I like San Francisco first rate. Funny thing, too."

"What's funny?" asked the Hotel Reporter, scenting a story.

"Why, the fact is," said the stranger, "this is my third visit to San Francisco since the fire. I was here in 1909, and I didn't like your city worth a cent. I came again in 1911, and didn't like it a bit better. And here I am in 1913, and I must admit I like it first rate."

"Tell me about it," said the Hotel Reporter sinking into the vacant red plush seat beside the stranger.

It was easy to see that the Hotel Reporter was interested.

"Well," began the stranger from Kankakee, "you see, I'm fond of seeing the sights. Once I met a man in New York who boasted that the only things he remembered in San Francisco were the Palace Hotel bar and the Cliff House. Seems he had spent his time joyriding in more or less of a trance between those two places. None of that for me. When I visit a city I want to see everything worth while. It's my Kankakee training, don't you think?"

"No doubt of it," said the Hotel Reporter.

"Well," continued the stranger, "the first time I came here—that was in 1909—I was anxious to see the natural beauties of your town and to size up your magnificent work of rehabilitation. So I hired a taxi and started out. I drove out through the Park and enjoyed the scenery, you may be sure. When I got to the Cliff House I decided to lunch there. So I dismissed the taxicab. Say, when that pirate of a chauffeur told me how much I owed him I nearly fainted. I may be a banker, but I'm not made of money. I paid him all right, but I was so peeved that it spoiled my lunch. I rode back to the hotel in a street car. The next day I left San Francisco. I hadn't seen much of it, and every time I thought of San Francisco it was connected in my mind with that extortionate taxicab bill.

"Two years later I came here again, on business that time. I was still an enthusiastic sight seer, but with the other experience in mind I passed up the taxicabs. This time I started out to see your city on a rubberneck wagon. That was cheap enough, to be sure, but I was disgusted. I may be from Kankakee, but I'm not a yap by a whole lot, and my intelligence was insulted by the loud-mouthed man behind the megaphone who sprang a lot of ancient witticisms and belled out a lot of statements which anybody of ordinary common sense could tell were absolutely false. For instance, we passed through a cut in a hill just off upper Market street.

"We are now passing between Twin Peaks," said the megaphone man. 'Observe the Peaks, one on each side.'

"I had them let me off that rubberneck wagon before the trip was half over, and I shook the dust of your city from my feet, vowing never to return to a town which treated would-be sight seers like that.

"But I came back. There's a charm about this

city that draws people back to it, whether they want to come or not. And this time it's been different. Today I saw your city in the proper fashion. It's glorious! I've decided to forget that taxicab pirate and that disgusting rubberneck man."

"How did you see our town this time?" queried the Hotel Reporter.

"A philanthropist in the shape of a chance acquaintance gave me the tip," answered the stranger from Kankakee. "He told me about the seventy-five cent trip on the observation car of your United Railroads.

"I made the trip today, and I don't know when I ever saw the sights of a city in such comfort, in such a reasonable length of time and for so modest a price. I think it's the cheapest and most interesting ride of its kind in the world.

"I saw your great downtown section, I saw your residence district, I saw some of your suburbs and I saw all your outdoor amusement places including the glorious bay and ocean. I don't remember it all offhand, but that trip took in Harbor View and your Exposition grounds, Lincoln Park, the Seal Rocks, the Cliff House, Sutro Baths and Heights, the windmills on the Beach, the Colleges on Parnassus Heights, Baker's Beach, Mile Rock, Fort Point, the Presidio, the fine old cemeteries, the great Park, Telegraph Hill, the Donohue Fountain, Chinatown, Nob Hill, the Fairmount Hotel, the Dewey Monument, the City Hall, the Mint, all the skyscrapers and a lot of other great sights that you know better than I do of course. Why, it was a superb trip! And when the guide had anything to say he said it as one gentleman to a gathering of ladies and gentlemen."

"Coming again?" asked the Hotel Reporter.

"For the Fair, you bet," said the stranger from Kankakee. "But the question is a bit premature. I haven't gone yet. I'm going to stay a while. I've come to be very strong for your city."



JOSEF LHEVINNE
Russian Pianist who will appear at Scottish Rite Auditorium March 23, 25, 29.

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

The Orchid Ball

Imagine the tapestried walls of a splendid private ball room hidden in orchids. It sounds an exaggeration, but it is true nevertheless. At the most gorgeous ball given in this city this season, in fact at one of the most gorgeous balls ever given in this city, the walls of the ball room were so lavishly covered with orchids that the figures in the tapestries were completely concealed. Every orchid that could be bought at any price in the vicinity of San Francisco was used in this costly decoration. The flower shops of the city were stripped clean; the nurseries gave up all they had for sale. The result was a riot of orchidaceous color that enraptured the guests invited to this wondrous party. The Orchid Ball will go down in our social history. It outshone the Koshland Ball, and those ambitious entertainers will have to "go some" to approach it. It outshone the Oriental Ball given by the Templeton Crockers. It makes Mr. and Mrs. Adolfo Stahl our greatest entertainers.

The Genee Company Was There

This wonderful ball was not distinguished only by its profuse decoration of orchids. The entire Genee company was there to entertain the guests with dancing. A temporary stage was erected in the big ball room and Genee, Volinin and the rest gave some of their most beautiful numbers. In every feature this ball was equally brilliant. One guest who spoke of it attempted to describe the beauty of it all and couldn't. "It beggars description," I was told. Estimates of the cost of the Stahl ball have been made. The lowest I have heard was \$15,000. Some thought it must have cost at least \$25,000. For the Genee company alone the Stahls are said to have paid \$2,500. And by the way Mr. and Mrs. Stahl showed a proper

appreciation of Adeline Genee's art. She was seated between them at the supper table.

"The King of Guatemala"

The Stahls have never before entertained in San Francisco on so lavish a scale. But in San Jose de Guatemala where they maintain a large establishment their entertainments have long been famous. Adolfo Stahl is familiarly known in San Jose as the "King of Guatemala." He is a close friend and business associate of President Cabrera. He owns fincas, mines, public utilities and real estate. Guatemala has made Adolfo Stahl a millionaire many times over. In a way he is the business agent of President Cabrera, and all capitalists who go to Guatemala seeking concessions must interview Adolfo Stahl before their propositions are considered. It is this great financial power which is responsible for Stahl's nickname "King of Guatemala." Stahl is a cousin of the Schwartz brothers and is associated locally in business with them. Edgar Walter, the artist who married one of the Schwartz girls, planned the decorations for the Orchid Ball.

He Avoids Publicity

Adolfo Stahl prefers to entertain quietly. He eschews publicity, hence there were no flaring articles about the Orchid Ball in the newspapers. In this respect it was very different from all the other great entertainments of many seasons. Adolfo Stahl is lavish with his money, but he is far from ostentatious. And his money is not spent in entertainment alone. For Adolfo Stahl is a charitable man. No subscription list for a worthy cause ever lacks his name. And it is his habit to give twice as much as the largest contributor before him. If the largest sum on a subscription list for charity is \$5,000 Adolfo Stahl puts his name down for \$10,000. When a man is as charitable as Adolfo Stahl he may spend a small fortune in giving an Orchid Ball without exciting criticism.

The Coming of Jennie

The arrival of the Whitmans will be the spring sensation in society, though for just what date it is scheduled has not been announced. Some time in May perhaps. True to her promise as a bride Jennie is returning to spend the summer in California. Whether or not the little Whitmans will accompany her is not known. Very likely they will, though much of their lives has been spent with devoted grand parents in the East who would be loth to relinquish them for so long a journey. But whether or not Jennie brings her entire entourage from Fifth Avenue, I am told we shall see a more reposeful and matronly young woman than the bright, spirited girl of last year. Not that Mrs. Whitman's wifely dignity rests heavily upon her, but the mercurial temperament that inspired many of the gay good times of the Burlingame set in seasons ago has been subdued to a charming matronly poise.

They Live Quietly

The Whitmans have lived rather quietly at their mansion in the heart of New York's Four Hundred. One might scan the metropolitan social

columns and miss the name of California's greatest belle and heiress, who might have worn herself to tatters "going" had she been so minded. Mrs. Whitman's chief pleasure in her new role has been to entertain her California friends and she was a constant attendant at the opera. However, her place as leader has never been filled, even by brother Templeton's wife who lacks the spontaneous gaiety of her dashing little sister-in-law. Templeton himself has never evidenced that quality, being a person of decidedly quiet tastes. Few people know that Templeton Crocker is one of the best read young men in society. His library is among the most complete private collections on the coast and an agent in New York attends to the purchase of old editions or such new ones as are worthy a place on the shelves at Uplands.

Miss Barbour Shocked 'Em

Pretty Marguerite Barbour, the Washington belle whose visit stirred the lenten desuetude in society shocked the guests at a luncheon the other day when she said suffrage was all very well for old maids with no children but she thought it was the limit when young girls took it up and lost their heads over it. What have our enthusiastic suffragists to say to this? What some of them did say at this luncheon where Miss Barbour expressed herself was strong and progressive. Since San Francisco society first went in for suffrage inspired by the Sylvia Pankhurst speeches and certain distinguished examples in other social centers, it has been loyal, and not

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to be in favor of votes for women was to argue oneself socially behind the times as well as sociologically backward. That Miss Barbour, straight from the inner circles of Washington society, harbored such sentiments was a decided shock. Marguerite Barbour, by the way, is a close friend of Cecilia May, niece of Mrs. Babcock whose engagement to Ambassador Bacon's son was so spectacularly broken on account of religious differences.

The Great Charity Ball

Judging from what I hear of the elaborate plans under way the Charity Ball next Friday night will rival the Mardi Gras ball in elegance and merriment. The well known society ladies who have charge of this great dance are exhausting their ingenuity in devising ways and means of amusing the throng which will attend. It will be a madcap romp from start to finish, and the supper which will be quite a feature, is to be enlivened with the best of music. Our best known hostesses are giving big dinner parties that evening and will take their dinner guests to Scottish Rite Hall in time for the beginning of the dancing. The Burlingame and Hillsborough contingent will be particularly well represented at the ball, and the list of box-holders reads like a roster of the social elite. The Charity Ball will be given for the benefit of the Catholic Humane Bureau. Those who have not yet secured tickets may obtain them from the patronesses or at the office of the bureau in the Callaghan building, Market and McAllister streets.

A Pious Lent

Tomorrow will see the ban on dancing raised and society freed from the restraints of forty days' penance, will enter a brief season of gaiety before the summer hegira. Lent was more devoutly

observed this year than last if one may judge from the dearth of entertainments since Ash Wednesday. A pious innovation was the series of lectures given by Bishop Nichols to leaders of the smart set who gathered for a "Lenten Hour" every week and heard talks on practical religion. The last of these took place Wednesday afternoon at the George Pope residence in Pacific avenue and the Bishop addressed such prominent members of the flock as Mrs. Joe Grant at whose home one of the previous lectures was given, Mrs. Billy Bourn and Mrs. Frank Carolan, all of whom having profited by the season will return to the frivolous life of society spiritually refreshed.

Wanted, an Easter Parade

One thing the visitors from New York will miss in San Francisco is the Easter parade. We have nothing to compare with the march of society of all sets along Fifth Avenue on Easter morning, the blaze of Easter millinery and the annual opportunity to see and rub elbows with George Gould on his way to church attended by the little Goulds or Andy Carnegie with his wife and daughter walking like the least of them. Time was when the ultra smart contingent did the same, but the crowd that thronged the avenue to see society on parade finally defeated its own ends and the ultras retreated. The Easter march on Fifth Avenue is still however worth a seat in the grand stand. Pity we cannot introduce it in Van Ness where from St. Luke's the Carolans, Boardmans and Grants might meander south to meet the Newhalls and Popes strolling home from Trinity in Bush street. Properly arranged with a detachment from the Cathedral lower down it would be an imposing parade that the olla podrida would willingly attend.

Del Monte Notes

Mr. and Mrs. Chester Thorne of Tacoma entertained Mrs. Ashton, Miss Constance Rice, Miss Anita Thorne, Mr. and Mrs. Grant Hicks, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Alexander, Miss Onida Woolsey and Miss Helen Woolsey at a charming dinner at the Lodge on Saturday evening. Dr. and Mrs. J. A. Black of San Francisco and their two sons motored to Del Monte for the week-end on a combined business and pleasure trip. Dr. and Mrs. C. T. Cutting spent several days of their honeymoon at Del Monte. Dr. Cutting is making some slides for lectures which he will show at the Medical Convention in Los Angeles. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Steele, Miss N. Steele, Miss K. Steele and Miss N. M. Forbes of Virginia and Mr. Charles E. Miller of New York are there in Mr. Steele's private car. Mr. Steele is a prominent man in New York and is in the firm of J. Pierpont Morgan. Mrs. W. F. Sharp and her daughter Miss Margaret Sharp of San Rafael are visiting Mrs. Sharp's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bradford who are spending the winter at Del Monte. Mr. Edward Chambers who is the general traffic manager of the Santa Fe is spending the week there with his son and Mr. H. P. Anewalt. Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Treat of Seattle have joined their many friends at Del Monte and will remain indefinitely. Mr. Treat is an ardent golfer. Mrs. P. H. Brooks from Memphis, Tenn., and Mrs. E. C. Floming from Spokane arrived on Wednesday and are stopping at Ocean View Cottage near Pebble Beach Lodge. They are delighted with everything, fully appreciate the beautiful surroundings and favorable climatic

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(Advertisement)

Early Summer Booking at Del Monte

The winter travel to famous Del Monte has been unusually heavy, and many times guests have had to take quarters at the very attractive Pacific Grove Hotel which is also under Mr. Warner's management. Many former summer guests are making reservations for a stay of several months during the coming summer. With the Pacific States' Lawn Tennis championship in June, the match between the Chicago team of eight of the best amateur golf players in the Middle West and the picked California team, the summer season will open up with a big contingent of society people. Tennis will last from June 12 to June 20; golf from June 21 to 28; and the July golf tournament will be on the fourth, fifth and sixth.

A Verestchagin in Hotel Oakland

Frank C. Havens has placed on exhibition at the Hotel Oakland the famous Vassili Verestchagin painting, "The Battle of San Juan Hill." This is the first time this celebrated canvas has been seen in the West. The painting once sold for \$18,000, and others from the same collection were sold to the Czar for \$100,000 and are now hung in the royal museum of St. Petersburg. The picture on exhibition was painted under the direct supervision of Colonel Roosevelt. Roosevelt, then President, gave Verestchagin quarters near Fort Meyer, Washington, and the models used in painting the pictures were the soldiers stationed at the fort. The picture is a remarkable painting of the Rough Riders in action.

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conditions. Mr. and Mrs. Fred R. Bechdolt had as their guests for dinner at the Lodge Mr. and Mrs. James Hopper and George Sterling, all of Carmel-by-the-Sea.

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cuisine maintained, nowhere such faultless service, such pleasing decorations and novel and high-class entertainment. There's a peculiar charm about Tait's that is typical of the carefree life of San Francisco. At this cafe one always experiences the utmost in enjoyment. And no matter how often one dines within the cheerful confines of this Bohemian retreat there is always something novel to be seen.

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At Kohler and Chase Hall

There will be two soloists at the Music Matinee at Kohler and Chase Hall this Saturday afternoon. Miss Ella R. Atkinson, soprano, and Miss Laura Wilkie, pianist, have been engaged. Miss Atkinson will sing works by Costa, Leoncavallo and Dell 'Acqua. Miss Wilkie is a pianist and will play compositions by Wagner, MacDowell and Leschetitzky. There will also be interpretations on the player-piano and the organ which will in-

clude the Thirteenth Hungarian Rhapsodie by Liszt and the Sakuntala Overture by Goldmark.

Miss Mundell's Opera Talk

Miss Esther Mundell gave one of her interesting "opera talks" at her studio in Sutter street Friday afternoon. The subject was "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," the celebrated grand opera which Massenet founded on the great story by Anatole France. The talk was illustrated by voice and piano. There were a great many present to hear Miss Mundell. She has attracted attention by these talks; besides, people who had seats for "Le Jongleur" the following day wished to acquaint themselves with it.

In the Social Spotlight

The Hotel Oakland bulletin for the past week included: Monday—Card party in English room following luncheon in Renaissance grill for sixteen persons. Given by Mrs. F. C. Watson. Tuesday—Meeting of Alameda County Medical Association in English room; Oakland Ad Club luncheon; dinner by directors of the Oakland Commercial Club to J. E. Caine of the Salt Lake Commercial Club. Wednesday—Meeting of the members of Aahmes Temple, Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, in the South banquet room, 200 present; monthly luncheon of the Oakland Commercial Club in South banquet room, 200 present. Thursday—Oakland Rotary Club luncheon in South banquet room. Friday—Arrival of Captain Roald Amundsen, discoverer of the South Pole, Northwest Passage and the North Magnetic Pole. Saturday—After participating in the Charter Day exercises at the University of California, Captain Amundsen was given a luncheon at the Hotel Oakland by the Oakland Commercial Club. The committee in charge consisted of Frank W. Bilger, chairman; W. J. Laymance, Frank J. Woodward, Frank A. Leach Jr. and J. D. Hahn.

Mrs. Samuel Blair and Miss Blair were hostesses at a supper at Coronado on the evening of March 15 to which they invited forty guests. The table was decorated in acacia blossoms. Dancing was kept up well into the morning hours.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Kohl, Miss Crimmins, Miss Chesebrough, Mr. Harry Simpkins and Mr. Wharton Thurston have been guests at Hotel Coronado for some days. Mr. W. S. Tevis Jr. and Mr. Lloyd Tevis were hosts recently at a very attractive dinner at Coronado to which were invited Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Hayne, Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Tobin, Miss de Young, Miss Phyllis de Young, Mr. Henry Hastings, Mr. Van Pelt and Mr. T. B. Elkins.

Slightly Twisted

She was teacher of "conversational French" in the finishing school for young daughters of the very rich and was a vivacious importation direct from Paris. She had to rely quite largely upon her pupils for those English words and phrases needed to supply the common demands of everyday life.

One day she stopped Esther and Marjorie at the door of the classroom. She wanted to purchase an "eponge pour le bain," but didn't know how to ask for it.

"Oh," the girls assured her, "that's easy. You want a bath sponge. Just tell the drug clerk you want a big bath sponge to take home with you."

She made mental notes of the sentence, then bravely went to the nearest drug store. The clerk smilingly stepped forward to receive her order.

"Please," she said, and a bright smile of confidence accompanied the words, "will you kindly take me home and give me a big sponge bath?"

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Ideal Grand Opera

By Theodore Bonnet

It was Max Beerbohm, I believe, who confessed that he was so indifferent to serious music that he wouldn't care a rap if all the scores of all the operas that have ever been written and all the persons who might be able to reconstruct them from memory were to vanish in a day. This indifference to opera is not hard to understand: it is not often that opera gets a fair chance, and it is a form of art that suffers from several persistent disadvantages. Among these disadvantages is the widespread notion that the score is of

Even the Metropolitan Company has skimmed to save expense in its tours of the country, but opera-goers are to be cozened into enthusiasm by a few prima donnas with a European reputation and a tenor who comes once in a generation to gargle high notes in a golden throat. And there are opera-goers who care not for completeness of detail provided they are assured of being entertained by the vocal gymnastics of an artist who may act as though opera was but a vehicle for the display of wonderful technique. So if there

grand opera music composition is conclusive of futile aspirations. Even a greater composer than Herbert might have found it difficult to derive inspiration from the Redding libretto. The theme is not a poignant one. There is a touch of melodrama in it, enough to serve for one good act, but that is all. It is mere gossamer drama woven of the memories rather than the substance of early California romance. It has neither sinew nor strength. Mr. Herbert has written some pretty music, not all of which conveys emotion akin to the story. On the whole it is music without aim, detached, content with its own beauty. A few phrases are developed and repeated and woven together in a picturesque tissue. My conception of an opera is a gripping story with music playing round it like light transfiguring a masquerade. This conception of mine is realized by the Charpentier opera "Louise." Long have I been vegetating in inglorious ignorance of this great masterpiece. I heard it for the first time Monday night. "Louise" is an opera that has for its foundation a good drama. Charpentier has given us a sincere and perturbing representation of life. For a theme he has seized on the squalor of lower class life in Paris, its romance, its sensuality, and he has woven it into a story fragrant of the environment. The pictures, the types, the characters, their joys and their sorrows, are the materials of stage illusions that live in the memory. It is the sign of the true artist that he spiritualizes everything he touches and puts new meaning and life into the meaning and life around him. This is what Charpentier has done. His is the touch of Midas that transmutes dross into gold; by its potent wizardry the ugliness of life becomes beautiful. A simple story is the story of Louise. There is tragedy in the drama, but it is not the tragedy that is measured by bulk of physical suffering. Like Ibsen the author of Louise has searched deep into human consciousness. He has taken us into the home of poor people and shown us their manner of life. He has laid bare the soul of a girl inflamed with passion for the joy of living. Into her life comes a lover, and at his wooing she forgets home and parents and brings tragedy into their lives by yielding to the lure of commonplace romance. This is "Louise," the story that supplies a background for color, atmosphere, varied characterization and a host of emotions. As a lyric dramatist Charpentier has more nearly approximated than Wagner himself the Wagner ideal of an opera in which the score is but an accessory and contributive to the drama. Wagner the musician prevailed over Wagner the dramatist. Not so Charpentier. Yet in his score the Frenchman has developed his theme with steady burning inspiration. It is as though the drama had been metamorphosed into a musical structure. A masterpiece of musical utterance, Charpentier's score reveals a range of expression complete within the limits of the opera. Love, desire, ineffable longing, delight, sorrow, misery, joy—every note is sounded. To give a complete production and performance of this opera, with its exactions as to cast, color and atmosphere requires a tremendous strain on the resources of a theatrical organization, and in nothing is the Dippel company lacking. There are forty-one roles in the opera, and all are played and sung admirably. Indeed in some of the minor roles there is unexpected excellence. If Mary Garden was the star of the performance she certainly did not enjoy a monopoly of the honors; nor, to her credit be it said did she appear to covet them.



MARY GARDEN

Who will sing "Salome" at the Tivoli Opera House Tuesday evening.

paramount importance, and that two or three star vocalists are able to offset no end of mediocrity. A great many people go to the opera to hear a Tetrassini or a Caruso; and to have a vague idea of the theme is to them sufficient. The truth of course is that the perfection of this art form is to be approximated only by a blending of good drama and good music, and that the performance to be worth while must appeal to our emotions through the mimetic as well as the vocal art and with the aid of an efficient orchestra. How often do we see and hear an opera in which there is this union of essentials? Opera is one of the most expensive of luxuries, and for that reason the average performance by an itinerant company is a series of makeshifts and compromises.

are folks who don't care a rap if all the operas that were ever written were to vanish in a day it does not follow that they are incapable of appreciating what is artistic. It may be that they have never come under the spell of opera at its best. For such I would recommend the cultivation of their taste at the Tivoli, where the Chicago Grand Opera Company is giving an exceptional course in serious music and serious drama. This troupe is really giving us exceptional opera. It is so well balanced a company, so capable in all departments, that it is able to make even "Natoma" tolerable. Now frankly "Natoma" is not an opera that one can conscientiously praise. Nor can one conscientiously say offhand whether this first essay of Victor Herbert's in

For whatever may be thought of Mary Garden the vocalist, Mary Garden the actress is a sincere and consummate artist. Monday night the bewitching Mary was in fine vocal fettle. There was less of tremulousness than usual in her singing and her voice meltingly sweet pulsed through the instruments as if it was one of them. I can readily understand the popularity of Mary Garden in Paris. She reminds one of the Persian poet's version of the genesis of Ideala. In the beginning, he says, Allah took a rose, a lily, a dove, a serpent, a little honey, a Dead Sea apple and a handful of clay. When he looked at the amalgam it was Woman. He might have omitted one

or two of the ingredients, but surely a Mary Garden is satisfying enough. Without the guile, at any rate, she'd not be a successful Louise. As it is, what Parisian boulevardier can see her throw herself into the arms of Julien and nestle cosily there without perceiving at once that the opera is a masterpiece and Mary Garden the ideal heroine? Sweetly, powerfully realistic is the acting of Mary, but not more realistic, or more convincing than the acting of Hector Dufranne, the tender, devoted father, or the acting of Louise Berat, the crabbed and peevish mother, or the acting of Charles Dalmores, the lusty tenor who assists Louise in giving vraisemblance to the

tender love passages. There was not in this performance the neglect of a single detail, and of course the orchestra under the leadership of Campanini was superb. Campanini has perfect mastery over score, orchestra, principals and chorus. Into the score he reads poetry that makes tenderness of us all. A fecund store of melody has Charpentier, with an amazing aptitude for coloring his orchestration with rainbow tints, and with Campanini's heart in it the result is orchestral song, searching and seraphic. Could we always have so perfect a union of essentials as was to be found in this performance nobody would have to cultivate a taste for grand opera.

Gossip of the Theatre

Two Good Vaudeville Shows

I wonder if any American city outside New York gets better vaudeville than San Francisco? It may be doubted. Here we have the Orpheum bringing us the best that can be had at any price from all quarters of the world. And here we have Pantages, monarch in the realm of "ten, twenty and thirty." And then there are innumerable minor houses purveying all sorts of variety to all conditions of people. Truly the lover of vaudeville need never lack his favorite amusement any day or night of the week in San Francisco. The bill presented at the Orpheum this week has been very good. Digby Bell and company in a screaming farce by the always dependable George Hobart topped the newcomers, but William Rock and Maude Fulton remained the unsurpassed favorites they were last week. Digby Bell must have been a bit surprised when not a hand acclaimed his first appearance, but whatever disappointment he may have felt must have vanished when he noted how heartily the audience entered into his mirthful mood. "It Happened in Topeka" is in Hobart's best vein, and having been built to suit the inimitable Digby Bell comic manner it registered a succession of laughs from start to finish. Will Dillon is known as the author of popular songs; the Orpheumites have discovered that he can sing his own compositions with great effectiveness. He had the assistance of a young man in a stage box who exhibited signs of nervousness, not when singing but when applauded, an unusual thing in vaudeville indeed. It was a disappointment to find that Truly Shattuck, our old friend who used to be called "Truly Shocking" was not in the Edison talking pictures. The program said she was but the program was wrong. We should have liked to see Truly, but had to content ourselves with other pictures that showed the Menlo wizard's latest marvel to fine advantage. "The Girl from Milwaukee" sang with a will and with a good voice, but she will never make Milwaukee famous. The Kyles in an aerial act and Mr. Guerro with his violin and Mlle. Carmen with her harp were the other newcomers.

* * * * *

They change the entire program every week at Pantages. That means that they are looking for novelties all the time. San Francisco, the press agent informs me, must supply two a week. He tells me that it's pretty hard to get good acts here. Aspirants are being tried out all the time, but most of them fail to understand that they can only score by injecting originality into old stunts. This week there is a team called "The Bootblack and the Lady." The lady, I am told, is a pretty well known local girl who hides her identity under the name of Dixie. These two the Pantages management considers a find, and so they are. Both have pleasing personalities, good voices and a line of original fun. They keep the audience in

roars of laughter with their two suffragette speeches. Sirignano's Banda Roma is the headliner. The charm of stirring band music never dies out; and this band is one of the best. Its leader is a joy to behold, as every good bandmaster should be. The setting for the act is novel and pleasing. Another act in this Pantages bill well worth tabbing is the Gray Trio, two young women and a youth who know how to use their voices. Their sentimental ditties "go big" and they can't give the audience enough of their topical songs. It's a well balanced bill all

through. There's an equilibrist, a team who purvey "smiley nonsense" smilingly, a good comic playlet "The Night Doctor," a cartoonist who finds his subjects in the audience, a clever team of dancers and the ever-welcome motion pictures.

—E. F. O'Day.

The Lhevinne Recitals

Josef Lhevinne, the Russian piano virtuoso and one of the greatest artists now before the public, will give his first recital at Scottish Rite Auditorium this Sunday afternoon, March 23, at 2:30



CLARA BUTT

The world's greatest contralto and Kennerley Rumford, the concert baritone, who will appear at the Cort Theatre Sunday afternoons, March 30 and April 6.

p. m. The program will include a group of Chopin gems, Balakireff's "Islamey" (Oriental Fantasy), Brahms' "Variations on a Paganini Theme," Mozart's "Pastoral Variee" and other splendid works. The only evening appearance of Lhevinne will be next Tuesday night, March 25, when sonatas by Mozart and Brahms, Schumann's "Tocata" and a number of other important works will be given. The farewell concert will be given Saturday afternoon, March 29, with a special program which will include a Beethoven sonata and Schumann's "Carnevale." Tickets for all concerts are now on sale at Sherman Clay and Company's and Kohler and Chase's. Lhevinne will be the last of the great pianists to visit us this season.

one of its kind in the world. With Mme. Butt will appear Mr. Kennerley Rumford, the eminent baritone who is an exceptionally fine interpreter of song. The first Butt-Rumford concert will be given Sunday afternoon, March 30, at the Cort. Mme. Butt will sing works by Schumann, Schubert, Handel, Peel, Leoni, Hullah and by special request "The Lost Chord" by Sullivan. A feature of her offerings will be the ever welcome aria from "Samson and Delilah" which no one sings like this artist. Mr. Rumford's numbers will include works by Hugo Wolf, Richard Strauss, Grieg, MacDowell, Sir Hubert Parry and some splendid old Irish melodies. Together the artists will sing Goring Thomas' beautiful duet "Night Hymns at Sea." The second and positively last Butt-Rumford concert will be given Sunday afternoon, April 6, with an entire change of program. The sale of seats will open next Wednesday at Sherman, Clay and Company's and Kohler and Chase's. Mail orders may now be

(Continued on Page 21.)

AMUSEMENTS



LHEVINNE

The Russian Pianist
SCOTTISH RITE AUDITORIUM
Sunday Afternoon, March 23
Tuesday Evening, March 25
and
Saturday Afternoon, March 29

Tickets, \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.00 at Sherman, Clay & Co's and Kohler and Chase's.

Steinway Piano Used.



CLARA BUTT

World's Greatest Contralto

and
KENNERLEY RUMFORD

The Eminent Baritone

CORT THEATRE

TWO SUNDAY AFTERNOONS:

MARCH 30—APRIL 6

Tickets, \$2.00, \$1.50 and \$1.00, ready next Wednesday at Sherman, Clay & Co's and Kohler and Chase's.

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FRIDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 4th at 3:15

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Chicago Grand Opera Company

ANDREAS DIPPEL, General Manager.

To-day at 2, "Le Jongleur De Notre Dame," Garden, Dufranne, Huberdeau, Warnery and International Ballet; to-night at 7:45, "Tristan und Isolde," Saltzman-Stevens, de Cisneros, Dalmores, Whitehill, Crabbe, Scott; Sunday at 2, "Thais," Garden, Berat, Cavan, Egener, Dalmores, Dufranne; Monday at 8, "Rigoletto," Tetrzzini, Giorgini, Polese, Scott, Keyes, Berat, Nicolay; Tuesday and Thursday, "Salome," Garden, de Cisneros, Dalmores, Dufranne; Wednesday at 2, "Lucia di Lammermoor," Tetrzzini, Giorgini, Polese; Wednesday at 8, "The Jewels of the Madonna," White, Berat, Giorgini, Sammarco; Friday at 8, "Mignon," Tetrzzini, Riegleman, Warnery, Venturini, Huberdeau; Saturday Matinee to be Announced; Last Performance March 29, at 8, to be Announced. Director for all performances, Campanini.

Prices—\$2, \$3, \$4, \$5, \$6 and \$7.
SPECIAL—Friday, March 28, at 3, Matinee for Children "Hansel and Gretel." Popular Prices, Box Seats, \$3. Orchestra, \$2.50. Dress Circles, first three rows, \$2, Other Rows, \$1.50. Winter Garden, \$1.00.

ALCAZAR THEATRE

O'Farrell, near Powell. Phones, Kearny 2 and Home C 4455
Monday Evening, March 24, Opens a Limited Season of
CHARLES WALDRON and MADELEINE LOUIS
Leading the Alcazar Company in

"THE PASSING OF THE THIRD FLOOR BACK"

Written by Jerome K. Jerome and Starred in by
Forbes Robertson.

Prices: Night, 25c to \$1; Matinees: 25c to 50c.

Matinees: Thursday, Saturday and Sunday

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America's Greatest Musical Comedy

"THE PRINCE OF PILSEN"

With "JESS" DANDY and a Notable Cast
Night and Saturday Matinee Prices—50c to \$1.50.
Entire Lower Floor \$1.00 at Wednesday Matinee.
Com. Sun., March 30 "THE MERRY WIDOW."

Pantages Theatre

Market Street, Opposite Mason

Week Commencing Sunday Matinee, March 23

Menlo Moore's Extravaganza

"LADS AND LASSIES"

Delight of Childhood Days

3 NAVAROS

Acme of Acrobatic Action

SIX OTHER STAR ACTS

Matinee Daily at 2:30. Nights, 7:15 and 9:15. Sunday and Holidays Matinees at 1:30 and 3:30. Nights Continuous from 6:30. Prices—10c, 20c and 30c.

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Evening Prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, \$1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c.

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TWO WEEKS Beginning SUNDAY NIGHT, MARCH 23
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday

CHAUNCEY

OLCOTT

In Rida Johnson Young's New Play

"THE ISLE O'DREAMS"

Direction Henry Miller

Prices, 25c to \$1.50.

Coming—Rose Stahl; John Drew; "Fine Feathers"

Knabe

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LOUISE DICKINSON

Who will appear next week at the Orepheum.

Julie Culp

Manager Greenbaum promises one of the finest musical treats he has ever offered in this city in the concerts of Julie Culp, the Dutch lieder singer. The critics of New York, Boston, Chicago, etc., are as enthusiastic over her work as they were over the dancing of Genee, the playing of Ysaye and the marvelous voice of Clara Butt. Like these artists Julie Culp stands in a class by herself. With Mme. Culp will come the master accompanist Coonraad V. Bos whose work with Dr. Wullner is well remembered.

The Clara Butt-Rumford Concerts

During the past fourteen years Manager Greenbaum has presented to our music lovers singers of all types and voices; the world's greatest sopranos, mezzo-sopranos and contraltos, among them such stars as Nordica, Melba, Tetrzzini, Schumann-Heink, Sembrich, Mary Garden, Ger-ville-Reache, Tilly Koenen and Emma Eames. Yet the enterprising manager now announces that he is going to offer a singer whose voice, style and programs are something quite different from anything we have yet heard. The artist is Clara Butt, the English contralto who is credited with having a voice that is absolutely the only

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Selling and general weakness abroad caused Union Pacific, Canadian Pacific, Steel Common, Reading and some other issues of this class to get a bad start early in the week and there was very little recovery at the close. Activity and weakness were most pronounced in those stocks in which foreign investors were heavily interested. The most encouraging feature was the resistance offered by Great Northern, Pennsylvania, Atchison and some other high class issues, while others were at their worst. This meant real and heavy liquidation of long speculative accounts, forced selling, in fact, by two or three international houses, and compelled banking interests to stem the tide. Many commission houses expressed the belief that further liquidation of large accounts would have to come before the market got on its feet again. Europe has been selling American stocks steadily ever since the early part of last October, and so many commission houses have been advising their customers to buy on the breaks that the load carried by New York has become heavy. Plenty of breaks have come in the last five months. Now that Germany is trying to unload its Canadian Pacific stock on New York, because this happens to be the cheapest and best money market for the time being, the commission houses are becoming anxious, for it takes a lot of money to finance a hundred shares of Canadian Pacific and money is none too plentiful. This seems to be a favorable opportunity for the investor, though a sudden flurry might put the speculator on margin out of business. No one can tell what the dumping of 50,000 shares on the market to close out some big account would do to quotations temporarily, but there will be no financial panic in this country because there is no over-expansion of credits and stocks and merchandise are small in all hands.

Wheat—The wheat market evidently has not departed from the regular action that has characterized it for months past—from establishing an advance of a few cents and then reversing its course and returning to the starting point. The sharp decline this week has brought the price down to the lowest point it has reached on the crop. The warm, spring-like condition, recent moisture which caused the fields to look fresh and green, and encouraging reports of the wheat crop are the contributory causes for the decline, while the large northwestern receipts, and the fact that the visible supply is decreasing but slowly, also aid in fostering a bearish sentiment. It seems to have been left for this country to discover the weak features and to conduct an independent decline, for the other markets of the world are gradually increasing their already wide parities compared with those in this country. Liverpool is now offering 21 cents above the Chicago mar-

ket; Winnipeg which was 6 cents below our price, is now but 2½ cents below us; while Buenos Ayres quotations for May wheat are 5 3-8 cents above the Chicago market, which certainly is a curious condition when it is remembered that ocean freight rates from that port to Liverpool are 17 cents a bushel compared with 6½ cents from New York. The Government report on farm reserves is generally considered a fair estimate, but as a bearish factor it should not be taken too seriously, for often a small supply will be a weight on the trade, when again a much larger amount will be but lightly regarded, and furnish no interference for an active buoyant market. Wheat is cheap for domestic uses, and the price has not been so well adjusted to an international basis in many years as it is at the present time. The trade is light and there is no resistance to any decline as there has been at other times.

Corn—The Government estimate of farm reserves of corn implies that there has been a very large consumption of this cereal, notwithstanding the mild weather and the small supply of hogs and cattle. It must be remembered, however, that old supplies of corn were very nearly exhausted, and a still more important feature is that the price of corn for May delivery a year ago was 73 cents per bushel whereas it is now but 52 cents, a difference in values which in this cereal permits of a much greater consumption on the farms and for commercial uses. The market is closely adjusted to values abroad, and conditions appear to favor the investor.

Cotton—The cotton market, after having a range of about twenty points for the week, closes the week only a few points above one week ago. There has been very little interest in the market which seemed to be fairly well balanced between good and bad reports that would have only a ten or fifteen point effect one way or the other. Each decline has been met by European and mill buying, while an advance of ten points would be met by Wall street and southern selling. The market is evidently waiting for some incentive that will warrant a more decided move. Possibly the Census report will furnish that incentive. Severe rain storms have visited the cotton belt the past week. They were especially heavy in Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana. But it cannot be said that this was a favorable or an unfavorable factor just at present, although ideal conditions could have dispensed with this outburst of moisture. If continued a week or ten days more it must be reckoned with as a market influence. The southern spot situation has loosened up considerably the past week and a good demand for the raw material is no longer a rumor but a fact. October cotton closed considerably higher than this date last year, and as

it advanced 250 points from that time up to the end of July after a crop of 2,000,000 bales larger than this one, we may expect some of the same crop scares and other causes to advance the market well into the summer, as prices are now on a basis of another record crop and history shows that this is never a certainty until late in October after the frost scare date has been passed. Many things happen in the meantime. How about a short-crop? No one seems to figure on that, but sentiment is overwhelmingly bearish and cotton is being sold with the hope that ideal conditions for six months will prevail. We advise the purchase of October cotton now and on any future setbacks.

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Stage

(Continued from Page 19.)

sent to Will. L. Greenbaum at either box office, and special attention will be given to out of town orders. On Friday afternoon, April 4, Mme. Butt and Mr. Rumford will appear in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse at 3:15 p. m., this being their only concert in California outside of San Francisco and Los Angeles. For this event mail orders should be addressed to H. W. Bishop, Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland.

Chauncey Olcott at the Columbia

This Sunday night at the Columbia Chauncey Olcott will open his engagement of two weeks, presenting for the first time here a new romantic comedy from the pen of Rida Johnson Young.



NORMA BROWN

Who brings the charm of her personality to the role of Sidonie in "The Prince of Pilsen" at the Cort Theatre.

The piece is entitled "The Isle o' Dreams." The author has gone to a new period, the time Napoleon planned the invasion of Ireland. It is said that Rida Johnson Young has followed history closely in her latest work which teems with a rich fund of legendary lore. "The Isle o' Dreams" is said to be bright and cheerful throughout. At times, we are told, an exciting note is struck which makes the pulse beat high, and there is always the charm of refinement. Mr. Olcott will be seen as one of those merry, happy-go-lucky young chaps—a dashing young blade who outwits the red coat or makes love to a pretty colleen. He is now under the management of Henry Miller and this assures us that the play has been artistically staged. Olcott has four splendid ballads in this play. They are called "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling," "The Isle o' Dreams," "Mother Macree" and "Kathleen Aroon." Matinees will be given on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

The Tivoli Announcements

This Saturday afternoon "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame." Massenet's lyrical play in three acts, will be presented here for the first time by the Chicago Grand Opera Company at the Tivoli, the cast including Mary Garden, Dufranne, Huberdeau and Warnery. It will be followed by the international ballet. Tonight at 7:45 sharp the second and last Wagner opera for the season, "Tristan and Isolde," will be presented with Saltzman-Stevens, de Cisneros, Dalmores, Whitehill, Crabbe, Scott and Preisch in the cast. From the splendid performance of "Die Walkure," "Tristan and Isolde" will undoubtedly be a treat and should be greeted by a crowded house. Tomorrow afternoon at two Mary Garden will repeat her superb performance of "Thais" and on Mon-

there will be a special children's performance of Humperdinck's fairy opera, "Hansel and Gretel," for which the prices will be popular, ranging from one dollar to two dollars and a half. "Hansel and Gretel" has the same atmosphere as the "Blue Bird" and is an ideal offering for the little ones. Friday night it has been decided to replace "The Jewels of the Madonna" with Ambroise Thomas' "Mignon," with Tetrzzini, Riegelman, Warnery, Venturini and Huberdeau and the opera for Saturday afternoon is yet to be announced. Saturday night, March 29, the last of the season, to be announced.

Local Society Girls at Pantages

Menlo Moore's extravaganza of childhood, "Lads and Lassies" is the feature on the new bill at Pantages. There are eight clever youngsters in the act with Miss Dixie Harris as the star. The added feature with the new bill is one of the fastest acrobatic offerings that has played the circuit, The Three Navarros. Magee and Kerry present a rapid specialty called "In a Department Store." "Man Proposes and Woman Disposes" is a comedy sketch presented by Ollie Eaton and company. Karl, the wizard of the one string who was a sensation on his last tour, will play the raggiest hits on his cigar box instrument. The "Blue Ribbon Four" is a quartet of well known local society girls who mask their identity under a "cork" make-up and unravel a budget of old minstrel jokes and dances. Mlle. Verna Mercereau, the Egyptian dancer, has a ballet entitled "Pharaoh's Temple." Reels of comedy motion pictures round out the bill.

"Merry Widow" Coming to the Cort

"The Prince of Pilsen" dropped into town last Sunday night and made his royal self welcome at the Cort. The Pixley-Luders masterpiece has the power to "come back," and, from the reception that is being accorded it, that power will remain in its possession for many seasons to come. Henry W. Savage, the producer, has wisely kept the production up to the high standard he set a decade ago. Elaborateness is the keynote of the presentation and the cast in every particular is equal to those we have had in the past. Of course "Jess" Dandy is the Hans Wagner of the cast. Admirable work is contributed by Lottie Kendall, Bernard Ferguson, Frederick Lyon, Campbell Duncan, Bobby Woolsey, Norma Brown, Edna Pendleton, Mary C. Murray and Dorothy Delmore. "The Prince of Pilsen" gives way on Sunday night, March 30, to "The Merry Widow," Franz Lehár's light opera masterpiece which is being presented by Henry W. Savage. Mabel Wilber will again be seen as the gay heroine and Charles Meakins is the prince. The principal comedy will be dispensed as of yore by Oscar Figman. Arthur Wooley is another old friend with the cast. The Maxim chorus and the "Merry Widow" orchestra will also be in evidence. The advance interest in the coming of this great popular favorite is large.

Seven New Acts at the Orpheum

The Orpheum bill next week will contain seven new acts. Sam Mann will present Aaron Hoffman's one-act skit "The New Leader." Mann's comical delineation of the eccentric musical director is a great vaudeville hit. The Four Huntings, one of whom is Harry S. Fern, will appear in a new comedy by B. Frank North "The Trimmer Trimmed." Master David Schooler known as "The Boy Paderevski" on account of his great genius as a pianist, and Miss Louise Dickinson, a dainty little girl with a remarkable soprano voice who has been termed "the juvenile Mary Garden" will contribute a serio-comic musicale. Mlle. La Tosca and company will introduce an artistic vocal and instrumental enter-

day evening Tetrzzini will repeat "Rigoletto" which opened the house, and with the same singers. Tuesday night at half past eight "Salome" will be sung for the first time this season, the production in its entirety being the original. For "Salome" it takes six hours to set the stage and the cast will include Mary Garden, de Cisneros, Dalmores, Dufranne, Huberdeau, Riegelman and a dozen others. By special request Tetrzzini will sing "Lucia di Lammermoor" at the Wednesday matinee with the same cast as last Tuesday night and Wednesday evening the greatly discussed Wolf-Ferrari opera, "The Jewels of the Madonna," will be given for the first time in this city. Carolina White will make her initial appearance for the engagement as Maliella and among those who sing the thirty-nine remaining roles are Berat, Giorgini, Sammarco, Riegelman and Venturini. Mary Garden will repeat her famous performance of "Salome" on Thursday evening and on Friday afternoon at three o'clock

SUMMONS IN PARTITION

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 35,453; Department No. —.

James Maguire, Maud Gallagher, Frank Kelly, Charles Kelly, Clara Kelly, Thomas Kelly, John J. Barrett and Geo. C. Ross, Plaintiffs, vs. John Kelly, Henrietta Louise Westphal, Dora Rose Chase, James F. Kelly, Annie Clark, George Maguire, Frank Maguire, Mark F. Kelly, James T. Kelly, Augusta G. Kelly, Cecelia G. Kelly, Josephine G. Kelly, Irvin S. Knapp, James F. Kelly as administrator of the estate of Anne Askins, also known as and called "Ann" Askins, deceased, E. M. Galvin as administrator of the estate of John Burns, deceased, E. M. Galvin individually, Mary A. Burns, Milton F. Burns, John T. Burns, Lillian M. Burns, Alice G. Burns, Henry Burns, John First Doe, John Second Doe, John Third Doe, Jane First Doe, Jane Second Doe, Jane Third Doe, and to all persons unknown who have or claim any interest in or lien upon the property described in the complaint in this action, and herein-after mentioned and described, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco in the office of the clerk of said Superior Court. John J. Barrett, Flood Building, San Francisco, and Ross & Ross, The First National Bank Building, Redwood City, California, attorneys for plaintiffs.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: John Kelly, Henrietta Louise Westphal, Dora Rose Chase, James F. Kelly, Annie Clark, George Maguire, Frank Maguire, Mark F. Kelly, James T. Kelly, Augusta G. Kelly, Cecelia G. Kelly, Josephine G. Kelly, Irvin S. Knapp, James F. Kelly as administrator of the estate of Anne Askins, also known as and called "Ann" Askins, deceased, E. M. Galvin as administrator of the estate of John Burns, deceased, E. M. Galvin individually, Mary A. Burns, Milton F. Burns, John T. Burns, Lillian M. Burns, Alice G. Burns, Henry Burns, John First Doe, John Second Doe, John Third Doe, Jane First Doe, Jane Second Doe, Jane Third Doe, and to all persons unknown who have or claim any interest in or lien upon the property described in the complaint in this action, and hereinafter mentioned and described, Defendants:

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in the action brought against you by the above named plaintiffs in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after service on you of this summons, if served within said city and county; if served elsewhere within thirty days; and

YOU ARE HEREBY NOTIFIED that if you fail to so appear and answer plaintiffs will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint; and

YOU ARE HEREBY FURTHER NOTIFIED that said action is brought to obtain the judgment and decree of this Court as follows:

1. For the partition of the real property hereinafter mentioned, according to the respective rights of the persons interested therein;

2. For the general costs of this action, counsel fees and the costs of reference to be apportioned among the parties to said action, according to law;

3. That if partition cannot be made without great prejudice to the respective rights of the parties interested that said real property may be sold and the proceeds arising therefrom applied and apportioned according to law, and for general relief and for costs of suit.

That the real property affected by this action and which is sought to be partitioned consists of all that certain real property situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning on the westerly line of Mission Street one hundred and ninety (190) feet southerly from Twenty-sixth Street; running thence southerly on Mission Street three (3) feet seven (7) inches; thence southwesterly on Mission Street sixty-two (62) feet and six (6) inches; thence westerly ninety-five (95) feet; thence northerly forty-five (45) feet and six (6) inches; and thence at right angles easterly one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet to the point of beginning.

WITNESS my hand and the seal of the said Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 2d day of May, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy County Clerk.
JOHN J. BARRETT,
Flood Bldg., San Francisco, Cal., and
ROSS & ROSS,

The First National Bank Bldg., Redwood City, Cal.,
Attorneys for Plaintiffs, 2-15-10

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT

REFREEE PUBLISHING & AMUSEMENT COMPANY.—Location of principal place of business, City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Notice is hereby given, that at a Meeting of the Directors, held on the 25th day of February, 1913, an assessment of 20 cents per share was levied upon the Capital Stock of the Corporation, payable on the 5th day of April, 1913, to the Secretary of said Referee Publishing & Amusement Company, at its office, 361 Pacific Building, in San Francisco, State of California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 5th day of April, 1913, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on the 25th day of April, 1913, to pay the delinquent assessment together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

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tainment. Dorothy Harris is a chic, winsome and clever singing comedienne. She costumes handsomely and her songs are new. The Great Tornados are a recently imported European athletic company composed of five men and one woman. There will be an entirely new program of Thomas A. Edison's talking moving pictures. Next week will be the last of Will Dillon and Digby Bell and company.

Waldron Again at Alcazar

What promises to be a brilliant period in Alcazar history will commence Monday evening when Charles Waldron and Madeleine Louis assume leadership of the stock company in a series of powerful plays, starting with Jerome K. Jerome's masterpiece "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." It will be Mr. Waldron's first appearance in San Francisco since the 1906 earthquake and fire prematurely closed his very successful engagement as the Alcazar's principal ac-



CHAUNCEY OLCOTT

Who appears in "The Isle o' Dreams" at the Columbia Theatre beginning Sunday night, March 23.

tor, but that his work is not forgotten by the public has been shown by the numerous congratulatory messages conveyed to the management and an exceedingly brisk advance demand for seats at each of his performances during the coming week. Miss Louis who possesses credentials pronouncing her one of America's most capable young leading women, was last seen here in the principal feminine role of "The Deep Purple" at one of the high-price theatres. No better medium than "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" could have been selected to start the season of these two players, as it affords each of them exceptional opportunity to display their most impressive acting qualities.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON PETITION FOR SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 2079; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ELIZABETH PARKER HASTINGS, an Incompetent Person.

L. M. Hoeffler, Guardian of the estate of Elizabeth Parker Hastings, an incompetent person, having presented to the Court and filed herein his verified petition praying for an order for the sale of certain real estate belonging to said Elizabeth Parker Hastings, and it appearing to the Court from the said petition that it is necessary and would be beneficial to the said Elizabeth Parker Hastings that certain portions of her real estate should be sold;

NOW, THEREFORE, it is hereby ordered and directed that the next of kin of the said Elizabeth Parker Hastings and all persons interested in her estate appear before the Court on Tuesday, the 25th day of March, 1913, at 10 a. m. at the Courtroom of Department No. 10 of the above-named City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted for the sale of said real estate;

AND IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for three successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper printed in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, February 19, 1913.

J. J. TRABUCCO,

Judge of said Superior Court.

HOEFLE, COOK, HARWOOD & MORRIS,
Attorneys for Guardian,
105 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 3-1-4

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANGELE KLEINCLAUS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor and Executrix of the last will and testament of Angele Kleinclauss, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor and Executrix at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Angele Kleinclauss, deceased.

FRANK SEYFERTH,

Executor,

ALICE INNOCENCIA GARRISSERE,

Executrix,

Of the Last Will and Testament of Angele Kleinclauss, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, February 21, A. D. 1913.

A. COMTE, JR., Atty. for Executors,
333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 2-22-5

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(Continued from Page 8.)

and with his wrinkled, weather-beaten face, turned waxen and ennobled, set in its frame of wiry whisker, and his scant hair decently brushed forward on his brow. The peats burned brightly in the grate and sent out a white ash which covered everything inside the house, whitening the clothes of the black-coated men who stood about, munching great hunks of cake and slowly swallowing down the "speerits" which the afflicted widow pressed upon them, proud through her tears to say "Tak' it up, Borland," or "It will no hurt ye, Knockinshanock; ye ken there's plenty more."

The white peat ash fell on the coffin lid just as the summer's dust had fallen upon the hair of him who lay inside, and lay upon the polished surface of the thin brass plate, on which were superscribed the date of the birth and of the death of the deceased, his only titles to the recollection of the race with whom his life had passed. Now and again the widow, snatching a moment from her hospitable cares, brushed off the dust abstractedly with her pocket-handkerchief, just as a man might stop upon the way to execution, to put a chair straight or do any of the trifling actions of which life is composed. As she paused by the coffin the assembled men exchanged that furtive look of sympathy which in the North is the equivalent of the wild wailings, tears and self-abandonment of Southern folk, and perhaps stamps on the heart of the half-shamefaced sympathizer even a deeper line.

When all had drunk their "speerits" and drawn the backs of their rough hands across their mouths and shaken off the crumbs from their black clothes, the minister stood forth. Closing his eyes, he launched into his prayer with needless repetition, but with the feeling which the poor surroundings and the brave struggle against outward grief of the woman sitting by the fire in the old high-backed chair, in which her husband had sat so long, evoked, he dwelt upon man's passage through the world.

Life was a breath, only a little dust, a shadow on the hills. It had pleased the Lord, for reasons of His Own, inscrutable, but against which 'twere impious to rebel, for a brief space to breathe life into the nostrils of this our brother, and here he made a motion of his hand towards the "kist," then to remove him to a better sphere after a spell of toil and trouble here on earth. Still we must not repine, as do the heathen, who gash themselves with knives, having no hope, whereas we who enjoy the blessings of being born to a sure faith in everlasting bliss should look on death as but a preparation for a better life. No doubt this hope consoled the speaker for all the ills humanity endures, for he proceeded to invoke a blessing on the widow, and as he prayed the rain beat on the narrow, bull's-eye window panes. He called upon the Lord to bless her in her basket and her store, and to be with her in her outgoings and incomings, to strengthen her and send her resignation to His will. He finished with the defiance to humanity that must have wrung so many tears of blood from countless hearts, saying the Lord had given and that the Lord had taken, blessed be His Name.

All having thus been done that all our ingenuity can think of on such occasions, four stalwart neighbor, holding their hats in their left hands, hoisted the coffin on to their right shoulders and shuffled to the door. They stooped to let their burden pass beneath the eaves which overhung the entrance, and then emerging, dazed, into the light, their black clothes dusted over with the white ashes from the fire, set down the

coffin on the cart. Once more the men gathered into a circle and listened to a prayer, some with their heads bare to the rain, and others with their hats held on the slant to fend it off as it came swirling down the blast. A workman in his ordinary clothes took the tall white-faced horse close by the bit, and, with a jolt which made the kist shift up against the backboard, the cart set out, swaying amongst the ruts, with now and then a wheel running up high upon one side and now and then a jerk upon the trace-hooks, when the horse, cold with his long wait, strained wildly on the chains. The rain had blotted out the hills, the distant village with its rival kirks had disappeared, and the grey sky appeared to touch the surface of the moor. A whitish dew hung on the grass and made the seeded plants appear gigantic in the gloom. Nothing was to be heard except the roaring of the burn and the sharp ringing of the high caulkins of the horse as he struck fire amongst the stones on the steep, rocky road.

Leaning against the doorpost, the widow stood and gazed after the vanishing procession till it

had disappeared into the mist, her tears, which she had fought so bravely to keep back, now running down her face.

When the last sound of the cart-wheels and of the horse's feet amongst the stones had vanished into the thick air, she turned away and, sitting down before the fire, began mechanically to smoor the peats and tidy up the hearth.

"My dear old man," said Flossie after lunch, "isn't a mercenary woman a most disgusting creature?"

"Rather!"

"Besides, when a girl is quite disinterested her best boy is a thousand times more generous. Don't you think I'm right? Pass me a cigarette."

IONE HALEY and BEATRICE ROBERTS

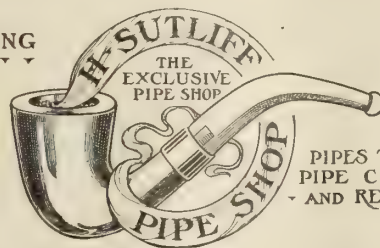
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There's a volume in that brief utterance. It ought to be made mental note of by every man, and when the temptation to drink liquor presents itself, he should think of the advancement he has made, though, perhaps, slowly but sure-footedly, then take a view of the retrograde steps following that drink and the others to join it.

It's no use talking, when our most eminent men by their words and examples warn you, it's time the drinking man sits up and takes notice of the effects of the deadly art of drinking.

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXI. No. 1075

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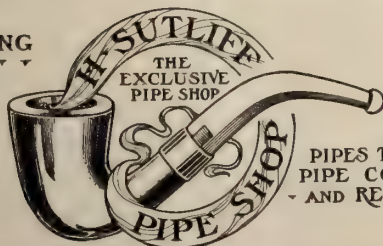
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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXI.

San Francisco, March 29, 1913

No. 1075

Published Weekly by
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Phone Douglas 2612

Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
Chas. W. Raymond.....Business Manager

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

More Power Wanted

Now it is proposed to take from municipalities their power over public utilities and to transfer it to Governor Johnson's impeccable Railroad Commission. If the people have faith in the divinity of this commission they will doubtless increase its power as proposed. But if the people suspect that the commission is merely human they will hesitate to subject it to the tremendous temptation which would certainly ensue from the consummation that has been designed by our Little Father at Sacramento. This commission is already under a terrible strain. The preservation of its virtue cannot be accounted for on any hypothesis save that of the grace of God. Before the creation of this commission nothing so admirably constituted for the purposes of practical politics and the promotion of self-interest was ever heard of in California. And in this day and generation the commission is a curious anomaly. This is the day and generation of government by the people. The current idea of democracy is that the people themselves govern and that they retain in their own hands not only the ultimate control but facilities for quick changes. But here is a commission with autocratic powers which the people cannot touch. Its tenure runs on long after the date set for the return to private life of the man who picked the members. If that man were anything but a Superman; if he were so unfortunate as to possess some of the common weaknesses of human nature consider what might have happened. He might have selected for the commission men who inspired his confidence rather by their devotion to him than by their zeal for the civic welfare. And if he had acted on this principle consider how important it would be to the public utilities corporations to cultivate his friendship not only as the Governor but possibly as the underground attorney of the commission after retiring from office. But everything is all right. Official virtue is intact and its citadel towering among the clouds is beyond the range of the batteries of evil. There is reason, however, for misgivings. In government there are cycles of corruption as well

as cycles of virtue. Governor Johnson will not be with us always. An ordinary human being may come along and take possession of the gubernatorial office, and the complexion of the Railroad Commission may change in time, and the prodigious power which it has may be employed against the interests of the people. It has astonished us somewhat that Governor Johnson was not mindful of the brevity of his tenure when he invented his Railroad Commission. We don't mind confessing that his eagerness for the concentration of so much power and responsibility in his own hands when he could not have been wholly indifferent to what might happen made us somewhat sceptical of his rectitudinous pretensions. And now that we find the Administration scheming for power over all the public utilities of the State, posing as so superlatively trustworthy as to be justified in demanding that the principle of home rule in every town and county be abrogated our scepticism takes a fresh hold. So great is the power now possessed by the Railroad Commission that the public utilities corporations over which it has control are eating out of its hands. There is not an officer of any of these corporations that will dare utter a word in criticism of the Administration. In the heyday of the old railroad machine, when Stanford and Stow were running the politics of the State, it possessed less than a tenth of the power now wielded by the Johnson machine. Yet Governor Johnson is not satisfied, and therefore the proposal to bring all public utilities corporations under the dominion of the Railroad Commission.

Chastity a National Issue

The homage that vice pays to virtue is no longer confined to the several States of the Union where the Commandments were recently discovered. The Don Quixote of reform astride Rosinante is caracoling in Washington, D. C., and with sword flashing in air is demanding that all the ascetic ideals be embodied in an Act of Congress that shall take precedence of the Law of the Land. This is the worst spasm of morality the world has seen since the days of Cromwell. Puritanism has spread with the rapidity of an Asiatic plague. A few weeks ago Illinois had a monopoly of it. Now it is rampant from the Mississippi to the transport docks at North Beach. A battalion of Governors has stormed the White House with the firm determination of making the President himself lead the charge into the breaches of wickedness. No means of eradicating sin, or rather, one particular sin, is to be neglected. The country is to be made chaste even though it be necessary to make bachelorhood a felony. It appears that our reformers have come to the conclusion that the enactment of a minimum wage law will not be sufficient to deter

women from falling. They argue that the supply of fallen women is in a measure due to the demand, and they conclude that the demand is due to the multitudinous bachelor. Therefore the bachelor must go. This is an easy solution of a most troublesome problem, which of course must take precedence of the tariff and the high cost of living and the regulation of trusts. The country must be made chaste. There must be rigid regulation of that one touch of nature that makes the whole world sin. Meanwhile, it may be refreshing to observe we are no longer publicly denying truths which we used to acknowledge only in secrecy. Shamefaced diffidence is gone. The mask of prudent discretion has been thrown away. Eugenics is the topic of the hour in drawing rooms, and our purest minded women and their daughters read Brieux and haunt the red light districts that they may see for themselves what's wrong with the world. To the pure all things are pure, and therefore on with the rag, and if vulgarity and suggestiveness offend you it is a sure sign that you are narrowminded.

The Passion for Fine Clothes

If it is within the police powers of the State to deal with all causes of prostitution then should the Legislature consider the extravagance of women. Magistrate Henry W. Herbert of New York, who, on the bench of the women's night court has heard the pitiful stories of thousands of unfortunate women, stories no less pitiful, he says, when they proclaimed a brazen acceptance of the wages of sin than when they revealed the tragedy of environment or the machinations of men, takes direct issue with the reformers who believe that a "living wage" marks the line between chastity and unchastity. In all the cases that have come before him he has never found one of depravity traceable to poor wages and the urgings of want. The vast majority of fallen women, says the New York magistrate, never knew real poverty. Want is not a factor in the social problem. The principal factor is the inherent feminine passion for fine clothes. This passion is undoubtedly the ruling passion of the sex. If women had nothing to wear but a fig leaf there would be much less of unchastity in the world. Many a woman has sold her soul for a fur coat. So it might be an interesting question for a debating society, if nudity wouldn't be conducive to decency. Either opinion might be argued with much philosophy and many classical illustrations. At all events if fine clothes and costly gewgaws were not cherished and coveted of all women there would not be the species of temptation that more than all other kinds lures women to their downfall and complicates the problem of the ages. And so if our reformers would simplify the problem they should go in for sumptuary legislation.

A Question of State Sovereignty

The Hearst papers are indignant that a federal judge should refuse to interfere with the processes of a court martial in West Virginia. The reason of the indignation of the Hearst papers is that certain strikers are being tried for murder. If the accused were the coal barons of West Virginia, and a federal judge should hold for their benefit that he had the power to annul the sovereignty of the State, how much greater would be the indignation of the Hearst papers! The shoe being on the other foot the Hearst papers do not hesitate to argue that because under the Federal Constitution the United States undertakes to guarantee "to every State in the Union a republican form of government" therefore a federal judge has the right to say whether a Chief Executive has properly or improperly pronounced a State "in a state of civil war." What inconsistency there is between a republican form of government and the exercise of one of the powers vested in the Governor of a State it is not easy to perceive. In the Constitution there are several prohibitions on the powers of the States, but there is none on the power of a State to determine when its citizens should be subject to court martial. And the Constitution says that "Powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States are reserved to the States." In other words to each State is reserved all those powers which may affect or promote its own domestic interests, its prosperity, its policy and its local institutions.

Presence of Mind

What a valuable asset is presence of mind has been illustrated by Police Sergeant John P. Collins. Seeing an empty, crewless car plunging down the grades of Ellis street, he hailed a passing automobile, caused it to be turned and speeded ahead while he, standing on the running board, shouted words of warning, and thus in all probability saved many lives. Presence of mind is one of the rarest of faculties. Few of us are alert enough to do the right thing without a moment's delay in a critical emergency. The vicissitudes of life furnish numerous problems that involve the most serious consequences, which, if they are not solved almost the moment they are presented, may as well not be solved at all. A woman's dress has caught fire:—what is to be done? Much depends on what can be done. The person who has presence of mind to adopt whatever course is best in the circumstances

is the one who will save the woman's life. Now this faculty of presence of mind is one that may be cultivated. To develop the power of observation is to improve presence of mind, and there are ways of practicing rapidity of observation and fertility of resource. The game of baseball, for example, is a great aid to the development of this faculty, and so are certain games of cards. As policemen have more use for this faculty than men engaged in any other occupation the cultivation of it among them ought to be considered a matter of some importance.

Our Loquacious Secretary

In less than a month after his appointment to the office of Secretary of State the garrulous editor of the Commoner made his first bad break. It was no minor indiscretion on the part of the chief of our State Department to assume publicly the attitude of a partisan with reference to one of the burning domestic political issues of a friendly foreign Power. Our Secretary of State has no more solemn duty to perform than that of cultivating the friendship of all countries while maintaining the dignity of his own. But Mr. Bryan is no more fitted to be Secretary of State than a babe is to sail a ship or a longshoreman to lead a cotillon. He entered the President's Cabinet not as one chosen for administrative ability and diplomatic instinct. He was appointed because of supposed political and personal expediency. For thirty years an indefatigable politician and orator, he has spoken millions of words and roused innumerable multitudes with his impassioned eloquence, and now we find him in an office the administration of which ought to be characterized by a dignified reticence and picturesque flashes of silence. In this connection the old familiar question is pertinent,—Can the leopard change its spots? We believe it impossible for Mr. Bryan the teetotaller to abjure the flowing bowl of his own verbosity. His chief aim in life is to take people off their feet with the suavity of his epithets, the spectacularity of his tropes and the reverberations of his tonal thunders. Can such a man lie fallow indefinitely? Spouting through the years on the Chautauqua circuit, he has acquired a rapid-fire vocabulary that is not to be silenced in a day. His is the tongue that shakes out its master's undoing, and the conquest of it is a mighty undertaking.

No Danger of Impeachment

Thoughtlessly it was suggested in Town

Talk last week that Fremont Older's open letter to Judge Lawlor ought to be made the basis of impeachment proceedings. The suggestion is manifestly preposterous. An investigation of the charges made by Mr. Older would necessitate the throwing of light on matters which the powers that be consider it most desirable to leave in camera. Judge Lawlor is not in the slightest danger. Mr. Older may go on taunting him till the cows come home, but Judge Lawlor is secure from official scrutiny. We shall never have any more than Mr. Older's word for it that there is a judge on the bench who once committed rank perjury that he might not be deprived of the supreme delight of presiding over the trial of a man whom he hated with all the bitterness of his soul. But there is some consolation in knowing that while Mr. Older lives he will be available as a witness at any time that it should be desired to impeach the veracity of the chief figure of the infamous "midnight meeting."

The Situation in Mexico

We can see no reason why the people of this country should have any sympathy for the Madero family and its followers. If the Diaz party has made Mexico too hot for the leaders of the Madero faction it is only that a cooling process may reduce the temperature of the whole country. The only way to make order secure or even possible in Mexico is to stamp out the faction that plunged the country into bloody chaos and that is concerned more for its own interest than for the welfare of the people. The revolution in Mexico was not one of those political convulsions that usher in new epochs in the world's progress. Such revolutions are as natural in their growth as an oak. Their roots are in the consciousness of the people. The Mexican revolution was made by a faction eager for the fruits of public commotion. It is true that Porfirio Diaz was a benevolent despot, but as the Madero revolution has shown, he gave the country the kind of government most suitable to the people. Authority is what is most needed in Mexico, and when Madero upset the authority of Diaz he did a wanton thing to the injury of his country. It is now the business of the men in power to re-establish the government as it existed in the days of Porfirio Diaz, and if to ensure order and stability they give short shrift to members of the Madero faction their apparent brutality will not be wholly without justification.

Consolation

(Catullus xcvi.)

By H. W. Garrod

Friend, if the mute and shrouded dead
Are touched at all by tears,
By love long fled and friendship sped
And the unreturning years:

O then, to her that early died,
Know surely, bridegroom, to thy bride
Thy love is sweet and sweeteneth
The very bitterness of death.

Varied Types

CXIX—MICHAEL WILLIAMS

By Edward F. O'Day

Mike Williams tells me that Rollo Peters is a collector of opinions about Carmel. It's the painter's hobby. In the leisure moments when he is not painting the moonlight "that never was on sea or land" he collects the sayings of visitors to Carmel just as Colonel Hammond of Clear Lake collects clocks and the late Henry J. Crocker collected postage stamps. That interests me because I have done some collecting of that sort myself. I should like to sit down with Peters one of these days and compare collections. My collection of opinions about Carmel is not large, but if I do say so myself, it is quite select.

For instance, I have George Sterling. The "Star Dust Twin" said among other things: "Carmel's writers have been overrated and its scenery underrated."

Then I have another poet, Witter Bynner. Said Bynner: "I haven't seen Carmel yet, but when I asked a Carmelite what it was like he told me, 'Why, we had a real marriage there the other day!'"

Then I have Harry Leon Wilson, author of that little old last year's novel that put the word "Ramtah" into the language. "I like Carmel," said the creator of the Flippant Flapper, "because at Carmel the woods come down to the sea."

And I have Mary Austin who claims to have discovered Carmel though George Sterling says he beat her to it. "Carmel," Mary told me, "is too literary for a person who wants to produce literature. Carmel may be good for young people. If I had to choose between Carmel and the Greek marbles at the Vatican, I should choose Carmel."

Here is a *recherche* little collection of opinions poetical, social, geographical and cryptic. Gladly I place them at the disposal of Rollo Peters whose collection, I take it, is much more extensive than mine. However mine is growing. I have just added to it the opinion of Mike Williams.

Mike Williams is a Carmelite of the Carmelites; no novice in the order of highbrows but a professed father who may never renounce his vows. A more enthusiastic Carmelite I have never met. Mike Williams was the first to call my attention to the disease known as "Carmelitis." Carmelitis may be defined as an acute inflammation of the Carmel brain which disorders the judgment and produces the hallucination that Carmel is the only place in the world where a highbrow ought to live. Mike Williams expressly warned me against Carmelitis, although I think that there is no danger of my catching it since I am not a highbrow. Mike Williams allowed me to assume that he was free from Carmelitis. But I assume nothing of the sort. If asked to diagnose Mike's condition I should say that Mike has contracted Carmelitis, though not in its most virulent form. In its most virulent form Carmelitis destroys the sense of humor. Mike's is not all gone.

Mike Williams does not say that he is descended from that Michael Williams who, we learn from Shakespeare, had a brush with Henry V and insulted Gower. But there is a resemblance between them aside from the name. The philosophical character is found in both of them. That old Michael Williams was a fighter. So is the Mike Williams of today.

But this is no place to recount Mike Williams' prowess as a fighter. The tales of his scraps belong to the annals of newspaperdom and are told from Brooklyn Bridge to Lotta's Fountain.

As becomes a Carmelite Mike is now a man of peace. He stopped fighting when he quit the newspaper game and became a highbrow. The rough and tumble of a reporter swept along on the high tide of pay day does not consort with the dignity of a highbrow who has the entree of the best magazines.

Instead of retailing yarns of Mike Williams' derring-do when he was a reporter on the New York World or city editor of the San Francisco Examiner, yarns which Mike will tell much better than I could hope to if he ever gets Jack London's autobiographical impulse, let me add Mike Williams' estimate of Carmel to my little collection.

"I must commit the unforgivable sin of taking Carmel seriously," says Mike Williams.

You see, Carmelites are a bit sensitive. A lot of good-natured fun has been poked at their conventional enthusiasm. They drop at times into the deprecating style, but not for long. Witness Mike Williams.

"I take Carmel seriously in very good company," he continued. "There is Butler Yeats for instance. In the preface to one of his books of poetry Yeats writes glowing things about California, about the Greek Theatre, about the South, about the San Francisco sky, but particularly about Carmel. It was there, he writes, that his mystic ear heard the footsteps of the Muses. He calls it the Greece of America."

That reminded me of what Joaquin Miller once told me, but he was speaking of California in general, not of Carmel. "Like Greece," said Miller, "California is to be a great place for poets, although I shall not live to see it. The great poets will hover about our snow peaks and sea and sunshine."

But I did not mention this to Mike Williams. He was in full career and I durst not interrupt.

"Shelley's prophetic eye saw Carmel," he continued.

That was an astounding statement, but Mike Williams proved it by quoting:

A brighter Hellas rears its mountains
From waves serener far;
A new Peneus rolls his fountains
Against the morning star.
Where fairer Tempes bloom, there sleep
Young Cyclads on a sunnier deep

A loftier Argo cleaves the main,
Fraught with a later prize;
Another Orpheus sings again,
And loves, and weeps, and dies.
A new Ulysses leaves once more
Calypso for his native shore.

Another Athens shall arise,
And to remoter time
Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,
The splendor of its prime;
And leave, if nought so bright may live,
All earth can take or Heaven can give.

Mike insists that this points directly to Carmel, and I am not in a position to refute him, even if I desired to do so. But I turned up the passage in Shelley and I found that the poet had appended this note: "Prophecies of wars, and rumors of wars, etc., may safely be made by poet or prophet in any age, but to anticipate however darkly a period of regeneration and happiness is a more

hazardous exercise of the faculty which bards possess or feign."

Still, if Shelley indulged in the hazardous exercise why may not Mike Williams follow suit? Every Carmelite is a poet and a prophet.

"Then there is Francis Grierson," continued Williams. "He came to California to visit his uncle General Grierson who lived at San Jose. He said that California had a psychic atmosphere which fitted it for creative art more completely than any other place in the world."

"And there is Edgar Saltus, the Gautier of America. He said that owing to the character of our people California was bound to be the art center of America. Shaemus O'Sheel, poet and critic, looks for the efflorescence of all the arts in California. So does Redfern Mason who is at Carmel right now writing a book on music. He says that Stillman-Kelley who got his inspiration in California is the greatest musician America has produced. And William M. Chase, the great painter, is coming to Carmel to start a summer school of painting."

"In a way it is fatal to live at Carmel," continued Williams. "It is like Tennyson's lotus island—one is apt to become intoxicated with its beauty. The danger consists in staying there too long. The massing together of diverse characters, of highly individualized types is bound to cause trouble. Carmel may go to one's head. It causes a mental excitement like getting drunk, but this is necessary for artists."

"Mutual admiration? Quite the reverse. The Carmelites are like all human beings; they indulge in more or less knocking. But is mutual admiration a danger after all? It is among nonentities, among people of negligible talents. But how about the Lake Poets? the Pre-Raphaelites? the Impressionists? the Cubists? the Futurists? Were they not mutual admiration societies? On second thought, of course there is mutual admiration at Carmel."

"Is there criticism in such an atmosphere? There is indeed, and of a valuable because technical kind. If your work is rotten they'll tell you so. I refer to the real workers at Carmel. Of course there are near-workers and yearners who indulge in fulsome adulation. But they don't count."

"Philandering? Yes, there is philandering at Carmel. But suppose there is. It does no harm. If it causes a man to write a better story or paint a better picture it's an actual help. If a man gets into a bit of a scrape there he should be commiserated not gossiped about. There is too much cant talked on this subject anyway."

"The drama at Carmel? Up to date they've gone about it the wrong way. I'm not in sympathy with the big, three-ring-circus sort of thing. But The Toad is dead. Carmel should be a great place for an experimental theatre. The drama there will develop along lines of pageantry and folk play."

"You see, I believe in the destiny of Carmel. But it's no place for a young man. Carmelitis is bad, but if you mix your Carmel with cosmopolitanism it's a good thing. Carmel should be taken seriously but not salaciously."

All of which is respectfully submitted to Rollo Peters and other interested parties who may reconcile for themselves the inconsistency between this and other opinions of Carmel, at the same time deciding for themselves whether or not Mike Williams is afflicted with Carmelitis.

The People's Forum

What Did Mary Mean?

Editor Town Talk, Sir: In last Sunday's Chronicle there was an interview with Mary Garden, in the course of which the lady is represented as having been asked this question: "How about American opera?" The interviewer quotes her as saying, "I don't believe in it." And he represents her as having "almost snapped" the words. Also he quotes her as saying, "It may come, but it won't be in my day." Now what I'd like to know is what Mary thinks "Natoma" is. I have never seen this Redding masterpiece, but I have read that it is grand opera. Am I misinformed? And if it is grand opera, did Redding compose the music? A friend of mine tells me that Mr. Redding wrote nothing but the libretto, and that a Mr. Victor wrote the music. But I don't believe him, because I never heard the authorship of an opera attributed to the man who wrote the lyrics and the story. So far as I can learn Redding did all the work. How about it?

Yours truly,

—R. W.

Mr. Phelan at the Irish Banquet

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: I read with interest what you had to tell in your last issue about Mr. Phelan's speech at the annual banquet of the Knights of St. Patrick. I also read the report of Mr. Phelan's speech in the Monitor of last week. The story of the dinner given by Mr. Secretary Lane at Washington is not included in that report. But this is not to be wondered at. Mr. Phelan doubtless gave the editor a copy of his speech before he delivered it, and being in a sprightly mood when called on at the banquet did not confine himself to what he had written. He was introduced by the toastmaster as "one whose name has been prominently mentioned for a place in President Wilson's cabinet." That of course reminded Mr. Phelan of the Lane story and being in a jovial humor he told it, much to the delight of the assembled Irishmen. By the way, in the speech as reported in the Monitor there is something on one of Mr. Phelan's pet subjects, Japanese immigration. Mr. Phelan is against Japanese immigration. He states that this immigration has increased one hundred per cent within ten years. He says it is a great danger to this country. In fact he sounded quite a note of warning against the Japanese, the same note which some of our distinguished State legislators are so fond of sounding. Mr. Phelan is a millionaire and his words carry weight on that account. But Mr. John D. Spreckels is also a millionaire, and he takes the other side of this important question. Last Sunday John P. Irish who never overlooks anything called the attention of Mr. Chapin, the publisher of Mr. Spreckels' paper, the Call, to what Mr. Spreckels had to say on this question. Mr. Irish was prompted to do this because the Call had quoted with approval an editorial in which the Fresno Republican roasted Mr. Irish for favoring Japanese immigration. The very pat quotation showing how the owner of the Call stands on this question was taken by the astute Mr. Irish from the sworn

testimony of Mr. Spreckels before the congressional committee which investigated American sugar refining. According to Mr. Spreckels who is our largest beet sugar producer, the Japanese laborer is necessary if the industry is to flourish in California, for the simple reason that he does work which no white laborer can be induced to do. So while Mr. Phelan is sounding his note of warning on one side Mr. Spreckels is sounding his on the other. But while Mr. Phelan speaks in general terms Mr. Spreckels gets down to hard facts. Personally I am more impressed by what Mr. Spreckels told Congress than by what Mr. Phelan told the Knights of St. Patrick.

Yours sincerely,

—F. X. O'H.

The Author of "The Rosary"

Santa Barbara Club,
Santa Barbara, Cal.

Editor Town Talk, Sir: In your issue of the 15th you give publicity to a claim on the part of a Mr. Frederick G. Winter of Putney, England, to the authorship of "The Rosary," and express a hope that friends or relatives of the late Robert Cameron Rogers will "clear up the mystery." You will forgive me for saying that the only mystery is that an explanation of an imposture so obvious should be called for. But, as a friend for many years of the late poet, I shall, with your permission, make the matter clear.

First for Rogers and the truth. "The Rosary" was written by Rogers in April, 1894, while on a journey from Santa Barbara to Los Angeles. The manuscript was sent by him to the lady who is now his widow, and, with the manuscripts of most of his poems, is still in her possession. The verses were printed in a volume of poetry published by Rogers in November, 1894. In 1901 the words were set to music by the late Ethelbert Nevin, and probably no other modern song has achieved such world-wide popularity. The volume of verse and the song both bore the name of Robert Cameron Rogers as the author. His claim to the authorship has been published to the world as fully and widely as possible for many years.

Now for Mr. Frederick G. Winter of Putney and his untruth. I may preface my examination of the story by stating that Mr. Winter is by no means the first person to claim the authorship of the poem. He merely enjoys the distinction of being the first to wait until the author was in his grave before attempting to rob him. Mr. Winter's story, condensed, is this: Twenty years or more ago, he wrote the poem to the woman he loved, from whom he was separated, and who afterwards married another man. He copied the verses into a pocket book which, however, he carelessly left in a restaurant—"there was nothing left of it but its haunting rhythm in his memory." Last year for the first time he heard the song sung, and, "when the music floated towards him and the first words of the song reached his ear," he claimed it for his own. To corroborate his claim he produces affidavits by four persons, including his lost lady love, who swear that they were acquainted with the composition at a date prior to 1894 when Rogers' volume of verse was published. Additional poignancy is given to the story by the statement that he lost his money as well as his lady and his pocket book, that he was stricken with an incurable disease—kleptomania apparently—and that he took to ballad writing. I confess that at first I was puzzled by the introduction of the lost pocket book incident. It could not be intended to account for Mr. Winter not having published the song, because he not

only retained it in his memory, but, the story says, he refused to publish it through feelings of delicacy. Nor could it be to account for the absence of a manuscript written in faded ink and bearing a water mark of twenty years or more ago, since the appearance of age in ink, and a water mark, can be reproduced, and a man who does not scruple to rob the dead would hardly stop at a little fraud like that. But at last the explanation came to me. We are to suppose that Rogers, dining by happy chance in the same restaurant with Mr. Frederick G. Winter of Putney, observed this literary crumb fall from his brother poet's table, picked it up, and in course of time sold it as his own. Unfortunately for Mr. Winter, he seems to be unaware that a matter of six thousand miles intervened between his restaurant and Rogers at that time. And even the long arm of coincidence would have to stretch itself considerably to place some friend of Rogers at that particular restaurant, at that particular time, a friend dishonest enough to steal another man's pocket book, to pass it on to Rogers, and to stand silently by when Rogers published its contents as his own. But if Mr. Winter had been informed that our poet lived in Santa Barbara, doubtless we should have been told that at the time in question he, Mr. Winter, had fled the country of his lost love, and was consoling himself among the orange groves of California. He simply has to establish connection between Rogers and that lost pocket book somehow. It must be very clearly established before a man of Rogers' reputation as a man and as a poet can be stained by even a suspicion of literary theft from the author of a ballad bearing the title "Where Willows Whisper."

Let us now examine the value of Mr. Winter's witnesses. According to the story "the little poem with the delicate lilt and the sad refrain he refused to publish, preferring to leave it with its memories among the shadows. There was nothing left of it but its haunting rhythm in his memory." The poem, of course, has no refrain, but Mr. Winter may not be responsible for that inaccuracy. But he certainly has to explain how, although the song was not published and the manuscript was lost, he is able to produce on the spot four people so familiar with it that they can swear they were acquainted with it twenty years or more ago. To how many people did he recite these verses too sacred for publication, that he could instantly produce four? And how many times, in Heaven's name, did he bring them out of the shadows, that these four people can swear to the words twenty years afterwards? How came his lost love to know of them at that time, since poet and lady were estranged, and the only copy of the verses lost? And Mr. Winter must also explain this other difficulty. He is a writer of ballads, and, since he first heard the song sung "in a crowded drawing room" in Brighton last year, his milieu must be at least respectable in the

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The whole story reeks of fraud. It has not

even the merit of plausibility. And all who knew Rogers, personally, or through his writings, must feel ashamed that there should be any need to refute it. To those who knew the man, the bare suggestion that he could be guilty of an action even bordering on dishonor is ridiculous and revolting. And those who knew the poet know that he could be under no temptation to steal from the writer of "Where Willows Whisper" or any of

his ilk. I hope that on this coast, at least, where for so many years Rogers made his home, and where his reputation stands so fair, we shall hear no more of Mr. Frederick G. Winter of Putney. Apologizing for the length of this letter, I am, sir,

Your obedient servant,
—W. R. Edwardes.

March 24, 1913.

The woman burglar is a stickler for sex equality.

Have you met any masculine voter lately who will vote to recall Judge Weller?

Why should the wife of an English M. P. make a speech about the Weller recall?

The Turk in all of us surrenders to the Bulgarian blouse.

President Bonilla of Honduras overturned an honored Central American precedent by dying peacefully in bed.

"Novelist's Pen Reveals Hidden Facts of Strike."—Bulletin headline.

But is a novelist a stickler for facts?

Confessions of captured burglars remind us that many strange things go on in apartment houses.

The Examiner's statement as to the profits of the municipal railway is quite as inaccurate as its thrilling account of the suicide of the defaulter in Oakland. The hoaxing of our contemporary is a continuous performance.

The dear women are practising a new form of lobbying—they scare the legislators by means of intimidating letters.

Many a man who had a season ticket for the opera wished he could afford to sit in nigger heaven.

The proposal to hold a Constitutional Convention in 1915 is pronounced by the Bulletin a scheme of the old Herrin machine "to undo the good work of Progressives." If so the old Herrin machine is appealing to the people. Are the Progressives afraid of the people?

The spiritual uplift gained during Lent begins to disappear when the millinery bill arrives.

The vain man needs no one to boost him; he speaks for himself.

There is a movement for vocational experts in the schools to tell children what pursuits they are fitted for. More jobs for the unemployed.

Pride of unostentation is President Wilson's most salient characteristic. There is such a thing as being ostentatious in striving for unostentatiousness.

A member of the legislature wishes to make it a crime to sell liquor to anybody wearing the uniform of either the army or navy. We might greatly add to the insult by compelling the asinine author of the bill to join either the army or navy.

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

The Social Evil

The attention of our amateur reformers is respectfully directed to a short editorial which appeared recently in that very conservative paper, the New York Sun, under the heading "Too Milenial." It reads: "It seems that as to the social evil the aim of the Pittsburg Moral Efficiency Commission is 'gradual restriction leading to ultimate elimination.' The date of the 'elimination' cannot be set a moment before the milennium. Meanwhile the efforts of this excellent body of censors toward 'gradual restriction' have dmittedly resulted in an increase of street walking. What is the gain? Vice is shifted, made more publicly present and offensive; that seems to be all."

Women in the Army

That women are incapacitated by their sex for bearing arms has been one of the favorite statements of the opponents of woman suffrage who argue that the citizen who cannot fight should

not be allowed to vote. But here we have the Empire of Austria introducing women into its army! The Government is about to experiment with women on the administrative staffs of the army, and if the trial is successful women will eventually replace men in the health, equipment and provisional departments. The news of this experiment has caused a good deal of excitement in France, and already one woman has volunteered to serve her country in any branch of its military establishment. This woman is Madame Jane Dieulafoy, the only woman in France who has the privilege of wearing trousers. She has written to the Minister of War asking to be allowed the honor of being the first woman called on to participate in the national defense. Her action has been loudly applauded.

Government Ownership in France

The French State tobacco industry is feeling the effects of foreign competition and the director of the State factories is becoming alarmed. The fact is that State commercialism in France is distinguished by its unbusinesslike methods, while the State products are of inferior quality. The matches refuse to strike, "tobacco" is a mixture of tobacco and a large proportion of foreign matter of all descriptions and the managements of the factories turn a deaf ear to all complaints. One result of this has been an increasing demand for foreign duty paid products among Parisians in spite of the higher price. American, Turkish and Egyptian cigarettes and foreign cigars are smoked in increasing quantities; cheap automatic

lighters sell largely, and the State factory is feeling the effect.

Pierre Loti Retracts

Pierre Loti is very fond of the Turks, but he has been over-zealous in his defense of them. In his latest book "Turkey in Agony," he says that French officers saw Serbian and Greek soldiers putting out the eyes of Turkish prisoners. Prince Nicholas of Greece took the matter up, had the French officers in question examined, found that they had said nothing of the sort simply because they had seen nothing of the sort, and called upon Loti to retract. There being nothing else for him to do, he did retract. He said he had taken the statement from a Paris paper—had taken it and had used it without investigation because he had confidence in the veracity of the writer. Pierre Loti, having been caught napping, is greatly "peevish" against Prince Nicholas of Greece.

A. BRENTA, Prop.

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Fairy Tales

By Maxim Gorky

"There are no better fairy tales than those which life itself creates."—Andersen.

I.

At Naples the tramway workers had struck: there was a long row of empty cars in the Riviera Chiaia, while on the Piazza di Triomfo a crowd of drivers and conductors had assembled. It was a noisy, boisterous crowd of Neapolitans, as lively and mobile as quicksilver.

Higher than their heads, behind the garden fence, the glistening jet of a fountain hung in the air like a sword. The tramway workers were surrounded by a larger crowd who wanted to go by tramcar to the various parts of the town. All these, clerks, artisans, petty traders, seamstresses, denounced the strikers in a loud and angry tone. Harsh words and sharp epithets were hurled at their heads, hands gesticulated, for a Neapolitan can talk just as eloquently with his hands as with his ever busy tongue.

A light breeze came from the sea and gently swayed the fan-like leaves of the huge palm trees in the Municipal Gardens; their trunks resembled the legs of monstrous elephants hewn out of stone. Half-naked urchins of the Naples streets hopped about like sparrows, filling the air with loud and shrill laughter.

The town itself resembled an old engraving, bathed in the sun's rays, and droned as if it were an organ. The blue waves of the sea beat regularly against the pebbles on the beach, and the noise joined that of the streets.

The strikers looked gloomy, and pressed against each other, hardly responding to the angry shouts of the crowd. They climbed up on to the railings and cast restless glances into the streets over the heads of the people. The strikers resembled a pack of wolves surrounded by dogs. It was clear to everybody that these people, wearing the same uniform, were bound together by a firm resolve not to give in; and this infuriated the crowd still more. There were, however, philosophers in its midst who, while smoking away at their pipes, tried to pacify the more violent opponents of the strike.

"Eh! Signor! What is to be done if there is not enough money to buy macaroni for the children?"

In groups of twos and threes stood the municipal police, looking very spruce, and regulated the horse traffic which the crowd threatened to obstruct. They were strictly neutral, and looked good-naturedly upon those who denounced and upon those who were condemned, and they railed at both sides when the gesticulations and shouts reached a high pitch. To present serious outbreaks, a detachment of fusiliers, holding short, light rifles, stood along the houses in the narrow street. This was a rather ominous detachment in three-cornered hats, short black capes, and with two red stripes, like streaks of blood, running down their trousers.

Wrangling, jeers, reproaches, and admonition were suddenly cut short; a new current swept the crowd as if reconciling it; the strikers looked gloomier still, and pressed closer together. Voices in the crowd called out:

"Soldiers!"

A jeering and triumphant shout at the strikers resounded. The soldiers were met with shouts of welcome. A fat man in grey, and wearing a Panama hat, commenced to dance, clumsily changing feet on the pavement. The conductors and drivers slowly forced their way

through the crowd towards the car; some ascended the platforms; the angry shouts made them still more sullen, and they scowled at the onlookers as they made their way through the crowd. The noise subsided. By forcing their way through the angry crowd they divided it into smaller groups which seemed to become animated by a new spirit, less noisy and more humane.

With a light dancing step from the Santa Lucia Quay came little grey soldiers, stamping their feet regularly, and mechanically swinging their left arms. They seemed to be made of tin, and as frail as factory-made toys. They were led by a tall handsome officer, his brows knit, his mouth distorted by a sneer. A fat man in a silk hat ran by his side talking to him all the time, and cutting the air with his innumerable gestures.

The crowd drew back from the cars, the soldiers, like grey beads, became scattered alongside the cars; the strikers remained on the platforms.

The man in the silk hat and some others who surrounded him swung their arms wildly and shouted:

"The last time . . . 'Ultima Volta!' D' you hear?"

The officer twisted his moustache, his head drooping. A man waved his silk hat, and ran up to him saying something in a hoarse voice. The officer looked at him askance, standing erect, and gave the word of command in a loud tone.

The soldiers in twos and threes began to jump on the platforms of the cars. At the same time the drivers and conductors were pushed off.

This seemed to amuse the onlookers, who broke out into laughter and whistling which, however, only lasted for a moment. People drew back from the cars; their faces wearing a longer and old expression, and their eyes wide open in astonishment. They all pressed forward towards the front car.

Within a yard or two of the wheels a grey-haired driver with the face of a soldier could be seen, his cap off, lying on the rails. He lay on his back, his long moustache shooting upwards. An adroit youth, with the movements of a monkey, laid himself down by his side; a number of others followed their example.

A low murmur passed through the crowd, then voices were heard supplicating the Madonna. Some swore angrily; women screamed and groaned; boys, amazed at the unusual sight, jumped and bounced about like rubber balls.

The man in the silk hat cried out something, the officer looked at him and shrugged his shoulders. He must replace the tramway drivers by soldiers, but he had no orders to wrestle with the strikers.

Then the owner of the silk hat, surrounded by people willing to please, rushed towards the fusiliers. The latter set off, approached those lying on the rails, and attempted to lift them.

A struggle ensued. All the dusty crowd of spectators made a lurch, and howling, rushed to the rails. The man in the Panama hat pulled it off his head, threw it up in the air, and was the first to lie down by the side of a striker; he patted him on the back, and shouted something approvingly right in his face.

After him some gay, noisy people who had just come upon the scene began to throw themselves down upon the rails. They lay down laughing, making faces at each other and shouting something to the officer who, waving his gloves above the head of the man in the silk

hat, was telling him something, shaking his hand—some head.

Others threw themselves down upon the rails. Women deposited their baskets and bundles, boys lay down laughing, doubling themselves up like dogs trying to keep warm, rolling over and getting dirty in the dust.

Five soldiers looked at the heaps of bodies under the wheels from the platform of the front car, then laughed convulsively as they clutched the railings and threw their heads up in the air. They were now quite unlike the tin, factory-made toys. . . .

Half-an-hour later, trams ran noisily along the streets of Naples; the victors stood on the platforms, grinning; some of them passed along the cars, calling out politely:

"Tickets!"

The passengers who handed them red and yellow slips, winked their eyes, smiling and grumbling in a good-natured way.

II.

A dense crowd of people had assembled on the small square in front of the railway station at Genoa. Workers preponderated, but there was also a number of well-dressed and well-fed people. The members of the Town Council were at the head of the crowd. The heavy city flag, skilfully sewn in silk, floated in the air, and by its side there were the many-colored banners of the workers' organizations. The gold of the tassels, of the fringe, and the cords, and the pikes on the spear-shafts glistened; silk rustled, and a buzzing sound proceeded from the crowd, which was in its holiday mood.

Above its head, on a high pedestal, was the beautiful statue of Columbus, the dreamer, who suffered so much because he believed, and who won because he believed. Even now he looked down upon the people as if saying with his marble lips:

"Only those conquer who believe!"

The musicians had placed their brass instruments at his feet round the pedestal. The brass glistened in the sun as if it were gold.

The semi-circular station building looked as if it wanted to embrace the people with its wings. One heard the heavy puffing of the steamships in the port, due to the work of the screw in the water; the clanking of chains, whistling, and shouts reached one's ears. All was quiet on the square; it was sultry, and everything was flooded by the scorching sun. On the balconies and at the windows there were fair women with flowers in their hands, and children prettily dressed in holiday attire.

A locomotive dashed into the station with a shrill whistle; the crowd fell back. Like black birds, a few crumpled hats went up in the air, the musicians seized their instruments, a few earnest middle-aged men came out of the crowd, faced it, and said something, gesticulating right and left.

The crowd moved slowly, and opened up to let a passenger out into the street.

"Who is being welcomed?"

"Children from Parma."

There was a strike in Parma. The masters would not give in, the workers, hard pressed, were sending their starving children to comrades in Genoa.

From behind the pillars of the station there came a strange procession of little folks: they were half-naked and looked shaggy in their rags.

(Continued on Page 21.)

Poems About San Francisco

LXXXVI—SAN FRANCISCO DESOLATE

By Herman Scheffauer

(This poem by a San Francisco singer was inspired by the calamity of 1906. It is to be found in Mr. Scheffauer's book "Looms of Life" published by the Neale Company of New York in 1908.)

Ruin outraced the dawn,
When the ports of night were drawn,
The feast of death lay spread;
The city bowed low her head,
Disconsolate in the morn,
Sitting amidst her dead—
Forlorn! O forlorn!

Lo! how the touch of day
Rolled in pity away
Over the graves and the fires
And the houses, domes and spires
Abject and broken in dust.
Woe on thine ashes and pyres,
Young Queen, once august!

Flame had goaded the ground,
And the valves of the deeps profound
Broke through their riven rock;
She felt the wrath of the shock
And a storm upheaved her floor;—
Dawn saw the grace that crowned
My city no more.

Woe hath befallen thee,
And thou wringest in misery
Thy bleeding, despairing hands
Over time agonis'd lands,
For a great grief came to pass;
Thy beauty is prey to the brands,
My city, alas!

Thou weepest, mother mine,
For the dear dead that are thine,
And the dark tide of thy tears
Is one not of days but years.
The ashes lie gray on thy head,
And deep is thy wound, and thy biers
Lie dense with the dead.

Splendor of thine and pride
Are departed; the waves deride
Thee and thy sisters sore,
And lisp and laugh on the shore,
And the sun is brave with gold,
But the sun and the sea no more
Know thee—as of old.

* * * * *

Remount, O Queen! resume
The throne of thy hills; through the doom
And the dolor and terror that reign
O'er thy walls, thou shalt lift again
Thy head. The sons shall restore
Anew, from the wastes of thy pain,
Thy glory once more.

The Spectator

Rader's Plea to Hiram

The last time Governor Johnson favored San Francisco with a visit Fremont Older sent the Reverend William Rader to him to plead for the liberation of Abe Ruef. Doctor Rader and Fremont Older are very friendly. For quite a while several years ago Rader was the editorial writer of the Bulletin, and Older spent a good deal of time in the sanctum where Rader turned out his daily column of copy, thus getting well acquainted with the Congregational-Presbyterian clergyman. Older likes Rader and Rader admires Older. So when Older asked Rader to see Hiram on behalf of Ruef Rader willingly consented. It was a great plea that Rader made to the Governor. All the eloquence that Rader possesses was outpoured upon the subject of Ruef's incarceration. The same kind of snappy periods that characterize Rader's sermons, the same kind of crisp dicta that the linotype man used to put into Bulletin type, the same kind of impassioned moralizings that are to be found in Rader's Shakespearian studies recently published were turned loose on Hiram to the end that his heart might be softened and that he might pass the word to Colonel Duffy and the other adamant spirits of the Prison Commission to set Abe Ruef free.

Hiram's Reply to Rader

The Governor heard Rader in silence but not

in equanimity. The Governor was boiling within. At the conclusion of the Rader exhortation the Governor, finding it impossible to answer calmly, let out some of that picturesque language for which he has a failing. The Governor's reply to Rader was terse, not to say abrupt. Quoth Hiram to Rader:

"Go back to the _____ who sent you here and tell him that Abe Ruef is going to stay in jail!"

Trouble in Hiram's Cabinet

All is not serene in the Governor's Cabinet these days. The wedge of dissension has entered and threatens to split the administration wide open. Several weeks ago I told how Governor Johnson had fallen out with Doc Pardee when that chivalrous Don Whiskerandos went to Sacramento to plead for the parole of his pal Henry Dalton. Now the trouble is breaking out in the inner administration council. Soreness bides in the minds of State Treasurer E. D. Roberts and State Printer Richardson. Both are appointees of Governor Johnson. Both are therefore mightily beholden to the Governor. But both the State Treasurer from San Berdo and the State Printer from Berkeley have vowed that never again will they darken the door of the Governor's office. And why? It's the Board of Control.

"When I became a member of this administration," Treasurer Roberts said recently, "I thought that Hiram Johnson and not John Francis Neylan was Governor of California." "I have never yet gone into the Governor's office," Printer Richardson remarked the other day, "without being followed there by a member of the Board of Control." So they decided to stay away.

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Progressive politics are very much mixed at Sacramento, and as a consequence Governor Johnson is ill at ease. No longer is he disposed to accept full responsibility for the doings of a Progressive legislature. He is sidestepping at every opportunity. Measures that ordinarily would be labeled "Administration" he has asked to have designated "Party measures." But not many of the statesmen at Sacramento are as enthusiastic as formerly about party matters. The situation naturally has given them pause. The information comes to me from Sacramento that there is not a corporal's guard of Progressives in the legislature who will say they are not Republicans. I am told also that the visit of George W. Perkins to Sacramento was for the purpose of inducing weaklings to pluck up courage. He advised the Progressives to get together and agree on a definite program, but he failed to inspire any enthusiasm.

Boynton's Bug Bill

Senator A. E. Boynton of Oroville who wants to be either Governor or United States Senator is the author of a bill which has wonderful potentialities for political machine making purposes. The ostensible purpose of the bill is to provide a system of compulsory workmen's compensation. As the Industrial Accident Board and the Governor himself are in favor of the bill and urging its passage it is suspected that Boynton is the man whom the Governor has in training for the gubernatorial job. This bill is full of interesting bugs that have thus far escaped the attention of the daily press. Boynton proposes to change the name of the Industrial Accident Board to Industrial Accident Commission and to give it the power to organize a system of State liability insurance in connection with a system of compulsory workmen's compensation. The bill would enable the commissioners to administer a State insurance fund. For the purpose of carrying out the scheme the commissioners who shall hold office at the pleasure of the Governor shall have power "to employ such officers, experts, statisticians, actuaries, accountants, inspectors, referees and other employees as they may deem necessary." That's bug No. 1. Then comes this provision: "All officers and employees of the commission shall receive such compensation for their services as may be fixed by the commission." That's bug No. 2. Furthermore: "The commission is hereby vested with full power and authority and jurisdiction to do and perform any and all things whether herein specifically designated, or in addition thereto, which are necessary and convenient in the exercise of any power, authority or jurisdiction conferred upon it under this act." From this bug No. 3 it appears that the framers of the bill, after specifying everything they could think of, feared that they might have overlooked a trick, and therefore thought it advisable to throw in a blanket provision taking off

all conceivable limitations. Note the sweeping phrase "and all things" and the flexible word "convenient." It doesn't require a celestial imagination to picture the colossal political machine which Johnson and Boynton will be able to erect if given the power contemplated by this bill. The reformers are certainly pointing the way to the practical politicians. What sport the practical ones will have when they get back on the job!

The Triumph of Jordan

Probably one of the most interesting of political phenomena at Sacramento at this time is the change of attitude on the part of the Administration toward Secretary of State Frank Jordan. Two years ago the Governor's political machine undertook the crushing of Jordan. He was to be robbed of all his patronage and driven into outer darkness. Jordan was to be treated as an incorrigible. Jordan was anathema. A practical machine politician, a survivor of the bad, glad days of the old machine, as far apart from the unsophisticated citizen's concept of a righteous Lissnerite as the poles, wherever he walked in Sacramento during the first session of the Johnson legislature he found himself tabu. Virtuous statesmen drew aside as he passed lest the exhalations of him might infect the circumambient. Things have changed. The ban has been lifted. The decree of ostracism has been revoked. Ishmael has been welcomed home. The Secretary of State is now recognized as a respectable representative of the people, and men close to the throne are no longer afraid to extend the glad hand. Now for the explanation. Whether plausible or not it is the only one I have been able to get. Frank Jordan has been attending strictly to business, and he has been "making good" without praying on the street corners. It is lucky for Jordan that he has not been identified with the Johnson machine. Wherever reform has been running mad Jordan has been cultivating the affections of the people. He is his own press bureau, and there is no man in the State more skilled than Jordan in the art of publicity. Some time ago from his office there began to emanate little pamphlets dealing with the resources of the various counties. In those rural sections where best sellers are unknown and statistics are exciting literature the Secretary of State is much celebrated as an author. Frank Jordan has made himself beloved of the farmers of California, and the farmers have been contrasting him with the Governor of the State. "Here is a man," they say, "who never was a reformer, an unregenerate politician who smokes and drinks and swears and hardly ever goes to church, and, by gum, he's looking after our interests and he never pokes his nose into our business except to find out how well we are doing." Now, so the story goes, the voice of the farmer has reverberated in the halls of legislation and in the executive office, and it has been deemed advisable to quit trying to squelch Jordan. In other words, it is realized that Jordan has many friends who resent the mean efforts of the Administration to render him negligible in the affairs of State. And there are wise politicians among the Progressives who are beginning to look forward to the swinging back of the pendulum.

Heney Bobs Up

The Wild Ass of the Desert has been braying in Sacramento of late. He made two appearances before the Legislature, once as attorney for the oil men who want the privilege of using the pipe lines of the big companies, and once as the advocate of the new conservation measure. It appears there are some men laboring under the delusion that Heney is still capable of frightening

timid public servants by shaking his fist at them. But Heney is no longer terrifying. His most perfervid utterances at Sacramento failed to get a hand. The legislators seemed to regard him as more of a joke than themselves.

Neylan On Fire

Assemblyman Polsley had a little clash the other day with the raucous voiced Neylan of the Board of Control. It was at the discussion of the Mothers' Pension bills, one of which is supposed to be regarded with favor by the Governor. Polsley characterized it as a bill of importance only to the Administration, which favored it because it would provide a few more jobs for the Governor to fill. Neylan accused Polsley of doing dirty politics. No blood was shed.

The Engineers' Demands

If landsmen are in a position to dictate to seamen there will be a strike of the marine engineers of this port and our shipping business will suffer very heavily. The executive committee of the local Marine Engineers Association, with the approval of their national body, has filed a schedule of demands with the Ship Owners Association, and the latter body has refused to accede to them and is preparing for a struggle. The Marine Engineers about the middle of this month submitted a schedule which called for an increase in the number of engineers employed on all steam vessels plying out of this port as well as for an increase in the pay of engineers. This new schedule, they declared, must take effect on the first of April. The increase demanded in the number of engineers employed on steam vessels would bring the total number of engineers working in this port up to 968, which is several hundred more than are employed at present. As the number now employed satisfies in all instances the federal regulations the Ship Owners have refused to comply, regarding the demand as exorbitant. Besides, the Ship Owners point out to the Marine Engineers Association that there is an agreement between the two bodies which calls for ninety days' notice of any new demands. The Ship Owners were curious to know why this agreement was broken. They have discovered that other marine unions intend to make demands on the first of June, so the engineers apparently decided to get in their demands in advance of the others, agreement or no agreement.

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Landsmen on the Committee

I have said that in this impending trouble landsmen are dictating to seamen. This is literally true, as a list of the names of the men on the executive committee of the Marine Engineers Association together with their present occupations will show. The committee which formulated the demands consists of the following: president, E. C. Mausschardt, shore machinist for the Pacific Coast Steamship Company; first vice-president, Purdy, book salesman for "That Man Pitts"; second vice-president, English, engineer for Third street bridge; treasurer, John M. Powell, insurance solicitor; business manager, A. B. Gibson; recording secretary, Vincent Carroll; executive committee, Cuthbertson, engineer of "Angel Island," federal immigration boat; Peguillon, engineer for Claus Spreckels Building; Powers, engineer on Harbor Commission boat; Moriarty, engineer for Fourth street bridge. It will be noted that only two members of this executive committee are water men, and neither of these goes outside the Heads!

The Value of a Keith

What I suppose was the highest price ever obtained for a picture by William Keith was paid for the "Glory of the Heavens" at the picture sale in the auction rooms of Taylor Curtis last week. The "Glory of the Heavens" brought \$12,000, a most respectable sum, a sum in fact not to be sneezed at by any American painter, however eminent. But the "Glory of the Heavens" is one of Keith's masterpieces. It was painted at the summit of his artistic career when the influence of George Innes, the happiest influence in Keith's working life, had been judiciously blended with the San Francisco artist's own poetic individuality of brushmanship. How long this price of \$12,000 will remain the top quotation for a Keith I do not know. Keiths are mounting steadily in value. Another picture at this same sale brought a high price. The "Twilight Hour" was knocked down for \$5,750. That is a fine price in itself, but it pales in importance beside the \$12,000 paid for the "Glory of the Heavens."

Go to Chicago

These two Keiths were bought by E. N. Harmon, the son-in-law of Keith. I have heard artists say at times that Mr. Harmon is willing to pay big prices for the works of his father-in-law because he is anxious to keep the market quotations from getting low. The statement may be credited to envy, a quality not altogether absent from the breasts of some of our artists, and conspicuous particularly when the works of Keith are the subject of discussion. But however that may be, Mr. Harmon had no such purpose when he paid \$17,750 for these two pictures. He was not buying them for himself. He was acting as the agent for William Owen Goodman, although this was not known at the time of the sale. William Owen

Goodman is a wealthy patron of art. He is a retired banker and lumber baron who lives in Chicago and cultivates a taste for the fine arts. He is the president of the Society of Friends of American Art which controls the splendid Art Institute of Chicago. The two Keiths which Mr. Harmon bought for him will be hung in the Institute which already possesses one Keith but is eager for more.

The Slump in Hills

The pictures disposed of, and the pictures not disposed of, at the Taylor Curtis action belonged to the late Kate Johnson, a philanthropic woman who directed in her will that they should be sold and the proceeds added to the money with which she endowed the Mary's Help Hospital in Guerrero street. The pictures disposed of were principally Keiths. Among the pictures not disposed of either because there were no bidders for them or because the bids made were considered too low were two large canvases by Thomas Hill. There was a time when a picture by Thomas Hill was considered a very valuable possession. But that was before the vogue of Keith reached its height. Keith's importance has been mounting steadily upward while Hill's has been just as steadily going down. Never was the slump in Hill shown to such startling effect as at the auction already mentioned. The two canvases were examples of Hill's work at its best. They would stand anywhere as typical examples of what is known as the Hudson River school of landscape painting. But nobody wanted them. And yet Mrs. Kate Johnson paid for them \$10,000 apiece! I have been told that the Hill estate is involved to the extent of about \$8,000. Its assets consist of some two hundred and fifty pictures by Thomas Hill, among them the most famous though by no means the best of his works, the "Driving of the Last Spike." It is the opinion of those who profess to know that the sale of these two hundred and fifty paintings will not raise enough money to pay off that debt of \$8,000.

Keith to Herrin

Speaking of Keith reminds me of a story which William F. Herrin is fond of telling. When Herrin won his first big fee in the law business he decided to indulge his love for good pictures. So he went to Keith's studio and bought a landscape. Keith knew that Herrin was a rising young lawyer so he thought he would give him a bit of good advice. "Young man," he said, "do you want to invest your money to advantage?" Herrin admitted that he was not averse. "Then buy Keiths," said the artist. It was not bad advice by any means. Many people bought Keiths and Keith became a rich man. When he himself had money to invest he went to Herrin and asked for advice as to a sound investment. Herrin remembered the financial advice Keith had given years before. "If you want to invest

your money to advantage," he told the artist, "buy Keiths."

Loyal John D. Spreckels

It was not only a great but a very pleasant surprise to learn that the purchaser of the property at Fourth and Market streets was John D. Spreckels and that he purposes to erect there a very handsome and imposing building. Of late Mr. Spreckels has spent much of his time and a great deal of his money in San Diego, but he has not lost interest in the city of his birth. On the contrary he remains one of the most loyal of San Franciscans, and it was as a public spirited citizen rather than as a captain of industry that he was inspired with the purpose of rearing a monumental edifice at the corner of Fourth and Market streets. John D. Spreckels has never been inclined to busyboddiness in public affairs, but he

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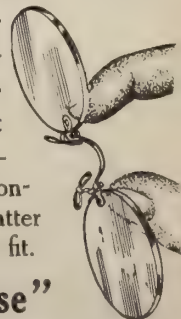
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has in many ways proved himself a generous public spirited citizen. He believes in doing good not by preachments but by advancing the general welfare at his own expense. This he has done in so great a degree in San Diego that he is loved by the whole community. Another millionaire somewhat of the same type as Mr. Spreckels is Mr. James L. Flood, who is now building in Broadway what will certainly be the costliest home in California. It is a solid steel structure, faced with Tennessee marble. For architectural beauty there will be nothing surpassing it in the United States.

The Author of "The Rosary"

I am glad to see that a friend of the late Cameron Rogers has sprung to his defense against the Englishman who claims the authorship of that exquisite song "The Rosary." The very interesting letter in which Mr. W. R. Edwardes of Montecito disposes of the claim which was made some time ago in the London press is published on another page of this issue. Nobody who knew Cameron Rogers doubted his title to the little lyrical gem, but it is good to have the controversy brought to a close by one who speaks with authority, and that is the way Mr. Edwardes speaks. As I remarked several weeks ago in calling attention to the claim which had been set up in London, there are many similar incidents in literary annals. San Franciscans have been particularly interested in the controversy which raged over "Casey at the Bat," a controversy which was settled by the editor of Town Talk a good many years ago. Then there was the dispute about "Hurrah for the Next That Dies," written by Bartholomew Dowling of this city but claimed for others. That fine sonnet "Fate" beginning

Two shall be born the whole wide world apart
was claimed by several usurpers after Milton Royle brought it to general attention by reciting it on the stage. "The Holy City" has been the subject of various bogus claims. Ella Wheeler Wilcox had to defend her right to "Laugh and the world laughs with you." And there are many others.

"Our Joe" at "Tristan"

"Our Joe" Redding left the Tivoli after the second act of "Tristan and Isolde" last Saturday night. This was taken to mean that "Our Joe" did not approve of the manner in which the Wagnerian masterpiece was presented by Saltzman-Stevens, de Cisneros, Dalmores and the other song-birds. "Our Joe" is a critic as well as a librettist, so the news of his departure after the second curtain fell spread rapidly from box to box and from orchestra chair to lovers' lane. I asked a member of the Bohemian Club why "Our Joe" went away. "Why shouldn't he leave?" demanded Joe's club fellow. "Wagner wouldn't stay for the third act of 'Natoma,' would he? Then why should Joe stay for the third act of 'Tristan?'" I think the wag was spoofing me.

Noblesse Oblige

How does one define a gentleman? and a gentlewoman? It's very difficult, for standards vary. Essayists from Addison to Cardinal Newman have attempted to formulate the requirements of gentleness with more or less success. Dictionaries give some help, according as one limits or extends the meaning of the words. The thought is suggested by a characteristic explosion of Frank Heney. "Treat me," he ululated at a committee hearing in Sacramento, "treat me as a gentleman, or I'll make you." Obviously one cannot enforce one's right to the title that way. To prove oneself a gentleman *vi et armis* won't do. You can't prove you're a gentleman by knocking down the saucy fellow who says you

are nothing of the kind or implies the same thing by his manner of addressing you. Heney's explosion reminds me of something Maude Allen said one day while she was in San Francisco. She had been caustically criticized by one of our

newspaper writers. Miss Allen thought that this writer overstepped the limits of legitimate criticism. "If I treated Mr. Soandso as he deserves," said Miss Allen, "I should horsewhip him. But of course I can't do that; I'm a lady."

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compares equally with
the wines of foreign
countries*

*With best wishes I
am gratefully Yours*

*Madame
Luise Tetrazzini*

A Fairy Domain

The island of Santa Cruz came prominently before the public last week. This domain of fairy loveliness off the coast of Santa Barbara figured on the stage and in the courts. On the stage we were transported to Santa Cruz during the second act of Joe Redding's home industry opera "Natomia." In the courts the island of Santa Cruz was the bone of contention among various heirs of the Justinian Caire estate. The island of Santa Cruz is remarkable because it is in private ownership instead of being a federal possession like the islands in San Francisco Bay. Santa Cruz is the largest of a group of islands off the Santa Barbara coast. Others are Santa Rosa which belongs to Vail and Gates, the cattle men; Anacapa and San Miguel which are also privately owned. But Santa Cruz is the queen of them all. Its wonders fill visitors with admiration, sometimes with awe. Its submarine gardens are said to be more beautiful than those of Catalina. Its caves seem to belong to some wonderland of dreams. One of them extends inland for three-eighths of a mile. Those who have rowed into it are inspired by its sublimity and the gorgeousness of its metallic colorings. I believe that this California paradise which was part of an old Spanish grant belonged to the Bank of California at the time of the Ralston smash and that Justinian Caire who was on the directorate of the bank, bid it in when it was put up for sale. A million dollars has been spent for roads and there are fine vineyards which produce a superior wine. There used to be Indians on the island and their skeletons are frequently dug up by workmen.

Love Will Try Again

Sidney Love was in Charlie Clark's apartment at the St. Francis the other day, and the two played bridge for a cent a point. Time was when Sidney Love wouldn't have dreamt of playing bridge for a cent a point, but that's the limit of his hazard nowadays. He can't afford higher stakes. The man who once juggled with millions has to calculate the dollars pretty carefully these days. He hasn't a great many of them. But he hopes to have more soon. Briefly, Sidney Love, former millionaire, erstwhile husband of one of the loveliest women in America, is going back to Chicago to have another try at the game of making money. He thinks he can "come back." He said so when he dropped into town the other day from Seattle where he has been living very quietly and attending strictly to business for about two years. Love made a stake in Seattle, and he is going to use it as a battering ram to beat his passage back into the charmed preserve of millionairessdom.

A Spectacular Career

Sidney Love's has been a spectacular career. He began life as clerk in the office of a Chicago stockbroker. He kept his eyes and ears open and saved his money till he had an opportunity to make a "killing." Then he branched out for

himself and by daring speculation, the tale of which is still current in La Salle street, accumulated a fortune which at its best was variously estimated at from one to four million dollars. He extended his activities to Wall street and became known as one of the most daring plungers. He entered gaily into the club life of Chicago and New York, and was a great spender as well as a great money-maker. His first wife was a very beautiful woman, but they didn't get along together and the divorce suit was rather spicy. The separation was notable because she secured \$70,000 in alimony. Sidney Love's second wife was a Miss Marjorie Burns of Chicago whom Philip Burne-Jones in a burst of enthusiasm once described as the most beautiful woman in the world. She was indeed very beautiful.

The Great Crash

In New York Sidney Love cultivated the friendship of Reggie Vanderbilt, W. B. Leeds, Judge Moore of horse show celebrity and other men of the first prominence. Then one day—it happened literally in one day—Sidney Love went to smash. His brokerage business which had branches in several cities besides New York and Chicago collapsed like a house of cards. He found himself reduced from millions to poverty. He was stripped clean. As the story was told a little later Judge Moore was the man who broke him. The yarn went that Judge Moore who had absolute confidence in Sidney Love placed \$2,250,000 worth of securities in his hands. Love in an unfortunate moment of elation—all his projects had been successful—conceived the scheme of breaking Jim Patten, the wheat king. He found the battle a terrific drain on his resources, but the world of speculation was looking on and his pride, to say nothing of his fighting spirit, would not allow him to withdraw and acknowledge defeat. It was said that he used the two and one-quarter millions belonging to Judge Moore and that this went the way of the other money he had put into the fight. When Judge Moore discovered what he had done, so the story runs, he was furious, but spared Love the disgrace of criminal charges on account of the friendship between Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Love. He stood the loss of the two and one-quarter millions but took his revenge by breaking Love. Love and his wife went to Europe. When they returned Mrs. Love brought suit for divorce. It was a bitter fight, and the Sunday supplements made much of the charge made by Love that his wife and mother-in-law smoked forty cigarettes apiece every day. Mrs. Love received her decree, and has since married again. Then Sidney Love went to Seattle to recoup. I believe he did very well there, but not after a spectacular fashion. And now he has announced that he is going back to Chicago to shy his caster into the financial ring once more. Meanwhile he is going slowly, playing bridge with Charlie Clark for a cent a point.

Entertaining a Private

Major F. B. Lamoreaux who is stationed at the Presidio has a very close friend in the service

who is stationed just now at Fort Baker. This friend invited Major Lamoreaux to a dinner party at Fort Baker a few evenings ago. "I want you to meet a young chap who will dine with us," said Major Lamoreaux's friend. "He's a civilian, and he has what I and others regard as a most remarkably fine voice. I think he will sing for us after dinner, because he's a most obliging chap." So Major Lamoreaux went to the dinner party. He was a bit surprised when he saw the singer whose praises were sounded to him, but he kept his counsel, even when the singer was seated beside his host at the dinner table. After dinner there was music and the civilian with the wonderful voice sang. Sure enough, he did have a very sweet voice. Major Lamoreaux applauded with the rest. But when he was leaving he took his friend aside and said to him: "Do you know who your civilian with the voice really is?" "Why of course I do," was the reply. "I've known him for some time. You know I'm interested in the Y. M. C. A. work among the soldiers, and he has sung several times at our little entertainments." "That man is no civilian," said Lamoreaux, "he's a private in the band of the Sixth Infantry at the Presidio." Needless to say, the "civilian" hasn't sung at Fort Baker since.

A New Loan Society

The Prudential Loan Society is a million dollar corrective loan institution with offices at 246-248 Phelan building. The company has been in operation since February 24, and loans money on diamonds, watches, jewelry and other acceptable collateral at 1, 1½ and 2 per cent. Its quarters are in banking style with private offices for ladies and gentlemen. The company is modeled after the Provident Loan Society of New York, the Collateral Loan Society of Boston and other semi-philanthropic institutions which have had great success and have done much good in eastern cities. Its interest rates are the very lowest attainable, in sharp contrast with the rates charged by the loan sharks which ran from 10 to 25 per cent per month. The company has all the modern corrective features. The Society is officered as follows: Isaac P. Allen, manager of the Canton Bank, president; William J. Conroy, Pacific Coast manager of the Hungerford Brass & Copper Works, vice-president; Chas. W. Edgecumbe, chief clerk U. S. Navy pay office, secretary; J. C. Wunder who is a capitalist and formerly president of the Wunder Brewing Co., treasurer; Edmund Tausky, attorney for the Associated Oil Co., attorney; Max Morgen, jeweler of 888 Market street, general manager.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Hillsboro Plain Talk

Down Hillsboro way the girls of the smart set do not hesitate to lard their talk with a thumping cuss word now and then. It's considered the thing to do. Speech is thereby made picturesque, and its meaning enforced on listeners always inclined to be blase and never to be made attentive by English unadorned. If you want people to listen to you in that set you rip out a bit of profanity. I was reminded of this by what a friend who was at the opera Saturday night heard from the lips of a very pretty young matron of the Hillsboro contingent. She's a girl-wife who now makes her home in town, but she belongs to the Hillsboro set just the same. After the first act of "Tristan" she discussed Wagner so loudly my informant could not help but hear her illuminating discourse. "Anybody who says he enjoys Wagner the first time he hears a Wagner opera," said this young woman, "is a damned liar." And lest her meaning be lost she repeated the latter phrase.

The Countess Connie Warren

The Burlingame bunch tumbled over itself last week to entertain the titled de Lasteyries who are here on their honeymoon. They motored down to the club for lunch one day and were dined by the Crockers and others of the clan. As Connie Warren the Countess was the only rival of Eleonora Sears at Newport and of course had heard of Eleo's vogue in California. Like this indefatigable young sportswoman the countess favors polo for women and can't understand why riders like Mrs. Charlie Clark and Mrs. Robin Hayne don't go in for it. I saw her at the St. Francis at lunch the other day, a decidedly attractive young woman with nothing hard or masculine about her. Like Bobby Sears the countess is a

beauty judged from certain standards; well built, graceful, clear-eyed and with the ruddy color of health and sunburn in her face. For the benefit of local belles who like to flash through peacock alley in purple and fine linen I may add that she was most inconspicuously attired; a simple tailor made suit opening to show a white blouse with a turn-over linen collar and lace jabot. Her hair was drawn simply into a knot at the back and her hat was a small one of dark straw. The most truly feminine note in the costume was the earrings, long pearl drops, that suggested that the countess might be very alluring in evening costume and jewels. The count, by the way, as the bavardes have neglected to state, is a direct descendant of Marquis de Lafayette, the Lafayette of American history. He will take his bride to live at the ancestral estates in France where the Marquis spent his last days. He has the decided distinction of being one of the few rich young titled foreigners to wed an American heiress. Since money played no part in making the marriage I take it it was a love match and certainly the young Frenchman, noted for his skill in all out-door sports and as a famous hunter, finds a congenial companion in his bride with whom he has spent a honeymoon in the mountains of Southern California.

A Week of Princes

It has been a week of titles in society. Beside the de Lasteyries there were the Albert Radziwills, Prince and Princess, cousin and cousin-in-law to Princess Radziwill nee Deacon who is Charlie Baldwin's niece and lives with her Prince in London. The visiting Princess is likewise an American girl, and the two are frequently confused by foreign correspondents chronicling society's doings abroad. The Albert Radziwills live in Rome though the title is Russian and the wealth of the family is drawn from rich estates in the Czar's domain. Prince Schoenberg was also "in our midst" with Mrs. Eleanor Martin for his social sponsor. Three Princes and two Princesses in a week is unprecedented, I believe. Considering the number of titled foreigners who do visit our parish as gateway to the Orient or touring the States it seems odd so few of our belles have captured titles. Princess Poniatowski is the only Princess I can recall at this moment. And most of the lesser titles were won abroad. Though Sir Sydney Waterlow found his bride in Miss Hamilton during a visit to San Francisco.

Mrs. Keyes as a Fancy Stepper

Mrs. Alexander Keyes surprised society by the grace and art of her dancing the other day at Mrs. Silas Palmer's tea. For the very clever way she did an Irish pastoral dance in costume she was wildly applauded. Most of the young women of the smart set have taken up fancy dancing in the past year, but few have evinced the natural aptitude of Enid Gregg and one must add, of Mrs. Keyes who as Kate Salisbury was noted for her grace in the ball room. She is a tall lithe young woman, handsome in an Oriental way and I am told her Spanish dances would make Mary Garden envious. Making Mary Garden envious, by the way, is one of the pastimes of society entertainers. This however is no allusion to Mrs. Keyes. It is really too bad her charming ac-

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complishment is never displayed in public, even for a charity audience. Mrs. Keyes dances only among her friends who sound her praises. Mrs. Palmer's tea, by the way, introduced the idea of amateur entertainers in place of the professionals so much in vogue in London and New York. Her friends delightedly fell in with the idea and there was an interesting vaudeville program supplied by guests at the reception to whom it was not necessary to hand a check with thanks and farewells. It is a good idea all round. The gifts and talents of society women are developed and exercised as they should be and the most of entertaining reduced.

There's Everything in a Name

Colonel Gardiner of the Presidio is not going to have innovations in the way of dancing at the Presidio hops unless they have proper and sedate names. The lively "rag" of course is tabooed. At a recent hop Colonel Gardiner saw a couple dipping and whirling in a way that was new to him. He watched them with a disapproving eye. Never had he seen this strange dance before. It must be one of the new decadent dances! The thing must be stopped! He sent word to the gay and handsome young lieutenant to stop the peculiar steps. Later he was informed that the dance was called the "Boston Dip," so he has decided that a dance with such a stately name must be perfectly moral, and now as many as wish may rag the Boston Dip at the Presidio.

The Wedding of Mrs. Walton

On Thursday morning Marshall Darrach gave "The Tempest" at the St. Francis before a dis-

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tinguished audience of leisured women. On Thursday afternoon "Lady Teazle" gave him her hand in marriage. "Lady Teazle," the society editor of the Chronicle, is Mrs. Marie L. Walton, and Marshall Darrach, as everybody should know, has won celebrity far and wide by his platform interpretations of the Shakespearian plays. Mrs. Walton was present Thursday morning when Marshall Darrach interpreted "The Tempest." She was regarded with a great deal of interest by the ladies in the audience who knew her, that is, by nearly everybody in the room. When Darrach gave the great love passage wherein Ferdinand says: "Here's my hand," and Miranda replies, "And mine, with my heart in it," there was more than interest manifested by those who caught Mrs. Walton's eye and smiled. The words seemed so much to the point! With her marriage Mrs. Walton terminates her connection with the Chronicle. This fact is regretted by the Chronicle people equally with all those to whom Mrs. Walton's society editing has made its appeal. There was not a better or more popular newspaper woman in this city. Mrs. Walton has always been distinguished by a charm of personality which won all who had the pleasure of knowing her. And she has been no mere social chronicler, but also a charming hostess. Her musical evenings during the past few seasons stood out for the brilliancy of the company gathered and the salon-like superiority of the entertainment. In addition Mrs. Walton sponsored a dancing club, the "Masks and Follies" which served to knit together the members of an interesting coterie of young people. Indeed Mrs. Walton will be missed during her honeymoon sojourn which is to be a long one. She will return, however, to engage in literary work. Marshall Darrach is to be felicitated on his good fortune in winning the hand of Mrs. Walton.

The Fashions for Men

Mr. H. C. Thompson of this city who is now visiting London writes me that he is very glad he did not follow George Ade's tip on side whiskers. Last summer a number of young "nuts"—as the male fashion leaders are called in London—took advantage of the off-season to raise side growths of the style termed by Ade the "trailing arbutus." But as soon as wives and sisters returned to town, the whiskers disappeared. The story goes that when a certain young lord showed himself in his new adornments for the first time before his wife, she turned around with an icy stare and remarked: "Jeems, you may serve dinner at the usual hour." After all, butlers seem to be the only persons able to carry burnside with dignity, if we except certain elderly bankers. In spite

of the extreme fads and fashions termed "London," the fact remains, says Mr. Thompson, that London is the most conservatively dressed place in the world. The prevailing color for men is black. Gray ties, and even gray waistcoats, are never seen with dinner coats this season.* Caps, cloth hats, colored tweeds and Scotch waistcoats are never worn in the city under any condition, although quite the proper thing for the country. Raglan overcoats with the absurdly baggy sleeves, and the skin tight business suits such as are branded "English" by our local hand-me-down shops, are absolutely unknown in London, where they would never be tolerated in any case. All this I learned from the sojourner in London. He also writes that he saw none of them recently even in New York, the home of freak styles, except among the cheap guys of Broadway. Fifth avenue is quite as conservative in this matter as Regent street.

Wonder Who This Is?

I cannot resist the impulse to quote the following from the social columns of my esteemed contemporary, Goodwin's Weekly of Salt Lake City:

"The charming young vegetable widow who enjoyed the devotion of a certain man from California at the Utah during the winter season and who whispered to a few of her intimates that her engagement to him would probably follow, must have been somewhat chagrined to learn that all the time he was pouring sweet nothings into her ear a wife and two children existed in the Golden State and that the wife refused to divorce him. This refusal, of late made known to said vegetable widow, would no doubt tend to preclude matrimonial possibilities for some time to come, so far as her California lover was concerned. This same Lothario is said to have been cutting some didoes in the city during the winter. His wife and children having been kept at a convenient distance there was no one to disturb his plans to work his way into the good graces of a number of Salt Lake girls. Being a good spender, a man of good appearance and of not too many years, he found no trouble in getting acquainted. Among the mementoes he acquired as souvenirs of his itinerant affairs was the photograph of a young lady who happened to be engaged to a young man of prominence in this city. Learning that the photograph adorned a prominent niche in the bachelor apartments of the Lothario from the coast, the fiance demanded it, but had to make a visit to the apartment before he could recover his girl's picture. In doing so he left a souvenir in the way of an altered map of the Californian's face. The hasty departure for California of the busy young man who posed as a bachelor caused a flutter early in the week in certain circles. Publication of the names wouldn't help matters any, but those who know the story say that a good object lesson has been taught.

The Pinckard-Williams Nuptials

Members of the Eyre-Pinckard clan are preparing to leave for the East to attend the wedding of young Eyre Pinckard and Dorothy Williams which is set for April 15 in Washington. The family has been beaming over the match ever since the engagement was announced last year. Eyre is very young, but so is his bride-to-be who beside being one of the heiresses of Washington is a very sweet and amiable girl, more than passing pretty. She is the only daughter of Gardner Williams and to her will go his

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fortune from the diamond mines of South Africa. There is no bluer blood in our parish than the Eyres' but great wealth they never had. Old Colonel Eyre was a millionaire, but his estate was divided among four or five children and I believe Mary Eyre who is Mrs. Hobart's close friend and confidant received the largest share. Perry Eyre, with Ed and Bobby and Mrs. Pinckard divided the rest. The young couple are to tour Europe on their honeymoon, the trip being one of the gifts Williams pere has lavished on his daughter. Harold Vanderbilt is to be an usher at the wedding and among the bridesmaids will be the two daughters of former Secretary of the Navy Meyers. The Ed Eyres will accompany the Pinckards to Washington for the event, and Miss Mary Eyre, aunt of the groom, will also be of the party, according to present plans.

Notes from Del Monte

The light showering of the past week proved very beneficial to the golf course. It was just what was needed to bring forth the grass on the fairways. The rain came just to order, however, falling only at night, and the days have been beautiful and the golf course crowded with people. Friday and Saturday a golf tournament was arranged for the guests of the hotel. Thirty-one men entered and about twelve women. H. W. Treat of Seattle and Chester Thorne of Tacoma tied for lowest net score in the qualifying round. In the play-off Treat won. In the ladies' event Mrs. Chester Thorne turned the lowest gross and the lowest net score of 100. Louis P. Myers of New York who is here with his family for an indefinite stay is one of the best golf players at Del Monte and in the qualifying round of the weekend tournament he turned in the lowest score, which was 78, same being three under bogey. Mrs. J. S. Oyster and daughter Miss Elizabeth, and Mrs. A. L. Tubbs arrived for a visit of a week or so, and their friends are very glad to welcome them again. Granville Redmond of San Mateo, a well known California artist, is down for several days, and expects to do some sketching on his trip. Mr. and Mrs. Peter B. Kyne of Berkeley are touring California in their automobile and spent several days at Del Monte. Mr. Kyne is a well known short story writer. While visiting at Del Monte they had the pleasure of meeting their friend Mr. Irvin S. Cobb of New York, another prominent writer whose stories are now appearing in the Saturday Evening Post.

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Gen. W. S. Schuyler, U. S. A., and Major W. K. Sample made headquarters at Del Monte while they were reviewing the troops at the Presidio of Monterey. General Schuyler is commander of the Eighth Battalion, which takes in the two regiments now stationed at Monterey. A reception in his honor was held in the parlors at Del Monte one day last week and the Presidio band serenaded him in the evening.

At Kohler and Chase Hall

There will be two soloists at the Music Matinee at Kohler & Chase Hall this Saturday afternoon. The principal soloist will be Miss Beth Milliken, violinist, who will be heard to great advantage in some of her finest interpretations. The other soloist will be Miss Dorothy McCargan of Berkeley, a soprano soloist of fine possibilities. The program has been selected with an idea to give as varied and artistic an event as is possible. There will be a number of instrumental solos interpreted on the player piano and pipe organ.

The First Fair Reservation

Hotel Oakland, Oakland, is the first of the hostelrys around the bay to receive a reservation for the year of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. The reservation was made by Ernest E. Buckleton, 10 Crockett road, Prince's Park, Liverpool, England. He was stopping at the hotel during the past week with his daughter, Miss Buckleton, and before taking his departure left a reservation for a suite in 1915, the exact date to be fixed later.

Tait's Surpassing Charm

San Francisco is famous the world over for her cafes. Ever since the days of '49 she has held an unique position in this respect. Nowhere else in the country can one find the charm and air of differentness that pervades the dining places of this city. And in the forefront is the Tait-Zinkand Cafe. You thoroughly enjoy eating in

this place, so appetizing and tempting is the food served. And when it comes to pleasing and high-class entertainment it certainly deserves more than passing mention. No matter when you dine there, there is always a varied and interesting entertainment bill.

In the Social Spotlight

The Hotel Oakland bulletin for this week included: Monday—Luncheon for eight in the English room, Mrs. I. A. Berretta, hostess. Tuesday—Oakland lodge of Moose ball in ivory ball room for two hundred. Dinner for fifty of the Moose preceeding the ball. Oakland Ad Club luncheon. Wednesday—Piedmont Parlor, Native Daughters, ball in the ivory ball room. Mrs. N. L. Mason, a guest, gave a card party to twenty-five in the English room at 2 o'clock. Thursday—Oakland Rotary Club luncheon. Friday—Ivory ball room reserved for Winter Cotillion by Dr. E. B. Hayes. Sunday—Fifty members of the Daughters of Isabella have dinner. Aahmes Temple, Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, gave a grand Shriners' ball on Wednesday evening, April 9. This ball is an annual event and one of the most important social affairs of the east bay region following the close of the Lenten season. Many features were planned in connection with it, one of which was the presentation of beautiful souvenirs to the ladies attending. The nature of this souvenir was kept a secret until the night of the dance but the committee in charge stated that it was one of the most striking and valuable souvenirs ever presented as a dance favor.

Miss Vivian Grant will give several musical evenings at the Grant home in Berkeley during April. One will be devoted to the works of Chopin and another will be a Liszt evening. Miss Grant will play with violin and piano.

One of the affairs of Easter Sunday at Coronado was the dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Barrett Fithian. Mrs. Fithian will be remembered as the attractive widow Mrs. Drouillard of San Diego and Paris. The table was a mass of lovely spring blossoms in pink, pale yellow and white, while entwined through them were large bows of tulle in the pastel shades. The favors for the ladies were tiny bandboxes which contained miniature Easter bonnets. The guests numbered twenty-four and included from San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. Emory Winship, Miss Margaret Casey, Miss Cornelia O'Connor, Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey. Mr. A. B. Costigan motored to Coronado on Saturday in his new Touraine touring car. The first night of "The Merry Widow" performance was attended by a number of the guests of Coronado. Mrs. and Miss Blair were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Dupree; Mr. Barbour Lathrop had in his party Mrs. E. F. Preston, Mrs. Sands Foramn, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Brander. After the performance the party had supper in the grill at Coronado.

"This dog of mine is some dog, let me tell you! He has a wonderful pedigree!"

"I suppose you trace him away back to the dog Noah took into the ark?"

"Say, this dog's ancestor didn't go into the ark. He had a bark of his own."

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A Brilliant Season of Opera

By Theodore Bonnet

Now that the opera season is drawing to a close it is natural that some of us, like the old maid with the fond recollection of her epochal love affair, should be inclined to talk it over. For this opera season was enjoyed to the full. It is not hard to find people whose talk makes it clear that through the years they will cherish memories of the first weeks of the new Tivoli, when, as in the old days on the same spot they made the acquaintance of things worth knowing. Doubtless you will also find carping critics (there are always such) who are prepared to challenge anything in the nature of enthusiasm. I have met a few. They were prepared from the beginning to defy the Dippel company to earn seven dollars a seat. And to make good their defiance they never attended a performance, but they have no hesitation in discussing the merits and demerits of the whole season. What curious phases there are of human nature! My memory of opera goes back to the days of Colonel Mapleson, and though I would not pretend that I am able to compare the Patti nights of old with the Garden and Tetrazzini nights of the new Tivoli, it is my honest impression that artistically—speaking in the broadest sense—San Francisco never had a more brilliant season of grand opera than that which will wind up Saturday night most deservedly with a grand potpourri performance as a testimonial to our gallant impresario, "Doc" Leahy. And this notwithstanding the fact that Wagnerian performances were few and far between. And—whisper it not in Askalon!—had there been fewer Wagnerian performances the season would have been a little greater success financially, though even from that standpoint it has been satisfactory enough. However painful the truth, it must be told, Wagner's grip in San Francisco has somewhat loosened. There were empty seats in the Tivoli at each of the Wagnerian performances. If you are prepared to shed tears at the news it may solace you to learn that the passion for Wagnerian opera, at least the kind that Wagner wrote after resolving to become radically original, has been assuaged in New York and even in London, and that the highbrows of music are now saying that anyway you must really go to Bayreuth or Munich where there is atmosphere to get all there is to be got out of the great tone-poet. Solace may also be found in the reflection that San Francisco paid its most rapturous tributes to French opera, which, after all, is indebted for most of its beauties to Wagner. The seed that Richard scattered in the midst of his iconoclastic preachments, Latin composers, the French as well as the Italian, harvested and gathered into beautiful garners taking tips meanwhile from that faithless friend Nietzsche who had the impudence to rank Carmen above Tristan and Isolde. Yes San Francisco, while it abated not its joyous acclaim of the divine though well nourished Tetrazzini, rhapsodized more over Louise, The Juggler, and Thais than over any of the other operas in the Chicago company's repertoire. Nay, truth to tell, they yielded floods of tears to Massenet. That old sentimentalist, whose Manon French critics have proclaimed superior to that estimable vegetable the onion as a means to an end, and who have therefore recommended it to all honest souls who take pleasure in tears,—yes Massenet, tender and gushing as a school girl, actually wrung the emotions of his audience with the sympathetic harmonies of the altar scene in his miracle opera. The Juggler is Massenet in the plenitude of a power that he exercises with

very little fuss. But I am forgetting Mary Garden. Perhaps Mary contributes not a little to the success of the appeal of those Frenchmen, Massenet and Charpentier. We love our Luisa, but O you Mary! To be sure darling Tetrazzini renewed her conquests over the hearts of the lovers of the coloratura art, but she is no longer a sensation in San Francisco. Our acceptance of her is like the acceptance of a convention. We know her every trill, the tones of every cadenza, but alas, she hasn't taken the trouble to learn any new roles whereas Mary Garden, the ravishing, soul-

the most irresistible of women." She was Mary's prototype. So what boots it if Mary is not in the first rank of song birds? Hers the gift of creating that beauty which is the deepest truth of natural things. An actress with the faculty of varied expression, in every role her individuality is absorbed in the character she impersonates. Nothing she does gives you the impression of trick or counterfeit. It is all real. Imagination is a very highly developed faculty in Mary Garden, and every role she enriches and adorns with an infinitude of detail. Whether in the display of religious fervor, as in *The Juggler*, or the deep emotion of tender love as in "*Louise*," or the seductive languor of the wanton as in "*Thais*," or of any of the softer, sweeter sentiments of humanity, her art is not method or system, it is feeling and soul. It would be hard to conceive two characters more dissimilar than the naive youth bubbling over with religious faith whose crude manifestation of devotion to the Blessed Virgin shocked the good Monks of Notre Dame, and the lascivious woman of Judea as imagined by Oscar Wilde; yet the two are realized to the full by Mary Garden, and in neither characterization can you find any trace of the Mary of Natoma. And when she plays *Thais* you hear folk say, "That's the Garden temperament." As *Thais* passion riots in the curve of her lips, in the sway of her hips. In her hair are meshed the devices of all the daughters of Eros. In her every movement there is a quality of tropic and exotic color. The music inspires her, she sways under it like a frail tree in the wind at dawn. She sings, but not to captivate you with the beauty of her renderings. However, if she doesn't distract you with her skill as a vocalist, unless you are a pedant of the vocal art you will not worry about her blemishes. Mary is an actress first, and but incidentally a vocalist. Other artists may transport you if not higher than the earth into a living glory of sound, but Mary employs her voice only as a means to an end. And why not—in these French operas? Why not, especially in the *Salome* of Strauss, where the instruments wait not on the voice, where there is nothing at all left of the old fashioned principle that the music should be merely decorative and accessory. Even the mighty, sonorous Dufranne, whom we are all so glad to listen to had to give way under the handicap that Strauss put him under. Beautiful are many of the harmonies of Strauss, and great is the power of him, but the strength of music is not in its volume. As immensely deficient as I am in knowledge of the science of music I know there is strength even in the lightest tones of a violin, and I know it is easy to set down enough notes on a sheet of music paper to produce a terrible row. It isn't necessarily strength to make the Titanic truculence of the reeds and strings and brasses bluster like a simoom through whole passages of recitative. I'm not standing, as you may perceive, for the opera of the great tone-poet of Munich. He leaves me cold even in the midst of *Salome's* animalesque importunings. If I hadn't known what she was singing about, and hadn't watched her posturings the music would have persuaded me that she was reading the man a militant suffragette lecture. But it really doesn't matter. If there is any truth in the theory that it is the function of art not to disgust, but to ennoble, not to deal with things ugly but with great things and beautiful, then Strauss should never have dealt seriously with



MME. CLARA BUTT

World's greatest contralto at the Cort Theatre Sunday afternoons, March 30 and April 6. In Oakland at Ye Liberty on Friday, April 4.

ful Mary, she is at once a novelty and an apocalypse! Prefer, as she may, tremolos to trills, how exciting it is to hear her; what an exotic kind of delight she gives one! She holds interest even when she is doing nothing, merely because she is there. Touched with modishness, informed with distinction, Mary has given us a collection of vivid portraiture, each one of which is the embodiment of a career, the whole a development of several individualities. Perhaps, who knows? she has shown us little fragments of her soul under several disguises, and maybe we have seen her whole self through the medium of a masterpiece. But it matters not, and I doubt it, for Mary Garden is not the woman I was led to believe; she is not the woman of a certain temperament which makes it easy for her to impersonate women of a certain type. She has more than temperament; she has art. Anatole France describes his *Thais*, the gay courtesan of Alexandria as "the most clever of actresses and

Oscar Wilde's nauseous conception of the main-springs and motives of the biblical tragedy. The only thing to be said of it is that it reveals more of the art of Mary Garden, shows her to us as the girl with a curious taste in lips. Space is get-

ting short, and so much has been filled with Mary that I haven't enough left in which to say what ought to be said about Dufranne or about Sammarco, or about Louise Berat or Campanini or any of the other distinguished artists, but I will

sum it all up in a word: The Chicago Opera Company will leave a lasting impression on the music lovers of San Francisco, and it may be assured of a cordial greeting whenever it shall see fit to return.

Gossip of the Theatre

Chauncey's Latest

Why doesn't somebody write a real Irish play for Chauncey Olcott? The romances of him whom the Call in a St. Patrick's Day editorial dubbed "Charles Levin" would supply a wealth of material. Why not a "Charles O'Malley" or a "Jack Hinton" or a "Tom Burke" for Chauncey to disport himself in? Think of the comic possibilities of Mickey Free! And what a villain of a stage Englishman for the gallery to hiss could be wrought from the character of Hammersley who aspired to the hand of Lucy Dashwood! The suggestion is offered gratis to Irish-American playwrights who may be ambitious to elevate the stage. It is prompted by the disappointment that was my lot when I saw "The Isle o' Dreams." This is far from being a good Irish play or a good play of any description. The author, Rida Johnson Young—(I wonder if she has any Hibernian blood in her veins?)—went to an inspiring period for her story. She lays her scenes in the Ireland that Napoleon was planning to invade. But she made little of her chance for stirring drama. Her handling of the theme is commonplace, vulgar in fact; never once calculated to speed the Irish pulse. Lever might have helped her, for he wrote a novel around that stirring time. History might have helped her. Does she not know Wolfe Tone? Has she never heard of Lord Edward Fitzgerald? Why, this play of "The Isle o' Dreams" so disappointed Thornwell Mullally whose father was the close friend of Smith O'Brien, that he told me he was thinking of writing an Irish play himself! "The Isle o' Dreams" is unworthy of Chauncey. It is only partially redeemed by several of those sweet lyrics which he knows how to sing so well. But the horse play, the miserable bulls that pass for wit, the improbable complications of the plot will never do. The last time Chauncey came he gave us quite a good play in "Macushla." "The Isle o' Dreams" makes an Irishman sad.

—Edward F. O'Day.

The Great Lhevinne

A very appreciative audience though small in number, attended the opening concert of Josef Lhevinne at the Scottish Rite Auditorium last Sunday afternoon. All that has ever been said of this brilliant pianist, in praise of his technical skill, his tone coloring and delicacy of touch, was fully borne out. On the program were the Brahms variations on Themes of Paganini and the Balakireff Oriental Fantasy. These numbers seldom appear on concert programs owing to their extreme difficulties. They were rendered in a most scholarly manner, and the difficulties were surmounted with perfect ease. Lhevinne also gave us a group of Chopin, Rubinstein's Etude in C major and the Bach-Liszt Fantasie and Fugue, and revealed besides his admirable technique, an interpretative faculty such as is possessed only by artists of the deepest feeling and most vivid imagination. If the audience was not large it was not lacking in enthusiasm. At the close of the final number on the program the audience was reluctant to go and Lhevinne had to play three encores.

—Alphonse Sutter.

Farewell Lhevinne Concert

Josef Lhevinne, the great Russian piano virtuoso, will give his farewell concert at Scottish Rite Auditorium this Saturday afternoon at 2:30 p. m. presenting a program of exceptional importance and beauty. Among the works will be Beethoven's Sonata Op. 81, Liszt's transcription of Mendelssohn's "On Wings of Song," Schumann's "Carnevale," a Rubinstein Nocturne and Prelude, a group of Chopin gems and the rarely heard and difficult Liszt transcription of airs from Meyerbeer's "Robert le Diable."

Julia Culp

Manager Greenbaum says that in presenting Julia Culp, the famous Dutch singer, he is positive that he is offering one of the greatest singers that has ever lived. Various members of the Chicago Opera Company have told the impresario that "until you hear Julia Culp you do not know what the acme of art in lieder singing is." Never has a concert singer won such praises in

New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago. With the assistance of that master-accompanist Coenraad V. Bos, Mme. Culp will give three programs here late in April.

Clara Butt at Cort

Mme. Clara Butt, the world famous contralto, will give two concerts at the Cort Theatre with the co-operation of Kennerley Rumford, the eminent baritone who in addition to singing groups of German and English songs will unite his voice with that of Mme. Butt in some beautiful duets. The first will be given this Sunday afternoon at 2:30 p. m. Mme. Butt will offer works by Handel, Schumann, Schubert, Hullah, Graham Peel, Leoni and Sullivan and by special request the beautiful aria from "Samson and Delilah" by Saint-Saens. Mr. Rumford's numbers will include gems by Hugo Wolf, Richard Strauss, Grieg, MacDowell, Parry, M. V. White and two old Irish melodies. The second and farewell concert will be given Sunday afternoon, April 6, with an entire change



CHARLES MEAKINS and MABEL WILBER

These two favorites will be seen in their old roles in the Henry W. Savage revival of "The Merry Widow" at the Cort Theatre Sunday night.

of program. Tickets are on sale at Sherman, Clay and Company's and Kohler and Chase's and on Sunday at the Cort. Next Friday afternoon, April 4, at 3:15 p. m. Mme. Butt and Mr. Rumpf will sing in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse, repeating the splendid opening program. For this event seats will be ready Monday at Ye Liberty box office.

Chauncey Olcott at the Columbia

Chauncey Olcott begins his second and last week at the Columbia Sunday night, with matinees announced for Wednesday and Saturday. Mr. Olcott comes before us with "The Isle o' Dreams." Rida Johnson Young is the author. Mr. Olcott's

Dalhart and others. A feature of the production will be "The Merry Widow" orchestra. Of course, the Maxim girls will be conspicuously in evidence, garbed in the most costly of Parisian gowns. Elaborateness is, in fact, the keynote of the whole performance. Popular priced matinees will be given on Wednesday and Saturday. The final performance of "The Prince of Pilsen" will be given this Saturday night.

Rose Stahl Coming

Charles Klein recognized in the lives of department store workers dramatic possibilities which he has used in "Maggie Pepper," the play in which Miss Rose Stahl and an excellent company will appear at the Columbia Theatre for one week commencing Sunday, April 6. There is no actress on our stage who could so faithfully portray "Maggie Pepper" and the success of Miss Stahl in the part is even greater than that of the play itself which stands among the notable hits of recent seasons.

"The Million" at the Alcazar

"The Million," a farce comedy adapted from the French by Leo Ditrichstein and successfully produced on Broadway last season by Henry W. Savage, will be given its first presentation west of Chicago next Monday evening in the Alcazar, with Charles Waldron and Madeleine Louis leading a cast comprising the complete stock company and several specially engaged players. In the adaptation of this merry offering the scenes have been shifted from Paris to New York and the characters Americanized. There are four acts, and with the rise of the first curtain begins a carnival of fun that continues at high pitch until the final climax.

Seven New Acts at the Orpheum

The Orpheum bill next week has seven new acts. "An Opening Night" which Joseph Hart will present will be the headline attraction. It is by George V. Hobart and tells a story of pathos and humor. Incidental to the play the new game

(Continued on Page 21.)



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OLCOTT

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"THE ISLE O'DREAMS"

Direction Mr. Henry Miller

MR. OLCOTT SINGS FOUR BALLADS

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in "MAGGIE PEPPER."



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By Franz Lehar

With MABEL WILBER, CHAS. MEAKINS
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MAY McMANUS

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"An Opening Night" next week at the Orpheum.

songs this season are "When Irish Eyes are Smiling," "The Isle o' Dreams," "Mother Macchree" and "Kathleen O'Doon." In the supporting company are Mrs. Lamont, Edith Browning, David Glassford, Agnes Heron Miller and many others. The final performance is announced for Saturday night, April 5.

"The Merry Widow" Next

"The Merry Widow" will be heard at the Cort Sunday night, celebrating the 5,000th performance of the Franz Lehar masterpiece in America. Because of the occasion, appropriate souvenirs will be presented to all ladies in attendance. The names in the cast are familiar to San Francisco. Savage has recruited for the single "Merry Widow" company on the road this season the best actors and singers from the various organizations that have been identified with the piece in the past. The gay heroine will be Mabel Wilber. Charles Meakins will again be seen as Prince Danilo. Oscar Figman will have his old part of the diplomat Popoff. Arthur Wooley and F. J. McCarthy are two fun-makers who will have their old roles. Newcomers will be Olga Roller, Vernon

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Though the market fluctuated sharply at times during the week, the general list got nowhere in particular, though a few industrials and specialties changed their positions, mostly for the worse. New York banks at last made a determined effort to check gold exports. They marked up both time and call money to 6 per cent. Uncertainty regarding the plans to settle the Union Pacific case worried Wall Street all week. Southern Pacific was weak most of the time and fell to a price that left no profit for the underwriting syndicate. These bankers apparently withdrew their support of it when they found that the plan was almost sure to fall through. Trading in both Union and Southern Pacific was quite active though the stock market as a whole was comparatively quiet. The Supreme Court gave the railroads time to fix things up and the time limit will be reached May 10 next. The week opened with the stock market weak, but support by banking interests checked the decline before it became serious and shorts in Southern Pacific were forced to cover which helped the rest of the list. There was some calling of loans and sharp discrimination against industrials and specialties as collateral. Goodrich Rubber broke wide open and some other minor issues were very weak for this among other reasons. The most serious development was the break in Newhaven and Boston and Maine which are now selling at the lowest price in 25 years or more. As all other important railroads have been reporting improved earnings the troubles in which these New England lines are involved are discouraging to their shareholders. Wall Street has given little thought to politics and the tariff, and the record already made by the Wilson Administration has proved reassuring. General business is good throughout the country, but merchants and manufacturers still buy from hand to mouth on account of uncertainty regarding the tariff and will continue to do so until Congress has completed revision.

Wheat—It has been generally believed all along that the trade in wheat was so light, and the market so depressed that there could be no possibility of any extensive liquidation, as there has been in other years; but last week brought one, and a decline in values to near the lowest price on the crop. So it would appear that the wheat market must have periods where it will pass through all the appearance of liquidation, whether there is any real necessity for it or not. The decline is all the more noticeable, because it has been confined to the United States alone, and has not been participated in to any extent by the other markets of the world. Liverpool has declined but 3-4 cents, while Chicago has gone down 6 cents, Winnipeg is nearly the same price as when this market was 5 cents higher, while values

of wheat in Buenos Ayres seem almost to have advanced, while the market here has been declining. Since the March Government report was issued estimating the farm reserves at 156,000,000 bushels, the trade in the different sections of the country seems to vie with one another in circulating the most depressing advices. Some refer to burdensome supplies, others to poor demand, or extravagant prospects for the growing crop, while extraordinary figures are given of excessive amounts that are assumed to be available for export and reserves at the end of this crop year. The only important bearish feature in our opinion is the large spring wheat movement in the Northwest, but it must not be forgotten that there was a very uneven production of wheat last year, and it is possible that if the excess production in the spring wheat section of the country could have been spread over the soft winter wheat part of the country, so as to have made a more average production, the general situation and sentiment might present a far different aspect from what it does now. But it also must be remembered that present values of wheat in the markets of the Northwest are 22 cents below the price of last year, a difference in prices between the two years which does much to discount the increased production.

Corn—Sentiment in the corn trade has increased somewhat since the Government report on farm reserves was issued. The visible supply continues to increase, and is now 21,191,000 bushels, compared with 15,631,000 bushels last year. The stock of corn in Chicago is 8,570,000 bushels. These influences encourage the bearish sentiment and cause the investor to await some stimulating developments. The price however is about 20 cents lower than that of a year ago. This and the high price of hog products are features that are liable to have an influential bearing on the market later on.

Cotton—The Government figures failed to inspire any new interest in the market as they were just what everybody was looking for and the bearish sentiment remains unchanged. The crop for 1912-13 is estimated to be 14,076,430 bales against 16,109,349 the previous year. Neill Bros., London, have estimated the world's consumption at 14,750,000, so, broadly speaking, our crop is over 2,000,000 less than last year, while consumption is expected to be only 836,000 bales less. The report is more bullish than it appears on the face, owing to the large percentage of linters, which were over 600,000 bales. Exclusive of linters, the crop is less than 13,500,000. There were also 300,000 bales of bollies, so that really there remains only about 13,200,000 bales of merchandise or tenderable cotton in this crop. Attention must now be turned to weather conditions in the cot-

ton belt, as that will furnish the chief incentive as a price-making factor. Conditions today are unsettled over practically the entire belt. Of late spots have shown a tendency to hold their own and we are not receiving the large number of weak spot messages we got recently. The public will sooner or later realize the fact that this crop of spinnable cotton is barely over 13,000,000 bales, and as we are now on a basis of perfect condition for new crop preparations, the first adverse factor will start a wild scramble to cover. Believe cotton a good purchase at this price, especially the new crop options.

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Stage

(Continued from Page 19.)

"Zim Zam" is introduced. It takes a cast of twenty-five people to present "An Opening Night." The Big City Quartette which has been called the sweetest singing four in vaudeville is always a welcome and popular feature. Fred G. Rover is first tenor, Charles Bates second tenor, James Emerson baritone and Gus Reel basso. Charles F. Semon, "The Narrow Fellow," is an eccentric comedian and musician. Harry H. Richards and Bessie Kyle will give "A Regular Club Fellow" written by Mr. Richards in collaboration with Ren Shields. Bobby Barry who has been on the stage since childhood and who was a hit as one of the two boys in Joseph Hart's original production of "Foxy Grandpa" which he played till he arrived at man's estate when he scored as the star in "The Girl and the Taxi," is now equally fortunate in vaudeville. He will with the assistance of Amy Mortimer, a bright little ingenue, present a skit called "After the Race." Madame Dolores Vallecita will introduce her troupe of Indian leopards. There will be a new program of Edison's Talking Moving Pictures. Next week will be the last of Mlle. La Tosca, and Sam Mann and company in "The New Leader."

John L. at Pantages

The biggest drawing card that Pantages has presented since opening its doors will be the appearance of the great and only John L. Sullivan next Sunday. It is several years since the old gladiator has visited this city, and as it will probably be the last time that he will tour the circuit, there is little doubt that the big vaudeville house will be taxed to capacity at every performance. John L. is not doing any boxing this trip. He dons evening togs and topped by a silk hat unravels a bunch of really good yarns. With the big star is a great show, the added attraction being one of those uproarious comedy playlets entitled "Examination Days." The Jules Held company of ten are in the cast with clever Dan Collins, the original stuttering kid, as the principal comedian. "The Convict Jimmie Valentine" dancers are the Purcella Brothers who have one of the most original dances in vaudeville. Leffingwell and Myers will present a travesty on the man who stays out nights entitled "A Night at the Lodge." Lotta and De Vault have a scenic novelty called "The Pipe Dreamer's Model." Prevost and Brown known as the "Corkscrew Kids" have a variety of twisters that defy duplication. Two strikingly beautiful girls are Mae Seaman and Flo Killian who have a dressy offering termed the "Tailor Made Maids."

Fairy Tales

(Continued from Page 8.)

like little wild animals. They walked hand in hand, five in a row; they were very small, covered with dust, seemingly tired. Their faces were serious, but their eyes twinkled merrily and with animation; when the band played the "Hymn of Garibaldi" to greet them, a contented smile glided over the sharp emaciated features of the hungry faces.

The crowd greeted the people of the future with a deafening shout, flags were lowered before them, the brass of the instruments resounded, rendering one deaf and blind. The children were dumfounded at the reception, they fell back for a moment, and then, standing erect, they all formed one body, and hundreds of voices, as though coming forth from one breast, rent the air:

"Evviva Italia!"

"Long live young Parma!"—roared the crowd, sweeping towards them.

"Viva Garibaldi!" shouted the children, and entered the crowd like a gray wedge, disappearing in it.

At the windows of hotels, on the roofs of houses, handkerchiefs fluttered like white birds, flowers were showered upon the heads, and merry, boisterous shouts greeted those below.

Everything had a holiday appearance, and had become animated; even the grey granite seemed to be embellished by its bright spots.

The flags floated, hats and flowers flew up, children's heads sprung up above those of the adults, and tiny dark hands were being thrown up and down, catching the flowers and waving greetings; a continuous mighty shout rent the air:

"Viva il Socialismo!"

"Viva Italia!"

Nearly all the children were picked up by the crowd, placed shoulder high, and pressed against the broad chests of some stern men with long mustaches. The music was hardly audible in all this noise, laughter, and shouts.

Women pushed through the crowd, trying to capture the remaining new-comers, and shouted to each other.

"Do you take two, Anita?"

"Yes. And you too?"

"One for Marguerite with the stump foot—"

There was joyous excitement everywhere, holiday expressions of faces, moist and kindly eyes, and here and there the children of the strikers munched sweets or bread.

"In our time no one thought of it," said an old man with an aquiline nose, and a black cigar in his mouth.

"It is so simple!"

"Yes. Very simple and clever."

The old man took the cigar out of his mouth, looked at its end, and shook off the ashes with a sigh. Then, having noticed two children from Parma, evidently brothers, he made a stern face, straightened himself. The children looked at him with a serious mien and stood back, pressing against each other. The old man pressed his hat tightly over his head, put out his arms, sat down on his heels, and crowed like a cock in a very loud tone. The children burst out laughing as they stamped with their naked heels on the stones; the old man got up, put his hat straight, and having decided that he had done all that was necessary, he stepped aside, slightly reeling, for his legs were shaky.

A hunchbacked grey old woman, with the face of a witch, and a few coarse grey hairs on the bony chin, stood against the statue of Columbus and wept, wiping her red eyes with the end of a faded shawl. So black and disfigured, she seemed so utterly lonely in the midst of this excited crowd.

A black-haired Genoese woman came dancing and leading a little fellow of seven by the hand. He had wooden shoes on, and his grey hat reached down to his shoulders.

He shook his head in order to throw the hat on to the back of his head, but it tumbled back right over his nose. The woman pulled it off his little head, swung it high in the air, sang and laughed, the boy looked at her smiling, with his head thrown back, then he jumped up, trying to get at the hat, and they both disappeared.

A tall man with a leather apron held a girl of six with his strong bare arms, and said to the woman who walked by his side and led a boy with hair as red as fire:

"If this sort of thing catches on, you know, it will be a job to beat us, eh?"

He laughed loudly, and triumphantly threw his burden up in the blue air and caught it again, shouting in a sonorous bass tone:

"Evviva Parma!"

The people dispersed, leading or carrying away the children, only broken flowers, and paper in

which the sweets were wrapped remained in the square, a merry group of blue porters, and above them the noble figure of the man who discovered the New World.

And from the street, as if from a huge organ, streamed the melodious shouts of people who go forth to meet a new life.

III.

It is a hot mid-day; somewhere a cannon is fired, producing a soft, weird sound, like the bursting of a huge rotten egg. In the air, rent by the explosion, sharp odors become more noticeable; the smell of olive oil, garlic, wine, and the heated dust becomes more acute.

The hot noise of a Southern day, enveloped by the heavy sigh of a cannon, clung for a moment to the heated stones of the pavement, and having leaped back into the air, streamed like a huge muddy river towards the sea.

The town has a gay, many-colored appearance, like the embroidered vestment of a priest; in its passionate shouts, palpitation, and groans, the song of life is heard resembling a divine service; every town is a temple built by the labor of men; all work is a prayer to the Future.

The sun has reached the zenith, the blue, heated sky is blinding, as if a fiery blue ray were descending from every point in the sky, piercing the stones of the town and the water to a great depth. The sea glistens like silk embroidered in silver as it bathes the quay by the lazy movements of its green, warm waves, and quietly sings a wise Song of the Sun, the source of life and happiness.

People covered with dust, and streaming with perspiration, hurry along to dinner, giving forth loud and merry shouts; many hurry to the beach and, undressing quickly, jump into the sea. The tawny bodies as they fall into the water look so ridiculously small, as if they were tiny dark specks in a large glass of wine.

The silky splashes of the water, the merry shouts of the refreshed bathers, the loud laughter and shrieks of children—all this and the rainbow spray of the sea, set in motion by the jumps of the people, ascend as a gay offering to the sun.

In the shadow of a large house on the sidewalk sit four masons, grey, muscular, and strong, as if they were hewn out of stone. They are preparing to have their dinner. The hoary old man, covered with dust like ashes, cuts the long loaf with a knife, and, with his sharp ravenous eye half-open, watches that one piece should not be larger than the others. A red knitted cap with a tassel covers his head and hangs down over his face; the old man shakes his large apostle-like head, and his nostrils expand as he sniffs with his long aquiline nose, as hooked as that of a parrot.

By his side on the warm stones lies, on his back, a fine young fellow, all bronzed and as tawny as a cockchafer; crumbs fall on his face, but he only lazily blinks his eyes and drowsily hums a tune. Two men sit leaning against the white walls of the house and doze.

A boy goes up to them with a flagon of wine



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SUMMONS IN PARTITION

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 35,453; Department No. —.

James Maguire, Maud Gallagher, Frank Kelly, Charles Kelly, Clara Kelly, Thomas Kelly, John J. Barrett and Geo. C. Ross, Plaintiffs, vs. John Kelly, Henrietta Louise Westphal, Dora Rose Chase, James F. Kelly, Annie Clark, George Maguire, Frank Maguire, Mark F. Kelly, James T. Kelly, Augusta G. Kelly, Cecelia G. Kelly, Josephine G. Kelly, Irvin S. Knapp, James F. Kelly as administrator of the estate of Anne Askins, also known as and called "Ann" Askins, deceased, E. M. Galvin as administrator of the estate of John Burns, deceased, E. M. Galvin individually, Mary A. Burns, Milton F. Burns, Henry Burns, John First Doe, John Second Doe, John Third Doe, Jane First Doe, Jane Second Doe, Jane Third Doe, and to all persons unknown who have or claim any interest in or lien upon the property described in the complaint in this action, and herein-after mentioned and described, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco in the office of the clerk of said Superior Court. John J. Barrett, Flood Building, San Francisco, and Ross & Ross, The First National Bank Building, Redwood City, California, attorneys for plaintiffs.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: John Kelly, Henrietta Louise Westphal, Dora Rose Chase, James F. Kelly, Annie Clark, George Maguire, Frank Maguire, Mark F. Kelly, James T. Kelly, Augusta G. Kelly, Cecelia G. Kelly, Josephine G. Kelly, Irvin S. Knapp, James F. Kelly as administrator of the estate of Anne Askins, also known as and called "Ann" Askins, deceased, E. M. Galvin as administrator of the estate of John Burns, deceased, E. M. Galvin individually, Mary A. Burns, Milton F. Burns, John T. Burns, Lillian M. Burns, Alice G. Burns, Henry Burns, John First Doe, John Second Doe, John Third Doe, Jane First Doe, Jane Second Doe, Jane Third Doe, and to all persons unknown who have or claim any interest in or lien upon the property described in the complaint in this action, and hereinafter mentioned and described, Defendants:

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in the action brought against you by the above named plaintiffs in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after service on you of this summons, if served within said city and county; if served elsewhere within thirty days; and

YOU ARE HEREBY NOTIFIED that if you fail to so appear and answer plaintiffs will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint; and

YOU ARE HEREBY FURTHER NOTIFIED that said action is brought to obtain the judgment and decree of this Court as follows:

1. For the partition of the real property hereinafter mentioned, according to the respective rights of the persons interested therein;

2. For the general costs of this action, counsel fees and the costs of reference to be apportioned among the parties to said action, according to law;

3. That if partition cannot be made without great prejudice to the respective rights of the parties interested that said real property may be sold and the proceeds arising therefrom applied and apportioned according to law, and for general relief and for costs of suit.

That the real property affected by this action and which is sought to be partitioned consists of all that certain real property situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning on the westerly line of Mission Street one hundred and ninety (190) feet southerly from Twenty-sixth Street; running thence southerly on Mission Street three (3) feet seven (7) inches; thence southwesterly on Mission Street sixty-two (62) feet and six (6) inches; thence westerly ninety-five (95) feet; thence northerly forty-five (45) feet and six (6) inches; and thence at right angles easterly one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet to the point of beginning.

WITNESS my hand and the seal of the said Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 2d day of May, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy County Clerk.

JOHN J. BARRETT,
Flood Bldg., San Francisco, Cal., and
ROSS & ROSS,

The First National Bank Bldg., Redwood City, Cal.,
Attorneys for Plaintiffs, 2-15-10

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT

REFEREE PUBLISHING & AMUSEMENT COMPANY.—Location of principal place of business, City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Notice is hereby given, that at a Meeting of the Directors, held on the 25th day of February, 1913, an assessment of 20 cents per share was levied upon the Capital Stock of the Corporation, payable on the 5th day of April, 1913, to the Secretary of said Referee Publishing & Amusement Company, at its office, 361 Pacific Building, in San Francisco, State of California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 5th day of April, 1913, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on the 25th day of April, 1913, to pay the delinquent assessment together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

H. R. BAKER, Secretary.
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in one hand and a parcel in the other. His head is up in the air, and he shouts in a shrill tone, like a bird, not noticing that large, red, heavy drops of thick wine, glistening like rubies, ooze through the straw in which the bottle is wrapped, and fall on the ground.

The old man noticed it, laid the bread and the knife on the young fellow's breast; then waving his hand in an excited way, he called to the boy—

"Hurry up, you blind one! Look out—the wine!"

The boy lifted the bottle on a level with his face, cried, "Ah!" and hurried up to the masons. They all began to stir, and shouted in an excited way, feeling the flagon. The boy, like lightning, darted off into a yard close by, and just as precipitously out again with a large, deep, yellow bowl in his hands.

The dish was put on the ground, and the old man carefully poured out into it a red, live stream—four pairs of eyes watch the play of the wine, and the dry lips of the men tremble in eager anticipation.

A woman in a pale-blue dress goes along. On her black hair is a golden scarf of lace, the high heels of her brown boots beat noisily against the pavement.

She leads by the hand a little curly-headed girl, who waves two bright carnations in her right hand. The girl sways as she walks along and sings:

"O ma, O ma, O, mia ma-a—"

She stops short behind the back of the old man, gets up on tip-toe and peers intently over his shoulder, watching the wine stream into the yellow bowl, flowing and gurgling, as if continuing her song.

The child freed her hand from that of the woman, tore off a few petals, and having raised her hand, as dark as a sparrow's wing, threw the pink petals into the bowl of wine.

The four men moved convulsively, put up their dust-covered heads in anger—the girl clapped her hands and laughed, stamping with her little feet. The embarrassed mother tried to catch her hand, saying something in a high tone; the boy roared with laughter, doubling himself up, while in the bowl of wine the petals swam about like tiny pink boats.

The old man got a glass from somewhere, dipped out some wine with the petals, got on to his knees, and bringing the glass to his lips, said in a calm and serious way:

"It matters not, signora! The gift of a child is the gift of God. . . . Your health, beautiful signora, and yours also, my children! May you be as beautiful as your mother and twice as happy!"

The mother, bowing and smiling, turned away, leading by the hand the little girl, who kept swaying and dragging her little feet along the stones, and blinking her eyes as she sang:

"O, ma-a . . . O, mia, mia-a—"

The masons slowly turn their heads and look at the wine and at the retreating girl; they smile, and their pliant southern tongues are busy relating something.

In the cup, on the surface of the dark red wine, the pink petals swim about.

The sea sings, the town trembles, the bright sun glistens, creating fairy-tales.

One-half the world, being short, doesn't know how the other half gets along.

CERTIFICATE OF INDIVIDUAL USING FICTITIOUS NAME

The undersigned, ALBERT T. WISE, residing at 1325 10th Avenue, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, hereby certifies that he is individually transacting business at No. 760 Mission Street, in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, under the name and style of A. T. WISE CO.

Dated at San Francisco, Cal., March 24, 1913.

ALBERT T. WISE.

State of California,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 24th day of March, 1913, before me, JULIUS CALMANN, a Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared ALBERT T. WISE, known to me to be the person described in, and whose name is subscribed to the within instrument, and he duly acknowledged to me that he executed the same for the purpose therein mentioned.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto subscribed my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the day and year first above written.

(Seal) JULIUS CALMANN,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

WISE, SAPIRO & O'CONNOR, Attorneys at Law,
First National Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-29-5

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Letters

Mary Roberts Rhinehart's Latest

The reputation which Mary Roberts Rinehart has built up for herself as a writer of tales of mystery will not be dimmed by her latest effort, "The Case of Jennie Brice." Jennie Brice was an actress connected with a stock company playing in one of the minor theatres of Pittsburg. Her husband Philip Ladley was an actor who was at perpetual liberty, for since Jennie kept the pot simmering he chose to devote himself to the writing of a play in which he fondly flattered himself he would be starred. Naturally the partnership was not a particularly harmonious one. Indeed Ladley had been known to threaten his wife's life and more than once the manager and members of the company had thought it necessary to intervene between them. A casual conversation had taken place over the table of a restaurant amongst three men, the subject being the value of circumstantial evidence. Holcombe, a man of means and an amateur detective, held that circumstantial evidence was sufficient to secure a conviction, while Bronson, the theatrical manager, and Howell, a newspaperman, contended that it was not, and the discussion came to an end in the declaration of Holcombe that he would agree to secure the conviction of any one they chose to name purely on circumstantial grounds. After the withdrawal of Holcombe Bronson attacked Howell on the subject of insufficient notices for his theatre and between the two a scheme was hatched up out of which each expected to secure a little sensational advertising, and also to score against their friend Holcombe and his theories. Jennie Brice happened not to be in the cast for that week, and the plan was to induce her to go into retirement for a few days under conditions which would give the impression of a sudden and mysterious disappearance. The well-known bickerings between her and Ladley would color suspicion, the most would be made of the clues and evidence, and after public attention had been directed to the Liberty Theatre and Howell's paper had scored a beat, he was to have the honor and glory of discovering and returning the vanished lady, and at the same time winning the approbation of his employer and the hand of his own lady-love. It was just at this time that the annual spring floods came along to render the plot somewhat more complicated than was at first designed, but Jennie Brice and Ladley being well compensated for their consent to the proposition, she promptly dropped out of sight, as was intended, the landlady of the boarding house gave the alarm and investigation was set on foot. Two serious possibilities were lost sight of by the original hoaxers, that Ladley, known to be tired of Jennie, might have taken advantage of the alibi they had furnished for him and the pre-arranged confession, really to murder the woman, trusting to the flood water to carry her body far away or, in case of its being identified, to the strong likelihood of an accidental drowning; or the probability that, free and footloose, with a little ready money in her hand, the abused wife might elect really to disappear, leaving Ladley to hang without her help. It was one of these contingencies which arose, and much conflicting testimony was eluded before the truth was ascertained, and the reader is kept in the dark until almost the last moment. This is the seventh of these cleverly concocted mystery tales by Mrs. Rinehart who scored an immediate success with her "Circular Staircase," and has repeated the feat every time since. From Bobbs-Merrill.

An Arnold of the South

It is difficult to classify the brief volume concerning Dr. William Leroy Broun which has been

issued by the Neale Company from the papers and data collected by the Broun relatives. It is not a biography, nor does it fit under the head of memoirs, and as there are absolutely no comments or lengthy panegyrics, it cannot be called an appreciation. Dr. Broun was one of that considerable class of the last generation whose opportunities for a formal and statistical education were few and restricted but who, nevertheless, determined to gather unto himself both wisdom and knowledge. Undaunted by hardships and seeming impossibilities, he seized every opportunity, and the degree of his success may be measured by the fact that except during the four years of the Civil War when he was connected with the ordnance department of the Confederate States, he was actively engaged in educational work in fields which practically cover the whole South. From his addresses and other papers it is evident that he was a man of keen, practical observation and not carried away by educational fads. Dr. Broun was called another "Arnold of Rugby," and seems to have left his mark in whatever school or college his services were employed.

A Breezy Mountain Book

Was Lalah Ruth Randle subsidized by the Canadian Pacific Railway or the managers of the hotels at Banff, Lake Louise and Glacier? If not, they will be doing a good turn for themselves and her by seizing the whole edition of "My Mountain Tops" for advertising matter. Such a chance will never come their way again. There are only seventy-six pages of lively descriptive matter such as a facile pen might set down for the perusal of friends at home—might have, in the period preceding the picture post

card, for letter writing appears to be a lost art now. Not only does Lizette have a perfectly delightful time on her trip into the Canadian Rockies, where she accompanies, or is accompanied by her mother and grandmother, but at every stopping place she meets men, any and all of whom could be easily converted into lovers. Just compare that blissful condition with the Adamless state of the ordinary vacation resort! There is a semi-attached Bob left at home in the Ohio town and for a while the issue is doubtful. Read it and see. From the Neale Company.

The Gentle Cynic

It is a mistake to suppose that the man who is well reared always stays in the rear.

Any girl is apt to think a fellow's heart is in the right place if it's in her keeping.

We all admire a man who does good things, unless we happen to be one of the good things.

Some people keep their virtues locked up for high days and holidays.

It is never too late to mend, but some of us seem to think it's too early.

The man who buys his friends generally gets stuck.

Success is largely a matter of buying experience and selling it at a profit.

Some people are all tired out by the time they reach a conclusion.

The Temple of Debt has a thousand entrances for one exit.

Perhaps after all it is better to wear yourself out than to rust.

It may be true that fools rush in where angels fear to tread, but angels don't have to tread; they can use their wings.

DRINK DISQUALIFIES A MAN—SO SAYS EX-PRESIDENT TAFT

He who drinks is deliberately disqualifying himself for advancement. Personally, I refuse to take such a risk. I do not drink.—William H. Taft, Ex-President of the United States.

There's a volume in that brief utterance. It ought to be made mental note of by every man, and when the temptation to drink liquor presents itself, he should think of the advancement he has made, though, perhaps, slowly but sure-footedly, then take a view of the retrograde steps following that drink and the others to join it.

It's no use talking, when our most eminent men by their words and examples warn you, it's time the drinking man sits up and takes notice of the effects of the deadly art of drinking.

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXI. No. 1076

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 5, 1913

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TOWN TALK

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John Pierpont Morgan

By the death of John Pierpont Morgan this country lost an individuality which it may never have again, which was of the highest value from the industrial standpoint, but which typified all the economic evils from which the country suffers as well as all the imaginary ones on which politicians prosper. The Morgan personality was the greatest power in the financial world that this country ever produced. It was a power dependent wholly on genius for what is commonly known as financiering. As Carnegie was the leading steel manufacturer of his day, as John D. Rockefeller was the captain of the oil industry, as the Vanderbilts in the heyday of the family ruled the transportation field, so John Pierpont Morgan became the foremost banker, the leading spirit in the world of credit. His specialty was the manipulation of the indicia of property, he was skilled in the imponderabilities of trade, he made great industrial enterprises possible, and while accumulating an enormous fortune for himself he contributed to the prosperity of the whole country. The Napoleon of his realm, the most successful of men according to the American ideal, yet he lived a life apart, a solitary figure, and to many a repellant one; for an inordinate, unquenchable passion for money-making is not one to induce admiration, however great the genius that gratifies it. Yet John Pierpont Morgan was a man of a certain nobility of character. There was red blood in the veins of this massive symbol of commercial success. Men were astonished to find that he was not what the press had led them to believe; they were delighted to find that he was not what they expected; they were charmed to find that he was what he was. It is to his credit that he was not the equal of some of his associates in many of the beaten, meaner pathways of life, and that he was greatly their superior in matters requiring original energy of thought and by reason of the leavening of his character with some of the qualities that contribute to the beauty of human nature. A man of refined tastes, of kindly impulses, he was one of the few preposterously rich

who cultivated the companionship of men given to the highest intellectual pursuits, and by such that knew him he was sincerely beloved. It was perhaps the misfortune of John Pierpont Morgan to survive that public sentiment that once paid the tribute of high esteem to men of his character and achievements. He was reared in a civilization which centered about life as a matter of industrial energy. Business was the all-absorbing interest. Leisure, art, literature, religion—all these were brushed aside as by-products apart from the main business of life. No men were more highly respected in the United States than those citizens who established a reputation at once for integrity and loyalty to business principles while advancing the material welfare of the country by developing its resources and extending its channels of trade. The government itself was definitely organized for one purpose and it strained every nerve and sinew to that end. The chief function of government was to provide ways and means of increasing and facilitating the operations of its big business men. Success in business was the watchword of the spirit of the age, and they who accordingly regarded wealth as their ideal, they who were best qualified for the commercial conquest of the world, went forth not only to triumph but to disrepute. The very facilities their country gave them they were discredited for employing. John Pierpont Morgan found in his declining years that big business had fallen into disfavor. The success of the few had cankered the heart of the many. Toward John Pierpont Morgan Demos, animated by all the meaner passions of mankind, assumed a menacing attitude. It shrieked in his ears, tried to intimidate with a frown, and if it did not strike terror at any rate it reduced the vitality of an infirm old man and accelerated his footsteps toward the grave.

What's Doing at Stanford?

Two young people prominent in the social life of Leland Stanford Jr. University were married by contract at Palo Alto last week. In connection with the making of the contract a ceremony was performed in accordance with the rites of the Temple Square Faith, a theosophical cult which sprang up in Palo Alto several years ago, and which, the dispatches say, numbers among its members several professors of the University. As to the nature of the marriage contract we are not informed, but we presume it is something novel, something not in strict accordance with the conventions. It is to be regretted that the reporters have not perceived the importance of going into details and letting the public know more of the new cult that has its roots in a big university which the State of California has indirectly endowed by exemption from taxation. But a short time ago a former Stan-

ford professor wrote a book to advocate a theory of marriage. He is in favor of improving morals by encouraging folks to marry for a term. It would be interesting to learn whether the university at Palo Alto has been dedicated to the business of teaching the young idea to shoot along this new line. If Stanford has become a school of fads and fancies, in other words an institution for the propagation of Jordanisms parents generally should know the truth. They should know what kind of intellectual produce it is the aim of Stanford to put on the market.

Reform Run Mad

The familiar maxim that a people gets the kind of government it deserves is well illustrated by the experience California is having at the hands of a legislature that incarnates the spirit of reform. This legislature has filled the whole State with indignation and terror. Denunciations of it are shattering the empyrean. Hardly anybody can be found who has not either already suffered from the fantastic performances of the Demon Reform or been panic stricken by things that have been threatened. But are we not getting the kind of government we deserve? If the dream of every congenital idiot, every parietic, every neurotic, every corybantic Puritan is being realized at Sacramento was it not to that end that Progressivism swept the State in the midst of a pause of the people's faculties? What was the liturgy of flubdub recited in raucous tones by a third-rate lawyer with a vested interest in bombast behind whom the whole State was singing the battle cry of freedom not so long ago? If our memory is not playing tricks on us one Hiram Johnson, author of the savory epigram "A man must eat," was the idol of the people at a time when the dear ones had a consuming passion for turning over a new leaf and purging their skins of the Old Adam and releasing themselves from the clutch of the dead hands of the Founders. The warning to him "that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall" was futile in those days. It fell on the far-flung ears of the rapt multitude as a tinkling cymbal. Hiram was strong both for paternal and maternal government. And that is what we are getting. The old women of both sexes are running things for us. Of course they are giving us more than we bargained for, but government is a matter of principle, and every principle of restraint on government that we abandon is a safeguard lost. We opened wide the doors, and if more freaks get through than were dreamt of in our philosophy, we have only ourselves to blame. It is our business to choose for our lawmakers the most instructed and ablest persons who can be found. Apparently we have not done so. Apparently we have chosen men short on common sense and long on hypocrisy. Now

it cannot be urged in extenuation that we have been deceived. The qualities most conspicuous at Sacramento are the inveterate characteristics of the unctuous busybody that became the salient personality in California politics when Hiram Johnson, with the celestial choir mirrored in his eyes, threw up his hands in holy horror, abandoned his trade as a third-rate criminal lawyer and embarked in his campaign for the redemption of his beloved State and the uplift of humanity. Better to admit that we are getting the kind of government we deserve than to plead that we were deceived by the Earls, the Lissners and the Rowells of the Holy-Roller faction. If we cannot recognize Tartuffe when he comes to us with phylacteries fragrant of an Earl or a Rowell then we have not enough intelligence for self-government. The truth of the matter is that our Legislature is the embodiment of the hypocrisy latent in the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers. The non-conformist habit of mind is ingrained. The twentieth century Yankee sells wooden nutmegs to himself to keep his hand in. The average citizen throws spasms of morality to flatter himself and deceive his neighbor. Every reform movement gets its impetus from men who wish to be on hand at roll-call that they may be thought different from what they are. In other words the electorate is surcharged with cant, the kind that found expression in the last campaign when Roosevelt was leading Christian soldiers to Armageddon to battle for the Lord. And now we are governed by cant for our sins.

By Way of Diversion

The Examiner, probably by way of diversion, has started agitation for through train service from New York. This is not the first time complaint has been made that for the benefit of Chicago everybody must spend time and money in that city while crossing the continent. Twenty-five years ago there was agitation for through service, but nothing came of it, and since then at long intervals editorial writers with brain fag have employed the topic to fill space. It would of course be of great benefit to San Francisco to make it possible to cut out the time one has to spend in Chicago on the transcontinental trip, but there is a more urgent transportation problem awaiting solution. This is the problem of carrying people to and from the Panama-Pacific Exposition. The directors of the Exposition say that it cannot be solved satisfactorily unless the charter is amended, and to that end they have asked for certain legislation at Sacramento. We might have had this legislation long ago had not Mr. Hearst's paper perceived a fresh opportunity for capitalizing the glory of noisily and ostentatiously superintending and directing the affairs of the municipality. More desirable to the Hearst paper than the solution of an exigent problem is the gratification of starting something. It matters not what the thing is, or what the finish, the glory of yellow journalism is to conceive that which may be freaked on the front page and passionately discussed on the last: a com-

mittee of a Thousand or an elevated road on Embarcadero—one need not inquire too minutely as to feasibility or sanity—the only question to be asked being, Will it hold 'em for awhile? As a result of the Examiner's playful interposition the legislation asked for at Sacramento has been hanging fire. Mayor Rolph voted for it as a director of the Exposition, but as Mayor of the city he deferred to the Examiner's judgment. And the problem remains unsolved, and the directors of the Exposition are getting nervous, but without the backing of the Mayor they consider it vain to ask the Legislature to act. That's the situation in a nutshell. The Embarcadero road project like the Committee of a Thousand has gone a-glimmering, having been found after mature consideration, to approximate E. P. E. Troy's scheme to solve the water problem by eliciting the desirable fluid from vagrant fog banks. And the only road in sight is the one to be built in Van Ness avenue, but even that project is problematical, and though it should be carried out transportation facilities would still be inadequate. If the Legislature should adjourn without passing the Exposition measure there will be no way of solving the problem. The supposition appears to be that we shall be able to muddle through somehow.

The Perennial Sex Topic

We used to be told that along with woman suffrage would come the sweetening and refining of our nature, the spread of softening influences, the ennobling of our ideals, the improvement of our manners and the stimulation of compassion for the unfortunate and tenderness toward the lowly. We have been given to understand, in other words, that the chief aim of the women behind the movement for the emancipation of Femina is the realization of the true Christian ideals. Is it a sign of ingrained scepticism that current phenomena give us the impression that the apparent tendency of the activity of women in affairs that formerly engrossed only the attention of men is in a direction opposite to the one which ought to be taken? It appears to us that whatever may be the effect on mankind of feminine endeavor there is reason to be apprehensive of the effect on womankind. Of one thing we are certain—that the feminine movement thus far in California is more brutalizing than refining. That wonderful person, the serious woman, however multitudinous and exalted the aims she professes, is after all concerned about only one thing—sex. Whatever else may be the pretext for her activities at any particular time, if indulged to the end she will resolve it back to the Garden of Eden. Some years ago Frank Moore Colby writing on the subject of the propaganda for equal opportunities said of the women agitators, "They always talk as if, when they had gained these things, there was going to be a general searching into man, to detect the creature as he really is and expose him." Now this appears to be what is happening everywhere. The serious woman is acting as though she were under the impression

that man is wholly responsible for the sex problem and that there is no other problem. Therefore we find her trying to solve motherhood and childhood and marriage. These she regards as problems not vastly different from the social evil and the red light district and not to be solved except by the regulation of man. Some weeks ago when the municipal clinic was the subject of official inquiry an indignant serious woman wanted to know why men were not among the compulsory patients. It was necessary to explain to her that there were no men in Mrs. Warren's profession. In Washington, D. C., last week the red light district was under investigation, and the police captain in charge told how it was regulated. He said that no recruits were admitted and that by a booking system a record of each woman was kept. Thereupon Mrs. Breton Ransom asked whether a list of patrons was kept. Mrs. Ransom's viewpoint is obvious. And she is probably like most of the female critics of social morality—at the intellectual level of the usual woman's page or the average magazine for women. Also she is probably like them in that she regards sex as the paramount topic of all times, to be made the subject of study in childhood and the object of scientific investigation throughout life. These female reformers we find everywhere that sex is being publicly discussed. We find them before the legislature urging statesmen to make the law of rape more stringent. We find them listening in the midst of a crowd of leering men to a discussion of the minute and disgusting details of the management of the municipal clinic. We find them in the criminal courts, and there, while ostensibly championing the cause of a young wanton, yielding all their ears to the recital of the story of a barnyard intrigue. These ladies may have for their ultimate aim the ennobling of our ideals, but how unfortunate they should have to wade through so much filth on their heavenly mission! And after all may they not be going the wrong way about? Recently there has appeared a powerful reactionary in the person of Dr. A. W. Foerster, special lecturer in ethics and psychology at the University of Zurich. This scholar has made himself the champion of the old policy of reticence in matters pertaining to the sexual instinct. He thinks we should distract the mind from, rather than direct it toward, sexual matters. He believes in character training, in strengthening all those habits and elements of character which will naturally prepare young people towards the awakening impulses. In other words Professor Foerster has the old traditional views on the subject. He knows that if by a proper general system of education the whole character is deepened and strengthened, and refined tastes are developed, and intellectual and spiritual interests are awakened, all that is essential with regard to sex will be learned without exciting unnecessary curiosity about it or absorbing interest in the subject. To be a reactionary is a terrible thing, and Dr. Foerster will make slow progress in his opposition to the movement for the sexual enlightenment

of children. We fear the movement will have to run its course. It is but a by-product of the big feminine movement now compelling attention throughout Europe as well as in this country. Fancy the indignation of our women reformers at the suggestion of a policy of reticence! Not talk about sex? Why there is nothing else worth talking about. One has reason to wonder whether some of these women who are eternally talking of the sex problem in its infinite variety and who want it talked about in schools and in club symposiums and who hanker for the drama that deals with the psychology of sex and the curious manifestations of the instinct—the women in short who are obsessed by the sex topic—one wonders whether it does not afford them some sort of sensual gratification. For women are not vastly different from men. And men know what to think of men whose conversation runs in one channel. There are men who wallow in Rabelaisian witticisms, and who invent stories for their fellow-voluptuaries to wallow in. There are men that “will more evil than they durst,” and there are Puritans who will talk on forbidden topics with a curious wealth of slimy detail. To ask them to be reticent on their favorite subject would be tantamount to asking them to change their nature. Surely we should not think of turning them loose in the world to ennoble mankind. Nor likewise should we expect women who are lacking in the womanly delicacy that induces a sweet diffidence among men, to refine and elevate society. We do not mean to say that all women who are busying themselves with the sex problem are giving themselves up to what is congruous to their nature, but we will say that a decent reticence on certain topics ought to be observed by decent women and a topic is not to be sweetened by the motive of its discussion. We will say further that a certain form of vice does not present the only problem to be solved before the Christian ideals can be realized. We would also remind our earnest and sincere reformers that evil is immortal, and that Satan who incarnates it will probably never be made absolutely melancholy until with folded wings he sits on the ruins of extinct worlds. The ladies are really doing vain things. If they had been nurtured on a sound philosophy they would know that without sin life would be unintelligible. What they are really trying to do is to extirpate from the world the bitter leaven of its virtue and beauty.

How It's Done Over There

One of the reasons why the principle of municipal ownership appeals to the average citizen is that most of the big European cities have adopted it. “If,” says that incredible person, the A. C., “the cities of Europe are able to manage their public utilities then most certainly the enlightened people of American cities are able to do so.” This argument has influenced many minds, and many American cities are operating public utilities, and many more are likely to purchase public utilities. Even now San Francisco is thinking of going into the water business despite the warning of current experience in municipal ownership. In view of the most powerful argument of the advocates of municipal ownership it may be of interest to inquire as to the manner of doing things in the urban communities of Europe. This is precisely what the people of Houston decided to do after resolving some time ago to make the Texas city the greatest seaport on the Gulf of Mexico. But singularly enough they did not consult the Hearst papers on the subject. They preferred to get their information at the source. So they employed Frank Putnam, an intelligent citizen in whom they had confidence, and sent him to Europe to spend four months inspecting the city governments of Ireland, England, France and northern and central Germany. Thus the people of Houston rendered a great service to the people of the whole country. The information they paid to get is now accessible, free of charge, to any city that wants it. Mr. Putnam found the principle of municipal ownership in high favor in Europe, and he says its application is constantly extending. Operation of all public utilities is the ultimate goal. Mr. Putnam also found political conditions in European cities somewhat different from political conditions in American cities. He found, for instance, that European cities conduct their government as well as their public utilities as a matter of business. He found the cities “so organized as to procure that continuity of constructive policies which is essential to their economic development.” Speaking of the cities of Great Britain he says: “I find the administrative officers of these British cities—clerk, treasurer, auditor, etc.—are installed in office for life, the theory being that each year of their added experience in this work is an asset to the city by reason of making them more efficient public servants.” According to Mr. Put-

nam in Germany, the most modern of nations, the complete separation of politics and government has been attained in municipalities. “City management in the German cities,” says Mr. Putnam, “is a profession, ranking with the most honored professions.” But German cities are terribly backward in one respect. They deny the mob the privilege of running things. The electorate in German cities is restricted to taxpayers when city councillors are chosen, and the council employs a mayor who, says Mr. Putnam, “can best be described as a general manager subject to the control of the council acting as a board of directors for the people, and under civil service organization the mayor and city council employ all other city officials, from top to bottom.” In Germany mayors are employed as corporations employ their chief executive officers here: for proved ability. The cities often compete for the services of men who have shown ability by their accomplishments. In such cases the mayor is hired under contract for life, in order that he shall not be lured away to another city. In Prussia mayors are employed for terms of twelve years, but “it is well understood that if the mayor has served satisfactorily he shall be re-employed, unless he has reached the retiring age.” Munich hires a new mayor on probation for three years, and if he makes a good mayor it installs him for life. This system affects all the municipal officers, and each has the assurance of permanent employment and adequate retirement pay on reaching the age limit. But this system would never go in America. Think of what would happen in San Francisco if we had such a system! The municipal government would be entirely independent of Mr. Hearst. Nobody would pay any attention to the dictates of the Hearst or any other paper; politics pure and simple, nor politics impure and compounded would cut any figure at all; no problem of municipal administration would be solved with a finger on the pulse of organized labor; and everybody would go about his business as though the government were running automatically. It is evident that municipal ownership is organized in Europe on a basis somewhat different from ours. It is also clear that it is hardly fair, if not dishonest, to say that as municipal ownership is a success in Europe therefore it ought to be a success in this country.

Maternity

By Alice Meynell

One wept, whose only babe was dead,
New born ten years ago.
“Weep not; he is in bliss,” they said.
She answered, “Even so.

“Ten years ago was born in pain
A child, not now forlorn;
But, oh, ten years ago in vain
A mother, a mother was born.”

Varied Types

CXX—IRVIN COBB

By Edward F. O'Day

"In the South the first question they ask you is, 'Who are you?' In the East it's, 'What have you got?' In the West it seems to be, 'What can you do?' Or putting it another way, a little geographical investigation reveals southern sentiment, eastern bluff and western spirit."

The man who says these pretty little things about our section of the footstool is a Kentuckian by birth and a New Yorker by adoption. He has just made his first visit to California, and, as you may have gathered from the foregoing, he's deuced enthusiastic about us.

In this, the day of boosting, that fact should be enough to assure Irvin Cobb of a respectful hearing. But Irvin Cobb deserves an audience on better grounds. He's one of our American humorists.

American humorists, meaning thereby humorists who find a market for their humorous writings, are rather a scant lot. You can tell 'em over on your fingers without fatigue. Irvin Cobb ran over the principal names for me.

"There are," he said, "George Ade, Peter Dunne, George Fitch, Ellis Parker Butler, Wallace Irwin, Charlie Van Loan, and you can add my name if you wish."

Add Irvin Cobb's name and also Sam Blythe's, and you have an octet of humorous writers in the country which yields to none in its enjoyment of fun. It doesn't look as if the supply is equal to the demand. Perhaps that is why so many things pass for humor in the magazines and newspapers, so many essays, verses, stories and squibs which are really rather sad.

Let it not be inferred that Cobb was in a humorous vein when he complimented the West. As far as I could judge he meant that in sober seriousness. But he's going to write a series of articles about our Californian resorts, and maybe his humor will come into play then. Meanwhile, like most humorists, Cobb asks to be taken literally in conversation.

To be taken literally, for instance, when he says that California and Indiana are supplying the country with its best writers. Being a Kentuckian himself he can't be suspected of partiality in this statement. He says there are California and Indiana schools of literature today just as there was a New England school of literature in the past. He says that the men who write at Carmel and the other men of California whose names are familiar to magazine readers are attracting a great deal of attention all over the country. Irvin Cobb expresses the greatest admiration for our writers.

"Of course I don't mean the highbrows with the mezzanine foreheads," he added after he had paid our literati some general compliments.

Just who the highbrows with the mezzanine foreheads are he did not say, and it's none of my

business to attempt to read his mind. But at least he doesn't mean Pete Kyne of our town.

"Have you read Kyne's story 'The Three God-fathers'?" he asked. "I think it's in a class with Bret Harte's 'Luck of Roaring Camp.'"

Neither does he refer to Charlie Van Loan of Los Angeles.

"His story 'Can a Duck Swim?' is worthy of Frank Stockton at his best."

You see Irvin Cobb is no piker at praise. He goes the limit. He has the profoundest respect for the American story writers of our day.

"Why, every year you read at least a dozen short stories that are worth remembering," he said. "America today is producing more good short stories than were written by De Maupassant, Balzac, Coppee, Bourget and Merrimee put together. Of course these Frenchmen produced great short stories. But they produced a lot of poor ones too. There are an awful lot of De Maupassant stories that wouldn't get by today."

"People don't realize how good the short stories of today are. They take excellence as a matter of course. The standard has been raised. Good work is not exceptional. Poe and the rest of the earlier short story writers would be great if they were writing today, but they'd have an awful lot of healthy competition. America is the home of the short story. Who are the short story writers of England? Stevenson is dead, and Kipling would be better dead. And California should be proud of the short story writers she is giving to America. Pete Kyne, Jimmy Hopper, Charlie Van Loan and Will Irwin are rated very high."

Cobb thinks that a lot of O. Henry's work will perish because it was overloaded with local allusions which will not be understood in another generation. But he admits that enough will remain to make him immortal.

The mention of O. Henry brought us back to the humorists.

"Humor is harder to write than it used to be," said Cobb. "The elder American humorists like Artemus Ward and Josh Billings could rely a great deal on mechanical expedients such as grotesque spelling which would not be tolerated in a humorist today."

Cobb used to be a reporter, and he admits that he was a good one, which may not be immodestly but merely pardonable pride. He gave up newspaper work for fiction and humor when he found that he could succeed in these fields.

"I have a theory that a good reporter makes a good fiction writer," he said. "My own method of writing fiction is purely the newspaper method. I first realize a news story and then proceed to report it. The only difference is that I don't put the whole story into the first paragraph the way the newspaperman is taught to do."

"As to writing humorous articles, that is largely a matter of training. You train yourself to look at things upside down. A man is funny when he takes a tumble because he is in a position he wasn't intended to occupy. Humor consists in seeing ordinary things in unusual positions. The United States, and particularly the West, is full of natural humorists, but it takes training to make them humorous writers."

Cobb says that humor and the sense of horror are generally found in the same man. One off-sets the other.

"If a man lived too long on chocolate eclairs," he said, "he would want to drink beef blood for a change. When you've been writing humorous stuff for a while you get terribly sick of it and your brain fashions stories of horror."

And he instanced Ambrose Bierce and W. W. Jacobs as two men gifted with the sense of humor who have produced blood-curdling stories. He admits a liking for that sort of work himself.

A very likable chap is this Irvin Cobb. There are no airs about him, but a simple heartiness, an evident sincerity which attract you instantly. He may be over-enthusiastic about the merits of American short story writers, but that isn't a serious fault in a man whose work is creative and not critical. And there may be more truth in what he says than we are willing to concede at first blush. The best short stories of today are distinguished by a zest for life, by dramatic power, by strong local color, frequently by pathos. They are open to criticism principally on account of their lack of form. But are not some of the writers he mentioned approximating the classical ideal by drawing ever closer the ties that bind matter and manner? Anyway we should not undervalue our own. Criticism may do its duty without throwing generosity overboard. And as I said, Cobb is not a critic. He doesn't even regard literature as a profession, insisting that it's a trade. This is Americanism, but not therefore to be despised. Perhaps it makes for virility, and that's what we want, especially in our humorists. In a day when story writers cannot succeed without pleasing the tremendously large reading public of the gentler sex, men are still the principal readers of humor. So let's encourage Cobb, even if some of his serious statements seem to be tinged with unconscious humor.

POT-POURRI

(Maeterlinck)

Who would a royal wine out-pour
In darkened or ignoble glass?
Let us be resolute to hoard
The minutes of a summer hour
In radiant unaccustomed urns,
Created of the very light
They were predestinate to hold.

And when the winter hours return
And we are desolate withal,
For faces at the emptied hearth
Are countenances of the dead,
Let us unseal with rev'rent haste
These urns of glory and of light
To breathe the secret fragrances
Of roses from forgotten bowers,
Of rivers whose remember'd banks
Are filled again with irises.

—Sandys Wason.

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Perspective Impressions

April Fool's Day will be celebrated in Sacramento until the legislature adjourns.

Wonder if any of our reformers own property in the redlight district?

The second installment of high taxes is due this month, and municipal extravagance is once more temporarily unpopular.

The Examiner insists on a through train service from New York to San Francisco, complaining that travelers have to wait ten hours in Chicago. That's not such a hardship. More than two million people have to live there.

The founder of the Women's Democratic League thinks it improper for President Wilson to hold a fete in the midst of a national calamity. The lady should remember that Mr. Wilson is a precedent breaker.

After the passage of an anti-vice measure the other night the Senate resolved itself into a camp meeting and sang the new hymn written by Lieutenant-Governor Wallace: "Forgive Us Our Livery, O Lord, 'Twas Satan Wished It On Us."

If the daily newspapers really think it is a terrible thing to be hoaxed, as in the case of the defaulter who didn't commit suicide, why do they print the so-called special cable news that appears in the Sunday editions?

The legislature writes four thousand bills and the public pays.

Extra! Governor Johnson has been out to see the Fair Grounds!

Ingersoll pointed out the "mistakes of Moses" but it remained for our legislature to amplify the Decalogue.

When we see our low-browed statesmen wrestling with fleshly sin to vindicate their virtue we feel, like Satan, how awful goodness is.

This is the legislature of immitigable asses, but it appears to be getting the full benefit of clergy. Let us bray.

"A State university should not get beyond the needs of the average man and it should be guided by the promptings of the average man."—President Wheeler.

In other words it should reflect the personality of a Wheeler.

According to the Bulletin the management of San Quentin is such that the downtrodden inmates cannot comply with the rules and maintain their self-respect. If thou wouldst find that chastity of honor which feels a stain like a wound and dies of the festering of a gnat-bite get thee to the penitentiary and behold God's sons loyal to their best convictions, prior and otherwise.

The only war news that would give more pleasure than the fall of Adrianople—the fall of Constantinople.

It now appears to be Francis J. Heney's destiny to go through life demanding in vain that he be treated like a gentleman.

We hear a lot about the "Great Powers" imposing peace terms on the Balkan Allies. But Bulgaria was a great power even before her troops entered the City of Adrian.

It was the breaking of a municipal dam that caused the flooding of Dayton, and it was the breaking of a municipally designed car-coupling contrivance that caused the fatal car accident in Ellis street. Let the good work go on.

Suggestion to freak legislators: Pass a law making it a felony for two or more men to kiss the same girl.

If the Bulgarians were as hypocritical as our reformers their war cry would be: "Drive the harem out of Europe!"

"Butchers will not usually accept kisses in payment for corned beef."—Rev. Herbert Jump.

But what does the blood-stained butcher who kills and carves know about soul-mates and things? We have known clergymen who would accept kisses in payment for sermons and in full compensation for all spiritual ministrations.

The People's Forum

A Few Thoughts on Vice

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: Of course you've heard the joking advice, "If you can't be good be careful." Has it struck you that the moral law which our legislative freaks are making simply aim to carry out that advice? The hundred and one bills for the discouragement of extra-marital amorousness are not going to make anybody good, but when they are enacted they are going to make people darned careful, believe me. Discretion in sinning is the great thing nowadays. Be as errant as you please but don't let the cops see you! That's the spirit of our quack legislation. They propose to arrest me if I'm seen going into a French restaurant. What shall I do? Simply maneuver to get in without being seen! Or if I'm seen, slip a little something with a glint to it into the palm of the policeman. Our judges do not all approve of the laws they are sworn to enforce. There is the white slave law. If a man takes his mistress from one State to another in a Pullman drawing room he can be arrested for white slaving. Is it surprising that an eminent judge who sat not a thousand miles from Lotta's

Fountain once said that the white slave law was for the encouragement of home industry and the protection of American prostitutes against foreign competitors? That sounds rough and cynical; but examine the law, watch its operation. And now we are to have the redlight abatement law. The immediate result of its operation will be to scatter prostitutes through the residence district. I lived in Los Angeles at the time all the houses of ill fame were raided and closed. I lived in a Figueroa street apartment house. I had to move out when two of the raided women leased the apartment next to mine and engaged in their business. I took a bungalow in one of the best residence sections. The second bungalow up the avenue was rented by a bevy of the raided women, and my wife and I had our nights made hideous by the sounds of revelry and the tooting of motor horns. I decided then that Los Angeles was too all-fired chemically pure, so I came to San Francisco. But now San Francisco is being run by pin-headed preachers. Judging from what I've been reading in the papers some of these preachers confine their amorous attentions to married women. I wonder if that's why they are willing to have the redlight district abated? My remarks may seem harsh, but oh how sick I am of all this snuffling hypocrisy!

Sincerely,

—A Former Los Angeles Man.

A Tip to the Curator

Editor Town Talk, Sir: I see that Curator Barron of the Golden Gate Park Museum rescued from the garbage man the other day a lot of old

directories and some old account books and letters of the Contra Costa Water Company. Wouldn't it be a good idea to authorize Curator Barron to examine the contents of all garbage wagons every day. The amount of junk thrown away in this city every day is enormous. While there is a good deal of junk in the Park Museum it would be easy to get more of the same type by close scrutiny of the garbage wagons.

Yours truly,

—An Archaeologist.

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Upwards

By R. B. Cunningham Graham

The steep steps of the old church were thronged with peasants and with the dwellers in the Roman slums. The stairs led upwards almost as steeply as the legendary, perhaps, almost untrodden path that leads to heaven. Upon them a sort of semi-pious, semi-pagan fair was going on, and men and women cried their wares, cheap images of saints, scapularies, and rosaries, their beads cut out of bone, with chains of leady-looking tin. A crucifix, stamped out by the hundred dozen in a mill, dangled from each of them. The symbol was the same as if it had been carved in ivory and every link of gold. No doubt, in their last hours the presentment of their Redeemer molded in tin (or stamped) was as consoling to them as the finest work of the Renaissance. It also served them just as well when they swore falsely, with real tears in their eyes, calling upon the molded figure to lift His hand and slay them if they were lying, as they pressed it to their lips and lied. Withal they were a merry, handsome, loud-voiced crowd, and freely bought the sweetmeats and the flaky pastry which were on sale, together with the pious objects of their faith, out of the superfluity of their penury. The crowd pushed up the steps, the younger men halting to breathe and spit at every flight; the elder men and women toiling on, their eyes upon the ground, their hearts perhaps fixed upon heaven, at a slow plodding walk. Most of them wore a look of pleased but not excited expectation, such as a man has on his face when he returns to some spot well remembered, that he has known for years.

The old brown church looked down and seemed to welcome them, with the straw, leather-bound screen before the door, triced up like a lateen. Where the church stood a temple once had stood, and no doubt also seemed to welcome its crowd of worshipers, for both were heaven's altars in their own way. In fact, so little had the ritual changed inside the church that a pagan worshiper would hardly have felt out of place had he awaked after a sleep of centuries and mingled with the crowd. The skin-clad shepherds, with their wild locks and shaggy beards, the bold-eyed women with their ample busts and wealth of coarse black hair, would all have been familiar to him, and to complete the feeling of familiarity, a whiff of burned-out incense mingled with the scent of garlic floated from the church, just as it must have often floated from the temple of the gods. The thin and parchment-looking women, who generally sit outside the church, day in, day out, the whole year through, receiving alms with a certain condescension, for they know that without them the givers cannot attain to glory through their charity, had given up their posts as a bad job. Nothing blocked the entry to the church, and through the doors the crowd poured in, the men piously crossing themselves in the familiar syncopated style of all men born in Catholic countries, and the women stopping a moment after the pious movement to put a handkerchief upon their hair, after the injunction of St. Paul. The crowd passed in, joyous but orderly, unwashed, yet bearing in every gesture the tradition of a culture that was old, long before Britain was a name. Though women jostled against men, men against women, in the space between the door and the body of the church, no cry was heard, or any giggling protest, such as is certain to be raised in other countries when people press against one another in the dark. Good manners, or the lack of imagination inher-

ent in the race, kept them all within bounds; but yet their bounds were drawn so wide that in any other land they would not have restrained.

Inside, the darkness of the church was intensified by scaffolding, which had been up so long its color hardly was to be distinguished from the stone. Young priests from all the seminaries in Rome were scattered here and there; their gowns and cassocks, red, green and blue, made blotches of dull color as they passed to and fro. They moved about in knots, holding their cassocks up a little, just as a woman holds her skirts, for the floor of the church had been strewn with box leaves, and the passage of the crowd had turned them into mud. There was a look upon their faces half interested, half critical such as an actor wears in a strange theatre. Tombstones, each with a figure carved in high relief upon it, composed the pavement, which made it difficult to walk, and the strong scaffolding with which the aisle was filled cut it off into sections, something like loose boxes, and on the baulks of timber boys had climbed up to see the show, just as they do when a procession passes down a street. A crowd was gathered round a table by a great pillar in the aisle. On it stood children, girls and boys, who huddled close up to one another for mutual support, just as wild horses do in a corral. Some priests stood by, and a few women, each with an eye upon her child, regarding it with pride tinged with anxiety. Around the table the various seminarists had secured front places and stood expectant, their faces suffused with mild excitement and with sympathy. The populace, although in general not used to giving place to anyone, but standing unmoved if right in the middle of a crowded street looking at drivers and remarking, "I am a Roman," instinctively had given way to the young priests, as if it recognized their claim. After some little urging, a boy about twelve years of age, dressed in his ordinary clothes, stood forward, and with a gesture, such as St. Paul made when he spoke to the men of Athens, calling for silence, took up his parable. "My brethren, the heart of Jesus is open to the pure of spirit. Come to him. . . . Come, my brethren, and hear the words of innocence, I, though a child, speak to you, for my heart is pure, the blessed words which, from the time when first the mysterious star stood fast over the stable in the East, and the three kings entered and knelt before the manger, where the Babe was laid. . . the Babe was laid"—he faltered for a moment, and a priest prompted him with "Courage, my son," and the child began again, just like a phonograph that has stuck for a minute—"the Babe was laid. The blessed word, the tidings of great joy, that we speak every year at this the blessed season of goodwill on earth and peace to all mankind. Therefore, my brethren, let us pray." Then he knelt down, crossing himself, and prayed for grace, and, rising to his feet, stretched out his arms in a fine, untaught gesture, and said: "Therefore, my brethren, after our prayer all that I say is, lay yourselves upon the Savior's heart and listen to a child." His little sermon over, he stepped back amongst the other children, hot and triumphant, and a subdued but audible murmur of applause broke out from the young priests. One of them, a tall German youth, hung on the youthful preacher's words, with a far-off look of rhapsody upon his face, such as a peasant wears when in a church he sees the relics of a saint displayed. He said, after a sigh, to a companion, "I often

think that only children should be allowed to preach," a sentiment with which many who are not priests could well agree, if there were many preachers like the Italian boy.

After the boy, a tiny child was lifted up and bleated out that the Madonna never says, "Go away, naughty children;" but always holds out her arms to them and calls them to her breast. When it was duly kissed and lifted down from its high perch, a girl stood up, in direct contradiction of St. Paul's dictum, and launched into a tale. Tall, slight, with a head of rippling dark hair, which gave to her a look as of a youthful Magdalen, she began, twisting her thin brown hands about, a little tale of a Christian maiden of old times exposed to peril through the wickedness of a young Roman knight. In a high voice she told how Agatha prayed to the blessed Madonna in her peril, and how God's Holy Mother struck the wretch with blindness which only was removed when, at the Christian maiden's exhortation, the wicked Roman was baptised. "Come then, to the Madonna, our dear mother, she who has care of all us children, seeing in every one of us the image of her Son."

The child cast down her eyes, crossed herself, threw back her hair a little, and, turning, stood a moment for that admiration that she was well aware was due to her. The seminarists, though perhaps not so much edified as with the boy, were still human enough to look admiringly at the young, pious actress, and then they trooped away across the church towards the presentment of the manger, where ox and ass stood looking at the sleeping Babe, whilst the three kings laid gifts before his feet. Whether the piles of carrots, lettuces, potatoes and of artichokes that were heaped up before the manger were the gifts of the three kings or those of pious members of the congregation was difficult to say. Still, there they were, giving an air of actuality that the plaster ox and ass, the figure of the shepherd with his gourd hanging from his waist, and all the other pious properties, a little took away. Progress, which had left untouched the sanitary condition of the little streets outside the church, had worked great changes on the presentment of the stable where was laid the Babe. The figures of the Madonna, of Joseph and of the kings were all of stucco painted in gaudy colors, and evidently had come from France. Their costumes had a kind of accuracy, giving them the effect of pious chromolithographs in books on Palestine.

Far different was the presentation of the manger a generation since. In those days, instead of a white glare from the electric light, three or four candles shed a murky gleam upon the scene. Joseph was dressed in medieval clothes, the Blessed Virgin might have stepped from a canvas either of Carlo Dolce or Guercino; two of the Magi wore what their designer no doubt

(Continued on Page 21.)

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Poems About San Francisco

LXXXVII—MISSION DOLORES

By Amelia Woodward Truesdell

(Amelia Woodward Truesdell has written several volumes of verse, and much of her inspiration comes from this, her home city. The following is selected from "A California Pilgrimage," a long narrative poem in which Mrs. Truesdell celebrated the Missions of California. It has been condensed for the purpose of this series in which it is included, not because it is great verse by any means, but because it has historical interest.)

To Lone Mountain's height ascending stood the Spaniards in amaze,
At the fair campina spreading God's good picture to their gaze;
At their feet the rippled sand-dunes—billowy waves far up the shore,
Piled by tireless winds which drive their ocean brothers evermore;
Toward them swept the boundless ocean, tawny 'neath autumnal glow,
Calm its waves as when Balboa named it El Pacifico;
Alcatraz and Yerba Buena—sentry isles within the gate,
Watchword passed to picket guard—the Farallones without that wait.
Sweeping bay's oak-tufted shore lands slipped adown to meet the tide,
And receive his brief caresses e'er to other loves he glide;
And the foot-hills, elder sisters, reached around with circling arms,
Heads uplift towards parent mountain, standing in perpetual calms.
Tamal Pais—the Table Hill—sent vows on trained winds bold and true,
To the Monte del Diablo, blushing through a veil of blue.
In the spot where stood in worship these brave Frays and Portola,
Stands a cross upon Lone Mountain, greeting sailors from afar;
And around it throngs a motley multitude from all climes led,
Borne from cities of the living to the city of the dead.
And the Spaniards, for Saint Francis, placed a cross beside the bay;
For his sorrows named the Mission later founded on his day.
Near the Gate they built Presidio, name and usage still the same;
Mission placed 'neath shelt'ring foot-hills, still Dolores bears it name;
Now the shrine whose lands were boundless looks forth from its measured walls.
And th' irrev'rent voice of traffic by the very doorway calls.
Round it cluster walls dismantled—records of an alien past;
Crumbling roofs their broken shadows on the city pavement cast.
Huddled in a square begrudged, crowded lie the sleepers still,
Soon must they their rest relinquish to the greedy city's will.
Here ten thousand heads have hidden 'neath the dust earth's crown of pain,
O'er them throbs the Dona Pacem from the smitten organ's strain.
Here lie Casey and his confreres who made "Vigilantes'" fame,
When slow Justice, turned at bay, struck in the sovereign people's name;
Here lies Don Luis Arguello, Comandante first whose power
Told how Mejico defied the mother Spain in evil hour;
Here the fair Concepcion oft strayed, with her young face turned grave
For the lover, held too long o'er seas that ne'er a token gave.
Prayed she here till elfish sea-fogs wrought their chaplets in her hair,
Dark locks which were destined never other bridal wreaths to wear;
Thus do mem'ries hold the old life to the new around these graves,
And to youth the old bells call o'er priestly dead 'neath chancel paves.

The Spectator

Religion and Recall

Having been informed by a doorstep dodger that a mass meeting of the Weller Recall League would be held Sunday night in the First Christian Church, I dropped around for the purpose of seeing how religion and politics got along together in the House of God. I am old-fashioned enough to think that political meetings, whether of recall organizations or what not, should be held in public halls while churches confine themselves to the more important business of worship. After attending the Weller recall meeting in the First Christian Church I am "of the same opinion still." There seemed to be no attempt to keep the politics of the "mass meeting" separate from the religion of the "congregation." Indeed I am at a loss to say where the congregation ended and the mass meeting began. When I arrived the pastor was giving a prayer, and as I took my seat the choir rendered an evangelical hymn. Then the pastor announced that a collection would be taken up for the relief of the cyclone and flood sufferers in

the East, and to this I cheerfully contributed. I noticed that some people let the plate pass unheeded, and I wondered whether they were there for worship or for the recall. After that a young lady rendered "Traumerei" on the violin. This part of the program is hard to classify. "Traumerei" is not politics and it is not religion; I suppose it was just a dash of art to season the whole.

"A Remarkably Wicked City"

When Schumann had been disposed of the pastor Reverend J. J. White introduced the speaker of the evening in a short address. The pastor of the First Christian Church is a very sad looking man with a manner of incredible solemnity. Out of deference to the mass meeting, perhaps, he wore a colored sack suit instead of the clergyman's black. The pastor had of course noticed that most of his auditors were women, and he took occasion to say that he couldn't remember the time when he wasn't for woman

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suffrage. Then he paid a high tribute to the value of the vote feminine. He said that he had only been in San Francisco "a couple of years," but that when he came here he thought and he had found no reason for not thinking still that "San Francisco is a remarkably wicked city." The pastor said this with such a look of woe-begone depression that I almost felt like weeping for him. It was apparent that despite his short residence here of "a couple of years" the pastor feels for our city just as Doctor Aked does and that its "remarkable wickedness" stirs the foundations of his being. Then the pastor spoke of the speed with which the red light abatement bill had passed our "State Congress," meaning thereby our legislature. He gave the credit for this to the women, and added what seems to be quite correct, namely, that when the bill becomes a law it will put an end to segregated vice in this city. Then the pastor said that he did not believe in mixing milk and water, policy and principle. I thought he might add politics and religion, but he did not. Finally he said that the man who would speak on the recall of Judge Weller was known personally or by reputation to every citizen of San Francisco, though he admitted that he himself had never met him before. Eagerly I scanned the recaller who was about to speak, but he was as much a stranger to me as to the pastor.

Imported from Oakland

The recaller was Albert Elliott, and one of the first things he told us was that he voted in Oakland. If he had kept that to himself I should have been none the wiser and should have heard him with more interest. But I could not satisfy myself as to why a Weller recaller should be imported from Oakland, and Albert Elliott failed to make the point clear. But he was probably too busy drawing an indictment against Judge Weller. I hold no brief for Judge Weller, though most assuredly I shall not vote for his recall. The argument Albert Elliott made was the argument of all the Weller recallers; that Judge Weller has shown by the bail he fixes that he holds the right of property very high and the virtue of women very low, a specious enough argument but one which does not overimpress people who know the procedure of the police courts. Elliott like the pastor congratulated the women on the passage of the redlight abatement bill. He too said it would put an end to the tenderloin, and he quoted with horror the opinion of a deacon, a friend of his, who said that the social evil had been in the world since the time of the Pharaohs and that the tenderloin was necessary. Elliott, unlike the deacon, believes that prostitution is unnecessary in this age of enlightenment and he is for abolishing it by law.

The Recall Candidate

In the course of Elliott's speech I examined a bit of recall literature which had been handed to me as I entered the church. It consisted of a

lurid story about a rape case in Judge Weller's court and an election card. The card bore the picture of the young man who is a candidate to succeed Judge Weller. His name is Wiley F. Crist. I started when I read the name, because it connected itself in my mind with something or other. I could not tell just what until I happened to glance up and read in letters of gold on the wall back of the pulpit which Elliott occupied, "Christ is risen." But I noticed immediately that the names were not spelled the same. Such tricks as our minds are apt to play us when we go to church for a recall meeting! On the back of the election card I read Crist's declaration of principles. He is not going to let anybody control his court; he will not protect property rights at the expense of human rights; he will use his court as a weapon for the destruction of white slavery; he will always fix proper bail; he will not permit "disreputable attorneys" to practice before him. If Crist is elected attorneys must enter his court with certificates of character. I have asked a number of attorneys about Crist, but none seems to have heard of him as a practicing lawyer. Like Twain Michelson he owes his present celebrity to the recall campaign.

The Astute Mr. Lane

According to Mr. James D. Phelan the astutest politician in the United States is Secretary of the Interior Franklin K. Lane. The Phelan idea is that astuteness in politics is a talent for dissembling. Doubtless Mr. Lane has this talent well cultivated, else he could hardly have reached his high station, but astuteness is not sufficient to carry a man to great heights in politics, else Mr. Phelan could have landed in Washington long before Mr. Lane. The Secretary of the Interior has more of that imponderable quality called magnetism than Mr. Phelan, and that accounts for the friends he makes. Mr. Lane has many friends, especially among newspaper men. He knows the value of publicity, and he gets it. The other day he was given a whole page in the New York Herald. It was a fine boost, partly the work of a reporter and partly the work of Mr. Lane. From this article I learn that the distinguished Cabinet officer was THE hero of the great San Francisco fire. He captained the dynamite squad in Van Ness avenue on the third day. He handled the electric wire that exploded the dynamite. "I asked him about the story yesterday," says the reporter. "He nodded. 'It was destruction which conserved the rest of the city. That has been the rule of my life—to conserve something.'" Then he went on to tell how he conserved San Francisco by means of dynamite. He went among the ruins waking sleeping firemen, who told him it was no use, there was no more water. So he got dynamite. It really appears from the story that the city owes Mr. Lane a statue. It may surprise you to learn that Mr. Lane likes this sort of publicity. Perhaps it will also surprise you to learn that it is the kind of publicity all our public men strive for and get. Our heroes are made for us in just that way. There is no less of fiction in any biographical sketch of a statesman high or low that you find in any of the magazines. The idol of the average citizen is about as near what he is thought to be as Mr. Lane was to conserving San Francisco.

His Other Achievements

There is more to the story of our hero. "He left his law practice in San Francisco long enough to run for Governor." The truth of course is that Mr. Lane never quit running for jobs long enough to acquire a law practice. It appears also that it was Mr. Lane who prompted the institution of the suit for the unmerging of the Union Pacific

and Southern Pacific. I also learn that he was the first man to discover that Harriman was a menace to the country, and that he is now known as a man who never uses blank cartridges. Now I am not disposed to say anything in disparagement of Mr. Lane. I have come to realize that size in politics is entirely relative. As statesmen go in Washington Franklin K. Lane is an intellectual giant, and beside him the average Cabinet officer is a dwarf.

Is Hearst to Build?

There has been extraordinary activity in local building operations, and this has begotten more optimism throughout all business circles than has been in evidence for a very long time. Within a few days we heard of many big building projects. Foremost is the new John D. Spreckels skyscraper at Fourth and Market. Second in importance is the Hobart skyscraper which will cover much more ground than the old Hobart building and will have a frontage in Sutter as well as in Market street. Colonel "Jim" Lankershim of Los Angeles projects a big hotel at Fifth and Jessie streets, a very well chosen site. The McCreery's are to erect a hotel on the old Central Park site, and the Hibernia Bank is to build alongside. There is to be a great big apartment house on Nob Hill opposite the Pacific-Union Club. "Broncho Billy" Anderson, the movie man, is to put up a theatre on the old Alcazar site, and I believe Nat Goodwin is to have one in Post street. And now I hear a most interesting rumor that William R. Hearst is pricing property on the south side of Market between Third and Fourth with the idea of erecting an Examiner skyscraper which will overtop the John D. Spreckels building. This is only a rumor, but I imagine Hearst would like to own a big newspaper building. The Hearst building belongs to his mother, and the Examiner is housed in the Stevenson street annex.

Harriman Ignored

The plans for new skyscrapers show that local capitalists have not taken E. H. Harriman's advice. On one of his visits to this city he remarked on the number of tall buildings, and advised against any more. "Broaden our your buildings," he said; "don't go upward." You have a large peninsular area to cover and there is no strong reason for congesting your business district." Or words to that effect. Real estate agents supplement Harriman's word by explaining that skyscrapers are not the best sort of investment, but just the same new skyscrapers are altering our skyline.

A New Examiner Man

Hearst knows a good newspaperman when he sees one, so it doesn't surprise anybody to learn that he has made Ernest Simpson the managing editor of the "American" in Chicago. Simpson will take the place of another old San Franciscan, Charles Michelson who will go from the Hearst service in Chicago to the Hearst service in New York. Meanwhile there are rumors that our old friend "Andy" Lawrence may be transferred from Chicago to San Francisco. "Andy" has big in-

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terests in Chicago outside his Hearst newspaper position, but he loves this city, and his family spends a good deal of time here every year. There's a welcome waiting for "Andy" when he comes home.

The Busy Sullivan

The Supreme Court having affirmed the decision of Judge Maurice T. Dooling by which "Laughing Billy" Hynes was appointed guardian of Lorenzo Coburn, the San Mateo millionaire, I am reminded of Matt. Sullivan, the ubiety of him as it were, or perhaps I should say the universality of him with reference to California politics. I have begun to admire the genius of Matt. for interlocking not directors but professional and political relations. Matt. has been winding himself like a serpent into the affairs of State and city until one is constrained to wonder what might happen to us were he suddenly to abandon us to our fate. The Coburn case, I will explain, reminds me of the amiable and dexterous Mr. Sullivan because when Hynes was appointed guardian Mr. Sullivan was attorney for Coburn's nephew who was urging the appointment of a guardian; also because Hynes has for his attorney the nephew-in-law of Mr. Sullivan. The appointment was made by Judge Maurice T. Dooling of Hollister who just happened to be presiding that day in San Mateo county. This is the same Judge Dooling who happened to preside at the trial of the collusive Bulletin libel case in which Sullivan appeared as special prosecutor.

His Utilitarian Value

Things appear to be coming Matt's way, and I'm glad of it, for he's a good fellow. His services are in great demand, which shows that if there is one thing better than being near the throne it is that of being near two thrones. Mr. Sullivan enjoys the esteem and confidence of both Governor Johnson and Mayor Rolph, and he is contributing to the success of both Administrations, but he is especially proud of the administration of "Mission Jim." The other night when the Mayor told the Mission Promotion Association how he intended to compel harmony in his official family Matt, according to the Examiner, followed him on the platform and asked the audience "if they didn't admire the ginger the Mayor developed." On occasion Matt can say nice things about the Governor, too, and he has one of the Governor's sons in his office, and the other day when appraisers were appointed at Matt's request to appraise the Miller & Lux properties preparatory to the slicing off of a piece for the benefit of one of Mr. Sullivan's clients one of the jobs fell to one of the Johnsons. Matt represents the State in World's Fair matters. The other day he was appointed on the Advisory Committee that is handling the negotiations with Spring Valley. The firemen who

don't want to qualify for ladder climbing have employed Matt as their attorney, and as he has a partner on the Police Commission I have no doubt that he could get a lot of Police Department practice if he'd take it. So you see Matt occupies a very delightful position in the affairs of State and municipality.

Senator Ham Lewis

Ham Lewis of the pink whiskers has been elected United States Senator from Illinois, and his old Seattle townsmen are very proud. Up in Seattle they used to poke fun at Ham, but distance lends enchantment and since he left Seattle for Chicago the Seattleites have come to regard him with respect. Now that he is in the Senate the "hamming" of Ham is frowned upon in Seattle. So they will not thank me for reviving a story about him. He was spellbinding in Washington during one campaign, devoting his oratorical energies to the lambasting of the Republican party. "That party," he cried in one of his speeches, "is stalking through the land like an arrogating elephant, never dreaming that hanging over its head is the sword of Damascus." There were chortles of glee from the audience. A friend of Ham passed him a card on which he had penciled: "You meant the sword of Damocles." Ham read the correction and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I have just recalled that over the perfidious head of the infamous Republican party it is the sword of Damocles and not the sword of Damascus that hangs suspended. But, my beloved fellow citizens, what does it matter? They make swords in both places!"

Some Hetch Hetchy Notes

I was talking the other day to one of our best known and most skillful engineers, and when the conversation turned on Hetch Hetchy I could readily see that he was not over-impressed with the men who are engineering that project. Least of all was he impressed with the city's high-priced water expert, Mr. Freeman. He commented adversely on Freeman's plan to bring the water from the mountains to San Francisco in a single pipe-line. Grunsky's plan to build several pipe-lines, first one and later others as the demand for more water made itself felt he pronounced a sounder kind of engineering. "Freeman," he said, "is putting all his eggs in one basket." He criticised the method by which the pipe-line was to be protected against rust. It seems that Freeman intends to have the pipe-line protected with cement. My informant said that such a method will preserve the pipe-line for only ten years, and at the end of that time it will have to be renewed. The Spring Valley adopts the method of boiling the pipe in asphalt which makes it last practically for ever. And the Spring Valley makes its pipe of a specially wrought iron while Freeman proposes to use steel. He pointed out that Freeman proposes to build a pumping

station which will be unnecessary because the water will have enough momentum to climb the grade at which the pumping station is to be located. And he says the Hetch Hetchy system cannot be completed for less than a hundred million dollars.

Spring Valley Lands

If the city decides on condemnation proceedings as the best means of acquiring the Spring Valley system it will be interesting to learn on what basis some of the Spring Valley watershed lands will be appraised. Many of these lands were bought years ago by a powerful stockholder of the company who sold them to Spring Valley at an enormous profit. He bought them dirt-cheap and was able to exact a high price from Spring Valley on account of his power with the

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board of directors. I wonder if this fact will be taken into consideration in connection with the proposed proceedings? This sort of thing, by the way, is done in many big corporations. Heavy stockholders acquire property which they foresee their corporation will need, and then unload at immense profit. That is one of the means powerful stockholders use to enrich themselves at the expense of the corporations in which they are strong.

Amundsen on Cook

Captain Roald Amundsen, South Pole discoverer and first navigator of the long sought Northwest Passage, had just concluded his lecture at the Macdonough Theatre in Oakland and Prof. R. S. Holway of the physical geography department at the State University was chatting with him in the wings. He was broaching the possibility of a lecture by the explorer before his classes on the more technical and scientific phases of the famous dash to the bottom o' the world. While they were chatting, a stranger enveloped in a huge overcoat hesitantly stepped toward them. He said nothing but seemed waiting for a chance to inject himself into the conversation. Prof. Holway did not recognize him, but Amundsen apparently did. The explorer became nervous, and seemed anxious to leave. At last, unable longer to endure the presence of the stranger, he brusquely and without apology departed. Prof. Holway, much disconcerted and wondering at the seeming discourtesy of the hitherto most affable Amundsen, walked away, took his coat and hat and without speaking to the intruder, started for the stage door. Hatted and coated, Amundsen was stepping out the door. Outside the explorer apologized profusely to the savant and explained: "You saw the gentleman who wished to talk with us. He is Dr. Frederick Cook. He wishes to talk with me. He wishes my indorsement of his polar explorations." In his lectures Dr. Cook has been naming Captain Amundsen as one of the men who have approved his title to discoverer of the North Pole. Questioned on the subject by reporters in Oakland Captain Amundsen said: "It is as if one of you should go out into the street and say to all who passed 'I discovered the North Pole.' Dr. Cook has no records, no observations to prove his statements. It is most unfortunate. It is impossible to 'fake' records and observations, but he could have made better false records than he did. He has nothing."

Attorney Goodfellow

The death of W. S. Goodfellow has revived recollections of the Fair will contest. It was to Goodfellow that James G. Fair went when he wanted to know how he could make a will that couldn't be broken. Goodfellow advised him to have it made under British rule so that it would be probated on British soil. Goodfellow arranged matters to that end. Under his direction Fair went to Canada, and had a will drawn by an

eminent Canadian lawyer. And he bought some property in Canada, and completed all arrangements for the administration of his estate in that country. When Fair died, much to Goodfellow's astonishment a will was filed by William M. Pierson. This will was of later date than the one made in Canada. This was the trust will that everybody wanted to break. By this will Goodfellow was named as executor, and with Mr. Garret McEnerney as his attorney he fought to uphold it. Goodfellow was of English birth. He came to this country as a boy, and studied law in the office of Jarboe & Harrison. A man of powerful intellect and of very sturdy character, he rose rapidly in the profession of the law, and won recognition as a leader of the bar even in the days when the bar of this city was noted for the number of its brilliant members. For many years he was attorney for the German Bank, and during the contest over the estate of Thomas Blythe, one of the most memorable in the history of litigation in this State, he was the attorney for the Williams heirs whom he succeeded in proving to be the next of collateral kin. If Florence Blythe had not established her title as daughter of the eccentric millionaire Goodfellow's clients would have inherited the estate.

Our Awful Penitentiary

If San Quentin is so terrible a place as it has been pictured and Folsom is really a delightful place for sojourners far from the madding crowd, then why are not all the prisoners over in Marin county clamoring to be transferred to Warden Johnston's salubrious resort? Prison Commissioner Duffy is reported to have said that he will favor the transfer of those that want to go. Apparently Prison Commissioner Duffy is not at all appalled by the harrowing tales of cruelty that have been told by those most veracious of men—ex-convicts from San Quentin. Yet Commissioner Duffy is one of the most mild-mannered of men. His friends have always suspected him of being actually soft-hearted. They have laughed at him for wasting sympathy on prisoners in whose cases he has taken a deep personal interest. It is almost incredible that he and Warden Hoyle are such monsters as they have been pictured, but you never can tell. Here is the testimony of ex-convicts who would probably scorn to tell a lie.

Langdon's Chinese Client

Former District Attorney Langdon appeared in one of the Federal Courts the other day in behalf of a Chinaman who had been arrested for having opium in his possession. The opium was found in a safe deposit box in Langdon's Modesto bank. The Chinaman's box was right next to Langdon's box. The Chinaman pleaded guilty, and Langdon asked the court to impose the minimum fine, but his request was not complied with. A spectator in the courtroom remarked to a friend, "Langdon appears to be running an opium joint."

The Success of Chambers

Ed Chambers, assistant freight traffic manager for the Santa Fe lines this side of Albuquerque, is accounted a wonderful man in railroading. He started life as a grain lumper and is now one of the big transportation men of the West. He has just added a new laurel to his brow, and has started an innovation which will be taken up by eastern railroads. They are talking about Ed Chambers in the East, so his fame will soon be continental, like the fame of several other San Francisco railroad men, Stubbs, Kruttschnitt and Sproule for instance. Chambers has introduced a new way of settling disputes with shippers before the Interstate Commerce Commission or any State Railroad Commission. He has cut the red tape and thereby produced better results in less time than was the case before he introduced his new system. The old way in disputes between railroads and shippers was for both sides to file voluminous briefs based on interminable hearings and then go through all the legal paces that the lawyers on both sides could think of. Chambers doesn't believe in that way. Recently the Interstate Commerce Commission had to consider 225 protests from shippers about the terminal rates of various western railroads. Instead of sending an army of lawyers to fight out the questions involved the railroads chose Chambers to represent them. The hearing took just seven days. There were no legal technicalities, there was no animosity. The various questions were argued out before the Commission by the shippers on one side and Ed Chambers on the other. They were argued out at a sort of friendly gathering in man to man fashion. It was found that the railroads and shippers differed seriously on just three propositions. The other 222 were settled in friendly talk. The Commission will decide the three points at issue without delay. Chambers' system accomplished in a week what usually takes several months.

Praised by Clements

Naturally the Interstate Commerce Commissioners were delighted with this innovation. Commissioner Judson Clements went out of his way to pay a high tribute to Chambers for his common sense way of handling the situation, and I understand that he will embody his compliment in the report of the Commission. Chambers' new method of handling controversies with shippers has the effect of throwing the legal departments of

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the railroads in the background. It makes the settlement of these disputes an informal gathering and increases the good feeling between the shippers and carriers. There can be no effort to fool the Commission when both sides sit down together for a friendly chat. I understand that the eastern roads have taken cognizance of Chambers' method and intend following his example.

Imitating Finnigan

Felix Hoendorf, more commonly known about the clubs as the "Duke" gave an imitation of the immortal Finnigan of "on again, off again" celebrity a few days ago. Hoendorf is not merely that vague thing "a popular clubman," he is one of the most inveterate joiners of clubs in this (shall I say it?) club-ridden city. The latest club he joined is a new organization known as the Indoor Golf Club, which has nothing to do with the Indoor Yacht Club. The "Duke" was telling some friends about his latest club and commented approvingly on the fact that the dues were reasonable. "But the initiation is fifty dollars," said one of his friends. "I shall write my resignation at once," said the "Duke." "And there is an assessment of fifty dollars," said another friend. "I shall wire my resignation," said the "Duke."

Scoofy's Luck

Leonidas Scoofy, lumberman and railroad builder, was shaking the "twenty-six game" for cigars with the man who keeps the cigar stand in front of the Yellowstone saloon in Montgomery street the other afternoon. Along came an old woman who peddles lottery tickets. She had one ticket left and she asked Scoofy to buy it. Scoofy didn't want it, for he doesn't buy lottery tickets. But the old woman was eager to get rid of her last ticket and she was as persistent as a newsy with his last paper. Turning to the cigar man Scoofy said: "One dump to see who buys it." "Oh, don't be a piker," said the cigar dealer; "buy the ticket." So Scoofy bought the ticket. The drawing was announced next day, and Scoofy won two thousand dollars.

Stories Revived

The death of Morgan has caused a lot of local people to send their thoughts backward to 1901, the year he came here to attend the Episcopal Convention. Stories of that event are being revived, but those I have heard do not concern Morgan. He kept himself very much in the background, though he did not rebuff the newspapermen here as he was often reported as doing elsewhere. At the banquet given to Morgan and the visiting bishops a number of good stories were told, some of the best by the bishops themselves. I remember that Bishop Dudley was very happy in his remarks. He said that a barber had informed him that the Episcopal Convention beat the Epworth League all hollow. That reminded him of Ingersoll's remark that he had no objection to Episcopalianism because it didn't interfere with one's religion or politics. And I recall that Bishop Potter told a story about a friend of his who told him that a judge was more powerful than a bishop because the judge can say, "You be hanged" and the man is sometimes hanged whereas a bishop says, "You be damned" but—And then Bishop Potter was interrupted by laughter in which Morgan joined.

The Last of the Old Millionaires

Almost the last of the old millionaires passed with the death of Andrew McCreery. He was an eccentric old gentleman who insistently adhered to the simple ways of life of his pioneer days. There are countless stories of his parsimony. The newspapermen used to call him Russell Sage. A reporter once went to interview him years ago and old McCreery after telling the details of some deal that he desired published drew a reluctant hand from his pocket. "Here," he said, "I don't smoke, but go get yourself a cigar, young man," and he offered the reporter a nickel. He hated newspaper notoriety for himself and the social prominence of his sons was particularly galling. When their matrimonial difficulties were aired in the courts he declined to discuss them or anything relative to them. "I have no interest in those things," he told a friend. "Let them settle them." Mrs. McCreery separated from her husband many years ago and made her home in England though she returned to California for brief visits and they continued on friendly terms.

Memorial Services for Mr. Badger

Memorial services were held at St. James' Episcopal church, Sixth avenue and Clement street, Sunday evening, March 30, in honor and memory of Mr. Wm. G. Badger, Rev. S. J. Leo, pastor, officiating. Mr. Badger was the founder of the old St. James' Episcopal church which was located on the present site of the Olympic Club in Post street. He was identified with Grace church, also St. Alban's Sunday school up to the time of his death. Mr. Badger was also one of the early presidents, I believe the first, of the Young Men's Christian Association. He was the organizer of the Bunker Hill Association which held its annual exercises in commemoration of the battle of Bunker Hill for over forty years. Many of the old members of St. Alban's Sunday school were present at the memorial services in honor of their revered leader.

DR. WILEY PRAISES

GOLDEN STATE CHAMPAGNE

At luncheon at the Commercial Club recently, Dr. Harvey Wiley, former chief of the United States Bureau of Chemistry, said he regarded the Italian-Swiss Colony's Golden State, Extra Dry "Grand Prix" Champagne as high-class in every particular, unmistakably fermented in the bottle and entitled to a splendid success.

(Advertisement)

Parties at Techau's

Bridge parties in the card rooms of Techau Tavern are much in vogue. Last Saturday Mrs. F. Wallenstein entertained a number of society ladies at a bridge party at the Tavern. The \$1000 sealskin coat manufactured expressly for the Tavern by H. Liebes Company, the well known furriers of 167 Post street, is attracting much attention at the cafe where it will remain on exhibition until presented to some lady patron. The graceful compliment of presenting artistic souvenirs to lady patrons has done much to popularize the cafe. On Saturday of this week each lady will be presented with a beautiful souvenir bottle of Halycon Rose Perfume of the Hanson-Jenks Company of New York.

Flowers for Remembrance

Funeral flowers, some reformers are telling us, are in poor taste and bound to go out of fashion. There is no other thing that suggests immortality so subtly and comfortingly as blossoms do. As long as hearts are in need of comforting for the desolation the separation brings, just so long will the speech of flowers be tendered by tongues that lack the gift of saying just the words we should like at such a time to speak. Good taste suggests that perhaps a couch and coverlid of blossoms in place of the casket in its present form would be a happy innovation. Our thoughts and memories would be a blending of sleep, rest, beauty and fragrance. The flowers "rise this year from last year's grave" as messengers of immortality, and there is no danger they will go out of fashion.

"Mr. Badgerton is here, sir," said the chief clerk. "Shall I show him in?"

"No," replied the great organizer, "let him wait in the anteroom for about three-quarters of an hour. He has a big proposition, but I am anxious to keep him from getting the idea that I consider it worth while."

"Hurry up, Mandy, an' git away frum this buildin'."

"What's yer hurry, Si?"

"The conductor chap in the elevator forgot ter collect our fares."

Porter—Shallah brush yo' off, sah?

Mr. Peppery—No, thanks; I prefer to get off in the usual manner.

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By TANTALUS

The End of the Romance

The Walter Hobarts are finally divorced, and there will be no more uncertainty as to Mrs. Walter's reasons for returning to California. She came to file suit for divorce as was stated in Town Talk months ago, and she has filed it and gained her freedom, with very little of the sensation the case promised. Mrs. Hobart had been married seventeen years. Both were very young when they assumed the responsibilities the court has freed them from, but it was a love match that promised long years of happiness to bride and groom. Hannah Williams was called the most beautiful girl in San Francisco. With her sister Juliet she came from San Rafael to be presented to society by her uncle General Neal who established his two lovely young nieces at the Hotel Richelieu with Miss Mary Findley, member of an old San Francisco family, for their chaperon. They were soon the belles of the season and Walter Hobart who had just graduated from Harvard was one among a score of devoted admirers of Hannah Williams. Walter was the richest bachelor in town and was busily engaged in spending his patrimony on four horse coaches and a good time generally when he decided to settle down and make Hannah Williams Mrs. Hobart. They used to call Walter Prince Fortunatus because everything came his way and the beauty of the season was easily won, though the Hobart millions were no consideration in the romance. One of the favors Walter showered on his fiancée was a profusion of American beauty roses. They were sent to the hostess where Hannah Williams was entertained and followed her like a fragrant retinue wherever she went. She always wore one pinned across her bodice, and I believe was the first to affect this fashion of the past. The wedding was a simple country

affair at the old Neal home in San Rafael where the bride's mother lived. Mrs. Williams was an invalid. After the marriage the young couple eluded the reporters who camped on their trail and after driving to Sausalito took a tug that was waiting for them and crossed the bay to catch a train for San Mateo. They were a happy laughing pair when one wide awake press photographer snapped them stepping to the deck of the tug boat from the dock at Sausalito, while the others waited at the station in San Rafael to catch them.

Too Much Polo

Polo is a great game, in the opinion of many the very greatest of all games in the world. But may one not play too much polo? May not one spend too much time in the saddle of a polo pony? May not one's hands be too much occupied with the polo mallet? May not one's eyes be too much on the goal at the end of the green polo field? The questions present themselves in connection with the divorce of the Walter Hobarts. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that to Walter Hobart life has been just one chukkur after another. His viewpoint has ranged from goal to goal and from side to side of the polo field. When he has not been playing the game he has been training polo ponies or testing polo mallets. Walter Hobart's domestic wreck is largely the result, therefore, of too much polo. You can't lead a truly domestic life when you are eternally in and out of a polo saddle. Walter Hobart is one of our best polo players. He belongs to our Big Four of polo. With Dick Tobin, Tom Driscoll and Will Devereaux he makes up one of the best polo teams in the world. The Slashers could hold their own anywhere. But Walter Hobart has overplayed the game. The other members of the team have taken polo as any sport should be taken. They have given it a part of their time and thought. Walter Hobart has given it all of his. Because Walter Hobart was such a good polo player he was a poor husband. Polo spells the tragedy of his life. There is a warning here for our young polo enthusiasts. Felton Elkins, young Tevis and the rest of you polo youngsters, beware lest polo get the strangle hold on you it has on Walter Hobart!

Jennie's Shopping Togs

I saw Mrs. Malcolm Whitman shopping in Post street the other day with her friend Mrs. William Duncan, Myra Josselyn that was, and the two young matrons were more simply attired than any of a hundred other shoppers of the morning. Jennie Crocker never did go in for lavish display in clothes. Her evening gowns are rich and splendid, but for everyday her friends used to say, "Jennie wears any old rag and looks all right in it." But for all its simplicity her tailored gown of the other day was not any old rag by a hundred or two dollars, I fancy. It had the simplicity of perfect lines that every woman knows costs more than elaboration. The cloth was nondescript olive green or mixed greenish brown serge, the color of men's outing wear. The skirt was straight and plain with only a few buttons for trimming. The coat was very broad-shouldered, straight and unfitted, with

a belt across the back. Mrs. Whitman's hat was a small narrow-brimmed black straw with a single ornament at the crown in front. Just such a costume as a working girl might wear except for line and material. Mrs. Duncan like all the Titian-haired Josselyns wears blue a great deal and her suit was of blue serge. Jennie Crocker Whitman, by the way, has come home with her blonde hair done into ringlets all over her head—vastly becoming to her piquant face and fresh coloring.

The Charity Ball

It is an institution. From now on we shall look forward to it every year as we do to the Mardi Gras ball, to the Greenways and to the few other perennials that shed their luster on each succeeding season. "Great oaks from little acorns grow," as the first reader had it, and from modest but sturdy beginnings the work of the Catholic Humane Bureau has expanded in scope and fruitfulness, the while this annual dance has grown into a fixture of the social season. The good women who have made this possible are deserving of great credit indeed, and last Friday night they were besieged to the point of embarrassment with the congratulations of admiring merry-makers. To their various boxes on three sides of the admirable dancing floor of Scottish Rite Hall streamed a procession of men and matrons, of beaux and belles who paused long enough in their dancing to express their delight in the signal success of the charity romp. To the lovely president of the Bureau special felicitations were extended, and it was easy to see from

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the smile which lit the dark beauty of Mrs. Garret McEnerney that she was unreservedly pleased with the way the affair went off. Her satisfaction was reflected in the face of her husband who forgot all about his law books and gave himself fully to the hilarity of the evening even if he didn't dance. Yes, as Bill Lange said, it was "some party."

Danced Their Heads Off

'Tis an inelegant expression, but it describes what a lot of the merry-makers at the Charity Ball did from half after nine till past three of Saturday morning. The music didn't stop (excellent music it was) for a single minute until supper time, and even then a number of gay youngsters who had no intention of supping so soon stayed upstairs and ragged some more, one of their number playing the piano. The vogue of the syncopated dances has made the wilted collar admissible to polite ball rooms, and I never saw so many men with the starch melted out of their linen. Champion raggers like Bill Lange, Charley De Young, Bud Havens, Felton Elkins, Cyril Tobin and Thornwell Mullally were "doin' it" with the irrepressible enthusiasm and the indefatigable zest of boys at a high school frat dance. And the girls! Bless my heart, how they did revel in the madcap gaiety of it all! The supper scene was a brilliant one, and the wine flowed freely but not too freely. Afterwards dancing was resumed, and very reluctantly given over when the musicians played "Home, Sweet Home." To show how avid our people are of pleasure, several motor cars full of beaux and belles properly chaperoned sped to the Cliff House for breakfast.

Chauncey Wouldn't Sing

A great feature of the evening was "Our Luisa's" singing. She was in splendid voice, and was all smiles when an uproar of applause greeted her appearance. There was to have been another singer, but the plans of the good women of the Bureau went awry, were wrecked on the rocks of a "temperament," a masculine temperament. Chauncey Olcott attended the ball, and a committee of women waited on him and asked him to favor the guests with an Irish song. But Chauncey refused. "When I sing," he said, "I must be advertised in advance the way Tetrazzini was." Needless to say, Chauncey did not enhance his popularity that night. Perhaps he has realized since then that he made a mistake in thus insisting that proper advertisement herald his efforts in the cause of charity.

The Daughters of Eve

A great deal of the success of the ball—social and financial—is attributed to the energy of the president of the Humane Bureau and the eagerness of all her associates to make it a brilliant event. And that is what it was. There was no lack of any of the elements that make for brilliance on such an occasion, and, certainly there was much to please the eye, for there were many beautiful costumes and lovely women. Mrs. Frederick Kohl, who was one of the directors of the affair, was more than usually radiant, and she excited no end of admiration. Mrs. William Irwin looked as usual what a grand duchess should look like, but usually does not. She was beautifully gowned of course. Mrs. Irwin has the cachet in dressing which her inimitable daughter, Mrs. Templeton Crocker, has inherited. Mrs. McEnerney wore a beautiful gown of blue and gold, and with her svelte figure and regal carriage she made a most delightful impression. Miss Virginia Joliffe and Mrs. Charles Clark were numbered among the most graceful dancers of the ball. Mrs. John J. Barrett was a fetching picture in pink with an overdress of white lace. Mrs. John McEnerney, a stunning looking woman, wore a picturesque Paris gown of pink velvet. Another chic and charming figure in pink was Mrs. Dent Robert. Mrs. Duncan Stewart Murray looked superb in dawn gray and amethysts. Mrs. Clement Tobin looked as lovely as on the night she impersonated Lucia. There was beauty galore at the Charity Ball and no end of modishness and distinction. The most sensationally attractive gown was that of Mrs. "Bud" Havens. I saw it described in the papers next day as a "mermaid gown." Certainly she was fitted into it as snugly as a sea-charmer into her pliant scales.

Baseball and Society

Is baseball likely to become a society diversion? Will the belles and the matrons who figure in the social register take up the great American pastime? I wondered about it as my eye roved over the grand stand at the opening game Tuesday. There were very few women of social prominence there. We have lots of feminine fans, but they are rarely drawn from the Broadway or Hillsboro set. These fair women prefer polo as an exhibition and golf as a personal diversion. You can't make women attend a sport which they can't cultivate themselves, unless that sport gets a strong social sanction. So far baseball lacks this. But we may come to it. They have to some extent in New York and Chicago. Just suppose the men of social prominence who were at the opening game Tuesday had taken their womenfolk with them. The society editors would have been detailed to the ball grounds immediately. Here are some of the men I noticed in the grand stand: Perry and Ed Eyre, Charley De Young, Joe Tobin, Charley Clark, Bill Lange, Dr. Jack Shiels, Downey Harvey, Roy Ryone, Haig Patigian and Courtenay Ford. They could help to make baseball socially important if they were so disposed. But I take it they never thought of such a thing.

Blingum Will Be Gay

The W. G. Irwins like the Mayo Newhalls have decided to become Blingumites in residence as well as by affiliation. They are devoted parents to Helene and it is doubtless as much

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to be near young Mrs. Crocker as anything else that they have bought the Carolan place. The advent of the Irwins and Newhalls adds two Williams's to the clan. "Bill" Crocker will share the distinction of his name with "Bill" Irwin and "Billy" Newhall. They are all "Bills" to their intimates. The Newhalls intend to build at Burlingame next year and meanwhile have leased the Poniatowski place, though their town house at Scott and Green like the Irwin mansion in Washington street will be kept open. The truth is most of the good times of the ultra-smart set are concentrated at Burlingame and people in town are out of it, so those who can afford two establishments are moving down the peninsula. It will be particularly gay this season with all the Crocker clan, the Newhalls and the Sydney Clomans who have leased the ladies' annex of the club to give English house parties.

The Death of Willie Powning

The death of Will Powning at his ranch in Marin county caused no interest in society where he was once a star. There was no record of it in social columns where his name was once conspicuous. Probably the present generation of bavardes had never heard of him, but twenty years ago Willie Powning was a society beau who besides being the catch of several seasons was the Berry Wall of San Francisco. The Pown-



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ings were a wealthy Oakland family but a broader field for his talents appealed to young Powning who with a fortune rated at a million and good looks found it easy to get into society. His clothes dazzled the smart set during a meteoric career and were copied by lesser beaux of the period. He introduced ribbon-bound dress coats and crush opera hats and at one time affected top hats of dull black cloth. For a long time he favored overcoats known as "Willie boys" with collar and cuffs of fur, and after he became more or less indifferent to society would appear on the Saturday afternoon promenade in Market street in a striking tan Willie boy with broad collar and cuffs of black astrachan. I suppose it is fifteen years since Willie Powning disappeared from the smart set and betook himself to the obscurity in which he died. Society beaux like stage heroes are soon forgotten when they pass out of the lime light. I was interested to learn a few days ago that Henry Powning who makes his home in England intends to contest the will of his brother who left his entire estate to P. C. Lutz, the friend of his retired years. Lutz falls heir by the will to a fortune and to a valuable collection of jewels. Powning had a passion for diamonds almost equal to that of the late Colonel Trumbo and always wore several large stones.

The Santa Clara Hop

For the first time in the history of Jesuit education in this State the students of a Jesuit college have given a dance. There is no reason why this shouldn't have happened years ago, but it didn't, probably because the Jesuits are conservative and their collegiate discipline is very slowly modified. This first dance was given by the students of the University of Santa Clara at the St. Francis last Wednesday night, and a most enjoyable party it was. The youngsters who were responsible for it were George Lyle, Robert Flood and Harry W. McGowan of the class of '13. But of course older heads were called in council to make the affair a success. The patronesses were Mrs. Frank Griffin, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Will Lyle, Mrs. R. E. Queen, Mrs. Mary Tobin, Mrs. Peter Dunne, Mrs. William Leet, Mrs. John Brooke and Mrs. J. Twohy. There were a number of big dinner parties before the hop. Mrs. Leet of San Jose entertained in honor of the Reverend Fathers Morrissey and Laherty of the University.

A Splendid Program

An alluring feast of music has been prepared for those who will attend the annual concert of

the Neapolitan Mandoline and Guitar Club next Thursday evening. This concert, in which the greatest interest is being taken by our music-lovers, will be given in Native Sons Hall under the direction of the Misses Theresa and Lily Sherwood. Miss Theresa Sherwood is the director of the club while Miss Lily Sherwood is the accompanist of the mandoline and guitar players in their various offerings. The members of the club have enlisted for this concert the assistance of Mrs. Arthur H. Jordan, the soprano; Charles E. Lloyd Jr., the baritone; Sig. Sigmondo Martinez, the pianist; and Mrs. H. Atherton Barber, accompanist.

Notes from Del Monte

The Rev. Fred W. Clappett arrived at Del Monte last week for a short visit. He has just taken up golf and is becoming very fond of the game. The weekly card parties are becoming very popular and are looked forward to with a great deal of pleasure by every one. Any game may be played and there is a prize for every table. Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Flaville and Mrs. Aubin of Toronto were guests at the hotel last week. Mr. Flaville is very fond of salmon fishing and has spent a great many successful days in Monterey Bay. Dr. J. E. De Mund from New York was down over the week-end, and was judge at the Dog Show. Friday evening the guests were in the art gallery for the judging of the toy dogs, Boston terriers and French bulls. Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Perkins and Mr. W. S. Swords of New York, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Sherman of San Francisco, are spending a week at Del Monte. Mr. Perkins and Mr. Swords were here for the Washington's Birthday tournament in which Mr. Swords won a cup. Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Darrach who are on their honeymoon, are spending the week before sailing to the Orient at Del Monte. Mrs. Darrach was "Lady Teazle" of the Chronicle and Mr. Darrach is a well known Shakespearean reader. Miss Anita Thorne of Tacoma entertained several of her friends at luncheon at the Lodge on Monday, after which they spent a pleasant afternoon with their needle work.

Dramatic Reading at Kohler & Chase's

At the regular weekly matinee musicale of Kohler & Chase this Saturday afternoon a more than ordinarily interesting program will be presented. A fine feature will be a dramatic reading by Lillian Quinn Stark, the distinguished dramatic reader. She will present the Pied Piper of Hamelin with incidental music on the Player Piano. A brilliant young pianist who has recently located in San Francisco will be introduced to the public on this occasion. The artist is Mrs. Ella A. Rachlin of Chicago. Mrs. Rachlin will play Schubert-Liszt's Hungarian Fantasia in C sharp minor and Brahms's Hungarian Dance in E flat minor. Besides the work of Mrs. Stark and Mrs. Rachlin there will be several instrumental selections on the Player Piano and the Pipe Organ.

April Fool at Tait's

One of the most interesting and novel "April Fool" surprises ever seen in San Francisco greeted the eyes of pedestrians on O'Farrell street on April 1st as they passed the Tait-Zinkand Cafe. Big and glaring "For Rent" signs were posted on the outside of the building and wonderment was intense at one of the most successful business houses in the city being for sale. Inside the establishment tags bearing the word "sold" were on every fixture and piece of furniture. The joke was kept up until 2 p. m. when the removal of the tags and signs reminded

patrons that it was "April Fool's Day." During the time the surprise was kept up, from 11:30 till 2, the management of the cafe was deluged by a wave of anxious inquiry as to why it had failed. The reply in every instance was, "This is the first of April, you know." And naturally several sollicitious friends and patrons felt a little peeved and foolish.

In the Social Spotlight

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. C. Moore are at Paso Robles Hot Springs for a two weeks' stay for rest and recreation. Mr. and Mrs. Moore are great golf enthusiasts, spending each morning on the links and taking the hot sulphur baths in the afternoon. Dr. and Mrs. Langley Porter, also of San Francisco, will join Mr. and Mrs. Moore.

The Hotel Oakland bulletin for last week included: Monday—Ball in ivory ball room for the benefit of the Ohio flood sufferers by the citizens of Oakland. Ball room donated by Hotel Oakland. Tuesday—Oakland Ad Club luncheon. White Oaks, drill team of the Oakland Lodge of Elks, gave a ball in ivory ball room. Wednesday—University Assembly ball in the ivory ball room. Two hundred and seventy present and supper served in the Renaissance grill room following the ball; dinner in the English room by the employees of Heesman's, Inc. Thursday—Oakland Rotary Club. Friday—Ball room reserved by Dr. F. R. Jordan. Saturday—Ball of Saturday Night Club; regular monthly meeting of the Bay County Medical Society in English room. During the annual State Conclave of the Grand Commandery, Knights Templar of California, April 17-18-19, in Oakland, the headquarters will be at the Hotel Oakland. The California State Dental Association will hold its annual convention at the Hotel Oakland, June 2 to 5 inclusive. In addition to the regular membership attending there will be delegates present from Washington, Oregon and Utah. It will be the largest convention and biggest display of dental goods in the history of the association. The display will run approximately to \$50,000 worth of goods. R. B. Griffin of Sacramento, president; Dr. H. H. Griffin, San Francisco, vice-president; Dr. E. E. Evans, Oakland, secretary; B. C. Best, San Francisco, treasurer.

Mrs. Samuel Blair and Miss Jennie Blair were hostesses at an auction bridge and tea on Friday at the Coronado Country Club. The tables were placed on the veranda, and the prizes were brocade-covered smelling salt bottles in light blue and rose color. About twenty-five sat down to tea at a table decorated in yellow jonquils. Mrs. E. F. Preston gave a very pretty bridge party at the Coronado Country Club on Saturday, the prizes being beautiful French enamel baskets and frames. Several friends were invited for tea which was served at a most attractive table in the club house. Among the guests to arrive recently at Coronado were Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Schmiedell and Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Poett of San Francisco.

A DAINY TOILET ARTICLE

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Gossip of the Theatre

Novel and Thrilling Vaudeville

The striving for novelty in vaudeville though continuous and persistent and successful has not so revolutionized this form of entertainment as to have obliterated all traces of its infancy. Indeed its most characteristic note, its dominant one, in fact, has been sounding steadily across the years keeping fresh our recollection of the earliest of music halls, the most primitive of variety shows. I refer of course to the "team" that sings and dances, one of whom is "feeder" to the other for the purpose of exhibiting a surprising fertility of sophisticated repartee. There is this typical team at the Orpheum this week. This week it is Harry Richards and Bessie Kyle. Keeping pace with the evolution of vaudeville they have a pretext for happening before the footlights. There is drama for a background, drama of the filmiest kind, but drama nevertheless. There is also at the Orpheum this week the time-honored vocal quartette. It is called the Big City Four. Is there anything in vaudeville that antedates the vocal quartette? Nothing; nor is there anything at the Orpheum that makes a bigger hit than the vocal gymnastics of the Big City Four. Yet there is novelty at the Orpheum. There is drama in three acts, and it is played in forty-eight minutes. This I suppose is what you'd call a tour de force. It is certainly proof of wonderful facility in play-writing. It is not of course a play to be taken seriously. It is a combination of comedy, drama and farce, the purpose of which is the introduction of types of character, and this is accomplished by nothing less than a stroke of genius. George V. Hobart, the author of this play (*An Opening Night*, it is called), has a story to tell, a trivial story to be sure, but he tells it with a surprising wealth of detail, with wonderful ingenuity and with some capital effects. And this is not all the Orpheum gives us this week. There are poignant potentialities in the performance that Mme. Dolores Vallecita gives inside the bars of a circular cage. For the lady is the intimate associate of six leopards, and she affords you the exquisite pleasure of holding your breath in expectation of seeing one of the animals attempt to satisfy an appetite for her. The leopards have been trained to do the lady's bidding, but one of them is far from docile. Whenever this one is called upon, there is a snarl, a flashing of teeth, a portentous curl of the tail, a swish of the paw—all the testimonies of a disposition to rebuke the lady after the manner of savage, carnivorous beasts. This apparently recalcitrant leopard may be the best trained one of the lot. It may be that he would be punished if he did not supply the thrills that go with the performance; that indeed make the performance worth while, for his companions are comparatively tame, and they never make you feel that Mme. Vallecita is in the least danger of being horribly mangled before your eyes. But if that surly leopard only affects that grouchy he is an extraordinary actor, and Mme. Dolores only happens to cease her importunities at what appears to be the psychological moment. However, she is a courageous lady, notwithstanding the vigilant and armed attendant in the wings, and she must have nerves of steel. Perhaps it is her exhibition of courage that makes the performance worth while.

—Theodore Bonnet.

Famous Singers from England

Mme. Clara Butt pleased, nay delighted, a large audience at the Cort last Sunday. Very high

notes or very low ones are always sensation-makers, and Mme. Butt has the lowest ones you ever heard, and they have enormous volume which gives the impression of unusual architecture of the throat—the sort that the discerning eye of Svengali perceived in the throat of Trilby. If Mme. Butt had acquired the very important art of blending her registers, it could be said of her that she was a most artistic singer, since she does everything else well. Especially delightful is her enunciation, as always is that of educated English people, whether in speaking or singing. But Mme. Butt just misses brilliance. The reason



MARGUERITE KEELER

Who will appear this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum

appears to be that she has cultivated the oratorio style along conventional lines, in which style she has long been supreme in England. It is a grave mistake to suppose that oratorio-singing should be done gravely, in a repressed manner and without passion. It calls for the very deepest and the very highest feeling. There is dramatic intensity in oratorio music, and it should be brought out by the voice. Mme. Butt's best achievement is her rendition of "The Lost Chord," which evoked great enthusiasm. I cannot help hoping that this unusual voice may some day come under the care of a great operatic "coach" and have its real possibilities developed. Of course I know that Mme. Butt has been eminent in her sphere for many years, but there seems to be no time limit for the growth and improvement of the voice of an artiste, and Mme. Butt looks to be a young woman, and she exhibits signs of a temperament, which perhaps may have been repressed in a happy domestic environment and among the vicissitudes of eminently respectable concert seasons. Mr. Kennerley Rumford, the husband of madame, is personally responsible for the Kendall-like esteem in which the British public holds his wife, and also for the art which she has acquired. He sings much in the same style as madame, but there is nothing sensational in his voice. It is merely a pleasant baritone, one that suggests evening-spendings, when the hostess asks folks

to sing to make them enjoy themselves. The best thing he did was the rollicking old Irish air *Wolleen Oge*, for which he received a rousing encore.

—Helen M. Bonnet.

Rattling Good Farce

"The Million" was a new play to all who attended the Alcazar Monday night. It had not been specially heralded. Few could have known in advance what it was all about. When it turned out to be one of the fastest and funniest farces we've had for many a month everybody was delightfully surprised. It started with a rush and kept up a speedy pace to the end. Funny situation followed funny situation so fast that laughter only stopped when the curtain went down. "The Million" is a find for the Alcazar management, and how they got it before it was presented here at higher prices is one of those secrets of Alcazar management which we marvel at but never fathom. The company at the Alcazar may always be counted on to do justice to its material. Romantic drama, genteel comedy, melodrama or farce—it matters not to these capable stock players; they are always equal to the demands of the week. The company has been changed a great deal recently. Bennison, Wesner, Chatterton, Clements and Lowe are still with us and are all approved actors. But John Butler is a newcomer, and Charles Waldron is an old favorite who returns after a long absence. Butler is a breezy youngster of unmistakable talents. One can see offhand that he is destined to be a great Alcazar favorite. Of Waldron it is only necessary to say that he reoccupies his former very enviable position. The new women, Madeleine Louis and Clara Beyers, were not seen to very good advantage in the screaming farce of "The Million." One must reserve judgment as to their talents. But they are very attractive women, and no doubt give a good account of themselves in more congenial roles.

—Edward F. O'Day.

Rose Stahl at Columbia

The big department store has found a place in the mercantile life of every community today. It was inevitable that department store people of whom there are so many thousands should attract the attention of the dramatist, and Charles Klein who delights in such locale for his pieces, has placed them on the stage in "Maggie Pepper," but it remained for Rose Stahl to make the author's creation a living, actual being. In her new character Miss Stahl is said to be no less human and appealing than she was as Patricia O'Brien, the girl of the stage. "Maggie Pepper" is a typical girl of the department store. Miss Stahl in her interpretation is said to bring home to the folk who only buy things in such institutions the fact that the girls with whom they trade are human beings and not mere automata placed there merely as a convenience to the patron. The engagement of Rose Stahl in "Maggie Pepper" at the Columbia has unavoidably been limited to eight nights, and a Wednesday and Saturday matinee, beginning Sunday night, April 6. Following the engagement of Rose Stahl at the Columbia will come John Drew, supported by his New York company, including Mary Boland, in Alfred Sutro's highly successful comedy entitled "The Perplexed Husband." Mr. Drew is the first of the dramatic stars under the management of Charles Frohman to pay San Francisco a visit during the current season.

Farewell of Clara Butt and Kennerley Rumford

Clara Butt and her husband Mr. Rumford will give their farewell concert at the Cort this Sunday afternoon. Mme. Butt's offerings will include the "Largo" by Handel, Brahms' "Sapphic Ode" and "Cradlesong," Schubert's "The Erl King" and a group of ballads in English including Liddle's "Abide With Me." By special request she has consented to sing Schubert's "Die Allmacht" as an added number. Mr. Rumford's selections will consist of songs by Richard Strauss, Brahms, Grieg and Schumann besides some charming old Irish and English songs and the Sicilian air "Land of the Almond Blossoms." The two artists will give the duet "Snowdrops" by Liza Lehman.

The Julia Culp Concerts

The next attraction to be offered by Manager Greenbaum will be Julia Culp, called the world's greatest lieder singer, assisted by the master-accompanist Coenraad V. Bos. H. E. Krehbiel of the New York Tribune wrote of Mme. Culp: "She is a musical interpreter of song, filled with love for the lyric art and wonderfully equipped to exemplify it. Mme. Culp is Dutch, the home of her art the land which knows no constant latitude or longitude but whose language is loveliness, whose atmosphere is charm and whose law is abiding beauty." Such praise from a New York paper is rather unusual and such critics as William Henderson, Richard Aldrich and Philip Hale all agree with their confrere of the Tribune. Mr. Greenbaum has been endeavoring to secure Mme. Culp's services for the past four years, but until this season it was impossible for the artist to leave Europe. Mr. Greenbaum feels that in presenting her to our music lovers he is offering them one of the most glorious artists living—a singer who is destined to become as popular and beloved in this country as are Mme. Sembrich and Mme. Schumann-Heink. The Culp concerts will be given during the week commencing Sunday, April 27.

Ysaye Concerts

The closing attraction of the Greenbaum season will be a series of concerts by that master violinist Eugen Ysaye. It is a little over eight years since we have had a visit from this artist, and his return will be more than welcomed. Ysaye stands at the very head, the acknowledged king of the violinists, and all his colleagues are proud to have such an accomplished musician, artist and man reign over them. Men like Kreisler, Zimbalist, Thibaud and Kubelik glory in the greatness of Ysaye for they all love him for his many endearing qualities and the great kindness he has always exhibited for the younger stars. Ysaye will appear also at the Greek Theatre at a special concert on Commencement Day.

Detective Comedy at Alcazar

"The Man on the Case," a detective comedy with charming romance and keen wit, will be given its first presentation in the West next week in the Alcazar. It was written by Grace Livingston Furniss and scored a Broadway hit last season, every scene and character in it being pronounced unusual and cleverly drawn. Charles Waldron and Madeleine Louis will lead a carefully place cast. E. L. Bennison, Burt Wesner, Clara Beyers and the remainder of the stock company will be appropriately bestowed. Elaborate staging is promised.

Daisy Jerome at the Orpheum

The headline feature of next week's Orpheum bill will be Homer B. Mason, Marguerite Keeler and their company in a diverting skit by Porter

Emerson Browne entitled "In and Out." Daisy Jerome, said to be one of the most beautiful girls on the London stage and one of the foremost of English singing comedienues, will play a brief engagement. She is American by birth, but was educated and took to the stage in London, and this is her first engagement in her native country. She has won recognition in France, Germany, Austria and England and is known on account of her captivating ways as "The Electric Spark." She sings songs written exclusively for her use. The Musikalgirls are a quintette of charming young musicians who will be heard in a repertoire of classical and popular numbers. Sando's Burlesque Circus, a European novelty, will be included in the new acts. The performers are all Great Danes of the famous Bismark breed, and three of them are well known German police dogs. Pascha, one of the dogs, saved the lives of four people, and Pluto has delivered twenty-one criminals to the police. There will be a new program of Edison talking pictures. Next week closes the engagements of the Big City Four; Charles F. Semon; Dolores Vallecita and her trained leopards, and Joseph Hart's production of "An Opening Night."

Another Week of "The Merry Widow"

Henry W. Savage's all-star revival of "The Merry Widow," came, saw and conquered San Francisco at the Cort last Sunday, and big houses have greeted it at every performance since. The

second and last week of the engagement begins on Sunday night, April 6, with popular priced matinees on both Wednesday and Saturday. Mr. Savage has made many pretentious productions and sent many notable casts of players to delight the theatregoers of the Pacific Coast, but in this revival he has outdone anything he has ever before attempted. The brilliant list of players is headed by Miss Mabel Wilber, the most fascinating of all the dazzling girls who have sung the title role, and she is just as delightful as ever. Charles Meakins has never been seen to better advantage, while Oscar Figman gives as finished a performance as could be conceived. These three players as well as Arthur Woolley and F. J. McCarthy have all scored. The chorus is made up of radiant young girls whose freshness and enthusiasm make the performance a joy. On Sunday night, April 13, Nat C. Goodwin, America's foremost character actor, will begin a one-week's engagement at the Cort in a splendid revival of Oliver Twist.

The Pantages

The new show opening at Pantages next Sunday afternoon comprises an exceptionally strong bill of eight acts. The show carries two headliners. La Estrellita, the Spanish danseuse, and the famous Florence Family. La Estrellita is one of the greatest local favorites that has ever played San Francisco. She has lately returned from Europe and will tour the Pantages circuit



MISS MABEL WILBER

Who is playing the title role in Henry W. Savage's popular all-star revival of "The Merry Widow" at the Cort

on a special engagement after which she will leave for London where she will appear for one year in English music halls. The Florence Family, billed as the society acrobats, are making their fourth visit over the Pantages circuit. There

tric and original comedy, Sweet is an excellent pianist. One of the big hits of the new bill is a "Course Dinner" to be presented by Lola Milton and company. The act is a burlesque on the modern cafe and Miss Milton as the cook offers one of the cleverest character impersonations in vaudeville. Her support is also above the average. A bicycle act called "A Jag a Wheel" will be shown by Valentine and Bell. It is one of the few bike acts that carries real novelty tricks. Beth La Mar, the effervescent, will offer a repertoire of the newest Broadway rag hits. "The Boy from Georgia," Emil Subers, in a funny monologue on the high cost of living and the Crescent City Four, harmony vocalists, will round out the bill.

Tips for Tourists in England

A fish knife is always served with fish; you will take it for a butter knife, but as you will look in vain for the butter you are safe in using it for the fish.

Bread is served as an article of food and is not used as a pusher.

The fork is always kept in the left hand, not juggled from one hand to the other. Vegetables, including peas, are mashed on the back of it with the knife.

Small knives and forks are served with all fruits; under no circumstances is fruit desecrated by a touch of the fingers. A fork and dessert spoon are served with all desserts. You push the confection on the spoon with the fork and proceed as usual.

Tea, coffee and cocoa are not sipped with a spoon. A teaspoon is to stir with; after it has served that purpose its little mission is over and it reposes placidly on the saucer.

When you have finished with them the knife and fork are placed on the plate directly in front of you. While dining, under no circumstances allow them to rest half on the plate and half on the table. You may be called a "rower" if you do.

Bread is broken with one hand only, the left one usually.

All vegetables, excepting asparagus, are served on the dinner plate. You will look for the birds' bath tubs in vain.

You may break all the Ten Commandments, but by observing the above and taking a daily tub you will pass for a gentleman. By failure in any one of these details you will find yourself utterly declassé. In England all social-etiquette that is not English is vulgar.

Jack—Once more, Molly, will you marry me?

Molly—For the twelfth time this hour I tell you I will not.

Jack (of the Navy)—Well, twelve knots an hour is not bad speed for a little craft like you.

AMUSEMENTS



BUTT—RUMFORD

FAREWELL
THIS SUNDAY AFTERNOON at 2:30
CORT THEATRE

Tickets, \$2.00, \$1.50 and \$1.00 on Sale at Sherman, Clay & Co's and Kohler and Chase's.
Steinway Piano
Coming—JULIA CULP, Lieder Singer.

Pantages Theatre

Market Street, Opposite Mason

Week Starting Sunday Matinee, April 6

LA ESTRELLITA, Premier Spanish Danseuse; FLOR-ENZ FAMILY, Sensational Comedy Acrobats; CHAS. SWEET, the Musical Burglar.

5—OTHER FEATURES—5

Matinee Daily at 2:30. Nights, 7:15 and 9:15. Sunday and Holidays Matinees at 1:30 and 3:30. Nights Continuous from 6:30. Prices—10c, 20c and 30c.

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ROSE STAHL

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Charles Klein's Department Store Romance
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New Program. Last Week JOSEPH HART'S "An Open-
ing Night."

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Grace Livingston Furniss' Great Detective Comedy

"THE MAN ON THE CASE"

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Matinees: Thursday, Saturday and Sunday

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Henry W. Savage Offers

The World's Musical Sensation

"THE MERRY WIDOW"

By Franz Lehár

With MABEL WILBER, CHAS. MEAKINS
OSCAR FIGMAN and 60 GIRLS

Wednesday and Saturday Matinee Prices—50c to \$1.50.
Night, 50c to \$2. Some Lower Floor Seats at \$1.50.
Coming Sunday, April 13—NAT C. GOODWIN in
"Oliver Twist."

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Premier Spanish Danseuse

are four men and two ladies in the troupe, and they are undoubtedly one of the best gymnastic acts that has ever played the circuit. They perform sensational and remarkable feats with ease and artistic ability. Charley Sweet, known as the musical burglar, is one of the best known comedians in vaudeville. Aside from his eccen-



ROSE STAHL
In "Maggie Pepper" at the Columbia

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—After such a good bank statement as that of last Saturday a rally in the stock market was to be expected and it assumed fair proportions in the early part of the week as far as the general list was concerned, but some of the specialties and minor industrials displayed great weakness. This discrimination was regarded as a good sign. Trading however was too professional in character and the market became dull and lost ground as reports of the western storms became more serious. Some short selling carried the market down a point or two but the week closed with the market in the midst of a good rally and at about the best prices of the week. Canadian Pacific was strong and active and it attracted much attention because it is expected to reflect European sentiment. Its current reports of earnings continue favorable, though they are compared with the boom period last year. Southern Pacific closed the week strong on short covering and Union Pacific made corresponding gains. The question of amending the charter of the Southern Pacific or reincorporating it in some other State to enable it to buy its own stock from the Union Pacific seems to be taking definite shape, but nothing was said about it at headquarters. Great Northern and Reading were also conspicuous in the general advance. Smelter did not reflect its favorable statement until near the close of the week when the stock became very strong. Amalgamated Copper at last responded to the influences which sent Chino and some minor shares up. There was no Supreme Court decision but traders are hopeful that it will come out, regardless of which way it will be, so as to get it out of the way. Money was somewhat easier for short time loans but call loans were generally around 5 per cent.

Wheat—There has been no unusual development in the wheat situation the last week. The market continues to travel back and forth over the same course it has taken for months past, and the moderate swing of values one way and the other reflects only an unimportant readjustment of local transactions. The bearish sentiment has been augmented by the flattering prospects that are given regarding the winter wheat crop; fields that were threatened with drought have now been well moistened; and the plant is said to be so well rooted that a bountiful harvest is believed to be almost assured. The trade is beginning to express impatience and anxiety at the slow disappearance of the visible supply of wheat, while the large stocks at Minneapolis and Duluth are regarded as burdensome and a menace to present values. The money stringency too is pointed out as a depressing factor that will force a more complete liquidation and lower prices than the market has yet experienced. But the most

singular feature in the wheat situation at the present time is that the depression should be confined to this country alone, and that the trade of the United States should take the leadership in a decline when heretofore it has almost invariably been in the front ranks, supporting an advance where there was the least opportunity for one. Accordingly, it was left to foreign countries to point out the strong features in the situation and to adopt an independent attitude and assume the leadership in the world's markets. So it has come to pass that while the price of wheat in Europe is working in an upward direction, values on this side of the Atlantic have been drifting downward. Accordingly, we are loth to believe that the foreign trade has lost any of its astuteness, and we are of the opinion that there are fundamentally sound reasons for the strength in the European markets. The acute political situation there indicates it, and the financial strain corroborates it. That the harvest in this country may be a good one is earnestly to be desired, but it must be remembered that nature has its vagaries, and in any event cannot be equally beneficial to all kinds of vegetation at the same time, because each requires quite different conditions from the other, and in view of the frightful tempests and the dreadful floods in this country last week, and the political vicissitudes existing in Europe, it would seem to be a reminder to the trade in this land of ours that it might be as well not to regard with too prodigal an eye the present supply of wheat in this country or to dwell too much on overgenerous crop advices nor to be unduly depressed with any of the existing conditions governing the wheat market at the present time.

Corn—The corn market is a narrow one and the trade is composed of timid investors, or those who are aggressively bearish. The cash demand has been slack for a week past, and the stocks show weekly additions, but the price is not high and admits of very profitable feeding to farm animals. Lake navigation soon will be open, which will give cheaper transportation and permit a more liberal distribution of corn to the consumer. We are of the opinion that the market affords good investment opportunities.

Cotton—The continuance of unsettled, showery weather in the cotton belt all last week occasioned something of an advance, although there was very little activity at any time. There was a further tightening up in the March contracts and this gave additional strength to the May and July option. Outside business was very small, probably due to the crippled wire service in all directions. The week-end figures were construed as bearish, as spinners' takings have fallen considerably below last year and this offset the

small into sight movement. Since there is more than enough of the old cotton to go around this season, especially in America, the future course of the market will continue to be governed principally by weather conditions in the South and prospects for the new crop. The rains of late in the South have not been so heavy as to seriously interfere with farm work, except in certain localities, and as there is ample time to plow and plant the seed, the present spell of wet cold weather will probably prove to be a benefit to vegetation later in the year. The month of March has expired without bringing any improvement in the export demand.

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Upwards

(Continued from Page 8.)

thought was Babylonian court dress; the third was painted blacker than the ace of spades, with an enormous turban and a scimitar. Progress had touched the manger in the Ara Coeli with its finger, making it up to date, more realistic and less natural; but the effect remained the same to the poor peasants and slum dwellers who were looking on.

The spectacle, not being sentimental, held no attraction for the knots of seminarists who had pressed closely round the preaching children and stood enraptured at their words. They passed by, if not indifferent, yet half ashamed, one or two muttering, "These sort of things are of the nature of a kindergarten. . . . fit for the poor and the uneducated." So may a modernist regard with loathing a poor peasant kissing the brazen toe of the statue of St. Peter, quite unaware that the kiss and the man who kisses form the backbone of the Church which Peter founded, not on philosophy, but on blind faith, without foreseeing that in these latter days mountains would rise and block the path to heaven of the poor worshiper.

So round the chapel, with its glare of light and paper rocks, its stucco figures, and its ox and ass looking as if they had been borrowed from a child's Noah's ark, there was a throng of humble folk.

Ragged old cloaks, so frayed and worn that the edges looked as if they had been fringed, covered up rags, and knotted horny hands that all their lives had toiled to produce all that made life worth living for, for others, leaned upon iron-shod staves. Girls with a dirty pocket handkerchief balanced upon their heads stood gazing, just as a deer in a park stands gazing at a motor when it passes with a roar. Two soldiers, freshly caught, whose uniforms looked as if they had been made of cardboard, and in whose faces was the stare of wonder that they had brought from some lost village in the Apennines, stood and admired, talking in a strange dialect of the hills.

Children ran in and out amongst their elders' legs, and on the base of a great pillar sat an old peasant and his wife. Years and hard fare had turned their skins to parchment. No water had defiled their bodies since the day that they were born, and their patched clothes were indefinable in hue, with perhaps a shade of dusky brown giving a note of color to them, as they sat looking like two bundles of dried vines. They gazed intensely with the air of seeing nothing that is so frequent in aged people who have passed hard lives, and the old man, letting his hand fall gently on his companion's knee, said, "Where is the infant Jesus? I cannot see Him for the bright light that they put over the Blessed Virgin's head; but the ox and ass I see quite plainly looking down at the Babe." He saw the ox and ass; the crowd saw all the figures of the "presipio" just as they saw their daily lives, without the understanding of them. The youthful preachers and the manger, the knots of seminarists, the country folk, and the old couple sitting like Philemon and Baucis on the stone base of the great pillar, the church itself, and the religion that it taught, all seemed legitimate descendants of the old worshipers who once had worshiped in the temple that had stood upon the place. Their joys and hopes and fears were of an older world, a world human but outworn, lovable and yet passing from our eyes, although we gazed upon it as the old peasant gazed, striving to see the Babe.

Slowly the crowd dispersed, tramping out heavily in their nailed shoes, and leaving yet one or two women still looking at the chapel and carry-

ing children in their arms. Over their heads floated two toy balloons, one red, one yellow, and with the children looking up at them as they floated in the air. They soared up heavenwards, and might have reached the sky, had not the low roof of the church beaten them down again.

Exact Location

It doesn't always pay a lawyer to be stern with the opposing witnesses when cross-examining them. They are often as clever as the attorney, and the following anecdote illustrates how one witness "put one over" on a bright young lawyer.

"Sir," said the lawyer sternly, "you need not state your impressions. We want facts. Now, henceforward, answer me categorically. You say you live next door to the defendant?"

"Yes."

"To the north of him?"

"No."

"To the south?"

"No."

"To the west, then?"

"No."

"Ah," said the lawyer sarcastically, "at last we are likely to get down to one real fact. You live to the east of him, do you?"

"No."

"How is that, sir?" said the astonished attorney. "You say you live next door to him, yet you live neither to the east, west, south nor north. What do you mean by that, sir?"

"I thought perhaps you were competent to form the impression that we live in a flat," said the witness, "but I see I must inform you that he lives next door above me."

A Symposium of Sirens

Stout girls, lean girls, mean girls, clean girls, Smoking, joking and provoking girls, Rattling, prattling, tittle tattle girls, Sorrowing girls and borrowing girls, Airy, fairy, very wary girls, Dark girls, fair girls, plump girls, spare girls, Bold girls, old girls, sweet girls, snappy girls, Doubting, pouting, wretched, happy girls.

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ORDER FIXING TIME FOR HEARING PETITION FOR A DECREE TERMINATING LIFE ESTATE AND DIRECTING NOTICE TO BE GIVEN

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 48164; Department 10.

In the Matter of the Termination of the Life Estate in Real Property of GEORGE MULLER, Deceased.

George Muller having heretofore filed herein his petition duly verified, praying for a decree terminating the life estate of George Muller, deceased, in and to all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, bounded and more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point in the westerly line of Hyde street, distant thereon sixty-two (62) feet and six (6) inches northerly from the point of intersection thereof with the northerly line of Ellis street; running thence northerly along said westerly line of Hyde street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles westerly sixty-two (62) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles southerly twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at right angles easterly sixty-two (62) feet and six (6) inches to the point of commencement.

Being a portion of 50 Vara Block Number 312.

And it appearing that said petition is in due form;

It is hereby ordered that Monday, the 21st day of April, 1913, at 10 o'clock a. m. and the Courtroom of this Court, Department No. 10 thereof, in the Temporary City Hall at No. 1231 Market street in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, be and they are hereby appointed as the time and place for the hearing of said petition, when and where all persons interested in the property hereinabove described or in the said petition are hereby required to be and appear and show cause, if any they have, why the said petition should not be granted and a decree entered as prayed therein, terminating the life estate of George Muller, now deceased, in the parcel of property above described; and

It is further ordered that the Clerk of this Court cause notice of the hearing of said petition to be given by publishing a notice containing a particular description of the said property and a statement of the time and place appointed for the said hearing and referring to the said petition for further particulars in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, at least once a week for two successive weeks prior to the time appointed for said hearing, and by causing a copy of said notice to be posted in three of the most public places in this City and County at least ten days prior to the said hearing.

Done in open Court this 2nd day of April, 1913.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.
EDMUND NELSON, Attorney-at-Law,
26 Montgomery St., San Francisco. 4-5-3

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SUMMONS IN PARTITION

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 35,453; Department No. —.

James Maguire, Maud Gallagher, Frank Kelly, Charles Kelly, Clara Kelly, Thomas Kelly, John J. Barrett and Geo. C. Ross, Plaintiffs, vs. John Kelly, Henrietta Louise Westphal, Dora Rose Chase, James F. Kelly, Annie Clark, George Maguire, Frank Maguire, Mark F. Kelly, James T. Kelly, Augusta G. Kelly, Cecelia G. Kelly, Josephine G. Kelly, Irvin S. Knapp, James F. Kelly as administrator of the estate of Anne Askins, also known as and called "Ann" Askins, deceased, E. M. Galvin as administrator of the estate of John Burns, deceased, E. M. Galvin individually, Mary A. Burns, Milton E. Burns, John T. Burns, Lillian M. Burns, Alice G. Burns, Henry Burns, John First Doe, John Second Doe, John Third Doe, Jane First Doe, Jane Second Doe, Jane Third Doe, and to all persons unknown who have or claim any interest in or lien upon the property described in the complaint in this action, and herein-after mentioned and described, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco in the office of the clerk of said Superior Court. John J. Barrett, Flood Building, San Francisco, and Ross & Ross, The First National Bank Building, Redwood City, California, attorneys for plaintiffs.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: John Kelly, Henrietta Louise Westphal, Dora Rose Chase, James F. Kelly, Annie Clark, George Maguire, Frank Maguire, Mark F. Kelly, James T. Kelly, Augusta G. Kelly, Cecelia G. Kelly, Josephine G. Kelly, Irvin S. Knapp, James F. Kelly as administrator of the estate of Anne Askins, also known as and called "Ann" Askins, deceased, E. M. Galvin as administrator of the estate of John Burns, deceased, E. M. Galvin individually, Mary A. Burns, Milton E. Burns, John T. Burns, Lillian M. Burns, Alice G. Burns, Henry Burns, John First Doe, John Second Doe, John Third Doe, Jane First Doe, Jane Second Doe, Jane Third Doe, and to all persons unknown who have or claim any interest in or lien upon the property described in the complaint in this action, and herein-after mentioned and described, Defendants:

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in the action brought against you by the above named plaintiffs in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after service on you of this summons, if served within said city and county; if served elsewhere within thirty days; and

YOU ARE HEREBY NOTIFIED that if you fail to so appear and answer plaintiffs will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint; and

YOU ARE HEREBY FURTHER NOTIFIED that said action is brought to obtain the judgment and decree of this Court as follows:

1. For the partition of the real property hereinafter mentioned, according to the respective rights of the persons interested therein;

2. For the general costs of this action, counsel fees and the costs of reference to be apportioned among the parties to said action, according to law;

3. That if partition cannot be made without great prejudice to the respective rights of the parties interested that said real property may be sold and the proceeds arising therefrom applied and apportioned according to law, and for general relief and for costs of suit.

That the real property affected by this action and which is sought to be partitioned consists of all that certain real property situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning on the westerly line of Mission Street one hundred and ninety (190) feet southerly from Twenty-sixth Street; running thence southerly on Mission Street three (3) feet seven (7) inches; thence southwesterly on Mission Street sixty-two (62) feet and six (6) inches; thence westerly ninety-five (95) feet; thence northerly forty-five (45) feet and six (6) inches; and thence at right angles easterly one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet to the point of beginning.

WITNESS my hand and the seal of the said Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 2d day of May, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy County Clerk.

JOHN J. BARRETT,
Flood Bldg., San Francisco, Cal., and
ROSS & ROSS,

The First National Bank Bldg., Redwood City, Cal.,
Attorneys for Plaintiffs, 2-15-10

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT

REFREEE PUBLISHING & AMUSEMENT COMPANY.—Location of principal place of business, City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Notice is hereby given, that at a Meeting of the Directors, held on the 25th day of February, 1913, an assessment of 20 cents per share was levied upon the Capital Stock of the Corporation, payable on the 5th day of April, 1913, to the Secretary of said Referee Publishing & Amusement Company, at its office, 361 Pacific Building, in San Francisco, State of California. Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 5th day of April, 1913, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and, unless payment is made before, will be sold on the 25th day of April, 1913, to pay the delinquent assessment together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

H. R. BAKER, Secretary,
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3-8-4

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NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE BY GUARIAN

Notice is hereby given by L. M. HOEFLE, as guardian of the estate of ELIZABETH PARKER HASTINGS, an incompetent person, that he will, as such guardian, pursuant to an order of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, duly given and made on the 25th day of March, 1913, in the matter of the guardianship of the estate of said Elizabeth Parker Hastings, sell at private sale and subject to confirmation by said Superior Court on or after Saturday, the 26th day of April, 1913, the interest of said Elizabeth Parker Hastings in those certain lots, pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and described as follows, viz:

An undivided one-half interest in and to that certain parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, more particularly bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Lot bounded on the south by Clay street; on the east by the boundary line of the water front; on the north by a line to be drawn parallel to and distant northerly from Clay street one hundred and thirty-seven and one-half (137½) feet; and on the west by a line to be drawn at right angles with Clay street to the line last above described, at such distance from the above mentioned boundary line of the water front of said City that the area of the premises above described shall be exactly equivalent to the area of one-half (½) of a fifty (50) vara lot, as the same are laid off upon the official survey and map of San Francisco, excepting, however, out of and from said premises above described a strip or piece of said premises running along the whole northerly side thereof, twenty-two (22) feet and six (6) inches in width, which last mentioned piece or strip of land is reserved and excepted out of and from said premises above described, the same being part of Merchant street, as laid out and dedicated to public use.

All offers or bids for said property must be in writing and will be received at the office of Hoefler, Cook, Harwood & Morris, Room 904 of the California-Pacific Building, located at the northwest corner of Sutter and Montgomery streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, or may be delivered to said guardian personally, or may be filed in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court, at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of the sale.

Terms of Sale: Cash in United States gold coin, ten (10) per cent upon acceptance of bid, balance on confirmation of sale by said Superior Court.

Dated, March 27th, 1913.

L. M. HOEFLE,

As guardian of the estate of Elizabeth Parker Hastings, an incompetent person.

FINLAY, COOK AND LENT & HUMPHREY,
Attorneys for Guardian,

California-Pacific Building, San Francisco, Cal.

4-5-4

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARGARET HANDLEY, also known as MARGARET HANLEY and as MARGARET POWERS, deceased.

No. 14791.—Dept. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Margaret Handley, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of S. Joseph Theisen, her attorney, room 802 in the Balboa Building, Second and Market streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Margaret Handley, deceased.

MARY E. BYRNES,

Administratrix of the estate of Margaret Handley, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, March 26th, 1913.

4-5-4.

CERTIFICATE OF INDIVIDUAL USING FICTITIOUS NAME

The undersigned, ALBERT T. WISE, residing at 1325 10th Avenue, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, hereby certifies that he is individually transacting business at No. 760 Mission Street, in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, under the name and style of A. T. WISE CO.

Dated at San Francisco, Cal., March 24, 1913.

ALBERT T. WISE.

State of California,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 24th day of March, 1913, before me, JULIUS CALMANN, a Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared ALBERT T. WISE, known to me to be the person described in, and whose name is subscribed to the within instrument, and he duly acknowledged to me that he executed the same for the purpose therein mentioned.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto subscribed my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the day and year first above written.

(Seal) JULIUS CALMANN,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.
WISE, SAPIRO & O'CONNOR, Attorneys at Law,
First National Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

3-29-5

NOTICE OF TIME AND PLACE APPOINTED FOR HEARING THE PETITION OF GEORGE MULLER FOR A DECREE TERMINATING THE LIFE ESTATE OF GEORGE MULLER, DECEASED, IN CERTAIN REAL PROPERTY

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 48164; Department No. 10.

In the Matter of the Termination of the Life Estate in Real Property of GEORGE MULLER, deceased.

Notice is hereby given pursuant to an order of the above entitled Court this day made and filed herein, that George Muller has filed herein his verified petition in due form praying for a decree of the said Court determining the fact of the death of George Muller and terminating the life estate of said George Muller, now deceased, in and to all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, bounded and more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point in the westerly line of Hyde street, distant thereon sixty-two (62) feet and six (6) inches northerly from the point of intersection thereof with the northerly line of Ellis street; running thence northerly along said westerly line of Hyde street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles westerly sixty-two (62) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles southerly twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at right angles easterly sixty-two (62) feet and six (6) inches to the point of commencement.

Being a portion of 50 Vara Block Number 312.

And that Monday, the 21st day of April, 1913, at 10 o'clock a. m. and the Courtroom of the above entitled Court, Department No. 10 thereof at Room 519 in the Temporary City Hall at No. 1231 Market street, San Francisco, California, have been appointed as the time and place for the hearing of said petition, when and where all persons interested in the said real property or in the said petition are required to be and appear and show cause, if any they have, why the said petition should not be granted.

For further particulars, reference is hereby made to the petition, duly verified, on file herein.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 2nd day of April, 1913.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, County Clerk

By WM. J. EGAN, Deputy County Clerk.

EDMUND NELSON, Attorney for Petitioner,
26 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

4-5-3

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 15132; Department 10.
Estate of MAURICE HAYES, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Maurice Hayes, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of her attorney, Paul F. Fratesa, 901-905 Hearst Building, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Maurice Hayes, deceased.

CATHERINE TIETJEN,

Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, April 5, 1913.

"Ah," said Sherlock Holmes, as he helped himself to another slice of roast beef, "I see that your cook has left you and that you are using the chauffeur in the kitchen."

The hostess flushed. "How do you know?" she gasped.

"Because," replied the great detective, "everything is scorched."

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Letters

A Powerful Story of India

"The Daughter of Brahma" is another powerfully written story of modern India by I. A. R. Wylie whose first book "The Native Born" was considered of sufficient importance to provoke severe criticisms by those who are assumed to keep in touch with affairs in that quarter of the British Empire. H. G. Bunner once laid it down as a first law for a good story that it should be convincing while it was being read, and in this sense at least "The Daughter of Brahma" has scored. As to the probabilities, it has been said before now that India is a country where anything may happen and most things do. The story deals with that secret unrest which exists forever, with no definite cause and no guarantee that at any moment the smoldering embers will not burst into flame. It touches on the hypocrisy of the white rulers who, whether religious missionaries or military and civil officials, pretend to offer to the native converts a participation in their lives that it is not in the nature of things that they can or will really give. "East is east and west is west and never the two shall meet." While apparently accepting Christianity the most exemplary convert is likely to be in secret a leader of some hidden native movement, and the most promising students, sent to English universities, may be secret agents quietly carrying out instructions of which their patrons do not even dream. When David Hurst the hero was twelve years old he learned that the mother he doted despised and hated him for Mrs. Hurst was one of those Spartan mothers who worshipped success and power. She was a believer in prenatal influences and had determined that her son should be handsome, strong in mind and body, brave and successful, and should carry out the family tradition. David was small, ill-favored, lame, timid and apparently mentally backward. Strive as he might his best efforts fell short of success, and though he did not then realize it, the lack of sympathy and understanding accentuated his shortcomings. He simply did not count, for there were others who would do greater credit to the name, an uncle and a cousin in England. When the child was witness to some of the secret fanatical rites held in what was believed to be a ruined and deserted temple, his story was frankly disbelieved. He was not clever enough to invent a good lie to account for his absence from home all night, and quite naturally closed his lips and practiced an unchildish reserve and suppression. The ceremony on which he had intruded was nothing less than the presentation of an infant girl as an incarnate goddess, a Daughter of Brahma and bride of Siva. Twelve years later when David Hurst had at last found his place in the world as secretary to a German avant interested in investigations of native life and character in India, it was his fortune to rescue this maiden from a sacrificial death under conditions which were highly dramatic and having married her to return to England where he was now inheritor of lands and title. If the English in India were at fault concerning the native character, at home they were no less so, and the mental and moral crudities and cruelties of the local aristocracy appear no whit less intolerable than the bloodthirstiness of the Hindoos. The spectacle of a Hindoo goddess drawn into the complexities of an English parliamentary election is scarcely more incongruous than that of the star convert of a missionary school in daylight hours leading a half-naked rabble of fanatics by night, or the absurdity of a Socialistic candidate, an advocate of equality in all things, uniting with a Brahman student, a firm believer in endless and strict divisions by caste, who, with

Oriental cunning, was bent on using the Socialistic unrest to foment native disturbance. The outcome from whatever viewpoint is tragedy. There seems to be no common ground on which any of the parties can meet and the one good result of all the conflict and turmoil is the development of David Hurst who, once absolved from any feeling of duty owed or responsibility accepted becomes more of a man of action and determination—a far greater success than his exacting mother could have dreamed, though in the process he is lost to her. I. A. R. Wylie is a woman. There is nothing womanish in her work, which recalls Kipling, Flora Annie Steele, A. E. W. Mason, and even Wilkie Collins, whose "Moonstone" was one of the first Anglo-Indian tales and one of the best. From Bobbs-Merrill.

A Pretty Little Story

In "The Lovers of Skye" Frank Waller Allen has given us a bright, light, slight little idyll of a southern village, though it is rather too edenic for a prosaic and practical generation. Skye was a village on the Kentucky side of the Ohio river, just across from and connected by a ferry with a flourishing Indiana town from which it was separated, in all save miles, by the width of half a world and a full century of time, for Skye was inhabited solely by "old families," and not only ridden but spurred by the narrowest of conventions. No one ever married there, births occurred only when some transient river boat chanced to moor at a propitious time, and deaths were those of ancient maids and bachelors who had, perhaps, once been tentative lovers. It happens that a flower of decayed aristocracy playing at ferryman

falls in love with a mysterious morning passenger who turns out to be the orphan daughter of an Irish truck farmer. Too absorbed in themselves to take heed of others, the youthful pair walked and boated and met and chatted oblivious to the traditional conventions of Skye until their example proved contagious and no less than seven other couples, "old beaux" and young companions, followed their example and took the trail that ended at the altar. It might be a bit unkind to question whether the young aristocrat was likely to settle down to hoeing in the O'Hare potato patch or whether he might not be secretly relying on the providence which had always before looked after his needs—his sister's music pupils, but at any rate, it is a pretty little story. From Bobbs-Merrill.

He Was Peeved

The serious-looking man was trying hard to listen to the speaker's eloquence, but the squalling of an infant in the row of seats directly ahead gave him little opportunity. Annoyance gave way to irritation, and irritation in turn was succeeded by resolve. He leaned forward, touched the mother on the shoulder, and in a dispassionate tone asked:

"Pardon me, madam, but has your baby been christened yet?"

"Why, no, sir. Why do you ask?"

"Merely because I was about to suggest that if he had not been christened you might name him 'Good Idea.'"

"And why 'Good Idea?'" asked the woman.

"Because," and the man struggled hard to express his feelings, "it should be carried out."

DRINK DISQUALIFIES A MAN—SO SAYS EX-PRESIDENT TAFT

He who drinks is deliberately disqualifying himself for advancement. Personally, I refuse to take such a risk. I do not drink.—William H. Taft, Ex-President of the United States.

There's a volume in that brief utterance. It ought to be made mental note of by every man, and when the temptation to drink liquor presents itself, he should think of the advancement he has made, though, perhaps, slowly but sure-footedly, then take a view of the retrograde steps following that drink and the others to join it.

It's no use talking, when our most eminent men by their words and examples warn you, it's time the drinking man sits up and takes notice of the effects of the deadly art of drinking.

But some men CAN'T stop the drink habit. They need help. When argument and the picture of distress trailing in the flood of alcohol, tears, pleadings of force can't help him, there is another means of relief—treatment, medical treatment for the disease.

The treatment provided by the Gatlin Institute is working the greatest service for mankind—a greater service than even prohibition laws or restraint. Just three days, no more, and the Gatlin treatment effectually kills the nervous craving for alcohol, removes the poison from the system, clarifies the brain and fits the drinker once more for the advancement in his career that was checked when he took his first drink.

It's a new man that leaves the institute—quite a different fellow from the one who entered; and this wonderful change is the result of but three days' treatment—worth more than any man can ever pay for if the true value of it to him be considered.

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXI. No. 1077

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 12, 1913

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TOWN TALK

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Chas. W. Raymond.....Business Manager

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

The President's Deep Concern

According to President Wilson in his first message to Congress it is the duty of the party in power to fix tariff duties as soon as possible "in order that the burden carried by the people under existing law may be lightened as soon as possible." If the party in power is concerned chiefly about "the burden carried by the people" it is singular that the party in power should have under consideration an income tax measure whereby it will take out of the pockets of the people many millions of dollars in excess of the revenue under the existing tariff law. "We must abolish," says President Wilson, "everything that bears even the semblance of privilege"; yet it is proposed to create a privileged class under the income tax measure, and while applying the fundamental Democratic principle of taxation for revenue only to the tariff schedules, to apply an entirely different principle to the assessment of incomes. If as President Wilson says "we have seen tariff legislation wander far afield in our day," the indications are that we shall also see Republican government wander far afield before the end of our day under the guidance of the party that claims descent from Thomas Jefferson while deriving inspiration from the renowned Karl Marx.

Our New Prosperity Movement

Those were fine sentiments uttered in the ivory ballroom of the Hotel Oakland the other night on the occasion of the "Hands Around the Harbor" banquet. "Helping One, Helps All," "Play Together," "Burn Up the Knockers," "Make Things Hustle"—inspiring, these phrases, and inspiring, all themes of a grand, agglomerate symphony calculated to hearten, to fire with enthusiasm and stir to action. And perhaps something good may come of this new movement for the promotion of prosperity. Perhaps something may really be done. Indeed something has been done. Committees have been appointed to organize an association for the advancement

of the common interests of all the bay counties, and these committees are not top-heavy with merchants, a circumstance that may be of some significance. Hitherto the merchant has played a very important part in all the innumerable abortive movements for the advancement of the general interest, and beyond getting a little free advertising out of his civic activity he has accomplished nothing. His enthusiasm bubbles with the wine at the banquet and oozes out of him before he reaches his shop the next morning. The San Francisco merchant is a bumptious person with a consuming passion for the limelight which the newspapers gratify in proportion to the number of inches of advertising space he contracts for each year. And the newspapers have given our merchant a fictitious importance. Addicted as they are to parochial journalism, with an eye on the till they write him up when he goes East to buy goods, they interview him when he returns, they take his temperature on all public occasions, and they interrogate him for publication on all questions that are raised in editorial rooms to give animation to the first page. Now our merchant is chiefly what the matter is with San Francisco. He lets the newspapers use him, and on matters of vital interest to himself he's afraid to say "Boo!" And so it's a good sign that the merchant is in a minority on the committees appointed in Oakland. It will be refreshing to see the bankers, the men of big affairs, and the real captains of industry in the agricultural regions taking hold of matters of vital interest to San Francisco. It really looks as though we are going to have a new deal

A Misleading Sign

According to the Examiner the record of real estate transactions for the month of March is proof of the prosperity of the city. The activity of the real estate market may be misleading. While it indicates that real estate men are doing business, it doesn't always prove that folks are getting as good prices as they paid or that the value of realty is advancing. A much better sign of prosperity than activity in the realty market is industrial activity. Consequently whenever we are told that Charley Schwab is on his way to San Francisco with a gigantic shipbuilding plant we are made much happier than when we hear that one of our millionaires has paid a fancy price for Market street property. Which reminds us that the newspapers have not been celebrating of late the business sagacity of Schwab as evidenced by his choice of San Francisco Bay for one of the centers of a great industrial enterprise. Has Schwab been overdone? Formerly the coming of him with his plant was regarded by the dailies as a matter of perennial interest. We could depend on them at brief intervals for a first

page story calculated to make us all rejoice at the prospect of an early revival of the hum of industry at the Potrero. Are they losing faith in the credulity of their readers? Or are they fearful of provoking inquiry as to why Schwab doesn't come? The truth is of course that Schwab doesn't come because he has too much respect for the power of organized labor in this region. The metal trades have been gradually driven out of business on the shores of the bay. At one time there were fifty-five hundred men on the payroll of the Union Iron Works. You cannot find that many now in the metal trades if you scan the shores of the bay from the Potrero to Port Costa. Many thousands of dollars are going out of this city every year for ships built at Long Beach and for machinery of all kinds made in Seattle. While San Francisco remains a closed shop the newspapers will continue to look for signs of prosperity that seem to belie the real state of affairs. San Francisco may be doing very well in the circumstances, but its growth has been terribly retarded, and it will not catch its stride till it rids itself of the labor incubus.

Reform and Graft

Now that California is writhing in a moral spasm it is interesting to observe the swinging back of the pendulum in New York. For many years the politicians of New York have been exceedingly deferential to the apostles of asceticism. They have passed many laws to atrophy the senses of man and constrain him to a stupefied existence. Of course these laws have been neither obeyed nor enforced. Their only effect has been to make hypocrisy a popular virtue and to increase the opportunities for graft. There is no law in New York that has been more generally ignored than that which provided for the closing of saloons on Sundays. That law is to be repealed. There is a bill before the Legislature providing for the opening of saloons on Sundays between the hours of one o'clock in the afternoons and midnight. It has been recommended by the Wagner police investigation committee. Naturally it is opposed by that section of the Christian pulpit in which the high-water mark of intelligence is incredibly low. But the over-righteous preacher with the pulpit whine has been getting some plain talk from the Legislature. One Assemblyman declared that the present excise law was designed primarily for graft, and he declared that the Law and Order League had not been heard from since it was discovered to be engaged in the business of grafting and preying on saloon keepers. "I often wonder," said the Assemblyman, "what the men who give up their money to support anti-this and anti-that organizations would do if they knew how their money was spent." Turning to a bevy of preachers he said: "If I could have a ten minute talk

with Andrew Carnegie, John D. Rockefeller and others you wouldn't get another dollar from them." It appears to be the sentiment of the legislators of New York that the excise law is of benefit only to reformers who have employed it as a means of levying blackmail.

Our Blackmail Bill

In view of the experience of New York under the excise law is it not well to inquire as to what may happen in California under the redlight district bill? This is one of those absurd pieces of legislation that imply that we can restrain the rights of the instincts or treat them as illusions because they are related to some of the primitive necessities of animal life. The bill opens up the broadest field of blackmail that was ever made inviting and accessible to scoundrels. With this law on the statute books there will be no business more lucrative than that of the reformer. He will be given an extraordinary power. He may not only extort money from the guilty, but he may easily contrive successful conspiracies against the innocent. The probability is that with this law in operation we shall see prostitutes and reformers leagued together, since the results of such an alliance would be most fruitful, and it is certainly not obnoxious to the general run of small-fry clergymen and pestiferous ferrets of vice whom we have been made familiar with in California. The files of any newspaper for the past year will supply abundant testimony of the great danger of stimulating the activities and increasing the opportunities of the kind of men which some of the jarring sects by their criminal negligence have admitted either to the ministry or to church societies for crusades against the devil and all his works.

Progress Under Imperial Government

On June 15 Kaiser William will have completed the twenty-fifth year of his reign, and of that fact the world will be apprized by an outburst of national rejoicing throughout the empire. Germany is already preparing for the jubilee festivities which will be kept up until late in the year. During the twenty-five years of William's reign there has been great progress in Germany and he is getting much of the credit for it. There was a time when the Kaiser was not taken seriously as a statesman. It was thought that he thirsted for military glory, and that his estimate of his own capacity and ability justified the suspicion that self-flattery was his principal accomplishment. But William has proved himself a pretty level-headed monarch. If his vanity has cheated him at times, if occasional ineptness has caused embarrassment to his Ministers, on the whole he has behaved with discretion, his example has inspired his countrymen and he has exercised a beneficent influence on the empire. The army, navy, industry, science, art and learning—these are a few of the things with which he has occupied himself. All have made great strides since he ascended the

throne. One great institution of modern Germany is peculiarly the Kaiser's own. It is the magnificent navy, of which ten years ago none but he could have dreamed. The imperial navy at the beginning of the century consisted of a few small coast-defense vessels. It is now second only to the navy of England. Kaiser William has signally demonstrated that the best way to preserve peace is to prepare for war. At the same time, notwithstanding the great cost of building a powerful navy and increasing the army, Germany has prospered. In all industries there has been gigantic expansion, foreign trade has more than doubled and the national wealth has increased to something like fifty billion dollars. It may be said that if another had occupied the throne Germany would not have been much poorer or less learned than she is today. This may be true, and if it is true it is all the more worthy of the consideration of American citizens who think that the eyes of the world are upon us and that it is our duty as a nation to teach mankind the way of republican righteousness. The influence of the German Emperor is largely a matter of inspiration. He has not the power that has been exercised by more than one President of the United States. We have seen this country governed by the passion and pique of a President; men deprived of their liberty at the President's dictation, the powers of Congress paralyzed, except when exerted in conformity with his will. It is because of the tremendous power which the Constitution vests in the President, because, as John Quincy Adams said, that "the executive power is committed in unreserved terms," and that we have seen to what extremes that power may be carried that we are now considering the advisability of limiting the tenure of the President to one term.

The Minor and Major Virtues

The attitude of Christian civilization toward the moralities betrays a complete misunderstanding of the vital principles of Christianity. It is because of this misunderstanding that we are preoccupied with the little irrelevancies of human conduct. All our terrible virtues lie near the surface. They are conquests of the flesh. No man is so good according to the modern Christian idea as the emasculated dyspeptic. We fight evil by snubbing all the good things of life. And because of our misguided aspirations instead of approaching Christian perfection we are drifting to utter demoralization and bottomless vulgarity. Christianity stands for mental as well as moral growth. Intellectual honesty is not less important than chastity. The white slaver is not half so detestable a character as the rich rebater who sets himself up as a civic redeemer to judge other men and to employ his ill-gotten gains to the injury of his neighbor. Yet we prosecute the one and kowtow to the other. The absurdity of the general attitude toward the moralities is illustrated by the case of Caminetti. We have a State senator of that name. For reasons easily to be surmised he has been

at prodigious pains of late to make it generally known that he holds certain commonplace virtues in the highest respect and certain minor vices in the deepest detestation. And all the while unconsciously he has been making it clear that to the most important of the rudimentary principles of conduct he is as much a stranger as any barbarian in the remotest jungles of the Amazon. This is not said in any spirit of censure. Senator Caminetti is a symbol of the topsy-turvydom of Christian civilization. Judged by the ethical standards of the day Caminetti is a quite respectable person. Caminetti walks among men with head erect; and good female reformers and pious clergymen applaud Caminetti for voting for the scourging of fallen women and for inveighing against the Demon Rum, which he abhors because it "ruins families." These good folk are laboring under the delusion that there is but one virtue in the world, the virtue that implies that the sex passion is well in hand. Virginal purity in their philosophy is something that is always synonymous with stainless honor, and viciousness is not to be evidenced except by some species of libidinosity. Of the same brand is Caminetti's philosophy, and so we find him calling attention to his enthusiastic championship of the only virtue by an impassioned address for the redlight district bill and a solemn promise to devise a plan whereby parents may more successfully train and discipline their children. Thus Senator Caminetti flatters himself that as he hates prostitution and dislikes the Demon Rum he is qualified to instruct parents as to the best way of developing sound character in their offspring. Doubtless he would have children trained to become successful politicians—tribunes of the people. His ideal of manliness, perhaps, is incarnated in Caminetti the Senator, author of the anti-injunction bill, a measure to facilitate the lawlessness of organized labor. One day last week this distinguished statesman who hates the Demon that makes debauchees but loves Demos and ministers to him, gave the youth of the land a slight manifestation of the kind of character that he would have them develop. He was railing against one of the officers of the Democratic State Central Committee for using the stationery of that organization in disseminating a protest against the employers' compensation bill, and he remarked that he did not know whether the gentleman had been hired by the insurance companies. Thus did the Senator meanly attempt to impugn a man's character by wanton and gratuitous insinuation. He did not know that the man's motive was sordid, but he would not scruple at throwing out the suggestion that such was the case. This is approximating very closely the business of bearing false witness. But a Senator can do that sort of thing without fear of being expelled from the Senate for conduct unbecoming a gentleman. He can do it without impairing his reputation among bloodless reformers. And it can do Senator Caminetti no harm to observe that the spirit that dictated his mean utterance

is at variance with the vital spirit of Christianity. And this is our purpose,—to illustrate by the case of Caminetti, the Hon. A. Caminetti, how far afield Christian civilization has wandered. Christ brought many precepts into the world, but his great influence on mankind was due chiefly to the ruling spirit, the state of mind that He exhibited. His desire that people should avoid certain sins was not so strong as the desire that they should cultivate a magnanimous, noble, loving spirit. If He had any pet aversions it is not hard to guess where they most abound at the present moment.

The Criminal and His Friends

It was the old Puritanical charge against Thackeray and Dickens that their soundings of the heart of hearts caused people to waste pity on fictitious distresses and left them no tears for actual suffering. It is no longer so. We have gone to the other extreme. Now we laugh at folks who shed tears in the theatre, and we cultivate the cant of humanity, and yield our emotions to puling professions of intense sentimentality touching the suffering of human beings. One dreads that he will be suspected of heartlessness, of a want of humanity, if he does not dwell lovingly on the piteous things of life and share with enthusiasm the views of sentimentalists who cherish and fondle a soft feeling and take a perverse pleasure in dissecting sufferings at length and minutely. It is not to be said that these folks do not feel the emotions they delight in parading. Doubtless they are sincere, but some degree of affectation is as necessary to them as their hunger and thirst. They must exaggerate the outward symptoms of their particular affection, and rail against everybody who is not wholly in sympathy with them. We have in mind the noisy and aggressive sentimentalists whose hearts are bleeding for the prisoners in San Quentin and for all professional criminals. If conditions at San Quentin are as bad as these critics of the management would have us believe there is great need of reform, but we are not to be terribly excited about the state of affairs as described by convicts and ex-convicts. Not that we have no feeling for men who have sinned against the law; not that we are incapable of being horrified by tales of brutality. Our complacency is due to our conviction that in the rough and tumble of life each of us has to take his portion of suffering, mental as well as physical, and to the impression that even in a penitentiary, which after all and at best cannot be expected to be productive of anything but discomfort and pain,

the man that behaves himself, that submits to discipline, will get along as well as he deserves. It is not to be gainsaid that brutality ought not to be permitted in a penitentiary, but on the other hand it is not well to coddle criminals, nor is it desirable to make them the tender objects of our supreme solicitude. Aside from the inexpediency of lavishing all our kindness on one class of human beings and becoming so obsessed by concern for that class as to hate everybody who does not sympathize with our hobby, it is not to the best interest of society to induce a spurious state of feeling and obliterate the boundaries between the true and the false in judging of human conduct and motives. Now these sentimentalists who are demanding better treatment for prisoners at San Quentin are not to be satisfied with the abatement of harsh discipline. They insist that we should exhibit a deep and abiding compassion for criminals and that we should treat them as unfortunate brothers, the victims either of a disease or of a faulty social system. This is asking too much of us. In the absence of a predisposition no amount of urging will produce in us more than a superficial compassion for the average burglar or horse thief, and no Lombroso or other pseudo-scientist of the yellow journal variety can convince us that the average criminal is such because he is diseased or because he didn't happen to be born with a silver spoon in his mouth. We have too much respect for the professional criminal to account for his choice of a career on any pathological hypothesis, and we know that a silver spoon is not a prophylactic against perversity however early in life it may be acquired. We like to feel that there is a dash of romance in the highwayman, and that more or less of the sublime spirit of adventure inspires the nocturnal excursions of the man with the jimmy. We have a profound faith in the type discovered by Robert Louis Stevenson, the incorrigible criminal with more than an ounce of pure cussedness in his composition; also in that picturesque mortal with an unquenchable thirst for wickedness and a disinterested love of hell for its own sake. We are not unduly prejudiced against the striped criminal class. Indeed we have always harbored the notion that the worst men never arrive at the penitentiary and we have believed with Bacon that the nature of each of us runs to weeds as well as herbs. Nevertheless we do not commiserate the professional criminal. We feel that he is an individualist with the courage to realize himself to the full in defiance of society and its conventions. As to making a better

man of him that is a hard problem since human nature is to be found in its variety among criminals as well as among all other classes of men, and it is not easy to differentiate them. If some are susceptible of reform, others are not, and society has to deal with them as it finds them. There is of course an ideal way of dealing with them, but life is a compromise between the ideal and the practicable, and society's essential attitude toward the criminal is that of self-preservation. Society defends itself against the criminal by subjecting him to restraint with no desire to inflict gratuitous pain or revengeful penalty, and it is his business to live as well as he can under the restrictions society is obliged to impose upon him. It cannot very well guaranty him treatment absolutely consistent with abstract morality. In the very nature of things he is very likely to experience treatment more severe and harsh than necessary: first, because the rules of discipline in a penitentiary are not made for the docile and repentant; secondly, because prison guards are not men of refined and tender sensibilities. There is injustice everywhere in the world not excepting penitentiaries. As a result of the imperfection of government there are hard knocks for everybody and nobody escapes them. The criminal behind prison bars must expect his share and he must expect them to be congruous to the environment into which he has thrust himself. While to be sure there should be no toleration of anything even remotely approximating brutality in a prison, neither should there be anything in the nature of mischievous leniency. To go to one extreme is as bad as to go to the other. We must avoid making the penitentiary as attractive as a sanitarium; for, the sentimentalists to the contrary notwithstanding, it is not the duty of society to reform the criminal. If such was the duty of society it would be for the sake of society, not for the sake of the criminal, and if we accept the theory of the sentimentalist then arises the question, What is the best method of reform? This is a debatable question. There are many people far from heartless who will argue that the best way to reform the criminal is to make the penitentiary a most undesirable place of resort. Our own judgment of the matter is that so long as human nature remains what it is society should be content to let the criminal live as completely as consists with social safety, and if it cannot inspire him with the desire of atonement it ought to avoid inspiring him with the passion of revenge but not by taking care of him on his own terms.

AN APPRECIATION

Theodore Bonnet, the editor of Town Talk, is the ablest editorial writer in the West. His point of view shows a clear comprehension of truth. He writes without partisan or personal bias. The lure of the truth is upon him. The desire to give a clear, definite statement is apparent in each sentence. The Town Talk editorials contribute to the joy of living, provided of course you were not born with brain fag.—Western Journal of Education.

Varied Types

CXXI—CHIEF OF POLICE WHITE

By Edward F. O'Day

Governor Johnson had just hammered a nail into his political coffin by signing the "red light abatement bill."

This measure, one of the most vicious ever put upon the statute books of any State, had been passed, as is pretty well known, by legislators who disapproved of it but were afraid to brook the wrath of "the short-haired women and the long-haired men" who threatened them with political ruin if they voted against it.

The Governor had hesitated before signing it, hesitated just for a moment. He had invited its opponents to appear in his office at Sacramento and state their objections. None appeared, so in the presence of a large number of champions of the measure, he affixed his signature.

I happen to know why one opponent of the "red light abatement bill" did not go to Sacramento to tell the Governor of his stand. The opponent I refer to is Chief of Police Gus White.

"If I went up to Sacramento," he explained to me, "and told the Governor how I stood on that bill, a lot of our very charitable clergymen in San Francisco, men of the delectable Aked stripe, would mount their pulpits and declare that I had been paid to oppose it. So what was the use?"

What was the use indeed? We are informed by the Bulletin which is supposed to know the Governor's mind in many matters, that the Governor intended to sign it from the first. So what was the use of the Chief of Police in the city which the law will most affect going out of his way to have his objections overruled and getting himself denounced into the bargain?

Probably other opponents of the bill figured the matter out in much the same way. At any rate, they were not on hand when the Governor dipped his trusty pen in ink and made the bill law. Those present were eager to see the Iowa measure part of our code. They were headed by the Reverend Charles N. Lathrop of this city. Among them was the head of the W. C. T. U., an organization which is accumulating a record for the advocacy of destructive legislation. Witness their success in abolishing the canteen. The W. C. T. U. president received the pen with which the measure was signed, and doubtless the priceless relic will be adequately venerated among her followers.

The ink was scarcely dry on the engrossed copy of the new law when I went to Chief of Police White and asked him about it.

Chief of Police White has been a policeman for a comparatively short time, but nature endowed him with the typical policeman's outspokenness. He didn't mince words about the "red light abatement" law.

"I'm against it," he told me. "Of course I shall have to enforce it, but I'm not in sympathy with it because I believe that it's a move backwards, not progress.

"If the segregation of prostitutes is the best method of regulating the social evil, and I believe it is, then San Francisco at the present time has the proper system, and this system will be destroyed by this new law.

"Let us look at this thing from the police standpoint. The social evil is with us in spite of the preachers who have thundered against it for nearly two thousand years. I don't see any signs of its passing away. So the only thing for the police to do is to regulate it, to minimize it and to get rid of as many of the evils that accompany it as is humanly possible.

"The 'red light abatement' law will put an end to segregation. By means of it the segregated district of this city can be wiped out in a day. What will be the result? Here are the things that will follow, as I see them:



CHIEF OF POLICE WHITE

"We shall have streetwalkers.

"Prostitutes will be scattered through the residence districts.

"There will be an increase of white slaving.

"There will be a serious increase in venereal diseases.

"The way will be opened for police graft.

"There will be increased corruption of boys and girls who will be brought into contact with prostitutes in the residence sections.

"Let us look these results over and see whether I have exaggerated.

"At the present time there is practically no street walking in San Francisco. That phase of the social evil was gotten rid of several years ago. At present the police do not arrest two street walkers a month, and it is usually found that those few who are taken in for soliciting in the street are muddled by too much drink. In other words they get drunk and forget that it is dangerous for them to ply their trade in the streets. But when the segregated district is abolished we shall have street walkers. That is always the result. Police will tell you so everywhere. A lieutenant of the New York force told me that

the closing of the houses of ill fame in New York put ten thousand prostitutes into the streets.

"We don't have to go far to know that when segregation ceases the prostitutes invade the residence sections. Look at the experience of Los Angeles. We're sure to have the same thing here.

"Then there is the matter of white slaving. There is an awful lot of exaggeration about white slaving in this city at the present time. There can't be much white slaving when the police control the social evil as they do in San Francisco at present. We know where every prostitute in the city plies her trade and where she sleeps. What chance has the cadet when he knows that the white slave detail has the unfortunate women under surveillance every hour of the day and night? But under the new law the police will lose all control of the women. We won't be able to keep our eyes on them when they are scattered all over town. So the white slaver is bound to flourish.

"Then there is the very serious matter of disease. This new law will put the Municipal Clinic out of business along with the segregated district. Without segregation there can be no Municipal Clinic. The Municipal Clinic is a good thing. I have always been in favor of it. It is doing a splendid work in the prevention of disease. But with the women walking the streets or plying their trade in the residence districts, there is bound to be an increase in disease. When supervision ends the red plague will thrive.

"The way will be opened for police graft, and this is a very important matter. When there is a tolerated district why should the women pay for protection? They can deal directly with the Chief of Police as long as they submit to proper regulation. They don't have to allow themselves to be held up. But abolish the segregated district, scatter the women all over town, turn them into street walkers, and they will be at the mercy of graft. That is what always happens. The women pay somebody for the privilege of plying their trade.

"Finally we must expect to find girls and boys corrupted when bad women go into the residence districts. Innocent youngsters are bound to be thrown into contact with them sooner or later.

"Let us see how this law will operate. It provides that when anybody has reason to believe that a lewd or immoral act has been committed or is about to be committed in any building or place, he may file an information concerning his 'reason to believe' and bring the owner into court to show cause why his property should not be closed up for one year. No bond is required of the person filing the information. Upon the

(Continued on Page 21.)

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Perspective Impressions

A California statesman's ideal is a device for
deceiving the public.

As all social difference in the United States turns upon money shouldn't we make Plutolatry the State religion?

Perhaps one of the peculiarities of the British variety of suffragette is a passion for being artificially fed.

Anti-Administration politicians were fearful that Governor Johnson might not sign the red light abatement bill.

The Examiner says amateurs are to play Shakespeare's "Otholla." Never heard of it. Must have been written by Bacon.

A conductor on the Geary street road was dismissed for stealing fifteen dollars in fares. Bookkeeper, open a profit and loss account!

If Jessie Wilson keeps on preaching the modistes may decide not to name a color after her as they did after Princess Alice and Princess Helen.

Now they are to have "psychopathic probation officers" in Los Angeles. The craze for virtue has probably developed an epidemic of erotomania.

Now that our attention has been called to them we shall look at some of those lingerie displays.

Organized Labor's hasty conclusion as to conditions at San Quentin reminds us that the McNamaras are still the objects of the tender solicitude of our union bosses.

So our taxeaters are to be exempt from income taxation under the great Democratic measure for raising the wind! Our darling politicians, what sport they have with us!

So Charles Wesley Reed has been addressing the inmates of the asylum for the deaf, dumb and blind! Incidentally apologizing, no doubt, to some of them for having talked them into the institution.

Our worthy citizen, Mr. James D. Phelan, hard-fisted landlord and polished product of the unearned increment, went all the way to Sacramento ostensibly to spout for anti-Japanese legislation, but in reality to embarrass the Fair directors who wouldn't take him in.

"If it caused Morgan's death to testify before the Pujo committee, then I hope more of his type will be called to testify."—Words taken from the sermon of a Philadelphia preacher, alleged follower of Him Who willed not the death of sinners but rather that they should live.

When the predictions of Chief White as to the terrible consequences of scattering prostitution come true let us not forget that the Rev. Charles N. Lathrop, half-brother to E. P. E. Troy, was on hand to urge the Governor the day he signed the redlight district bill.

Speaking of the City Engineer's report on the transportation problem, the Examiner thus: "Indorses plans of Examiner." What he reported was that the Examiner's plans were impracticable. That scoundrel that hoaxed the Examiner about the Baker suicide is still tormenting our contemporary.

Now comes the pure-minded female of the species with a protest against the display of lingerie in shopwindows on the ground that it has a disquieting effect on the male biped. If the dailies don't stop making news of the queer vagaries of the emancipated one they will be justly classed with indelicate literature.

The Rev. George Chalmers Richmond says that the Episcopal Church will remain at the "fag end of things" until about twenty-five of our rich men go to join Mr. Morgan in the other world. Is this by way of suggestion to crack-brained individuals who might like to become instruments of the Almighty? If so we know the fag end of a thing to which this nincompoop would be a much greater ornament than he is to the pulpit.

The People's Forum

The Recent Keith Sale

Editor Town Talk, Sir: Why all this rubbish about Keith unless there's money in it for you? This Harmon deals exclusively in the works of his father-in-law. He is learning the great American game of boost. He was the consignor in this auction sale and he was the adjudicatee. He might just as well have driven it up to twice the sum. It would not have been much more ridiculous. Where is there a precedent? One of the finest examples of Keith sold three months ago in New York in the McMillan sale for \$2,000 but that was the wonder of the sale. Why, the greatest price ever paid for a George Innes was only \$14,000 and Fifth Avenue knows that Keith was, pure and simple, merely an imitator of George Innes. It was for this reason that the jury in St. Louis would not hang his pictures in the exhibition at their fair. And \$12,000? It is to laugh. Think of Theodore Rousseau, Jules Dupre and Troyon selling for one-fifth the money that a Keith brings in San Francisco. Keith painted pleasingly only after George Innes, coming to California for his health, showed him how. His works are logically worth a few

hundreds apiece as pleasing decorative things, but when they bring thousands (if they do), it simply verifies the old saw that a sucker is born every minute and some of them live. These pictures that figured in this sale were sold to Harmon by Archbishop Riordan with others for a few hundred dollars. Now if he was really commissioned by William Owen somebody of Chicago to buy them for him, he double-crossed William. Can you make any other deduction?

—Common Sense.

The Music of "The Rosary"

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: I was very much interested in the letter written by Mr. Edwardes of Montecito to prove that his friend Mr. Cameron Rogers was the author of that exquisite lyric "The Rosary." I make no doubt that Rogers actually wrote it. But Mr. Edwardes said that the music was composed by Ethelbert Nevin. If that is so, there must have been two musicians who used Rogers' words. I have the music of "The Rosary" but it is credited to Ferdinand Lust, not to Ethelbert Nevin. Ferdinand Lust may be remembered by San Franciscans. He was a music teacher here, and gave lessons to the son of Madame Modjeska who was then preparing for her American debut. That was about 1876. Lust fell on evil days, and died in Clarksville, Tenn. I have heard that he composed the music of "The Rosary" on his deathbed. But perhaps some of your readers know more about him than I do.

Respectfully,

—A Music Teacher.

The Critic Rampageous

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: Not since the "golden era" days of easy poetry for miners has anything appeared in this city quite so flabby as the "poem" about San Francisco in your last number. Why outrage the intelligence of your readers? Really, they know such stuff is neither "history" (as you call it) nor verse. If it is necessary as padding for your series, then I for one say. Stop the series.

—W. A. Anderson.

April 8, 1913.

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Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over

By Robert McTavish

The War Tax in Germany

Hereafter everybody in Germany who has more than \$2,500 in property must pay a heavy war tax. The increase in the appropriations for the army and navy of the empire are enormous. There is in the Julius Tower at Spandau a "war chest" of \$30,000,000 in gold. To this \$60,000,000 more will be added without delay. For the development of military aviation \$19,750,000 will be set aside, and for naval aviation \$12,500,000. These are items in a staggering budget prepared against the possibility of war, but in the opinion of some financiers the demands made upon the empire are not excessive. It is pointed out that the aggregate property of the empire is worth seventy-five billions, and the total annual incomes ten billions. A taxation of one-half of one per cent would produce \$375,000,000. Just the same it is noted that "some collateral has already fled to Switzerland and Belgium."

Jews May Have University

Serious efforts are about to be made to establish a Jewish university in Jerusalem. The vast majority of Russian Jewish students are not admitted to the Russian universities and are compelled to seek the hospitality of non-Russian universities. In Switzerland, Germany, France and Austria, and of late Italy, Russian Jewish students by the thousand have joined the universities and technical colleges. In Germany there is a strong anti-Semitic movement to limit the number of Russo-Jewish students admitted to the universities, and this movement may receive government support. In France there is a similar proposal, likewise in Austria. Russo-

Jewish students, therefore, are in imminent danger of losing all hope of a university training in Europe. The remedy that has occurred to the Jewish mind is a Jewish university in Jerusalem. Some of the distinguished Jewish intellectuals on the continent have approved the idea, and very probably an appeal will be made to the generosity of Jews throughout the world.

Count Boni's Divorce

It was reported recently that the Vatican authorities had declared the marriage of Count Boni de Castellane null and void. The report gave rise to two rumors; first that Count Boni would contract a church marriage with a wealthy American woman; and second, that the former Countess de Castellane (Anna Gould), now the Duchess de Talleyrand, would have a religious ceremony which would open to the Duke and herself the doors of the inner aristocratic Catholic circles of France, Austria and Germany from which the Duke is at present excluded because he married a divorced woman. But it turns out that the report was erroneous. The Tribunal of the Rota did not annul the de Castellane marriage. The Tribunal merely decided that the grounds advanced by Count Boni for the annulment of his marriage were worthy of consideration. The Count laid stress on a letter supposed to have been written by Anna Gould containing the statement that she remained a Protestant in order that she might seek a divorce if her marriage proved unhappy. Such a letter would provide grounds under canonical law for annulling any marriage. But the Duchess de Talleyrand has declared that this letter is a forgery. So the Count Boni is not

yet out of the woods. The Tribunal of the Rota must meet again for a final decision.

M. Ps. Have Big Thirst

The non-alcoholic regime inaugurated at the White House would not suit the majority of British and Irish M. Ps. To the refreshment department of the House of Commons legislators pay over \$40,000 a year for wines. The kitchen committee has an exceedingly low tariff for alcoholic beverages. Champagne is many shillings a bottle lower than in good restaurants outside the House. An excellent half bottle of white or red wine can be bought for twelve cents, while eight cents only is charged for a small cup of black coffee and a liqueur or brandy. The teetotallers in the House number about a hundred.

Japan Cuts Naval Budget

From time to time the jingoes tell us that Japan is eager to go to war again; also that the Island Empire is preparing for war with the United States. These statements are taken seriously by pin-headed alarmists, but those who know the financial condition of Nippon laugh at them. Japan has just been compelled to cut down her naval program. It was her intention to build, during the next few years, eight dreadnaughts, eight battle cruisers, sixteen scouts and forty-eight destroyers at a cost of 54,000,000 pounds sterling. This program has been reduced to eight dreadnaughts, four battle cruisers, eight scouts and forty destroyers, the cost of which will be 36,500,000 pounds sterling. The reason given is that this is all Japan will be able to afford as her economic condition is critical.

The Lady

By Alice Morning

"I will go down on the beach and drink in art," thought the Lady. "I'll put on my blue skirt—it'll save the brown. Yes, there is art out there. Perhaps I'd better have a veil on. I'm sure there a soul among these fishing people if one could get at it. Purse—pencil—have I got everything?"

She locked the door of the bedroom and went downstairs. In the passage she stood to call out to the landlady. "Mrs. Tibb, I'll be back for dinner at one. I've ordered everything, haven't I?" She knew she had, and the landlady also knowing, nevertheless came dutifully up a few steps.

"Yes, Miss, the bit of pork from yesterday and a cauliflower and the bread pudding. It's a lovely day for you."

"Yes, isn't it glorious! Well, good morning."

"Good morning, Miss."

The Lady went out carrying herself like a child of the gods, for she guessed Mrs. Tibb would be watching. She hung about in front of the house in royal leisure. Then she forgot about Mrs. Tibb's treat; for she saw that the beach was swarming with fishing men and women. "What luck!" she murmured. "They are launching the boats. I shall see them go."

She went down the steps from the parade to

the beach and hobbled along the stones towards the part where the people were busy. Her thin shoes became scratched along the sides and their high heels gave alarmingly as if they might break off. The wind blew stray hairs across her face and raised an itching sensation. She slipped a hand up beneath the veil and tried to push the hairs back, and the veil came a little loose. "Bother!" said the Lady.

The business of the scene bewildered her. She could not classify many of the objects upon the shore, and she saw only a medley of tarry boats and coils of rope which smelled strongly. The shouting of the fishers seemed confused and coarse against the splash and mumble of the sea. "It's awfully hot," she thought, and puffed out her breath. She collapsed beside a great black boat with brown sails and a vivid red water-line; and she took off her veil, intending to tie it on firmer, but she had no time to do so before a horde of brown-faced fellows, large, muscular common fellows, surrounded her and the boat; and they requested her to move away.

"Now, Lady, if you please!"

The Lady felt a tremor run over her body. She scrambled up, avoiding the reach of the giants; for two of them stretched their hands to assist

her. They looked at her with a straight, bold gaze which said "Man!" She went the color of virtue and scowled, adding her own sensations to theirs and inarticulately accusing them of both. "Rude things!" she thought, furiously.

In her hurry to get away from the boat she stepped too heavily among the pebbles, so that it seemed as if she was treading but getting very little further on. One of the men said in a mincing tone: "Perliteniss not requested, Percy. 'Ands hoff!" The fishers all joined in a laugh.

The Lady tightened her lips and hated the men. When they could no longer view her closely she felt relieved. Beside a group of fisher-women she halted, growing suddenly more self-possessed. She remembered Art. "How I would love to paint them all—"The Daughters of the Deep"

(Continued on Page 23)

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Poems About San Francisco

LXXXVIII—THE PASSING OF CHINATOWN

By Percy F. Montgomery

(The following was published in *Sunset* of August, 1906. It was written when the old Chinatown was in ashes, and when many foolish persons pleasurably excited themselves over the prospect that there might be no new Chinatown. Our reformers liked at that time to speak of the old Oriental Quarter as a sink of iniquity, and there were various projects for driving the Chinese out of San Francisco. Of course these came to nothing. The Chinese returned from their sojourn across the bay and rebuilt Chinatown, making it a credit to the new city. San Francisco has been delighted to have them back in their old section where they behave themselves as well as the San Franciscans of other districts.)

O, the strange, strange breath of the Orient town,
That clung to the salt sea air,
And the steep old street and the sandal'd feet,
And the "pipe fiend" in his lair—
Oh, where are the lanterns that swung about,
With their dragons of yellow and red,
And the shuffling string of yellow men,
And the babe with the bells on his head?

Where are the gambling clubs now gone,
With their doors of iron and oak,
And the passage below and the joss-house bells,
And the pungy smell of smoke?
And where is the pawnshop over the way,
And the fish and the varnished pork,
And the bound-foot maid, and the "Melican Chink,"
And the "guide" who did no work?

Gone, all gone, in a puff of smoke,
To the realm of far beyond,
And never again in a white man's town
Will a Chinatown be born.
They called it a pest and cursed it well—
But they all must go to see,
And they loved it, too—'twixt me and you—
That town of the "Heathen Chinese."

The Spectator

The Waterfront Peaceful

The trouble between the Shipowners' Association and the Marine Engineers which threatened to tie up the waterfront the way it was tied up shortly after the catastrophe of 1906 has been settled without a strike. As I explained two weeks ago, the Marine Engineers' Union violated an agreement with the Shipowners' Association by filing certain demands without due notice. They wanted the number of engineers on all vessels plying out of this port greatly increased and they asked for higher wages for all engineers. The Shipowners were prepared to fight these demands which they regarded as exorbitant, and made the first preparations for the strike which was threatened. Thereupon cooler counsel prevailed in the executive committee of the Marine Engineers' Union. An agreement was reached whereby the number of engineers employed remained just as it had been (and it had always conformed to the federal requirements), and the salaries were in some instances raised. Not by any means in all, and this for a rather singular reason: the engineers on many vessels were already receiving more than the zealous union demanded for them!

One Condition Made

When I told of the imminence of the waterfront trouble I pointed out the remarkable make-up of the executive committee of the union of Marine Engineers. Only two members of that committee are seafaring men. I should say rather, 'bay-faring men,' for these two are engineers on vessels which do not venture outside the Heads. One is engineer on a boat belonging to the Harbor Commissioners, while the other engineers a boat which plies to Angel Island. The other members of this unrepresentative executive committee of the Marine Engineers range from a book salesman and an insurance

solicitor to the engineers of the bridges on the Channel. The attention which was drawn to this singular condition has had a salutary effect. In communicating to their engineers the tidings that the trouble had been arranged the Shipowners made one condition. They exacted from the engineers the promise that henceforth they would attend the meetings of the Marine Engineers and take an active part in the business of the union to the end that their affairs might not be handled for them by inexperienced landmen. The notion of the Shipowners impressing on their men the importance of attending to their union duties may seem a strange one, may appear almost a situation worthy of comedy, but there is a deal of hard-headed common sense behind it. The Shipowners have much to fear from hot-headed irresponsibles; little from the men whose wages they pay and whom they treat with the consideration due to faithful employees. The entente cordiale on the waterfront not only continues; it has been strengthened. For which, being a loyal San Franciscan, I intone praise be!

That "Chemically Pure" Philippic

When Willard Huntington Wright signalized his rise to the editorship of the *Smart Set* by uncorking the vials of his contempt for hypocrisy, charlatanry and brummagem as exhibited in Los Angeles, he stimulated us as we have rarely been stimulated since poor old Brann fell mortally wounded in the market place of Waco. That "Chemically Pure" article went over the nation like wildfire. It has given a phrase to the current speech. And it has made Los Angeles writhe to the very bowels. What is the result? You can't buy a copy of that issue of the *Smart Set*. You can't obtain a copy for money, nor can you wheedle it from a fortunate possessor for love. Ask at the news stands, and you will be told that if any copies were obtainable they

would sell easily for a dollar apiece. This has given rise to the suspicion that the thin-skinned Angelenos have bought up as much of the issue as possible, destroying all the copies they could lay their hands on. I shouldn't be the least bit surprised if this were so. Los Angeles' withers have been wrung and she is not the sort that knows how to hide her wince.

The Closed Town Principle

Now that the reformers are to get so busy in San Francisco it is fortunate that we have a new police commissioner of the type of Dr. Thomas Shumate. Since James Woods resigned from the commission it has been showing signs of being dominated by the hallucination that there is a widespread demand for sending us all to bed with the chickens and making it a capital offense to appear in public with anything but a

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gloomy countenance. The spirit of the commission has been akin to the spirit of Max Kuhl, which is something quite different from the spirit of San Francisco. This city may tolerate the closed shop principle, but it may be depended upon to revolt against the principle of the closed town. The mistake has been made by more than one Mayor of San Francisco of thinking it expedient to conciliate the goo-goo element that has the New England prejudice against everything that savors of exuberance of spirits. This element has great capacity for noise, but it doesn't cast many ballots on election day. Of late years the people have always sought relief from the domination of this element by indicating a preference for the kind of politics that is done by organized labor. It is a serious mistake to suppose that the men in the business of catering to pleasure-seekers are the only persons to be reckoned with when joy is to be confined. Pleasure-seekers themselves are personally interested in the ways and means of recreation and diversion, and the whole business community is inclined to resent the puritanism that serves notice on the good spenders up and down the coast that it is not worth their while to come to San Francisco.

Max Corrects

Max Kuhl, by the way, is not going to let anybody cop the kudos which is coming to Max. When Max achieves Max is going to see to it that Max and no other gets the glory of achievement. No shrinking violet is embossed on the Kuhl escutcheon. Nothing of the sort. Max believes in grabbing all the honor that is coming to him. There was that slip made by the Call. In telling how Max Kuhl and Theodore Roche discovered certain "priestesses of humanity" in Howard street the Call put Roche's name first, and because his first name happens to be Theodore the reporter emphasized his part in the raid, likening him to the other Theodore who was once a New York police commissioner. Next day we find Max quoted in the Call thus: "The story told in the Call was absolutely correct. The only change in it that I might suggest is that I took the initiative in the matter and asked Mr. Roche to join me in the investigations."

The Star Bill and Its Advocates

When Governor Hiram Johnson signed the bill by which the monster of frightful mien is to be driven out of the swamps and stews of the Barbary Coast so that we shall all be made "familiar with her face," first to endure, "then pity, then embrace," there were, according to the dailies, about fifty of the proponents of the measure on hand. There was not an opponent in sight. As it was known beforehand that Governor Johnson intended to sign the bill, nobody was so foolish as to oppose it. When he said that he intended to give both sides a hearing it was not to be supposed that he desired enlightenment. The question involved has been discussed many times of late, and Governor Johnson is well aware that in every public discussion of it in New York, Chicago, Washington and San Francisco, all intelligent men who have made a study of the subject, all officers of the law who are familiar with it, all physicians who have given consideration to the most serious aspect of it agree that it is better to segregate than to scatter prostitution. Governor Johnson knows that the demand for the red light bill emanated from persons whose judgment on any question of vital interest to himself he wouldn't consider for ten seconds. The male leaders of this hysterical bunch of busybodies belong to the class recently described by a correspondent of

Town Talk as the "sexually unemployed," and which according to the Chronicle has for its salient characteristic the soprano voice. Governor Johnson signed the bill sponsored by this negligible element of the electorate not because he was insensible of the mischievousness of it, but because he thinks it politically expedient to pose as the champion of decency even though it be under a false banner.

The Idea!

The story comes to me from Sacramento, a city that has been deluged with talk on ways and means of bruising the serpent's head and depriving us all of the glory of overcoming temptation. It is the story of an amusing incident of the discussion on the question of raising the age of consent. There were many women on hand to urge our lawmakers to raise the age of consent to eighteen, their purpose being to make it easier to commit rape. One of them was a maiden lady of doubtful age whose heart palpitated with virtuous zeal. One of the legislators won her regard with his moral sentiments. He was very eloquent. He talked of the licentiousness of man, of his lustful appetite and the importance of curbing it. The maiden lady smiled her approval. He was heartily in favor of raising the age of consent. She applauded. He was in favor of raising it to forty years.

"Preposterous!" exclaimed the maiden lady with an expression in her face that would curdle milk warm from the cow.

Ruef Is Sore

I understand that Abe Ruef has lost confidence in the ability of Fremont Older to get him out of San Quentin. He has come to the conclusion that Older bungled the campaign for his parole, and is now cultivating feelings of extreme peevishness toward his erstwhile friend. I hear that the friends of Ruef go further. They are so embittered toward Older that they charge him with bad faith. They are saying that Older used Ruef merely as a journalistic puppet, exploiting him for the use of the Bulletin, getting increased circulation by his means and finding in the brisk sale of the paper enough satisfaction to offset the disappointment caused by his lack of success in inducing the Prison Board to grant a parole. In other words they think Older is first of all a shrewd newspaperman, and that his interest in Ruef is secondary.

Lowrie Did Not Testify

Another thing which is causing comment is the failure of Donald Lowrie to testify before

the legislative committee that investigated San Quentin. It was expected that Lowrie would be Older's principal witness. Lowrie has been Older's mainstay in all that pertains to San Quentin. He has furnished Older with most of his "dope." He is in charge of the bureau for paroled prisoners which the Bulletin maintains. But he did not go on the stand at Sacramento. The question is, Why not? and it remains unanswered. Lowrie has received a pardon, so he can stand in no awe of the prison authorities. Is it possible that he does not care to state under oath the things which he has been writing for the Bulletin? If so, what value is to be attached to his writings? I believe the Bulletin's bureau for prisoners supplied Older with only three witnesses, and that these were pretty tough characters.

Older and the Governor

Observers of the signs, political declare that the time will soon be here when Older will turn and rend his dear old friend Hiram. They pretend to know that Older is so sore at the Governor that he refrains from open attack on him with the greatest difficulty. They point to Older's attack on Colonel D. M. Duffy, president of the Prison Board, as a significant indication of the Older state of mind. Duffy is very close to the Governor. It is said of him that he is the only member of the administration who does not hesitate to tell the Governor what's what. In other words Duffy does not belong to what Maggie Pepper would call "the yes, yes chorus" surrounding the gubernatorial throne. But Older has turned on Duffy in connection with the Bulletin's abortive attempt to muck-rake San Quentin. If the prognosticators are right, if the Governor will be the next to feel the Bulletin flail, we may look for some exciting disclosures.

Our First Murphy Button

The visit here of Dr. Thomas Murphy of Chicago, the distinguished inventor of the Murphy button, reminds me of the story of the first Murphy button applied in San Francisco, a story which has never appeared in print. The first Murphy button was brought to this city by Dr. Julius Rosenstirn shortly after Dr. Murphy had demonstrated the worth of his invention. Being a surgeon who always keeps abreast of the latest discoveries Dr. Rosenstirn resolved to give a demonstration of the wonderful intestinal appliance for the benefit of his brothers in the profession. So he invited a number of

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our most eminent surgeons to his private surgery in Sutter street, and there performed the delicate operation for the first time on this coast. The subject was a mongrel cur obtained from the pound. The dog was opened, the Murphy button inserted and the incision sewed up. The operation was so far successful, and Dr. Rosenstirn's confreres extended their congratulations. It only remained to keep the dog under observation for a period to ascertain the ultimate result. So the steward of Dr. Rosenstirn's surgery was instructed to keep watch on the animal and on no account to allow him out of the surgery. But the steward proved lacking in vigilance. The surgery door was left open one morning, and the dog wandered into the street. No trace of the mongrel could be found in the neighborhood. Dr. Rosenstirn resolved to advertise. He summoned the surgeons who had been present at the operation. The most minute description of a missing dog that had ever been prepared was written out from the memories of the assembled surgeons and published in the newspapers. A reward was offered. But the dog was never recovered. The city's first Murphy button, hidden in the intestines of a cur, was lost somewhere in the highways and byways where mongrels congregate. The result of that first operation was never known, and it was quite a while before another Murphy button came to San Francisco.

A Tribute to Rosenstirn

While I am speaking of Dr. Rosenstirn I may as well quote a tribute to his more recent work which appeared in an editorial in the New York Sun of Sunday, March 30. The Sun writer dealt with the subject of sexual vice and the diseases that are traceable to it. Of Dr. Rosenstirn he said:

"The Sun has felt encouraged to give space to frank discussion of this aspect of the subject by publishing the excellent papers of Dr. Julius Rosenstirn of San Francisco. This energetic propagandist for municipal action has again published in the last issue of the Medical Record an illustrated description of his work that may be of great service to all social reformers. The Municipal Clinic of San Francisco indicates by its title that it aims to allure these unfortunate women to its beneficent ministrations, and it indicates a spirit of tolerance for those whom the Savior pitied, but whom many of His professed followers despise. Its supporters act upon the idea that there is a spark of true womanhood smoldering in many of these women which may be fanned into a flame that may turn them from physical and moral destruction. The economic importance of treating these contagious diseases in the manner adopted in other contagious maladies has been demonstrated and may serve as a useful as well as moral lesson."

Dr. Rosenstirn is the director of our Municipal Clinic. May the opponents of that worthy in-

stitution give the words of the New York Sun serious consideration.

The Aquatic Club Lost

Some important points of law were passed on the other day by the Supreme Court in a unanimous decision sustaining Judge Ellison of Shasta county. The case was one that excited a great deal of interest in Vallejo where it was tried. It was a suit by the Vallejo Ferry Company to restrain a so-called aquatic club from infringing the franchise which the company bought from the city. The aquatic club is composed of men employed by the government at Mare Island. These men live in Vallejo and to reduce the cost of going to and from Mare Island they engaged in the transportation business under the guise of a private enterprise. The suit to enjoin them was hotly contested, John J. Barrett and William F. Humphrey representing the corporation, and Charles S. Wheeler appearing for the so-called club. Mr. Wheeler took the position that the State courts had no right to interfere because all the members of the club were Federal government employes. He based his contention on the decision in the case of Dave Nagle charged with the murder of Judge Terry. In that case it was held that Justice Field when attacked by Judge Terry was actually engaged in his judicial duties being en route from one circuit to another. Mr. Wheeler argued that as the men employed on Mare Island cannot live there it must be held that they are attending to the business of government when going to and from their work. There were many other points involved, and all of them were argued at great length by the brilliant lawyers on both sides, with the result that victory was won by Barrett and Humphrey in both courts. Judge Ellison, by the way, is one of those "country judges" whom you don't hear much about but whom lawyers esteem for their rare ability.

McCreery and Sam Leek

It was the habit of the late Andrew McCreery in the old days before the fire to purchase a "modest quencher" at the Palace bar every morning at nine o'clock. Sam Leek who was then running the Call, had the same habit. Usually the two were the only patrons of the bar at that hour. One day Leek asked "Cocktail Jim" Boothby, the Palace bar tender, who the bewhiskered man was that came in every morning. "Why, that's Andrew McCreery," was the answer. "You ought to know him. He owns more property than anybody else in San Francisco." "Don't see how he attends to it," said Sam. "He's in here every time I come in." The next day McCreery asked "Cocktail Jim" who the cadaverous chap was that came into the bar every morning. "Why, that," was the answer, "is Sam Leek. He runs the Call." "Don't see how he gets time to run it," com-

mented McCreery. "He's in here every time I come in."

His Generosity

McCreery had the reputation of being very close, and yet he is remembered for many generous acts. Remitting the rent of struggling young lawyers in his office buildings was one of his not uncommon forms of benevolence. One day a policeman assisted him out of his carriage in lower California street. McCreery was pleased and offered the copper a large bill. But the copper said he couldn't accept it. "Then I shall give you a gold watch and chain," said the millionaire. "It's against the rules to take any gift," said the honest policeman. But McCreery was not to be balked of his generous impulse.

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He immediately hunted up his friend Police Commissioner Alvord, put the case to him, secured the permission of the police board, and presented the policeman with a handsome gold watch and jeweled chain. Politeness immediately became the fashion in police circles.

Swanton Quits Santa Cruz

Santa Cruz has lost its live wire. Fred W. Swanton is now a resident of San Francisco, having become assistant cashier of the Merchants' National Bank. Swanton is without doubt the most experienced and successful hustler on the Pacific Coast. He is a man with imagination, and with genius for persuading capital and Santa Cruz received a great deal of benefit from his gifts. The Sentinel of that city speaking of the loss that the town has sustained, says: "About the only thing he didn't bring to Santa Cruz is the climate and the scenic beauty." He installed the first telephone system in Santa Cruz, built the first athletic park, installed the first electric light plant, built the first electric railroad, and the first Casino and bathing pavilion, founded Tent City. He was the creator of the Big Creek Power Company, he consolidated all the public utility corporations of Santa Cruz, he promoted the Santa Cruz and Capitola electric railway, and finally he gave Santa Cruz the Casa Del Rey golf links. "And Fred Swanton," says the Sentinel, "never ran for office—he was a booster, a promoter, not a politician or seeker of official honors." Though not a rich man Swanton is rich in the kind of talent that is needed in San Francisco.

Moore and Cobb

When Irvin Cobb, the humorist and short story writer, was in San Francisco he went down to the Exposition Building in Pine street to pay his respects to C. C. Moore, the president of the World's Fair Commission. The two men had a comfortable chat. Cobb had come here by way of the Grand Canyon, and he was enthusiastic about it. Moore agreed with him. "What impressed me when I first saw it," said Moore, "was our mortal insignificance." "Yes," said Cobb, "after I saw it I shriveled up so much that I had to climb up on the bureau to shave."

A Bennett Story

Cobb saw a good deal of Arnold Bennett when the English novelist was in New York, gathering material for "Your United States." One day they talked about Bennett's "Clayhanger." Referring to a character in the story Cobb remarked that such a faithful picture of gradual physical and mental degeneration could only have been drawn by a specialist. "I suppose at some time in your life," he continued, "you walked the London hospitals." "No, I did not," said Bennett. "Then you must have obtained your material from a physician," suggested Cobb. "Not from a physician," said Bennett, "but at

first hand." "May I ask from whom?" said Cobb, his curiosity excited. "From my father," answered Bennett; "he died just that way." Cobb was surprised into silence for a minute. Then regarding Bennett queerly he said: "Is your mother still living?" "Oh, yes," said Bennett, quite unconscious of the sarcasm. "Enjoying good health?" continued Cobb. "Splendid, thank you," answered Bennett. Cobb let it go at that.

"They say," remarked the old maid, "that widows who cry the most are the first to remarry."

"Well," rejoined the old bachelor, "there's nothing like wet weather for transplanting."

Ada Lewis' Start

New York has just learned that the famous "old California stock" was not the only great stock company in the San Francisco of earlier days. Ada Lewis imparted the information. She did it by calling attention to some of the players who were at the Alcazar when she began her professional career. Ada Lewis received her first pay for stage work at Woodward's Gardens. She received three dollars a week as an extra girl. Then she got a job at the Alcazar. "Maude Adams' mother was playing leading parts," she told an interviewer in New York, "and Miss Adams herself was a member of the company. So were George Beban and Florence Roberts." And she told the interviewer how shortly after her debut Maude Adams succeeded Phoebe Davis in an important part in a Hoyt play. Truly one cannot speak of the San Francisco theatre of those days without mentioning the names of many who have since achieved greatness. This applies not only to the old California and the Alcazar, but also to the Tivoli, the Baldwin and Stockwell's. Ada Lewis is appearing just now in "The Honeymoon Express." She has a scene with Melville Ellis in which she sings a few notes. "I only sing to kill time," she tells Ellis. "You certainly have a splendid weapon," he answers.

"I can't make up my mind whether to go in for painting or poetry."

"Well, if I might advise you, painting."

"You've seen some of my pictures, then?"

"No, but I've heard some of your poems."

The Wine Snob

The Man that Winds the Ferry Clock met Al Coney, the Golden State champagne booster, the other day and talked tariff. "I see," said the water front philosopher, "that Wilson is going to tax luxuries. That means that California's industries and resources are going to get it coming and going." Coney looked disinterested. "You'll find it harder to sell your wine," said the clock winder. "Oh, I guess not," said Coney. "Yes you will," said the clock winder. "Raising the price of foreign wines will make it all the

harder for the snob to buy the home product, and there are a lot of snobs among wine buyers." And then he told Coney a story of a commercial club in Oakland that gave a banquet some weeks ago. Somebody suggested that they should drink Golden State, but one member remarked that if they did their friends in San Francisco would say they were a lot of cheap guys. So they drank a foreign brand. However, Coney isn't worrying. Snobs are having the laugh turned on them every little while. At a dinner at one of our swell clubs the other night the home wine was served in bottles swathed in towels, and more than one connoisseur praised it enthusiastically. A well known publisher was sure that it was a rare vintage privately bottled, and he asked his host how he managed to get hold of it.

"I wish you would tell me," said the agent, who had been a long time on Mr. Snagg's trail, "what is your insuperable objection to having your life insured?"

"Well, I don't mind telling you," replied Snagg. "The idea of being more valuable after I am dead than while I am alive is distasteful to me."

A Singing Poet

So Fred Emerson Brooks, the indefatigable singer of California's resources, has made himself a Benedick. May the happy culmination of an old romance be supercrowned by felicity worthy a poet, and may Fred and the muse of him flourish forever! How many people know that Fred used to adorn and make melodious the Tivoli stage in the early days of that tuneful institution? 'Tis a fact. Fred was the admirable Admiral in San Francisco's first production of "Pinafore," and when a local woman wrote a sequel called "The Wreck of the Pinafore" for Tivoli production, Fred continued to illustrate the fortunes of the great man who began life by polishing the handle of the big front door. Fred was then as now a poet, and he overflowed with the topical stanzas wherewith 'twas the fashion to gild the refined gold of the Gilbertian lyrics. Fred turned 'em out by the dozen, and those who played with him never knew what he had up his sleeve. In the first act of "The Wreck of the Pinafore" the scene was a desert island, and the survivors of the wreck were nestling in trees into which the gale had blown them. In one tree was Fred Emerson Brooks, a disconsolate but singing Admiral while in another perched Edith Woodthorpe (now Mrs. Alfred Dobson of this city), the original San Francisco Little Buttercup. Fred sang a number of his topical stanzas and Little Buttercup carried the refrain to each stanza, the familiar "sisters and his cousins and his aunts." The scene was a great hit and Fred was called upon for encore after encore. Finally he improvised:

Here I am, up in this tree,
Don't know what will become of me;
If I slide down I'll rub all the satin off my pants—

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Little Buttercup wasn't paying much attention except to her cue word, so when she sang: "So will his sisters and his cousins and his aunts," she brought down the house.

"I am a self-made man, I am."

"Well, I think there is one thing you needn't worry about."

"What is that?"

"Taking out a patent."

The De Luxe Limited

Passenger Traffic Manager Charles S. Fee of the Southern Pacific Company was host at a luncheon on Friday of last week on board the Overland Limited de luxe all-steel train. There were about fifty guests representing the commercial organizations and press of Oakland and San Francisco. The all-steel de luxe train marks a new epoch in transcontinental passenger service. It represents the highest achievement thus far not only in the matter of luxury but in the more important matter of safety. And Manager Fee is justly proud of being able to point to it as evidence of the zeal of the passenger department of which he is the head. He remarked on the occasion of the luncheon, which was in every sense in keeping with the character of the train, that formerly passengers from San Francisco looked forward with keen expectancy to the service east of Omaha, but now they have reason to be satisfied with the service west of Omaha. The train is equipped with as perfect a service as one gets in the finest hotels. The all-steel equipment is of the latest model, and includes every new wrinkle, even the shower bath which most folk will appreciate in the summer months. Mr. Fee received the hearty felicitations of the guests.

"Let me shake your hand, sir. When I tripped just now, tearing my fair partner's dress terribly, you were the only man here who didn't laugh."

"Umph! I didn't see anything to laugh at. Your fair partner is my wife, and I paid for that dress."

Kaiser Painted for Our Fair

Germany has not yet decided whether or not she will exhibit at our World's Fair, though the chances are that she will, because if she doesn't she'll lose a lot of trade chances. But the Kaiser is personally interested in our Exposition. He has consented to have his portrait exhibited here. And it will be his very latest portrait. It is now being painted by Maria Pitaky, described as a "German-Hungarian" portrait painter who has put many distinguished Americans on canvas. The Kaiser hasn't been painted for some time; and this portrait will make him look older than we usually picture him. Just the same he hasn't allowed Maria Pitaky to put all his wrinkles into oils. Maria Pitaky will paint other members of the imperial family, and these pictures also will be shown here in 1915.

Lunch Parties at Techau's

Among the many lunch parties recently given at Techau Tavern were two elaborate affairs which occurred last Saturday, at one of which Mrs. Grannis was the hostess and at the other Mrs. Cozette, each of whom entertained a number of society ladies. The Tavern is much more than a rendezvous for a casual dinner or luncheon. It is recognized as an ideal environment for more formal functions where distinguished guests and friends to whom it is desired to offer exceptional courtesy may be fittingly entertained. Refinement and respectability are the two chief attractions on which this great popularity is founded.

Students Will Travel in Europe

There will be an opportunity this summer for students of Stanford and California to take a party trip to Europe. It is planned to leave San Francisco May 26, and to be gone 66 days. According to the sailing schedule from New York, the party will be booked on S. S. Rochambeau for May 31, but the sailing may be changed to a later date so as to allow a visit to the Harvard Stadium to see the I. C. A. A. A. A special train with observation car and reading room will take the party direct to New York. It is planned to arrive in Paris on the 8th of June. From there the itinerary is through Versailles, London, Oxford, Stratford, Brussels, Cologne, Heidelberg, Lucerne, Interlaken, Milan, Venice, Florence, Pisa, Rome, Naples, Pompeii and Palermo. Three days will be allowed in Paris for seeing the "Grand Prix." The Ems-Hall Tours Co. which is organizing the trip will charge the sum of \$550. This amount does not include the cost of sleeper and meals on the special train which will carry the party and from New York. Each night of the trip through Europe, Mr. Ems plans to give an outline of what is to be seen the following day. A number of students from California and Stanford have already signed up for the tour. Further information may be obtained from E. C. Livingston at the Faculty Club, Berkeley, or from the Ems-Hall Tours Co., 508 Phelan Building.

Judge—It seems to me that I have seen you before.

Prisoner—You have, your honor; I taught your daughter singing lessons.

Judge—Thirty years.

DR. WILEY PRAISES

GOLDEN STATE CHAMPAGNE

At luncheon at the Commercial Club recently, Dr. Harvey Wiley, former chief of the United States Bureau of Chemistry, said he regarded the Italian-Swiss Colony's Golden State, Extra Dry "Grand Prix" Champagne as high-class in every particular, unmistakably fermented in the bottle and entitled to a splendid success.

(Advertisement)

TO LUISA TETRAZZINI

By Christie Tyler

Shimmering rays through gray clouds gleaming,
The lark's glad song to heaven rings,
Opal skies proclaim the morning,
When Luisa sings.

The sunkissed poppy bright and glowing
To the velvet clover brings
Amber light to warm its shadows
When Luisa sings.

Crystal fountains bubbling over,
Rippling into golden rills,
Honeyed dewdrops strung on silver,
When Luisa trills.

Now an angel fair and gentle
Bearing on her guarding wings
Pearls of prayer to soothe all sorrow
When Luisa sings.

Did It Fine

One evening a lady, who had engaged a country girl as general servant, asked her if she could manage to poach half a dozen eggs for supper.

The girl quickly replied that she could do that right enough.

"Very good," said her mistress. "I'll just see what you can do," and went away.

Shortly afterward she had occasion to call the girl again, but to her great astonishment she was not to be found in the house. Presently she came tripping in with her hat and jacket on, smiling radiantly.

"I've got 'em all right, mum," she said; "half a dozen beauties."

"Half a dozen beauties!" repeated her mistress. "What do you mean?"

"Eggs, mum," she said, smiling.

"But there are plenty of eggs in the house, without buying more," remarked her mistress.

"Law, mum, I didn't buy 'em! You told me to poach 'em, and I did it fine. You see," she added, by way of information, "my father and brothers do a bit of poaching, so I knew in a minute what you meant."

"Yes," said the solemn-faced man, "it would ruin me financially, if the whiskey business should be wiped out."

"Are you in the liquor business, sir?"

"No, no. I'm a temperance orator."

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

To Consolidate or Not to Consolidate?

There is as much concern, discussion and club politics going on in the two smart women's clubs these days as ever stirred members of the Pacific and Union before the consolidation. Possibly more. Women take their clubs more seriously. Consolidation is the cause, or rather a movement to consolidate the Town and Country and Francisca clubs. There are enthusiastic supporters of the plan and equally determined opponents, all of them fortified with reasons for and against. The other day Mrs. George Newhall, a member of both, called a meeting at her home in Pacific avenue. Mrs. McNutt Potter and her friend Mrs. Lansdale, not the bishop's daughter, but the former Miss Sydney Smith, were present to advocate consolidation. So was Marjorie Josselyn who frequents the Francisca, though she belongs to the Town and Country. But nothing was accomplished.

The T. and C. Is Conservative

The truth is the T. and C. members are most of them opposed to the plan for various reasons. One is that they don't need the money. The T. and C. is on a firm financial basis and agreeably established in its home overlooking Union Square. There is no reason for a sudden increase of membership from 500 to 900. Also there are certain standards of the Francisca that conservatives of the T. and C. don't want to see introduced. Smoking for one thing, approved at the first is taboo at the second. Cocktails have never been encouraged at the T. and C., carelessly as the Francisca contingent may regard them. The Francisca on the other hand is running into debt and is dissatisfied with its quarters over an art store in Sutter street. The

directors believe that a club of 900 could own its own building and be conducted on broader lines that would be an advantage to both in a consolidation. Whether it will be accomplished or not neither faction can state, and meanwhile the controversy continues with meetings and debates.

Through With San Francisco

Now that she is free from Walter, Mrs. Hobart is going away from San Francisco—for good. She tells her friends that she never wants to live in this city again. She leaves next week for Japan, and after taking the rest cure in the Orient will go East to be with her children who are at school. Miss Mary Eyre, her devoted friend who testified at the divorce hearing, will accompany her to the Orient. Miss Eyre intended to go to Washington, D. C., for the marriage of her nephew Eyre Pinckard to Dorothy Williams, but she gave up that trip in order to be with Mrs. Hobart who says she needs her company in this period of tribulation.

Town Talk Told It First

The engagement of Miss Elena Robinson and J. Willis Goodwin was announced in the Chronicle last Wednesday, six months after Town Talk had disclosed this interesting romance. It was formally denied then by Miss Robinson but informally understood just the same, that she was destined to be the chatelaine of the attractive villa Goodwin was building at Woodside. It adjoins the Robinson place and the young people have spent a lot of time together planning the gardens and house where they will live after the wedding in September. The Robinsons wanted the betrothal kept secret until a few weeks before the marriage for the same reason that made them decline to acknowledge it last year, but Elena's friends insisted on wining and dining the fiances and engagement cups began to pour in, so what could they do? Still one understands the hesitancy. Elena's engagement to the son of Governor Cameron of Arizona had been announced with a degree of effect and then broken with equal effect. While everyone was still wondering why and trying to find out it was impossible to announce a second betrothal, though the truth is the second was not premeditated when the first was discontinued.

A Motor Romance

It was the result of a motor tour of Southern California on which Goodwin who owns one of the finest French cars in California was host to Mrs. Robinson and her daughter. The party spent two weeks in the sunny south where romance is fostered and Elena came home engaged again. Goodwin is a wealthy young Easterner who has been in California only two years. He brought letters to the Oxnards and others who introduced him to the peninsula set where he made friends at once. Porter Robinson, brother of his fiancée, is one of his intimates. Elena Robinson is a direct descendent through her father's line of Governor de la Guerra, Spanish Governor of California, and is connected with half of the old Spanish families in the State. She

is a well-read, clever girl who was among the first of our society belles seriously to concern herself with the cause of woman suffrage. Her mother was Carrie Hawes, a belle of twenty-five years ago whose wit is famous in society.

Is She Buying a Trousseau?

Dorothy Baker's friends have been writing to her in London to confirm the rumors that she is buying a trousseau on the other side. Dorothy is visiting her sister Mrs. Drummond McGavin and is said to have written news of her engagement in confidence to one or two intimate friends at home. Her marriage to George Willcutt is said to be planned for next fall and young Dr. Willcutt's determination to spend the summer abroad is taken as evidence of his desire to be near his alleged fiancée. However, he has evaded questions and there are only rumors so far. Dorothy Baker is an attractive girl who has been a great favorite since her debut a few years ago. She is the youngest member of the Baker clan that includes the Wakefield Bakers, the Leavitt and Herbert Bakers and Mrs. Drummond McGavin who was Helen Baker. Dr. Willcutt has been a beau of Greenway sets for several years and at one time was said to be engaged to Dorothy Van Sicklen, now Mrs. George Lyman who with her husband is at present in Germany. Also he was the reputed fiancé of Harriett Alexander for a while and of Ruth Boerecke, now Mrs. Ralston White. But this time rumor says he will lead Miss Baker to the altar as his bride.

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Polo Thrills

The three games of polo between our Slashers and the Hawaiian team provided the peninsular set with plenty of thrills. And thrills are as necessary as meat and drink to the everyday existence of the members of the peninsular set. The games were full of exciting episodes. One of the first came when Dick Tobin was hit by a polo ball and so severely injured that he had to retire from the series. That was a great misfortune for the team to which Tobin is a tower of strength, and it was considered a great misfortune by Tobin, not so much on account of the injury as because he was eager to go through the series and take his share of the glory of whipping the cracks from Honolulu. When young Will Tevis was put into the game in his place there was much wise shaking of heads. But for a youngster Tevis played a remarkably strong and quick game. There was another thrill when Charlie Clark hired a special train to rush a polo pony from Monterey to El Cerrito for his friend "Bill" Devereaux. Another thrill was derived from Herbert Payne's spectacular motor trip from the Burlingame Country Club to El Cerrito field. Payne had been lunching at the club with three girls, and had to speed his car up to sixty miles an hour to make the game. He made it but was arrested. Then there was Walter Hobart. Trust Walter to provide a thrill. What did he do but lasso a mad dog on the polo field! It is said that the dog was not mad and allowed himself to be lassoed, but this is obviously the tittle tattle of the envious. Walter Hobart's polo playing, by the way, was not a bit affected by his domestic troubles. To see him on the field you'd never suspect that he had just lost one of the most beautiful wives in California.

The Studious Mrs. Carolan

For a long time I have been calling attention to the studiousness of Mrs. Carolan, to her deep interest in literature, art and music. I am glad that others are joining in my laudatory chorus. Here comes a society reporter and states that Mrs. Carolan is going abroad "not to get the new fashions like some of our frivolous friends," but for a very different purpose, namely "to study and study and study." The verb is set down thrice to emphasize the studiousness of Mrs. Carolan. The bavarde continues: "If Fate had not cumbered Mrs. Carolan with so many of the Pullman millions she might be making a name for herself as a singer—a name to be blazoned in bright electric lights three feet high above one of our fashionable theatres or opera houses." To be "cumbered" with millions, Pull-

man or otherwise, is not a hard fate, but let that pass. It is evident that to the bavarde Mrs. Carolan is one of that small army of society women in our midst who could make "Mary Garden jealous" if they chose. Poor Mary! Lucky for her that these society women are so "cumbered" with money. Otherwise they'd take the bread out of her mouth.

Speaking of Pullman

The mention of the Pullman millions reminds me of a story. In the old days of their bachelorhood Frank Carolan and Porter Ashe were pals. The friendship of course continued after Frank Carolan married the heiress of old man Pullman of Chicago. But nowadays the two men don't see much of each other. One night Frank Carolan and his wife were dining in Tait's when Porter Ashe came in and took a seat nearby. "Why, bless my heart!" exclaimed Frank! "there's Porter Ashe. Let's have him over to dine with us." Mrs. Carolan nodded. "Oh, Porter!" called Frank. Ashe pretended not to hear. "Oh, Porter!" repeated Frank. Still no sign from Ashe. "I say, Porter!" cried Frank in a louder tone. Porter Ashe turned and put his finger to his lips. "Sssh! Frank!" he warned, "don't talk shop before a Pullman."

Kathleen Norris Is Busy

Kathleen Thompson Norris who has done better than most Californians in the East has just completed a novel that promises, I'm told, to be a literary sensation. Mrs. Norris is indefatigable with her pen and since turning her story over to the publishers has completed a short story for one of the magazines. The Norrises belong to a charming literary coterie in New York and entertain a great deal. Last week they took possession of their new home at Port Washington, where they have been living in a rented house while their own was under construction. Moving and the cares of motherhood seem to rest lightly on this former San Francisco girl who proves a woman may have a home, a husband, children and a career at the same time.

A Club Deserving of Support

The de Young home in California street will be the scene of a candy and cake sale on the evening of April 18, for the benefit of the Auxiliary Girls' Club, of which Miss Kathleen de Young is the very active and enthusiastic president. The Auxiliary Girls' Club is an excellent institution that does a great deal of good among working girls. It provides club rooms for them where they get luncheon, and where, each evening, they receive instruction calculated not only to improve their minds but also to fit them for employment in the commercial world. There will doubtless be a crush at the de Young home when Miss Kathleen presides at the candy and cake sale.

Miss Hess' Recital

Miss Hazel Helma Hess who for more than four years has been studying with Hugo Mansfeldt, will make her professional debut in a piano recital to be given at Century Club Hall, Wednesday evening, April 16. Her program will disclose the young artist as a player of great versatility and genius. The compositions she has selected to introduce her to local music lovers range from the classic Schubert to

Tschaikowsky and Franz Liszt whose pianistry is an inheritance of Miss Hess'. The latter is a pupil of a pupil of the great Abbe-pianist, Mansfeldt being one of the few accredited disciples of the art of Liszt acquired under the eye of that master pianist himself. Miss Hess is the daughter of A. W. Hess of San Jose, a pioneer of the Garden City, and she evinced at an early age unusual musical gifts which she has developed to a fine maturity under the tutelage of Mr. Mansfeldt. The program will be distinguished in many respects, and will include Liszt's "Ungarische Fantasie," the orchestral score of which will be played in its transcribed version at a second piano by Hugo Mansfeldt. Following is the program in full: Original Theme and Variations, op. 7, Drangosch; Andante con Variazioni, Schubert; Impromptu, E flat minor, Tschaikowsky; Intermezzo en Octaves, Leschetizky; Romance, F major, op. 51, Tschaikowsky; Stimmungsbild, op. 1, No. 7, Medtner; Etude, op. 225, No. 1, Chopin; Erlkoenig, Schubert-Liszt; Ballade, B minor, Liszt; Mazurka, G minor, op. 24, Saint-Saens; Marche mignonne, Poldini; Rhapsody, No. 12, Liszt; Ungarische Fantasie, Liszt (for two pianos). Reserved seats are one dollar and may be secured at Sherman and Clay's or at Century Club Hall on the night of the recital.

A New Artist at Kohler and Chase

At this Saturday's Music Matinee of Kohler & Chase another new artist will be introduced to the San Francisco public. Mrs. Martha von Sturmer, soprano, recently arrived in this city from the East where she appeared with much success as a concert singer. She will sing the aria of Salome from "Herodiade and a group of songs by Wolf, Grieg and Hildach. Another feature will be the solos by Cecil Cowles, one of the brilliant pianists of the younger set. She is a pupil of Hugo Mansfeldt and is a composer of much promise. She will appear both as composer and soloist. She will play her own "Deux Papillons" and Moszkowski's Waltz, Op. 34 No. 1. Besides these two soloists there will be selections for the player piano and the pipe organ.

Notes from Del Monte

Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Lane and Miss Lane of Spokane, while on a tour of California in their

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Hazel H. Hess

in a

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motor, stopped off for a few days at Del Monte. Mr. and Mrs. Ed Morris and family and Dr. Windson of Chicago were at Del Monte last week. Mr. and Mrs. Rome Miller are at Del Monte. Mr. Miller is the proprietor of the Rome Hotel in Omaha. Miss Agnes Baillie of Tacoma has joined her mother Mrs. Alex. Baillie. Mrs. Baillie has been here for over a month with one of her other daughters Mrs. Ripley who was obliged to return home last week. Mr. and Mrs. John H. Wood and Mr. and Mrs. F. Bode of Chicago spent several days at Del Monte. Mr. Wood is the father of Warren K. Wood, the famous golfer. Warren is one of the Eastern players who will be at Del Monte in June to meet a picked team from California. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Brown of Chicago arrived on Tuesday. They expect to remain a month, much to the delight of their many friends, as they are old patrons of Del Monte. Mr. Brown is a very ardent sportsman and is planning a fishing trip down the coast for next week. Mr. George B. Dodwell, Miss Annie Carr of Watford, England, and Mr. Alec Stewart of Tacoma were guests at the hotel last week.

Surprises at Tait's

Particular attention has been given to arranging this week's program at the Tait-Zinkand Cafe, with a promise of a number of the most unusually attractive surprises that San Francisco pleasure-lovers have yet been treated to. Among all the cafes in this cafe-famed city, Tait-Zinkand's has always had the reputation of being the most novel and unique in its entertaining, a reputation which the management is certainly doing its best to live up to. Here the weary shopper is offered quiet respite within the charming and tastefully decorated dining room. The shaded lights, soft color harmonies and figures moving rhythmically to the entrancing strains of music cannot but drive away care, if not for all time at least for the moment.

In the Social Spotlight

The Hotel Oakland bulletin for last week included: Monday—"Hands Around the Harbor" banquet of the Oakland Commercial Club. Five Hundred of the most influential men of San Francisco, Oakland, Berkeley, Alameda, Piedmont, Emeryville, Richmond, San Leandro, Hayward, San Jose, San Mateo and Redwood City were present. Speakers: Mayor Frank K. Mott of Oakland, Mayor James Rolph of San Francisco, William T. Sesnon, president of the San

Francisco Chamber of Commerce; C. C. Moore, president of the Panama-Pacific Exposition Commission; Charles S. Wheeler, attorney-at-law, representing bar of San Francisco; Henry T. Scott and Robert N. Lynch of San Francisco and Robert M. Fitzgerald of Oakland. Harmon Bell, president of the Oakland Commercial Club, toastmaster. Dinner was held for the purpose of uniting all the financial and commercial interests of the various cities lying about San Francisco bay in a campaign of exploitation and development of the bay region. Tuesday—Piano recital in the ivory ball room by Roxanna Weihe; Oakland Ad Club luncheon. Wednesday—Grand annual Shriners' ball, auspices of Aahmes Temple of Oakland, in the ivory ball room. Thursday—Oakland Rotary Club luncheon; luncheon to Oakland baseball team by Progress and Prosperity Committee of the Oakland Chamber of Commerce in honor of the first game played by the home team on the new Pacific Coast League grounds, said to be the finest grounds outside of the major leagues. Friday—Pi Delta Kappa dance in the ivory ball room.

Miss Jean McEwen of this city accompanied by her cousins Mrs. Joseph Kelly and Miss Margaret Mathews of Oakland left Sunday for an extended European tour. After a short stay in New York they will leave for a cruise of the Mediterranean and will later spend a good deal of time in London, Paris and other capitals. They will return home in September.

Mrs. Miller Graham of Santa Barbara recently spent several days at Coronado. Among the other attractive women at Coronado is Mrs. E. F. Preston who has been joined by her son Frank and his charming wife, the object of their visit being to look at ranch property with the view of buying. Mrs. Jimmie Robinson and daughter with Mr. Goodwin arrived recently at Coronado by motor. Other recent arrivals at Coronado included the following: George H. Lent and W. P. Daniels of Boston, H. Brooks, J. J. Loomer and Mrs. Loomer, Mr. and Mrs. Syd Hail, Mr. R. B. Hine. Larz Anderson, the retiring Ambassador to Japan, and Mrs. Anderson have arrived at Coronado, and will doubtless be much entertained. On Sunday they were the dinner guests of Mrs. Southerland and her daughter who will soon be joined by Admiral Southerland.

Advice to the Fat

Sleep but little, never eat
Anything that's fat or sweet.
Shun tobacco, alcohol;
Eat potatoes not at all.
Beans, rice, pudding, pie abhor,
Never pass your plate for more.
With your meals no water take,
Walk until your muscles ache.
Exercise an awful lot,
Especially if the weather's hot.
Hungry always leave the table,
Eat as little as you're able.
If you're really faint for food,
Unbuttered toast is very good;
Or if that does not suffice,
Two or three stewed prunes are nice.
Milk and cream you must taboo,
Sugar in your coffee, too.
Try this plan two months or three,
And I'll give my guarantee
The advice I give is true,
And you'll lose a pound or two.

A Show for Housekeepers

A series of demonstrations and a well-managed free cooking school comprise an unique Household Show at the store of Nathan-Dohrmann Co. The free cooking school is an especially commendable feature, as only the newest and best recipes are taught. The show ends next Saturday.

(Advertisement)



MISS HAZEL H. HESS
Who will give a piano recital at Century Club Hall next Wednesday evening

Lawyer (in equal suffrage State)—Don't worry, the jury is sure to disagree.

Prisoner—But are you certain?

Lawyer—It's inevitable; two of the jurors are man and wife.

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all authorities agree—all users know. You will know it is the cheapest and the best soap as soon as you see the results on your skin and complexion from the use of

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Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test for 62 years; no other has, and it is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the last harmful of all the skin preparations."

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For infants and adults. Exquisitely perfumed. Relieves Skin Irritation, cures Sunburn and renders an excellent complexion. Price 25 Cents, by Mail.

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Gossip of the Theatre

Maggie Pepper, True Woman

What Forbes did for the chorus girl Klein has found no apparent difficulty in repeating for the department store drudge. Maggie Pepper has a right to be numbered among the true figures (few enough they are) that the contemporaneous stage has given us. She is a living, breathing human being. She has a tired body but a tongue indefatigable in humor. She's good, not because goodness comes more easily for her than badness, but because she knows virtue is the better way and because she fears God. She represents the shop girl worthily in a day when the shop girl is being written down to the level of the harlot. She cares not for our pity in her tribulations; therefore she commands it. She feels herself entirely capable to fight her own battles unaided; therefore we pity her. She goes through trouble with an eye unwet, but there's a tear in her voice and it moistens some of her driest repartee. You warm to her as you warm to the girls in the Rupert Hughes stories. Indeed she might have been drawn by the man who wrote "Canavan" and "The Perfect Thirty-six." That it was not he but Klein who drew her as a companion figure to the chorus lady shows what an amazingly competent playwright Klein is. The story doesn't matter any more than the story of "The Chorus Lady" mattered. It's the character, the character as portrayed by Rose Stahl. How much of it is Klein and how much Rose one cannot say offhand, for Klein wrote the part for Rose Stahl and of course he held her in mind while he was composing. Rose Stahl is one of our great actresses. In her feminine way she is as distinctive as Joseph Jefferson. She has a niche all to herself; no other actress could fill it. And she has a great following. People wait for her to come to town as they wait for Maude Adams or Julia Marlowe. There is more interest in her private personality than in that of any actress who has been here for a twelve-month. And say what you will, that remains a test of theatrical greatness. I know lots of men who would rather meet Rose Stahl than Ethel Barrymore; lots of women who would rather clasp her hand than scrutinize the complexion of Lillian Russell.

—Edward F. O'Day.



JOHN DREW
in "The Perplexed Husband" at the Columbia Theatre

John Drew at the Columbia

In the clever comedy "The Perplexed Husband" by Alfred Sutro, John Drew will be seen at the Columbia for two weeks beginning Monday. This is the first Sutro play seen in this country since "The Walls of Jericho." Mr. Drew's company is again headed by Miss Mary Boland. Others in the cast are Miss Nina Sevensing, the English actress, last seen in America as the adventuress in "Mid-Channel"; Alice John, Margaret Watson and Hubert Druce. "The Perplexed Husband's" scenes are laid in London and the action is all within three days. It is a comedy of today, and it touches on the timeliest topics—woman suffrage and "the new woman." The situations hinge on what happens when she is confronted by the suddenly transformed "new man."

Julia Culp

Will Greenbaum announces three concerts by Holland's greatest artist and one of the finest singers living, Mme. Julia Culp. In the East she has made a new epoch in concert singing while in Europe she is looked on as the embodiment of all that is great in vocal art. Assisted by Coenraad V. Bos, the artist-accompanist, Mme. Culp will give three concerts at Scottish Rite Auditorium, the dates being two Sunday afternoons, April 27 and May 11, and Thursday night, May 1. So many music lovers have expressed a desire to hear her in all three programs that Greenbaum has decided to sell course tickets at a reduced figure. Mail orders for season or single tickets may be mailed to Mr. Greenbaum at Sherman, Clay and Company's or Kohler and Chase's. Mme. Culp will sing in French, German, English and Italian.

First California Music Festival

Encouraged by the success of the Berkeley Oratorio Society, the citizens of the university town have raised a fund to establish annual music festivals in the Greek Theatre on the lines of the famous festivals at Worcester, Cincinnati, and so forth. The ultimate object is to make the open-air theatre the Mecca for music lovers from San Diego to Seattle once a year and to induce the choral societies of the entire coast to unite on these occasions. The first festival will be given on the second and third of May, and the rehearsals are now under way. Paul Steindorff, choragus of the university, will wield the baton, and the arrangements are under the supervision of the musical and dramatic committee of the university. Manager Will L. Greenbaum has been entrusted with the details. The participants will be a chorus of three hundred voices from the various choral societies of the bay cities, a school children's chorus of two hundred, an orchestra of one hundred players and some eminent soloists, most of them native Californians. The orchestra will play principally Wagner compositions in celebration of the birthday, and on Saturday afternoon the adult and children's choruses will unite in the first performance in this country of Gabriel Pierne's musical legend "The Children's Crusade."

Ysaye Coming

Manager Greenbaum has received word that Gabriel Ysaye, the son of the Belgian "king of the violinists," will visit this city with his illus-

trious father and will play the wonderful "Double Concerto" by Bach with his father at one of the concerts scheduled for the week of May 11. Young Ysaye is said to be a gifted artist and hopes to follow in the footsteps of his father, although he has not yet made his formal professional debut.

Music at Greek Theatre

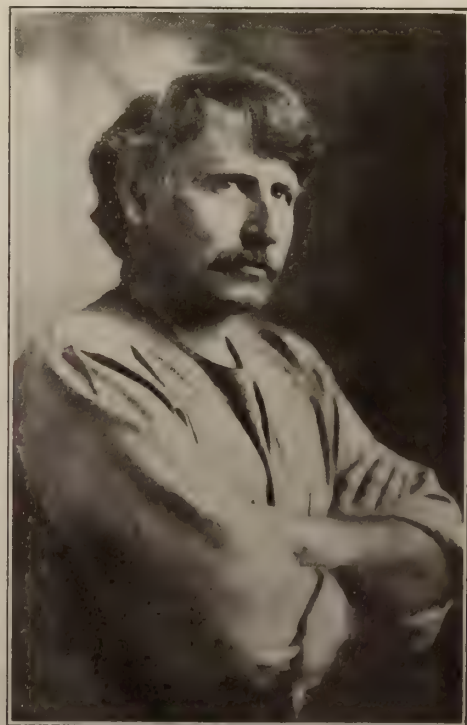
The musical and dramatic committee of the University of California announces that the Half-Hour of Music in the Greek Theatre on next Sunday, April 13, at 4 o'clock will be given by the vested choir of the First Presbyterian Church of Oakland. This choir which is under the direction of Mr. Percy A. H. Dow consists of fifty voices, with Mrs. Zilpha R. Jenkins, soprano; Mrs. Ruth W. Anderson, contralto; Mr. J. F. Vanco, tenor; and Mr. Chas. Robinson, bass, as soloists, and Mrs. J. Cook as accompanist.

"The Squaw Man" at Alcazar

During the three years that have elapsed since "The Squaw Man" was last presented in the Alcazar there have been many requests for its revival, but not until Charles Waldron was engaged to lead the company did the management feel justified in acceding, because of the unusual physical and temperamental qualifications essential to an adequate interpretation of the title role. Mr. Waldron is not only richly endowed with them, but has played the part with marked success in the East and is familiar with its requirements. Consequently the finest dramatic depiction of life on the frontier that ever was written is announced for next week, commencing Monday night, with Madeleine Louis and an augmented support also in the cast.

The Bird Man at the Orpheum

Charles Kellogg, "the Nature Singer" whose engagement is limited to one week will be the headliner at the Orpheum next week. He can



CHARLES KELLOGG
"The Nature Singer" who will appear next week only at the Orpheum

call any living thing by inaudible sounds. He can sing the songs of all birds. He does this in his act. Everett Shinn's "More Sinned Against Than Usual" is a four-act play cut down to the vaudeville time limit. It is a travesty on melodrama. Percy Waram and his company will appear in W. W. Jacobs' comedy "The Bosun's Mate." Bixley and Lerner style themselves "the Melba and Caruso of Vaudeville" because they introduce a burlesque in which they successfully caricature those stars. William Abbott and Julia Curtis will entertain with songs, dances and imitations. The Three Bohemians, street musicians and singers, play on string instruments and sing.

tion the play is presented, has surrounded the star with a cast of rare balance and excellence and mounted the attraction, which is in five acts and nine scenes, in a lavish and artistic manner. Miss Marjorie Moreland will be seen in the role of Nancy Sikes; Miss Norma Mitchell as Oliver Twist; Miss Victory Bateman as Mrs. Maylie; Miss Enid Markey as Rose Maylie; Herbert Standing as Mr. Brownlow and Percy Standing as Bill Sikes. Others in the cast are Louise Fanning, Emma C. Cauz, Virginia Rose, George Rand, Karl Marks, William Chapman, William Walbert, John Frane, Louis Egard, Richard Barbee, Otto Williams, Leonard D. Hollister, Jack



MARJORIE MORELAND

Who will be seen as Nancy Sikes in Nat Goodwin's Production of "Oliver Twist" at the Cort Sunday night

New Edison talking pictures will be shown. Paul Sandor's Burlesque Circus and the famous English comedienne Daisy Jerome will close their engagements with this bill.

Nat Goodwin in "Oliver Twist"

Nat C. Goodwin commences a week's engagement at the Cort Sunday night in Dickens' "Oliver Twist." He will portray the role of Fagin. Goodwin has not been seen in this city for a number of years, nor has "Oliver Twist," and the Comyn Carr version has never been presented here before. This is the dramatic version now in use in London, and is used by Goodwin through the courtesy of Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree. It varies materially from all other versions seen in this country. Oliver Morosco, under whose direc-

Belgrave, Frank Gray and Lew Haynes. "The Tik Tok Man of Oz" follows.

"The Belle of Chinatown" at Pantages

The new offering at Pantages next week is headed by a vaudeville revision of "The Belle of Chinatown." Walter Montague has given the play a new story with a plot of local atmosphere. It carries a cast of twenty-one and is mounted with care. Sylvia Lea, a winsome comedienne, has the title role. The Four Prevosts have an acrobatic absurdity, "Fun in a Turkish Bath." Willie Hale and Brother do juggling. "The Tall Tale Feller" is Ed Gray and his stories are said to be new. Williams and Tucker have a slang "classic" termed "Skinny's Finish." Lloyd and Black in a "vaudeville jest" and Leonard and Drake in animal mimicry complete the new bill.

AMUSEMENTS

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Cast of 21 People

7—OTHER ACTS—7

Matinee Daily at 2:30. Nights, 7:15 and 9:15. Sunday and Holidays Matinees at 1:30 and 3:30. Nights Continuous from 6:30. Prices—10c, 20c and 30c.

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"THE PERPLEXED HUSBAND"

By Alfred Sutro

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A WONDERFUL NEW SHOW

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Evening Prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, \$1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c. Phone Douglas 70.

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CHARLES WALDRON

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Edwin Milton Royle's Great Play of Life
in the Wyoming Cattle Country

Prices: Night, 25c to \$1; Matinees: 25c to 50c.
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STARTING TOMORROW (SUNDAY) NIGHT

One Week Only. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday
Oliver Morosco Presents

NAT C. GOODWIN

In a Mammoth Production of

"OLIVER TWIST"

Wednesday and Saturday Matinee Prices—50c to \$1.50.
Night, 50c to \$2. Some Lower Floor Seats at \$1.50.
Commencing Monday, April 21—"THE TIK TOK MAN"

The Luft Bad

By Katherine Mansfield

I think it must be the umbrellas which make us look ridiculous.

When I was admitted into the enclosure for the first time, and saw my fellow-bathers walking about very nearly "in their nakeds," it struck me that the umbrellas gave a distinctly "Little Black Sambo" touch.

Ridiculous dignity in holding over yourself a green cotton thing with a red paroquet handle when you are dressed in nothing larger than a handkerchief.

There are no trees in the "Luft Bad." It boasts a collection of plain, wooden cells, a bath shelter, two swings and two odd clubs—one, presumably the lost property of Hercules or the German army, and the other to be used with safety in the cradle.

And there in all weathers we take the air—walking, or sitting in little companies talking over each other's ailments and measurements and "ills the flesh is heir to."

A high wooden wall compasses us all about; above it the pine trees look down a little superciliously, nudging each other in a way that is peculiarly trying to a debutante. Over the wall, on the right side, is the men's section. We hear them chopping down trees and sawing through planks, dashing heavy weights to the ground, and singing part songs. Yes, they take it far more seriously.

On the first day I was conscious of my legs, and went back into my cell three times to look at my watch, but when a woman with whom I had played chess for three weeks cut me dead, I took heart and joined a circle.

We lay curled on the ground while a Hungarian lady of immense proportions told us what a beautiful tomb she had bought for her second husband.

"A vault it is," she said, "with nice black railings. And so large that I can go down there and walk about. Both their photographs are there, with two very handsome bead wreaths sent me by my first husband's brother. There is an enlargement of a family group photograph, too, and an illuminated address presented to my first husband on his marriage. I am often there; it makes such a pleasant excursion for a fine Saturday afternoon."

She suddenly lay flat down on her back, took in six long breaths, and sat up again.

"The death agony was dreadful," she said brightly; "of the second, I mean. The 'first' was

run into by a furniture wagon, and had fifty marks stolen out of a new waistcoat pocket, but the 'second' was dying for sixty-seven hours. I never ceased crying once—not even to put the children to bed."

A young Russian, with a "bang" curl on her forehead, turned to me.

"Can you do the 'Salome' dance?" she asked. "I can."

"How delightful," I said.

"Shall I do it now? Would you like to see me?"

She sprang to her feet, executed a series of amazing contortions for the next ten minutes, and then paused, panting, twisting her long hair.

"Isn't that nice?" she said. "And now I am perspiring so splendidly. I shall go and take a bath."

Opposite me was the brownest woman I have ever seen, lying on her back, her arms clasped over her head.

"Oh, I spend the day here now," she answered. "I am making my own 'cure,' and living entirely on raw vegetables and nuts, and each day I feel my spirit is stronger and purer. After all, what can you expect? The majority of us are walking about with pig corpuscles and oxen fragments in our brain. The wonder is the world is as good as it is. Now I live on the simple, provided food"—she pointed to a little bag beside her—"a lettuce, a carrot, a potato, and some nuts are ample, rational nourishment. I wash them under the tap and eat them raw, just as they come from the harmless earth—fresh and uncontaminated."

"Do you take nothing else all day?" I cried.

"Water. And perhaps a banana if I wake in the night." She turned round and leaned on one elbow. "You over-eat yourself dreadfully," she said; "shamelessly! How can you expect the Flame of the Spirit to burn brightly under layers of superfluous flesh?"

I wished she would not stare at me, and thought of going to look at my watch again when a little girl wearing a string of coral beads joined us.

"The poor Frau Hauptmann cannot join us today," she said; "she has come out in spots all over on account of her nerves. She was very excited yesterday after having written two post-cards."

"A delicate woman," volunteered the Hungarian, "but pleasant. Fancy, she has a separate

plate for each of her front teeth! But she has no right to let her daughters wear such short sailor suits. They sit about on benches, crossing their legs in a most shameless manner. What are you going to do this afternoon, Fraulein Anna?"

"Oh," said the Coral Necklace, "the Herr Ober-leutnant has asked me to go with him to Lansdorf. He must buy some eggs there to take home to his mother. He saves a penny on eight eggs by knowing the right peasants to bargain with."

"Are you an American?" said the Vegetable Lady, turning to me.

"No."

"Then you are an Englishwoman?"

"Well, hardly—"

"You must be one of the two; you cannot help it. I have seen you walking alone several times. You wear your—"

I got up and climbed on to the swing. The air was sweet and cool, rushing past my body. Above, white clouds trailed delicately through the blue sky. From the pine forests streamed a wild perfume, and the branches swayed together, rhythmically, sonorously. I felt so light and free and happy—so childish! I wanted to poke my tongue out at the circle on the grass, who, drawing close together, were whispering meaningly.

"Perhaps you do not know," cried a voice from one of the cells, "to swing is very upsetting for the stomach? A friend of mine could keep nothing down for three weeks after exciting herself so."

I went to the bath shelter and was hosed.

As I dressed, someone rapped on the wall.

"Do you know," said a voice, "there is a man who lives in the Luft Bad next door. He buries himself up to the armpits in mud and refuses to believe in the Trinity."

The umbrellas are the saving grace of the Luft Bad. Now, when I go, I take my husband's "storm gamp" and sit in a corner, hiding behind it.

Not that I am in the least ashamed—

Father—Mabel, you might give that young man who comes to see you in the evening a message. Mabel (blushing)—Yes, father.

Father—Tell him that we've got no objection to him running up the gas bills, but we'd rather he didn't carry away the morning paper when he leaves.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Damage by flood and storm throughout the country impressed Wall Street like the rest of the world. But in Wall Street of chief importance was the extent of the losses and the cost of replacement and repair. Estimates of the damage ran into extremely high figures, and as insurance policies had been placed in many sections accepting liability for damage by the elements as well as by fire, it was thought that insurance companies would be compelled to liquidate some large lines of security holdings in order to pay these losses. There was also a good deal of conjecture about the burden placed on the railroads traversing the districts damaged by flood and storm. Experience has shown that floods have really caused little lasting injury to railway systems and that after the subsidence of the waters, tracks and roadbed generally have been found in such shape that only section gang work is needed. This will probably be found to be the case, and at the end of the week Wall Street's view as to flood losses was extremely modified. Earlier in the week there had been some extensive short selling because of the assertions that the cost of repairment would be so great as to cause a strain on the financial resources of the different companies, and those who put out the short lines were among the most urgent buyers at the higher levels reached in the last few days. The changed attitude of Europe to our securities was the chief factor in determining price movements during the past week. With the resumption of business after the long Easter holidays, London and the continent bought fully 125,000 shares of stocks in this market in the remaining five days of business. This buying was most pronounced in Amalgamated Copper which advanced five points almost wholly on buying orders from Europe. There was at the same time a foreign demand for Canadian Pacific which forced the price up almost ten points, and London buying helped along advances in Union Pacific and United States Steel common. This improvement in the speculative situation was attributed to the Balkan successes which seemed to make peace prospects brighter. Advices to international banking houses are that a cessation of hostilities is looked for within the next few days. The demand for money from the continent came to an abrupt ending and those concerned in foreign banking affairs insisted that the requirements for Berlin settlements had been exaggerated. It is possible that instead of the monetary situation in Berlin being in a critical shape because of the April settlement, the tension throughout Europe was really due to apprehension over other nations being involved in the Balkan situation and accumulating funds in order to be provided against any emergency. This

accumulation has been referred to as military hoardings, and estimates of the amounts held idle by the various nations have reached very large figures. It is thought that with the establishment of peace, these hoardings will be released and will seek investment through the usual banking channels, and that much of the idle funds will be employed in investment in American securities.

Wheat—In the advance of 15 3-4 cents per bushel for March delivery in the Liverpool wheat quotations on the last day of that month the trade received quite a shock. It was shocked to learn that this could happen in any market at this time. The advance was at first discredited, but when verified was treated with disparagement and explained away by claiming that it all came about by a little buying to cover some belated short sales. In a certain sense this is true, but it has also done much to upset the theory that the European trade has overbought itself on the Balkan war, and to question whether some part of the trade of the world has not oversold itself and whether the sudden jump in the price of March wheat in Liverpool was not the first warning. Liverpool is no insignificant wheat market. It is said to be the second largest milling center in the world. It has a storage capacity of nineteen million bushels of grain and the present stock of wheat is given at only 1,576,000 bushels, which certainly does not imply anything but a meager accumulation for that important point. For a long time the eyes of the trade have turned to Russia in expectation that the reported large production of wheat in that country would be verified by large exports, but another week goes by and Russia continues her record for small shipments by contributing only 700,000 bushels. It is reported that in the Volga region the reserves are practically exhausted, and the recent official crop estimate of that country grossly exaggerated. Such a condition seems to have been evident since the Russian harvest, for the farmers of that country raise wheat to sell, and they sell it. The yield of the crop raised west of the Mississippi last year was evident by the magnitude of the receipts at the terminal centers, and for the same reason the meagerness of the Russian shipments evidences the smallness of the crop of that country and a further corroboration of this situation is indicated by the known famine conditions that exist in Galicia, that Austrian province which adjoins Russia on her southwestern border. The situation is growing stronger every day from a statistical standpoint and with the crop scare period just ahead of us we believe wheat can be bought at the present level for much higher prices.

Corn—The sentiment in the corn trade is quite evenly divided and both sides are very positive in their opinion. There are some that refer to a poor export inquiry and say eastern stocks are large enough to supply the demand for some considerable time. They also insist that farm reserves are too large to maintain prices at the present level of values. There are others however who point out that four months' consumption and exports have reduced the supply of corn by more than half and that the price is 20 cents lower than last year and admits of much higher value for farm feeding purposes. The poor transportation facilities caused by the eastern

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floods act as a restriction on normal influences at the present time.

Cotton—The market for the week has been a more active affair than of late but finds itself now very little changed from the prices of a week ago. Crop preparations have been good as a whole although some delay is noted in the Central and Eastern belt from too much rain. A better demand for spots has appeared during the week and it is suggested that this reflects a better export business as a result of better monetary conditions abroad and a feeling that the Balkan situation will shortly pass into history. Sentiment has fluctuated somewhat but at present seems to lean to the bear side. It is hard to figure just what a bear expects by starting a campaign at this time. It is generally conceded that the present rate of consumption will pretty well use up the remainder of this crop and that requirements for the next crop will be fifteen million bales. At present it is not so much a question of the next crop as a realization of the fact that for everything there is a season, and this is the season for higher prices.

Varied Types

(Continued from Page 6.)

issuance of the injunction the property is sealed up for one year, and the furniture may be sold to satisfy the costs of the action.

"Plainly that law can be invoked against a first-class hotel just as well as against a house of prostitution. It is a handy weapon for the man with a grudge, and the possibilities of blackmail are too apparent to need explaining. And what use fanatics like Westenberg will make of it!

"Whether or no this new law conflicts with the Charter remains to be seen. I shall insist on a test case in order to see whether its provisions must be carried out. If it is operative the police will have no discretion. We must enforce it.

"But it looks as though we'll have to have a larger police force. With the new conditions surrounding the social evil the present force will be inadequate.

"At the present time there are 916 prostitutes in this city. Of these 844 are white women, while the rest are colored, Chinese and Japanese. They are distributed in 115 houses, most of which are in the segregated district while a few are in the uptown tenderloin and south of Market. All are under police supervision. When the evil is spread all over town we shall not be able to supervise them properly, and to take care of them—just to 'vag' the street walkers—will be a very heavy task."

These figures are very interesting. They are very different from the figures which some of our uplifters give to shocked audiences. Compare them with the figures in any city approximating the size of San Francisco, and the evil of our commercialized vice won't appear so awful as it has been represented.

I said so to the Chief of Police, and he agreed with me.

"But men like Doctor Aked don't want to know the truth," he said. "They have made up their minds to be prejudiced in advance. Doctor Aked has never come to me learn conditions. I never met the man. But if I gave him those figures he'd insist that I was concealing part of the truth from him. I'm surprised that men like Aked find people to support them."

"What will be the first thing you'll do when the 'abatement law' goes into operation?" I asked.

"I think the first thing to do will be to ask the Park Commissioners to cut down every tree and

shrub in Golden Gate Park and all the other parks in the city."

"Why?"

"To prevent immoral acts in public places."

Letters

"Masterpieces of the Southern Poets"

The enterprising Neale Company of New York which makes a specialty of Southern books, has just published a red leather flexible volume of "handy size" containing the poems by Southern singers which Walter Neale, head of the house, considers "part of the living literature of the world." It is a volume of 268 pages containing poems short and poems long; yet it is not too much to say that not a single inclusion contradicts Mr. Neale's opinion. These poems are all surprisingly vital. Many of them are more than vital; they will live forever. On almost every page that spiritual delicacy which seems to inform the poetical inspiration of all Southern singers is beautifully illustrated. There are poems grave and gay, lyrics brief as a sigh and sweet as a caress, odes that sweep along with "deliberate speed, majestic instancy," negro dialect poems; and all are of a surprisingly high order of merit. "There is a new generation of Southern poets, several of whom bid fair to be Lanier's worthy successors," says Mr. Neale, and readers of this charming volume will readily agree that he is right. The giants of the book are of course Poe and Lanier. Poe is known by heart to most lovers of poetry, but how about Lanier? Has he not been sadly neglected? Those who pick up this book will know the first selection, "A Ballad of Trees and the Master"; but how many are familiar with "An Evening Song," "Song of the Chattahoochee," "Sunrise" and "The Marshes of Glynn"? If this book did nothing more than instill an eagerness to know all of Lanier's superb poetry it would accomplish a splendid work. But it is bound to do more than that. It is calculated to give a high respect for all the singers born south of Mason and Dixon's line. To mention a few poets at random, here are exquisite poems by John Henry Boner of North Carolina, Madison Julius Cawein of Kentucky, Ingram Crockett of Kentucky, Danske Dandridge of Virginia, Mary McNeil Fenollosa of Alabama, James Lindsay Gordon of Virginia, Paul Hamilton Hayne of South Carolina, John Charles McNeill of North Carolina, John Lancaster Spalding of Kentucky, John Banister Tabb of Virginia and Henry Timrod of South Carolina. How many readers can name offhand a poem by any of these fine artists? How many know "The Moon-Loved Land," "Beautiful-Bosomed, O Night," "The Dead Moon," "Lorraine," "By the Grave of Henry Timrod," "A Christmas Hymn," "Keats"? The reader who procures this volume will find his appreciation of American poetry greatly intensified; he will learn a new respect for the singers of our country; and he will forever after cherish a lively gratitude to the Sunny South for giving us such prime poets. And he will be grateful to the Neale Company for issuing this collection.

For Light Summer Reading

If Nine Wilcox Putnam had called her romance "The Impossible Story" she would not have gone wide of her mark, for "The Impossible Boy" and his adventures are far beyond reasonable probability. That is not, however, the same thing as an unreadable romance, for there is much which is both interesting and amusing. But Mother Nature has the final word, and it is rarely indeed that a member of one sex can masquerade for any length of time in the garments and surroundings proper enough to the

other, even when the deception is at first involuntary and prompted by the ill-conceived ambition of parents. The supposed boy, in this case, was the only child of a dictator of Venezuela who, disappointed in the sex of the infant, determined to conceal the misfortune and rear the child to succeed him as his heir. There are some discrepancies right there, since it is a lucky South or Central American "president" who lives out his own term of office, much less bequeaths wealth or power to a successor. When the boy-girl is introduced to our readers, he is traveling about the world with a band of promiscuous Gypsies, recruited from here and there, living a hand-to-mouth existence and dependent for that on the antics of their troupe of dancing bears. The book does not fall below the average of light summer reading and it is presented in the excellent style which marks the output of the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

"Well, good-day, Charles," said Slyboy at parting, "drop in and see me sometimes when you haven't anything else to do."

"Thanks; but I'm always busy."

"Yes; I knew you were."

"Isn't it funny?"

"Shoot."

"The Greeks didn't do much in the Olympic games, but"—

"Say on."

"They shine in America."—California Pelican.

"Well, I'm kind of sorry it's a girl."

"Nonsense. She may be President of the United States some day."

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SUMMONS IN PARTITION

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California No. 35,453; Department No. —.

James Maguire, Maud Gallagher, Frank Kelly, Charles Kelly, Clara Kelly, Thomas Kelly, John J. Barrett and Geo. C. Ross, Plaintiffs, vs. John Kelly, Henrietta Louise Westphal, Dora Rose Chase, James F. Kelly, Annie Clark, George Maguire, Frank Maguire, Mark F. Kelly, James T. Kelly, Augusta G. Kelly, Cecelia G. Kelly, Josephine G. Kelly, Irvin S. Knapp, James F. Kelly as administrator of the estate of Anne Askins, also known as and called "Ann" Askins, deceased, E. M. Galvin as administrator of the estate of John Burns, deceased, E. M. Galvin individually, Mary A. Burns, Milton F. Burns, John T. Burns, Lillian M. Burns, Alice G. Burns, Henry Burns, John First Doe, John Second Doe, John Third Doe, Jane First Doe, Jane Second Doe, Jane Third Doe, and to all persons unknown who have or claim any interest in or lien upon the property described in the complaint in this action, and hereinafter mentioned and described, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco in the office of the clerk of said Superior Court. John J. Barrett, Flood Building, San Francisco, and Ross & Ross, The First National Bank Building, Redwood City, California, attorneys for plaintiffs.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: John Kelly, Henrietta Louise Westphal, Dora Rose Chase, James F. Kelly, Annie Clark, George Maguire, Frank Maguire, Mark F. Kelly, James T. Kelly, Augusta G. Kelly, Cecelia G. Kelly, Josephine G. Kelly, Irvin S. Knapp, James F. Kelly as administrator of the estate of Anne Askins, also known as and called "Ann" Askins, deceased, E. M. Galvin as administrator of the estate of John Burns, deceased, E. M. Galvin individually, Mary A. Burns, Milton F. Burns, John T. Burns, Lillian M. Burns, Alice G. Burns, Henry Burns, John First Doe, John Second Doe, John Third Doe, Jane First Doe, Jane Second Doe, Jane Third Doe, and to all persons unknown who have or claim any interest in or lien upon the property described in the complaint in this action, and hereinafter mentioned and described, Defendants:

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in the action brought against you by the above named plaintiffs in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after service on you of this summons, if served within said city and county; if served elsewhere within thirty days; and

YOU ARE HEREBY NOTIFIED that if you fail to so appear and answer plaintiffs will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint; and

YOU ARE HEREBY FURTHER NOTIFIED that said action is brought to obtain the judgment and decree of this Court as follows:

1. For the partition of the real property hereinafter mentioned, according to the respective rights of the persons interested therein;

2. For the general costs of this action, counsel fees and the costs of reference to be apportioned among the parties to said action, according to law;

3. That if partition cannot be made without great prejudice to the respective rights of the parties interested that said real property may be sold and the proceeds arising therefrom applied and apportioned according to law, and for general relief and for costs of suit.

That the real property affected by this action and which is sought to be partitioned consists of all that certain real property situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning on the westerly line of Mission Street one hundred and ninety (190) feet southerly from Twenty-sixth Street; running thence southerly on Mission Street three (3) feet seven (7) inches; thence southerly on Mission Street sixty-two (62) feet and six (6) inches; thence westerly ninety-five (95) feet; thence northerly forty-five (45) feet and six (6) inches; and thence at right angles easterly one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet to the point of beginning.

WITNESS my hand and the seal of the said Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 2d day of May, A. D. 1911.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy County Clerk.

JOHN J. BARRETT,
Flood Bldg., San Francisco, Cal., and
ROSS & ROSS,

The First National Bank Bldg., Redwood City, Cal.,
Attorneys for Plaintiffs. 2-15-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JULES VICTOR BRETONNEL, deceased.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Jules Victor Bretonnel, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with the estate of Jules Victor Bretonnel, deceased.

ANNA LABADIE,
Administratrix of the Estate of Jules Victor Bretonnel, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, April 12th, A. D. 1913.
A. COMTE, JR., Attorney for Administratrix,
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 4-12-5

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NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE BY GUARDIAN

Notice is hereby given by L. M. HOEFLE, as guardian of the estate of ELIZABETH PARKER HASTINGS, an incompetent person, that he will, as such guardian, pursuant to an order of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, duly given and made on the 25th day of March, 1913, in the matter of the guardianship of the estate of said Elizabeth Parker Hastings, sell at private sale and subject to confirmation by said Superior Court on or after Saturday, the 26th day of April, 1913, the interest of said Elizabeth Parker Hastings in those certain lots, pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and described as follows, viz:

An undivided one-half interest in and to that certain parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, more particularly bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Lot bounded on the south by Clay street; on the east by the boundary line of the water front; on the north by a line to be drawn parallel to and distant northerly from Clay street one hundred and thirty-seven and one-half (137½) feet; and on the west by a line to be drawn at right angles with Clay street to the line last above described, at such distance from the above mentioned boundary line of the water front of said City that the area of the premises above described shall be exactly equivalent to the area of one-half (½) of a fifty (50) vara lot, as the same are laid off upon the official survey and map of San Francisco, excepting, however, out of and from said premises above described a strip or piece of said premises running along the whole northerly side thereof, twenty-two (22) feet and six (6) inches in width, which last mentioned piece or strip of land is reserved and excepted out of and from said premises above described, the same being part of Merchant street, as laid out and dedicated to public use.

All offers or bids for said property must be in writing and will be received at the office of Hoefle, Cook, Harwood & Morris, Room 904 of the California-Pacific Building, located at the northwest corner of Sutter and Montgomery streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, or may be delivered to said guardian personally, or may be filed in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court, at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of the sale.

Terms of Sale: Cash in United States gold coin, ten (10) per cent upon acceptance of bid, balance on confirmation of sale by said Superior Court.

Dated, March 27th, 1913.

L. M. HOEFLE,
As guardian of the estate of Elizabeth Parker Hastings,
an incompetent person.
FINLAY COOK AND LENT & HUMPHREY,
Attorneys for Guardian,
California-Pacific Building, San Francisco, Cal. 4-5-4

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARGARET HANDLEY, also known as MARGARET HANLEY and as MARGARET POWERS, deceased.

No. 14791.—Dept. 9.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Margaret Handley, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of S. Joseph Theisen, her attorney, room 802 in the Balboa Building, Second and Market streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Margaret Handley, deceased.

MARY E. BYRNES,
Administratrix of the estate of Margaret Handley, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, March 26th, 1913.
S. JOSEPH THEISEN, Attorney-at-Law,
Room 802, Balboa Building,
Second and Market Sts., San Francisco, Cal. 4-5-5

CERTIFICATE OF INDIVIDUAL USING FICTITIOUS NAME

The undersigned, ALBERT T. WISE, residing at 1325 10th Avenue, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, hereby certifies that he is individually transacting business at No. 760 Mission Street, in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, under the name and style of A. T. WISE CO.

Dated at San Francisco, Cal., March 24, 1913.
ALBERT T. WISE,
State of California,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 24th day of March, 1913, before me, JULIUS CALMANN, a Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared ALBERT T. WISE, known to me to be the person described in, and whose name is subscribed to the within instrument, and he duly acknowledged to me that he executed the same for the purpose therein mentioned.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto subscribed my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the day and year first above written.

(Seal) JULIUS CALMANN,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.
WISE, SAPIRO & O'CONNOR, Attorneys at Law,
First National Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-29-5

NOTICE OF TIME AND PLACE APPOINTED FOR HEARING THE PETITION OF GEORGE MULLER FOR A DECREE TERMINATING THE LIFE ESTATE OF GEORGE MULLER, DECEASED, IN CERTAIN REAL PROPERTY

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 48164; Department No. 10.

In the Matter of the Termination of the Life Estate in Real Property of GEORGE MULLER, deceased.

Notice is hereby given pursuant to an order of the above entitled Court this day made and filed herein, that George Muller has filed herein his verified petition in due form praying for a decree of the said Court determining the fact of the death of George Muller and terminating the life estate of said George Muller, now deceased, in and to all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, bounded and more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point in the westerly line of Hyde street, distant thereon sixty-two (62) feet and six (6) inches northerly from the point of intersection thereof with the northerly line of Ellis street; running thence northerly along said westerly line of Hyde street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles westerly sixty-two (62) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles southerly twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at right angles easterly sixty-two (62) feet and six (6) inches to the point of commencement.

Being a portion of 50 Vara Block Number 312.
And that Monday, the 21st day of April, 1913, at 10 o'clock a. m. and the Courtroom of the above entitled Court, Department No. 10 thereof at Room 519 in the Temporary City Hall at No. 1231 Market street, San Francisco, California, have been appointed as the time and place for the hearing of said petition, when and where all persons interested in the said real property or in the said petition are required to be and appear and show cause, if any they have, why the said petition should not be granted.

For further particulars, reference is hereby made to the petition, duly verified, on file herein.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 2nd day of April, 1913.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, County Clerk.
By WM. J. EGAN, Deputy County Clerk.
EDMUND NELSON, Attorney for Petitioner,
26 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 4-5-3

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 15132; Department 10.

Estate of MAURICE HAYES, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Maurice Hayes, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of her attorney, Paul F. Frattessa, 901-905 Hearst Building, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Maurice Hayes, deceased.

CATHERINE TIETJEN,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, April 5, 1913.
PAUL F. FRATTESSA, Attorney-at-Law,
901-905 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

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The Lady

(Continued from Page 8.)

would be a good title." She stood gazing at them, making her eyes large and benignant, like those of a patroness might be.

The women, attracted to her proximity, stared back at her, and a young one burst into a laugh, then bowed her head as if to conceal it, but, having thus let her companions understand that she knew what good manners were, she turned upon the Lady, who was already hastening away; and the young woman called out: "Oi'll tal ye wheyer ye cahrt yer sunstroke—in the 'Blue Loi-yon!'" The whole party jeered then.

"Wretches," muttered the Lady as she toiled away towards the shelter of the prim Parade. Here she passed into quite comforting oblivion. Here were no insulting barbarians! She walked along at an ordinary pace, looking mostly to seaward, and, since she did nothing ridiculous, no one noticed her.

"I'll have some tea," she decided, and she found a little cafe. She ordered tea almost pleadingly. While she waited, soothing herself with the lack of humanity, in the coolness and silence of the tea-room, she took out of her bag a tiny mirror and a powder-puff and corrected her heated appearance. Then she smoothed out the veil which she had carried away all rumpled from beside the fisherman's boat, and when the waitress brought the tea, the Lady was herself again.

"Thank you, and one of those cream buns!" "Lovely weather!" the waitress remarked as she handed the plate of buns.

"Perfect. Don't you wish you could go out?" "I suppose I do," snapped the girl, going off. "Disagreeable," decided the Lady. "I shan't give her a tip."

She paid the exact sixpence of the bill, and, not fearing the scorn of a hired waitress, she pretended coolly to scan the contents of the shop window before moving away.

The Castle Hill looked green and inviting, the Lady thought. "I'll go up and sit on the grass. I can see the whole view from there, and I shan't have to drag this heavy skirt about. Wish I'd put on the brown now; alpaca's so much lighter than serge. I wonder what Dave will say to my having done no work here yet? Not even a single sketch done and I've been here three weeks. Well, I can't work without inspiration. I need conditions. Whoever heard of a great artist without conditions? Nothing here to inspire me—a tiring place and people detestable. I refuse to work without inspiration! It's an insult to art to do so. Any ants on this rock? A-ah what a view!"

"S'rumps! S'rumps!" A big old woman in a short blue serge gown set down her basket upon a rock close by. "There's art!" said the lady, and she temporized to keep the shrimp woman talking.

"Are they quite fresh?"

"Cahrt this marnin', ma'am. My son went out hisselt arter 'em. Oi'se on'y a few laft, ye see."

"I think I'll have two pints—no, one pint. I suppose you are a Hastings woman?"

"Barn up on the Tacklaway, ma'am."

"I suppose you love the sea?"

"Loves it? Oi don't think of lovin' it. Oi hates it."

"Dear me. I thought all fisher-folk loved the sea."

Why? The sea is a belly ma'am, an' we dra' from it for us bellies. Oi've larst three men in

the sea, swallowed up afore m' oyes. They was three went down at once, an' oi was left wi' a lad o' noine year."

"How dre-e-e-eadful! Oh, of course, you can't see the beauty of the sea, then."

"Beauty? Naver seed anny. And no one does see the beauty of annything they've got to live off of."

"Why that's an epigram."

"Is? An' oi heyerd me neice, a young woife, croyin' again' the sea a' Christmas, 'It's a Beast—a Beast!' she kep carlin' till they took her aff t' 'soylum.' Chroist!—"

The old woman broke into a blasphemous invective. The Lady, who only swore occasionally for the sake of piquancy, drew herself up.

"If you're going to use bad language, you'd better be off," she said.

"Beg yer parding! I thartht ye axed me summat, and I was tallin' ye. The s'rumps'll be threppence. The Lard bless ye, ma'am"—she waited until the coppers were in her own hand—"and give ye understandin'."

The self-made man stalked into the office of the great financier with whom he had an appointment.

"You probably don't remember me," he began, "but twenty years ago, when I was a poor Wall street messenger boy, you gave me a message to carry"—

"Yes, yes," cried the financier. "Where's the answer."

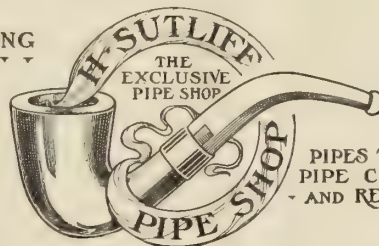
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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXI. No. 1078

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 19, 1913

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TOWN TALK

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Aked and His Followers

The more we see of the Rev. Charles F. Aked the more we are reminded of some observations of a woman whose keen, piercing vision penetrated the mortal part of a preacher whom she immortalized. Were he living in San Francisco today this preacher, Dr. Cuming, would undoubtedly be a rival of the darling spiritual and political adviser of those zealous ladies who have been emancipated not so much from the thralldom of man as from the conventions that safeguarded them against themselves. Speaking of Dr. Cuming, that brilliant woman George Eliot asked this question: "Given, a man with moderate intellect, a moral standard not higher than the average, some rhetorical affluence and great glibness of speech, what is the career in which, without the aid of birth and money, he may most easily attain power and reputation in English society?" And again: "Where is that Goshen of mediocrity in which a smattering of science and learning will pass for profound instruction, where platitudes will be accepted as wisdom, bigoted narrowness as holy zeal, unctuous egoism as God-given piety?" The Goshen of mediocrity, according to George Eliot, was the pulpit of the evangelical preacher, of the man who reconciles small ability with great ambition, superficial knowledge with the prestige of erudition. If in George Eliot's day such a man as she described could attain power and reputation by becoming a preacher, how much greater the facilities in this day and generation in California where credulous women look to men of the Aked type for leadership and inspiration not only on Sunday as formerly but on every day in the week! No wonder that Dr. Aked was for woman suffrage! Dr. Aked's prestige and power increased tenfold when women were given the ballot. Dr. Aked is no longer merely a spiritual adviser; he is also a political leader with a following composed of serious women who are not to be made weary by that superficial culture that

Delivers brawling judgments unashamed on all things all day long."

To these women dubiety is unknown. They have an unquestioning assurance, and when they yield their emotions to the commonplace cleverness of a theoretical sociologist given to wholesale assertion and vague declamation they are not to be dissuaded from any course that their darling counselor might prescribe.

The Preacher and the Politician

However uncompromising we may be in our devotion to the principle of equal suffrage we must sorely lament the effect of it on the distinguished and handsome clergyman who has raised the skirt to the dignity of a banner. For while Dr. Aked in the pulpit attending strictly to sky piloting may be a model of justice and charity and the love that thinketh no evil, Dr. Aked on the political bema, owing to the frailty of human nature, is a quite different person. Leading political movement Dr. Aked must be influenced more or less by factional spirit which we all know is one of the "profoundnesses of Satan," a by-product of the self-love that is in inverse ratio to the power of self-analysis. When the spirit of party enters a man, be he ever so generous, it convinces him that everybody who agrees with him is excellent and praiseworthy, and that all the vices and deformities of human nature take refuge with the other side. So, divinely inspired as Dr. Aked may be for soul-saving purposes, he will not lay claim to the guidance of the Almighty when he takes to the political platform to give vent to all uncharitableness under pretext of the public welfare. Far be it from us to be dogmatic, yet we have no hesitation in assuring the ladies that the Dr. Aked at whose feet they sit when he mounts the rostrum to inveigh against a police magistrate in the midst of a recall movement, is of the earth earthy and wholly unconsecrated for the business in hand. He may be the salt of the earth, but there is in him no heavenly spice to preserve him from exaggeration and mis-statement. Dr. Aked the partisan is like any other lump of common clay, inclined to promote jarring dissensions, heart-burnings and bad blood. He may be perfectly honest with himself, but unfortunately the judgments of all of us are determined less by intellectual processes than by feelings, and feelings are swayed by likes and dislikes. Personal prejudice, which is constantly masquerading as moral disapproval, Dr. Aked is as much addicted to as any of his neighbors. Therefore it is we think it lamentable that Dr. Aked the minister should be engaged in a business that brings to light the ugly defects of his character. We read the other day that at a mass meetings Dr. Aked said: "Judge Weller's own statement, printed upon the ballot, is to me sufficient reason why we should recall him." He went on to explain that Judge Weller did not tell the whole truth; that is, he did

not tell that he had reduced the bail in the Hendricks case without hearing anything of the circumstances of the crime; nor did he tell that another judge had refused to lower the bail. In other words, because Judge Weller does not make out as strong a case against himself as he might be ought to be recalled. Dr. Aked hates half-truths. But we find that Dr. Aked himself is not averse to indulging in them. For Dr. Aked neglected to tell that Judge Weller had been deceived by a reputable attorney. Here is a minister of the gospel, not defending himself but sitting in judgment on a man and trying to excite prejudice against him by accusing him of concealing the truth while himself doing the very same thing. This is what comes of engaging in partisan politics.

A Bit of Loose Language

Let us examine a little further the utterances of the pulpiteer on the bema, and see how he yields to the temptation to interest his hearers with undigested thought and wholesale assertion. "Recent reports of reformatory institutions in this country," said Dr. Aked, "show that at least fifty per cent of the women who become victims of vice are feeble-minded." And he added: "Of all the other fifty per cent it may be inferred that their mentality is not up to the standard." Admitting this to be true, what is the significance of it and what does it suggest to us? Of course we do not admit it to be true. We are sensible of the orator's passion for statistics and of the necromantic power by which he summons statistics from the vasty deep and gets results. Nearly all platform statistics are home made. The orator uses them as a stuffed club to knock down straw men. But assuming that Dr. Aked has been consulting the reports of reformatory institutions, does he presume to say that in those institutions are to be found all the fallen women in the world? Apparently that is what he implies. Of course all fallen women are not feeble-minded. But if they are why scourge them? Why drive them out into the streets to become the victims of graft as well as of vice? Why make them common carriers of disease from which they must rot, and destroy the one institution (the Municipal Clinic) that gives them succor and that might render them fit to the reformed? If Dr. Aked believes them all to be feeble-minded isn't that all the more reason why he should take pity on them and wish to see them kept apart and in touch with those agencies of government that protect and shield them and minimize the evils that are done by them? Dr. Aked has given us statistics, but he fails to employ them for any logical purpose. All that he does is insist that men shall be prevented from "exploiting the women of the underworld for gain." And he says that Judge Weller and other judges do not take the popular view

as to the stopping of this practice. We suspect that this assertion is somewhat worse than a half-truth. If Dr. Aked means (and he appears to mean) that Judge Weller and other judges are not in favor of stopping white slavery in the underworld the evidence he has on the subject ought to be forthcoming. Let us hope his enthusiasm has not carried him into wanton calumny. It may be that the reverend gentleman means that Judge Weller and other judges do not take the popular view as to how white slavery should be abated. But Dr. Aked doesn't know what the popular view is, and assuredly the popular view is not always the view of the folk making the most noise, nor is it of the slightest consequence in inquiries concerning the truth. Dr. Aked in the fulness of his egoism probably assumes that his own view is the popular view, and we believe we do him no injustice in assuming that in his opinion whatever is popular is right. Dr. Aked has all the ear-marks of the average citizen and all the cocksureness of the pulpit dogmatist who would rather be exuberant of language than exact of statement.

His Prediction

Again we quote from Dr. Aked: "If Judge Weller is the first judge to be recalled there will be a ten times better chance of the law being enforced throughout this country than ever before." This assertion enables us to glimpse the machinery of a mind controlled by partisan spirit. To a statement that might influence his hearers in the way that accords with his wishes Dr. Aked will assign the dignity and authority of a first truth. It is the misfortune of the man who utters himself in this reckless fashion that he has not cultivated the highest moral habit—the constant preference of truth both theoretical and practical. While it has not been revealed to us what the aftermath would be of Judge Weller's recall our belief is that it would not improve the administration of justice. Indeed we believe it would be productive of injustice, and we have reason for that belief, which is something by no means a condition precedent of the beliefs of Dr. Aked. Reason tells us that the interests of justice are not to be advanced by terrifying the courts. Reason tells us that judges are not to be made impartial by convincing them that women whom a Reverend Aked can lead by the nose will be on their trail if they don't watch out. As a matter of fact the timidity already inspired by the recall movement has resulted in much injustice. We have no statistics on the subject, but we are informed that the records of dismissals in the Superior Court will show that since the Weller recall agitation was started a far greater number than before of men innocent of crime have been held to answer by the police magistrates. Now in view of the prominent part Dr. Aked is playing as a reformer we hope that he may stay with us till we are able to measure all the consequences of the innovations he has advocated. To him we are in a degree indebted for the blessings of woman suffrage. To him we may attribute in a

degree whatever are the consequences of the scattering of prostitution up and down the peninsula. What we may expect was outlined by Chief White in last week's Town Talk, and Chief White is probably better qualified to speculate on that subject than the pious gentleman of whom it is not to be supposed that he is at all on terms of intimacy with the social evil in all its manifold aspects. Purely an academic sociologist, Dr. Aked has taken but a dilettante interest in the underworld. He has had no such opportunities as were vouchsafed that distinguished divine Parson Pureney, who rose to the chaplaincy of Newgate, where he became the trusted friend of many a Moll Cutpurse and shrived the battered soul of Jonathan Wild. As a reformer Dr. Aked is nothing more than the bull in a china shop. Witness his attitude toward the clinic and segregation. From every authoritative source in the world from which counsel can be derived with reference to the social evil we learn that segregation is what we should have. Nevertheless blithely comes Dr. Aked, setting up his judgment in defiance of the whole bulk of scientific opinion, settling a problem on its own narrow basis without the slightest regard for the great problem of man's nature or any of the great principles of human society. It was as though he had been vested with plenary power to regenerate the world off-hand and at whatever cost to contemporary decency and morality. Let us pray that Dr. Aked is not to be lured away from us till we are able to appreciate to the full his many accomplishments.

Arnold's Absurd Report

Bion J. Arnold, traction expert at \$250 a day, has had the audacity to make a report that in nowise coincides with the infallible views of the Eminent Person presiding over the destinies of the Fourth Estate, otherwise known as the Examiner. So the Eminent Person has consigned the report to the waste basket and ordered the Mayor to charge the money paid to the expert to profit and loss. It appears that Mr. Arnold has recommended that our transportation problem be solved in the manner recommended by the directors of the World's Fair and approved by every intelligent and unbiased citizen who knows anything of the subject. But our old man of the sea, otherwise known as Pontifex Maximus, uttering himself with the voice of the unborn Committee of One Thousand, will have none of it. So he consigns it to the waste basket! If we were to solve our transportation problem in the only way that it can be solved the United Railroads would be benefited by the solution. Hence it is obvious that we ought not to solve it. Our duty is plain. It is our duty to increase the population of Alameda county, and benefit the railroads across the bay. The railroads across the bay need the money, and so also do the real estate boomers who advertise extensively in the Examiner.

Instead of the Bomb

The anarchists of Russia have hit upon a

new plan for the disruption of government, one that gives promise of bringing better results than have accrued from assassination. They have already experimented, and have reason to be gratified, as we know from the distress and agitation of the Court of St. Petersburg. While recent decrees issued by the Czar prove that the impaired health of the Czarevitch will not affect the succession to the throne if Nicholas II is able to settle the question, yet it is generally believed that at his death there will be a palace revolution, and consequently there is a feeling of uneasiness in Russia, what the Manchester Guardian calls "a feeling of uncertainty, of inability to forecast the future, even the immediate future." All of which is due to the success of an anarchist plot against the throne. For a long time there have been vague rumors about the young Czarevitch from which it has been inferred that the boy was in feeble health. Veiled references to him have excited much curiosity. It was clear that something had happened, and that whatever it was the royal family wished to keep it secret. The facts were recently obtained by the well-informed London Times and the story as published appears to be generally accepted. It is to the effect that as a result of a stratagem executed by a beautiful woman revolutionist the young heir to the Romanoff throne was subjected to a surgical operation which renders succession through him impossible. So royalty is confronted with a new menace, one that may at once inspire dread and induce virtue.

Dowden the Anti-Baconian

English literature suffered a serious loss the other day by the death of Professor Edwin Dowden, the Irish scholar, in the city of Dublin. Professor Dowden occupied the chair of English Literature for nearly forty years, and not a few of the successful writers of the day are indebted to him for the cultivation of their taste and the development of their talents. As a teacher he went beyond the academic circle, and was known to the readers of some of the literary magazines of the British Isles as one of the sincerest and soundest critics of literature. Like the late Professor J. Churton Collins he was a student of the literature of the Elizabethan era, and naturally he devoted some attention to the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy. Between Dowden and Collins enough has been said on the subject to satisfy any but the most incorrigible Bacon theorist that nothing more need be said. To Professor Dowden was assigned the task of answering the argument of Dr. Webb, the distinguished translator of Faust, the only really scholarly man that ever advocated the Bacon hypothesis. Dr. Webb wrote an entertaining book entitled "Shakespeare as a Man of Science," in which he endeavored to prove that the "science" of Shakespeare when either right or wrong was the "science" of Bacon. Professor Dowden shows that Dr. Webb was not well-informed and points out the many sources that were equally accessible both to Bacon and Shakespeare. He touched on every-

thing that was at all worthy of consideration, making it clear that he was justified in describing the Webb argument as the argument ad ignorantiam.

Our American Monarchy

President Wilson having revived the kingly custom of personally appearing before the parliament of his country to deliver himself of a message that vigilant and wholly disinterested patriot, William Randolph Hearst, frothes at the mouth and ululates horrendously that his countrymen may be warned by the uproar of the menace of imperialism. Mr. Wilson's spectacular performance is not the only thing that alarms Mr. Hearst. The circumstance that the President is a constant reader of the London Times fills the great yellow journalist with sombre misgivings. Terribly concerned about the institutions of his country is Mr. Hearst—what remains of them. There must be no disloyalty to them, save when it is personally conducted by the inspired political adventurer himself through the medium of his personal organs. Of course a tendency toward the monarchical

form of government is apparent, but the signs of it pointed out by Mr. Hearst are trivialities. The best evidence of the tendency is the evidence of democracy. As Mr. Hearst very well knows the ultimate consequence of democracy is monarchy, and it is very largely due to the machinations of Mr. Hearst that we are today hastening to the end of republican rule. Mr. Hearst is the great apostle of American monarchy, and American sentiment today is positively monarchical. It may be our pleasure, or rather the pleasure of men of the Hearst type, to disguise it under some other name, but phrases do not go to the substance of things. Mexico was known as a Republic under Porfirio Diaz, and Diaz was known as a President, but he was more of a king than the King of England or the king of any State in Europe. Mr. Wilson is known as the President of a Republic and his powers are supposed to be limited, but as a matter of fact they are not, and we read in the Examiner, the very same Examiner through which Mr. Hearst emitted his shriek, these words: "Washington, April 13.—With President Wilson shaking the big club of patronage over the heads of the

Democratic Senators to force support for his tariff plans," etc., etc. Here we have a picture of the king on his throne doing that for which kings have lost their heads, and no murmur of protest is to be heard in all the land. Has it not come to be the generally accepted theory throughout this country that the Executive should be supreme, and that the legislative power should be subject to his will? The executive power in every State is exercised in brazen defiance of the spirit and letter of Republican institutions, and the people are satisfied. Sometimes the instrument is a club and sometimes it is a bribe openly given and there is not even criticism. Two years ago we saw a Democratic Senator, the Hon. A. Caminetti, eating out of Governor Johnson's hands, and when the legislature adjourned we saw the Governor give Caminetti's son a political job. Was anybody shocked? Not a soul. The truth of the whole matter is that at heart we love to see power incarnate and undivided. We have a passion for political idols, and we worshiped a Roosevelt because he assumed all the dictatorialness of a monarch.

The Poet Sleeper

By Francis Thompson

The sleep-flower sways in the wheat its head,
Heavy with dreams as that with bread;
The goodly grain and the sun-flushed sleeper
The reaper reaps, and time the reaper.

I hang 'mid men my needless head,
And my fruit is dreams, as theirs is bread;
The goodly men and the sun-hazed sleeper
Time shall reap; but after the reaper
The world shall glean from me, me the sleeper!

Perspective Impressions

These D. A. R. fights are almost as fierce as Mexican revolutions.

One may be forgiven for preferring "Richard Carvel" to Winston Churchill's political speeches.

After being dry six months Modesto has gone wet. Another inning for the Demon.

So little Rev. Dr. Lathrop has a call from the East! What an awful scarcity of clergymen there must be in the Episcopal Church!

Defoe describes our uplifters: "Old women, and the phlegmatic hypochondriac part of the other sex, whom I could almost call old women too."—*Journal of the Plague Year*.

Hotel porter in Denver found \$10,000 Mary Garden had lost and was rewarded with a kiss. Right! And at that rate there are men who would like to find \$100,000 for Mary.

"Cut out wine, women and song and live to be 111" says a Hayward patriarch. But why sacrifice real joys for the dubious delights of senility?

Let us give credit where credit is due. It was the chemically pure freaks from Los Angeles that beat the anti-injunction bill. They may be crazy but they have lucid intervals.

If normal humanity were made up of paragons and most of us were utterly impeccable and wearing an air of transcendent purity wouldn't the promotion of vice be the aim of government?

Old Pharisaical Pillsbury defending the workman's compensation bill is like Joe Dwyer pleading for State management of the Harbor or the devil boasting of the climate of his kingdom.

The former attorney of Dalzell Brown, Dr. Burke and the highbinders of Chinatown has talked so much about his ideals that he has come to believe he has them.

Governor Johnson suggests the referendum as a means either of vindicating or convicting the Legislature. Wouldn't it be just as cheap to give His Excellency a taste of the recall?

The taxeatrs of California in mass-meeting assembled at Scottish Rite Hall endorsed the administration of Governor Johnson and the endorsement was acceptable. And his term is only half over! The man who can be reassured by the applause of his parasites is not bursting with self-confidence.

So Mr. William Randolph Hearst is for the protection of American industries! He says so over his own signature. The big trusts that control most of the articles that are advertised in the Hearst magazines have made the light visible to the great publisher.

A Berkeley professor having discovered how to live on nine cents a day it is strange no member of the Legislature has thought fit to make it a felony for any man to pamper himself with luxuries that raise the cost of living above ten cents a day.

Professor G. Elliot Smith has explained "how the ape's discontent with economic conditions caused the origin of man." Some day we shall probably learn why economic conditions displeased the ape. The probability is it was because he wanted to run for office and needed a political issue.

Our supervisors have resolved that this is the time for the government of the United States to take control of all telegraph and telephone lines. Thus is notice served on the dear people that our supervisors are beyond corporation control. An honest supervisor loses much sleep devising curious ways and ingenious means of proving himself worthy of public confidence.

"Congress to put Hearst letter in record."—*Examiner* headline.

And we haven't yet attained the fulness of democracy! Wait till the Senate under the new method of election becomes acutely sensitive to the will of the people and Mr. Hearst has a few more newspapers, and Willie's letters will be used as substitutes for the President's messages.

Varied Types

CXXII—MRS. GAILLARD STONEY

By Edward F. O'Day

"I pride myself," says Mrs. Gaillard Stoney, "on my Common Sense."

'Tis no small boast, that. Common sense has come to be one of the most uncommon things in the world. Diogenes his lantern, were it flashing up and down the darkness of this our time, would light more honesty than Common Sense. Common Sense is always old-fashioned, and this is the triumphant day of modes. That person who is not abreast of the very latest style whether of slit gowns or social uplift, is regarded as utterly negligible. The febrile world is joy-riding through all the speed ordinances, and the chauffeur is not Common Sense. Nay, Common Sense is a pedestrian and must take the muddy spatter from the wheels. So Common Sense has come to be a solitary, scorned, sneered at and berated for a laggar.

And still there are men and women who take a pride in Common Sense. Mrs. Gaillard Stoney is one of them. Mrs. Stoney is therefore a phenomenon worth studying.

"I have no sympathy," says Mrs. Stoney, "with those who are trying to make people moral by legislation."

Clearly Mrs. Stoney is not "in the movement." Mrs. Stoney is intransigent. Mrs. Stoney does not write herself down to date. She is not progressive. She's a reactionary, a standpatter. Mrs. Stoney begins to be interesting.

"What we want," says Mrs. Stoney, "is more mothers, mothers of large families. I am sorry to say that I am the mother of one child only, for I believe in large families. And the sort of mothers we want are those who go down on their knees, who teach their children to go down on their knees and pray to their God."

Why, Mrs. Stoney is more old-fashioned than many of our clergymen! How many of the clergymen who kindly supply us with ready-made solutions for all our problems, political, economic, social and moral, ever dream of telling us to go down on our knees in prayer? There is no prayer at Armageddon, only hymn-shouting and fighting. One stands at Armageddon; shame on him who is beaten to his knees!

"I am a clubwoman, of a sort," says Mrs. Stoney. "I have a good husband to provide for me and my daughter is grown, so I can spare time from my domestic duties. I belong to the Town and Country because it is a convenient place to lunch when I am shopping. I don't approve of lunching in hotels. And I belong to the Century. But the Century is not like the California where they settle all sorts of questions."

Mrs. Stoney is therefore a conservative sort of clubwoman. She is not the kind that makes speeches about the immorality of lingerie displays in shop windows.

"How ridiculous that was!" exclaimed Mrs. Stoney. "Such displays are apt to be vulgar, but immoral, never! What sort of person is it that would be harmed by such things?"

Mrs. Stoney has advocated woman suffrage for seventeen years. Seventeen years ago she lived in Boston, and at that time the women of Massachusetts were allowed to express their views on woman suffrage at the polls. Mrs. Stoney voted with the small minority which favored the franchise for women.

"But while I think women should have the right to vote, I do not think that women are fit to hold office," said Mrs. Stoney. "Women, except in very rare cases, are not fit for office-holding. I can only name one or two women of

think that the 'red light' law will be repealed if there is a referendum vote on it.

"It is because I am old-fashioned, I suppose, that I differ on this and other questions with many of my friends. There is Doctor Lathrop for instance. Somehow or other he and I always take opposite sides on important questions."

She differs from Doctor Lathrop! Irrefragable proof, incontestable evidence that Mrs. Stoney is mistress of Common Sense!

Mrs. Stoney mentioned other names. It was inevitable that the name of Doctor Aked should be included. Mrs. Stoney's opinion of Doctor Aked is perhaps an old-fashioned opinion, and I should like to repeat it. But she asked me not to. From this it may be inferred that her opinion was not complimentary. And it was not. It increased my admiration for Mrs. Stoney's Common Sense.

One of the questions on which Mrs. Stoney found it impossible to agree with Doctor Lathrop and others was the Graft Prosecution. Another is the Weller Recall. Mrs. Stoney does not think that Judge Weller should be recalled. She does not think that it is an honest movement.

"The women were given the vote and the recall. They were eager to try their wings. Without investigating they started the movement to recall Judge Weller. Later they found they were wrong about Judge Weller, but they decided to recall him anyway.

"And who were the women who started this movement? Two newcomers in this city: Helen Todd from Chicago, a professional agitator, and Miss Ballou from Kentucky. Does it seem fair that they should speak for the women of San Francisco?"

Mrs. Stoney felt so strongly on this subject that she wrote a letter about it to the Examiner.

"The Examiner would not publish it," she said. "It seems strange, but I have noticed that the papers publish only one side of this matter. When anything is said for Judge Weller it does not appear in print. I suppose the papers are afraid of the women who are directing the Weller recall. They realize that it is the women, not the men who subscribe for the papers."

After some difficulty friends of Mrs. Stoney procured the publication of her letter in the Bulletin. It is a harmless letter, apparently not calculated to affright an editor. The letter concludes thus:

"I have always been an advocate of woman suffrage, but I regret that the initial movement here among women, in the exercise of this right, should be based upon such a frivolous and unjust pretext."

"Frivolous and unjust" says Mrs. Stoney. They are hard words for a woman to apply to her

(Continued on Page 23)



MRS. GAILLARD STONEY

my acquaintance who might succeed in public office. Perhaps it may be different in two or three generations.

"I have never known a woman who sat down and studied a public question. Women are not constituted that way. They rely on intuition. They jump at conclusions. And so they are often wrong.

"What do women know about vice, for instance? They have so little opportunity for studying vice. Their lives are lived apart from it. And yet some of our women set themselves up as authorities. They made themselves the champions of the 'red light abatement' measure. I have read what Chief of Police White had to say about this law in Town Talk. Now Chief White is an authority. He knows what he is talking about. So when he says that this law is a step backwards I am prepared to accept his opinion. He says that this law means the end of the Municipal Clinic. That will be a great misfortune. With Doctor Clappett and others I think the Municipal Clinic is a good thing. I

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La Grande Mademoiselle

The Fronde has fallen on evil days. Turenne and the Cardinal and the little King have driven Conde and his cavaliers against the walls of Paris, and the city gates of Paris are barred against the luckless host. The City Fathers of the Hotel de Ville and the Lawyers of the Parliament care not to risk a siege, for it will mean that they may quaff no more of the white wine of Arbois and the red wine of Burgundy. De Retz, of old days the episcopal Gracchus, now wears the red hat and is writing sub sigillo to Mazarin. And Monsieur (Gaston d'Orleans), half traitor, wholly poltroon, would rather that Conde shall die a thousand deaths than that one cannon ball shall fall in the trellised walks of the Luxembourg. But M. le Prince de Conde has still one faithful friend in Paris, the tall, blue-eyed girl, Monsieur's daughter, the Montpensier, la grande Mademoiselle, the second Maid of Orleans. For many a weary hour that night of July 1, 1652, has that girl stood by her chamber window listening to the trumpets and drums of the marching host and wondering how she can save her hero's cause, as she saved it in the spring at Orleans, and only when the bells chime two does she seek her pillow. For four hours does she sleep, and then the maid awakes her with the tidings that the Comte de Fiesque has come with a message from Monsieur le Prince. And even as the girl speaks the distant rumble of musketry is heard. "Bid him enter," says Mademoiselle. And the Count enters, clad in full armor and with heavy face, to say that Turenne's mighty host has fallen on the Prince's troops at daybreak, that the battle rages round the St. Antoine faubourg; but that Paris will not open its gates even to take in their baggage. He has been to Monsieur, but Monsieur is too ill to see him. And therefore, as the Prince bids, he has come to Mademoiselle, the last hope of the Fronde.

Not an hour has passed before Mademoiselle is rushing wildly to the halls of the Luxembourg. She tears through the gates, and there on the steps stands Monsieur fully dressed, his parasites around him. "I thought you were in bed. The Comte de Fiesque told me that you were ill," shrieks the daughter. "Not ill enough to be in bed, but too ill to go out," replies the father. "Oh, mount your horse and go and aid the Prince." Still Monsieur whistles, and the maiden bursts into tears. And the gallant fellows in the background murmur that Monsieur is right, for "Sauve qui peut" is the watchword for today. Tears are fruitless, and Mademoiselle cries in fury, "Have you a treaty with the Court in your pocket, and have you sold Monsieur le Prince to the Cardinal?" but still Monsieur whistles. And now new suppliants approach. The Comtesse de Fiesque, who climbed the Orleans ramparts with Mademoiselle, the fair Duchesse de Nemours, whose brother and husband are in the fray, add their supplications; but Monsieur whistles on. At last however stern men appear—the Duc de Rohan and Chavigny, Richelieu's old Councillor of State—and speak strong words; and Monsieur begins to argue. At last he half yields. He will write, he says, to the City Fathers at the Hotel de Ville and tell them that his daughter shall declare his wishes to them. In a few minutes Mademoiselle, the Duchesse and Comtesse are rushing with the epistle through the Rue Dauphine to the Place de Greve, and Monsieur is left complaining of the hard fate of the father who has a heroine for a daughter. The crowd is rough and thick in the Place de Greve, but to Mademoiselle's joy it is a friendly crowd and it is cheering Monsieur le Prince and

crying to Mademoiselle, as it opens to let her pass, that it will do all that she wills.

So she enters the great hall of the Hotel de Ville, where, glorious in robes and lace, the Provost of the Merchants, City Fathers, and Sheriffs are gathered in conclave with the Marechal de l'Hopital, the Governor of Paris. The Marechal and Provost bow low, but Mademoiselle has no time for pretty ceremonies or speeches. She will not even sit down. As soon as the Greffier solemnly reads Monsieur's letter she gives her orders. "First the burghers must be ordered to arm themselves." This, she is told, has been done. "Two thousand men must be sent to aid Monsieur le Prince." This shall be done. "Four hundred men must be sent to guard the Palais Royal." It is agreed. And now in firm tones, though her heart is beating wildly, the young girl makes her last demand. "The gates must be opened and the army of the Prince must enter." The Marechal shakes his head. "Monsieur le Prince has caused all the trouble. Had he not come here the royal forces would not have followed him." It is more than the women who are with Mademoiselle can bear. The fair De Nemours retorts with fury, but Mademoiselle sternly stops the war of words. "Cease this trifling," she cries. "Monsieur le Prince is in danger. You can save him. Then save him quickly." The City Fathers whisper together and file out to deliberate in another chamber. Mademoiselle and her women are alone in the great hall. It is a comfort to her in this hour of doubt to listen to the chant of the Mass from the chapel below, and to blend with it her prayers. It is a grimmer satisfaction to hear the cheers for Conde and the curses on the Hotel de Ville that are rising fast and furious from the crowd outside. But as the City Fathers will linger on their committee Mademoiselle decides to put her foot down. She sends them a little note to remind them that the people are with her, and that unless they act promptly she must take sharp measures. Messieurs hear and obey, for they have a wholesome terror of the mob. They troop back into the hall to announce that the gates shall be opened. Mademoiselle has no time for thanks. Into her carriage she springs and drives down the Rue St. Antoine to the scene of the fight. It is a via dolorosa, for at every step she meets the cars, the carts, the chairs or planks that bear the wounded and the dying from the battle. The shattered limbs, the bleeding faces are terrible to see; but the young girl keeps on, yet ever giving as she meets him a kind word to the sufferer. Rochefoucauld passes. He cannot speak and his eyes seem to have left his head. Vallon is borne by in a chair. "My good Mistress," he sobs, "we are lost." "No," she cries, "a retreat is opened." "You give me my life," he says, as they bear him on. At last the Porte St. Antoine is reached and Mademoiselle orders it to be opened, and enters a house hard by the Bastille to watch. Soon she has a visitor, Monsieur le Prince himself. He comes from the fight, where he has ridden for hours in the thickest of the fray, unwounded but weary and sad. His hair is tangled; his face is covered with dust; his shirt is stained with gore; his scabbard is gone; but his blood-stained sword is in his hand. When he enters he throws himself into a chair and weeps. "I am in despair," he groans. "My best friends, Nemours, Rochefoucauld, are wounded to the death." "They are not dying," says Mademoiselle softly, and gives him words of hope. The hero is comforted. But ere he returns to the fray he gives her a command.

She must not move. She must stay there and see that the baggage of the army passes safely through the gate.

He is gone, and the young girl commences her labors. The day is hot; the scene is ghastly, for wounded men are ever passing by; the duties are hard, for it is to her that the officers who are riding in with the baggage train come for orders, it is she who must allot their posts to the militia companies whom the City Fathers are sending to her aid, and it is she who must despatch the casks of wine to the fighting line. But mid it all she has still a word of kindness for the wounded, for the common soldiers as well as for the gentlemen. For those who wear the red cross of Spain or who struggle to make their needs known in the German tongue she has a special care. She commends them as strangers to the surgeons of the hospitals. And for the horses she has a thought. "Take off their harness," she says when the baggage is in safety, "and let them graze."

At two o'clock the battle is waning, and Mademoiselle is at dinner. The gay world of Paris is coming to congratulate her. Madame de Chatillon, mean and beautiful as ever, is sitting by her side and abusing her father. Monsieur le Prince has again left the fray for another brief talk. He has already pledged his word to Mademoiselle that if her father comes he will not say one hard word to him. And in due time Monsieur himself arrives, eager to claim for himself his daughter's laurels. He embraces Monsieur le Prince, congratulates him on his escape and asks to hear the story of the battle. It is a relief to Mademoiselle to go from this scene with her faithful Comtesse and page to the Bastille, where they have invited her. The Governor and his guards come forth to receive her and escort her to the battlements. She tramps up many a narrow, winding staircase, sees many a door unlocked, until she reaches the top of a tower and takes that walk round the battlements that so many captive feet will tread in after days. It is now alive with gunners, and the old brass cannon have been thrust into the embrasures. "But," says Mademoiselle, "these guns are in the wrong position. They command the town. Move them to the bastion on the riverside to defend St. Antoine." The gunners are pushing the cannon, and the young commander is surveying the scene of strife from her spyglass. She sees the height of Charonne and notes that the carriage of little Louis Quatorze is there. Below, where Bagnole rises amid the vineyards, is the mass of Turenne's army. For a moment Mademoiselle is wondering who are the various commanders who are riding about with their staffs. Suddenly she fixes her eyes on two large bodies of horse dashing towards the waterside, and her face grows pale. She has caught the point of maneuver. Those dragoons are galloping for the Paris moat, and if they reach it the Prince's retreat is cut off; and he (she sees him now standing on the St. Antoine belfry) does not, cannot, know aught of it. Her resolve is taken. One

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Poems About San Francisco

LXXXIX—THE MIST

By Harriet M. Skidmore

(Under the modest pseudonym of "Marie" Miss Harriet M. Skidmore used to contribute graceful verses to various Catholic papers in this city and elsewhere. She collected her favorite efforts into a volume called "Beside the Western Sea" which was published by subscription in New York in 1877. It contained an introduction by the Most Rev. J. S. Alemany, first archbishop of this city. "Marie" continued to write for many years after this volume was published.)

I watched the folding of a soft white wing
Above the city's heart;
I saw the mist its silent shadows fling
O'er thronged and busy mart.
Softly it glided through the Golden Gate,
And up the shining bay;
Calmly it lingered on the hills, to wait
The dying of the day.
Like the white ashes of the sunset fire,

It lay within the West,
Then onward crept above the lofty spire,
In nimbus-wreaths to rest.
It spread anon—its fleecy clouds unrolled,
And floated gently down:
And thus I saw that silent wing enfold
The babel-throated town.
A spell was laid on restless strife and din,
That bade its tumult cease;

A veil was flung o'er squalor, woe, and sin,
Of purity and peace.
And dreaming hearts, so hallowed by the mist,
So freed from grosser leaven—
In the soft chime of vesper bells could list
Sweet, echoed tones of heaven;
Could see, enraptured, when the starlight came,
With lustre soft and pale,
A sacred city crowned with "ring of flame,"
Beneath her misty veil.

The Spectator

A Tragedy of Love

Rarely indeed has this entire community been stirred as it was stirred to its warm and sympathetic heart by the rending piteousness of the end of Miss Olga Temohovich. Suicide is one of the most appalling facts of our civilization, for the self-destroyer urges pessimism to its ultimate conclusion and makes proclamation that life, from a blessing has become an unbearable curse. In the darkened hour when the soul reaches out toward Aceldama reason, we fain would believe, is seldom secure on its throne, but that does not diminish the horror of the off-taking. And when self-destruction presents itself to one of tender years as the single solution of some trouble of such seeming heaviness that it may not be borne, the general heart goes out to the self-slain victim in a poignant commiseration that would be futile indeed did it not in some sense lend assistance to those still living who must carry the burden of bereavement. For Miss Olga Temohovich there is an universal pity; for Isaac Upham, her betrothed husband, an universal compassion.

The Mystery of It

After the shock of the tragedy comes the general questioning as to why it had to be. When we are stirred to grief by some piteous happening our feelings are in some sort purged by an understanding of the causes that brought it about. However rash an act may have been we prefer to know that it was rational. But in this instance there is no explanation. A cloud of mystery righteously charged with black doubt and sinister premise hangs over the whole affair. While the public has learned all that the public has any right to know, a very natural curiosity remains unsatisfied. That clinging to life which is one of the strongest of our instincts has been violated

by a young woman, and we are eager to learn what it was that made her deed seem justifiable. No doubt we shall never know. Those who can throw light on the subject are silent. Enough has been told to make the basis of many theories, and so speculation has been busy formulating its answers to the puzzling question. Yet the note of interrogation remains.

The Slav Temperament

What Napoleon said, "When you scratch the Russian you find the Tartar," is as true today as it was one hundred years ago. The Slav is still a mystery to the Anglo-Saxon, the Latin and the Celt. Russia took the hurdles of civilization almost at a single leap, and there remain in the Russian mind the reliquiae of those primitive conditions from which it so suddenly emerged. The Slav temperament is still essentially oriental; the Russian follows a process of thought that makes his ideals as different from ours as his customs are. In the general knitting of races he still has more points of divergence than of contact. It is for this reason that the psychology of Russian literature proves so baffling to us. Do we always grasp the last meaning of Dostoyevsky, of Tolstoi, of Turgenev, of Gorky? I think not. They overwhelm but do not convince us. We grope for an explanation of their tremendous gloom but little light pierces the dark. More than thousands of miles separate us from Russia; the trans-Siberian railroad has so far failed to carry us to the Russian brain. So we are probably baffled in this mysterious tragedy of Miss Temohovich because we cannot master the strange psychology of the Slav temperament. It is a terrible Ibsen drama with Russian motives carried to its grim finale in American surroundings.

A Charming Personality

When Miss Olga Temohovich and her sister Eugenia came to this city about two years ago they immediately attracted a great deal of attention. Two charming girls of distinctive personality, the one dark and petite, the other tall and blonde, both very beautiful, they were eager to make friends and did so without difficulty. There was an unconventionality in their coming alone to a big hotel which was bound to give them an added interest. Some of our well known people had met them at Santa Barbara and had been taken by their unaffected cordiality and their enthusiasm for western ways of life and speech as well as by their unmistakable cultivation in the manners of the older world. It was natural that they should be generously entertained, inevitable that they should meet some

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whose acquaintance they did not see fit to improve. They bore themselves well, inspiring, or if necessary commanding respect. The most cynical could find no reason to speak lightly of them. The whisper of scandal was never directed at them. It is admittedly hard for two young women to mingle unchaperoned in the cosmopolitan society of a big hotel, but these two young women comported themselves admirably throughout. They were merry, they were gay, they loved innocent amusement; but they never overstepped the border of maidenly propriety.

What Was the Trouble?

It has been said since the tragedy that the sisters were not entirely congenial at times. Be that as it may, the younger sister Eugenia went North while Olga remained here alone. There must have been many hours of great loneliness for her, especially as she seems to have made no close friends. It seems a pity that no good girl could have been taken into her confidence, for then, who knows? the tragedy might never have happened. Some trouble weighed upon her mind, and troubles borne alone are doubly dreadful. What could it have been? All theories based upon a misunderstanding with her betrothed may be dismissed. She was fortunate in affiancing herself to a young man of good family, of large means, of unimpeachable social standing and, what is ever so much more important, of great honor and integrity. Only his intimates know how devoted Isaac Upham was to the young woman whom he was to make his bride. No, the trouble was not there. It must be looked for elsewhere.

Various Theories

The papers have given us some details which the mind seizes on in its quest of an intelligible motive. Thus we are told that the young woman's father died by his own hand after business reverses. Was there in the young woman a congenital melancholia? Was her self-destruction prompted by a suicidal mania? We learn that

she was under treatment by a local physician. Though this physician has stated that her malady was a trivial one it is inevitable that people should ask whether she was suffering from some illness which depressed her mind and plunged her into that hopeless despondency from which death appeared the sole relief. The sisters were thought to be wealthy, but this is now known to have been a mistake. Their father's estate was small though it gave them enough to travel on in comfort if not in luxury. Did financial worries bother the young woman past the point of endurance? Finally, was her death closely connected with her romance? On this point the letters from her mother which have been published supply some information, though it is of a baffling kind. In one of them her mother asked if her lover knew of her engagement. Some other attachment there must have been of which we know nothing and the nature of which we can only surmise. Whether there was a Russian romance or whether the mother's question referred to somebody in this country it is quite fruitless to inquire. But for those who like to delve into mysteries like this that other letter from the mother in which she explains the nature of the love which should be expected in married life is of the utmost importance. To pursue such questions too far is to be morbid, and morbidity is hateful. As I have said before, the public has learned as much as it has any right to know. At a certain point curiosity must be told to halt, if indeed it is not halted by pity.

The Clock-Winder off Duty

When the ferry clock ran down last Friday several commuters held an indignation meeting and talked of having the clock winder fired for neglect of duty. In the midst of their discussion in the ferry building the clock winder made his appearance, and when he learned what they were talking about he laughed at them. "You'll have a nice job on your hands," he said, "if you undertake to have me fired. Better see the Governor before you get too busy." As I happened to hear what he said, I asked him what he meant. He laughed. "Those fellows never will get next," he said; "they live in Oakland." Then he told me that as he had neglected the clock on account of the Administration he wasn't much in dread of losing his job.

"You neglected the clock on account of the Administration?" I asked in amazement.

"Yes," he replied. "You see it was beginning to look as though the banquet to Churchill was going to be a frost. So they sent me out as a whipper-in."

"What did you whip in?" I asked.

"All the boys on the water front, and everybody that does business with the Harbor Commission."

Legislation for Self-Protection

The man that winds the ferry clock came to see me on Monday. He was bubbling over with enthusiasm.

"Well, it was a corker!" he exclaimed.

"What was a corker?" I asked.

"The banquet of course. The whole gang was there from Tom Finn to Charley Wheeler, and they whooped it up for the Governor to beat the band. Say, did you see in the papers that somebody shouted for Johnson for President? You newspaper fellers are easy. I was staked out to make that shout, and you ought to hear Frank Heney come up on it with his hee-haw!"

I asked the water front philosopher what he thought of the legislature.

"Greatest ever!" he exclaimed. "But the people don't appreciate it. The trouble is the people don't see the motives of our Progressive statesmen. Now take that bill requiring the washing of second-hand underclothing. That's a very important measure. It's in the interest of our legislators, representatives of the plain people. Ever go up to Sacramento to look them over?"

"No," said I, "I have never enjoyed the spectacle."

"Well," said the clock-winder, "go up there and you'll understand why that underwear bill was introduced. The most active man in the Senate is a fellow that ought to have the hose played on him every day."

He Expounds the Jordan Case

"What do you think of the Jordan investigation?" asked the clock-winder.

I told him I hadn't given it much thought.

"Before we get through with Jordan he'll learn that he wasn't such a clever politician as he thought," said my friend. "You know what the purpose of the investigation is, don't you?"

I confessed that I didn't.

The clock-winder was astonished. "Why," said he, "it's plain enough. The purpose is to make a few more jobs for the boys. Don't you see that a new bureau is to be established? The new bureau will take charge of the business that Jordan's clerks have been doing on the side. Of course you understand that the practice in Jordan's office has been general throughout the State government. The fact was brought out during the investigation that there was a man in the Governor's office doing just what Neylan has been kicking up all the row about. But that's been soft-pedaled. Of course I feel sorry for Jordan, but he ought to have got next. He ought

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to have stood in and taken program. He wouldn't do it, so we just laid for him, and John Francis filled a few barrels with mud. By the way, John Francis is a pippin. He's there with the goods whenever the Governor needs him. Well, so long, it's time to wind the clock. Every time I let that damned clock run down Joe Dwyer has a fit. You know Joe has the clock habit. In the old days when they were racing at Emeryville Joe always tried to get to the first race, but one day the ferry clock was five minutes slow and he lost the boat and also a bet on a long shot that walked in. He's been a crank on the clock ever since."

A Different Lobbyist

Old-timers will tell you that never in the history of the Legislature has Sacramento been so overrun with lobbyists as during this, the second half of the bifurcated session. The capital swarms with buttonholers. The lobbies of the hotels are jammed with special pleaders. They choke the senate and assembly chambers. Women lobbyists are in the majority. At first those who were pretty and who let their hands linger a bit fondly in the grasp of the legislators they approached received a cordial hearing, but even these have palled on the jaded solons. A San Francisco woman who has just returned from Sacramento tells me she discovered one lobbyist who was different. My informant says she noticed that a gray-haired, elderly woman of sweet appearance sat day after day in the lobby of the Hotel Sacramento, always choosing a settee where she could watch all who entered. This venerable dame spoke to nobody, made no attempt to become acquainted with anybody. My informant also saw her several times in the galleries of the Senate and Assembly, but most of the time she was in the hotel lobby. Growing curious about this silent watch-woman, the San Francisco woman sat down beside her one day and engaged in conversation. While they were talking on indifferent subjects a particularly obnoxious woman lobbyist from Los Angeles rushed across the lobby and button-holed a Senator. "Just see how that woman is tormenting that poor man," said the San Francisco woman. "Yes," answered the elderly woman, "how foolish it is! I am a lobbyist myself, but I have told nobody what bill I am lobbying for and I have never spoken to a single legislator." "Then how do you lobby?" asked the San Francisco woman. "I give them silent treatment," was the calm reply.

Uda Waldrop's Coup

Six years ago Uda Waldrop was a youthful musician about town who loved his piano well enough but loved irresponsible gayety just a bit more. Today Uda Waldrop, so musicians tell me, has taken his place among the important men of the profession in this city. Six years have made a great change in Waldrop. When he

returned from hard study in Europe some time ago a lot of us didn't know him. When we heard him accompany some of the great visiting vocalists we realized what a fine musician he was. Which goes to show that talent runs in families, for Uda is a brother of clever little Oza Waldrop who delighted us at the Alcazar and has since delighted them on Broadway. Uda Waldrop approved himself at the Bohemian Club vaudeville show a few nights ago. That vaudeville show taken by and large was not a great success. It was rather ordinary if not stupid. The skit called "The Passing of the Third Floor Buck" was clever in title only. But Uda saved the bill with his "Red Room Symphony."

A Musical Satire

This was a musical satire on five of the Bohemian composers. The five composers were Dr. Humphrey Stewart, composer of the music for Louis Robertson's "Montezuma"; Wallace A. Sabin, composer of the music for Morse Stephens' "St. Patrick at Tara"; W. J. McCoy, composer of the music for Charles Field's "The Cave Man"; Henry Hadley, composer of the music for Joe Redding's "Atonement of Pan"; and Edward Schneider, the composer of a symphony for which George Sterling wrote appropriate verses. These Bohemian composers did not appear in propria persona in Waldrop's skit. Waldrop wanted them to, but the absence of Hadley in Europe, the recent marriage of Sabin and other causes among which a certain lack of cordiality has been hinted, made this impossible. So Stewart was played by Austin Sperry; Sabin by Waldrop himself; McCoy by Wilber McColl; Hadley by Jack Maginnity; and Schneider by R. C. Newell. The composers appeared in the Red Room one by one, called for pianos until five were in evidence, and all insisted on playing and expounding their own music. No one composer would listen to any of the others, but insisted that all the rest pay attention to him, and as the personal peculiarities of the musicians were satirized in a clever way the effect was delicious. It was good satire. But Waldrop's triumph came in the finale when the five composers played together. Waldrop had taken the themes used by the five men in their jinks music and symphony and had woven them together into a single composition of great beauty and musical excellence. There is a lot of jealousy among Bohemian musicians, but they have all been forced to admit that the youngster has accomplished a difficult feat with rare success.

An Instance of Jealousy

I take it that most people know how jealous musicians can be of one another when they really try. In Bohemia the condition is so pronounced that the Waldrop satire made a great hit—among all but musicians. The latter had to admit its technical brilliance but the sly smash at their foibles made them sore. The prepara-

tion of the Waldrop skit developed a characteristic example of this lack of harmony among the melody-makers. One of them heard the music which Waldrop had evolved from the five themes when it was being rehearsed. He sought out the young composer and complained, not only seriously but bitterly, that the theme of his jinks music had been slighted and that the other composers were better represented in the pot-pourri or melange or olla podrida or whatever it should be called, than he was!

Back to the Old Standards?

Is the Bohemian Club harking back to the good old standards of its historic past? To some Bohemians it looks that way. For a long time the charge has been bandied about that bankers, insurance brokers and millionaires long on

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leisure but short on brains have been in the ascendancy. But now the men who have tended the flame of true Bohemianism in the red brick building in Post street say that a change for the better has come. The outward sign of this inward grace is the election of Charley Field to the presidency of the club. "With the election of Charley the Chamber of Commerce regime is over" I heard one Bohemian say. And certainly Field is a true Bohemian in brains. He was one of the most brilliant men of Stanford's most brilliant period. While at college he produced a volume of stories in collaboration and a volume of college verses from which even David Starr Jordan was unable to withhold his official approbation. The book bore on the title page the name of "Carolus Ager" which, as some few Bohemians will tell you, is Latin for Charles Field. And Charley is still a literary man. He actually earns his livelihood with his pen as editor of *Sunset* and a contributor to its pages. There was great jubilation over Charley's election to the presidency which was uncontested. Bohemians who have not read his stories or his poems know that Charley wrote two grove plays, one more than any other Bohemian. The more recent was "The Cave Man," a splendid piece of work. Field's election was celebrated Tuesday night with an "inaugural bawl." This is an innovation, and will henceforth be an annual event in Bohemia on the night of election.

And Still They Fall

The other day Mrs. Mary Lemon of San Diego brought suit for divorce against Rev. William Lemon, leading light of a purity league dedicated to the business of closing red light districts. From Mrs. Lemon's complaint it is to be inferred that in her philosophy purity is a thing that should begin at home. She charges her husband with being prejudiced against prostitution only theoretically. It appears that this good preacher, this pious reformer, is so profoundly in sympathy with the priestesses of humanity that even when agitating for the scattering of them he contributed zealously to the business of their trade. In other words the red light abater of San Diego, according to his wife, had no conscientious scruples against visiting the brothels of the town not in the practice of his profession but as a devotee of Mrs. Warren's profession. Of course Mrs. Lemon may be wrong. The Rev. Lemon may have conscientious scruples against doing what he did. The hypocrite is a man who professes what he does not believe, not a man who does not practice all he wishes or approves. Body and soul are always pulling in opposite directions, and though the spirit may be willing the flesh may be weak. Perhaps it was because of the weakness of his flesh that the Rev. Lemon wished to close the haunts to which he was lured. Perhaps this is the explanation of the zeal of many a good man for the realization of feminine ideals.

Heney versus Johnson

Are Frank Heney and Hiram Johnson to be rival candidates for the next vacancy in the United States Senate? It looks that way to many observers of the political signs. If so, we shall have a fine old verbal slugging match. The language will be put to a very severe strain when these two soldiers of the Lord have their little tete-a-tete at Armageddon. Gavin McNab who ought to know, says it will be a horrific battle of words. "Johnson," he says, "will have all the adjectives on his side, but Heney will do awful damage with the adverbs."

Last of the Chairwarmers

Perhaps that describes old Tom Nosler who died the other day. He was a haunter of political back rooms, a constant attendant at any old headquarters during national, State or city campaigns. The love of politics was in his blood; he thrived on political gossip in more senses than one. But old Tom of the rugged countenance was not always a mere chairwarmer. Years and years ago he lived at Michigan Bluff, Placer county, when Leland Stanford was justice of the peace and keeper of a general merchandise store there. That acquaintance stood him in good stead. Later on he got to know Collis Huntington and W. H. Mills as well as Stanford. He managed the successful gubernatorial campaign of Newton Booth and afterwards became a legislative lobbyist. He knew everybody and learned political secrets as though by magic, so he was invaluable to his employers. When there was a head tax on Chinese he made considerable money collecting it. A more close-mouthed man never lived. How many of this generation who were on speaking terms with Tom Nosler ever heard him "loosen up?"

Miss Coolbrith and Joaquin

It was "Joaquin Miller Day" at the California Woman's Press Association Monday, and a right interesting afternoon it was. By far the most arresting paper was read by Miss Ina Coolbrith. Miss Coolbrith alone remains of that glorious galaxy of the golden days which included Bret Harte, Mulford, Charles Warren Stoddard and Joaquin. She might have told her hearers, as Aeneas did, "quorum pars magna fui" but she was modestly reminiscent and held her audience breathless. Among other good stories she told how Joaquin called to see her one afternoon immediately after returning from his London triumph. He appeared at her door in a frock coat and a Panama hat with his locks draping his shoulders. "Where have you been?" Miss Coolbrith inquired as she surveyed his getup. "Lion hunting," he replied. "Is that why you wear a mane?" she demanded. Joaquin asked

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her to accompany him to the theatre that evening, but Miss Coolbrith refused. He demanded the reason. She pointed to his hair. "I cannot go out with you unless you first see a barber." This caused Joaquin great uneasiness but after stamping up and down the room for some time he finally consented. When he presented himself at Miss Coolbrith's later in the day the locks had disappeared. They went to the California and sat in a box where John McCullough joined them between the acts. After he had gone Joaquin shook his head, the luxuriant locks tumbled down and he gravely handed Miss Coolbrith the hair pins.

At the Lunch Counter

Herbert Bashford, himself a poet as well as a playwright, also read an interesting paper about his friend Joaquin. He told of meeting Miller one day in front of the Whitaker and Ray Company in Mission street. Joaquin had just been to see the publishers about the collected edition of his works which they brought out. "There is a place across the street," said Joaquin indicating a saloon, "where they serve the most delicious clam nectar." So they went there and had a drink. Then Joaquin turned to the well-stocked lunch counter with the remark: "What a god-send for a poet!"

Confused with Barrie

On this "Joaquin Miller Day" Miss Coolbrith introduced Herbert Bashford to some members of the California Woman's Press Association as one of the great American playwrights. Later on one of these women rushed up to Miss Coolbrith and breathlessly inquired whether Mr. Bashford was the greatest American playwright. "I didn't say that," replied Miss Coolbrith. "What plays has he written?" demanded the lion hunter. "What a question to stun one with!" exclaimed Miss Coolbrith. "I cannot remember the names offhand but there is one play about 'the other woman.'" "Oh," said the inquisitive one; "I told Mrs. Soandso that he wrote 'What Every Woman Knows' but I thought I might be wrong."

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A Cabinet Dinner

The Cabinet gave a dinner Thursday night of last week with Judge Frank Kerrigan as the motif. Judge Kerrigan went to Japan a few months ago to take a much needed rest, and on his return he was much improved in health. It was by way of felicitating him on the success of his trip that the Cabinet held one of its general sessions at the banquet board with James H. O'Brien as toastmaster. Jurists and members of the bar in many sections of the State attended the dinner, and the Supreme Court was represented by Justices Henshaw, Melvin, Shaw and Angelotti.

Wanted: The Comic Muse

There is a demand for the comic muse in San Francisco. Our sense of humor is becoming atrophied, and we need something to induce relaxation from the intensity of feeling into which we are cozened by politicians and agitators. The solemnity and ferocity of zealots and taxeaters have become contagious. We have come to take them as seriously as they wish to be taken, which of course is absurd. When Hiram Johnson rears up on his hind legs to scold and vituperate and shriek and ring the changes on his police court vocabulary of personal abuse, we listen and wag our heads with exceeding gravity. In this wise we are unjust to ourselves and Hiram too. While letting Hiram get on our nerves we encourage him in his bad manners and in his cant, and whenever he hears the applause of his satellites and flunkies he loses his head and makes a holy show of himself. If the comic muse were to be invoked, and we had a Gridiron Club wherein it might disport itself, something might be done toward assuaging our tragedies of the political stage. What they very much need is a little wholesome ridicule. The travesty is the thing to show them the difference between what they are and what they ought to be. I am told that a Gridiron Club is to be organized.

The Fight for Collector

Although they are a unit in many matters of controversy Mr. Phelan and Mr. Rudolph Spreckels are not in a position to agree on the proper candidate for one patronage office in California. Phelan is backing his friend Charlie Fay for Collector of the Port while Spreckels favors the claim of John O. Davis, the chairman of the State Central Committee. This collectorship fight has many angles, and there are other candidates, such as Bob Dewitt of Yreka, Aleck Robertson the publisher and James Ellis Tucker, the friend of President Wilson's old Stanton, Virginia, friends. But it looks as though Fay and Davis are the chief contenders, and it will be interesting to see whether the man backed by Phelan or the man backed by Spreckels wins out. Rumor has it that Fay has even a stronger pull than Phelan's and has the job cinched.

Phelan to Vienna

So James D. Phelan is going to Vienna. Before very long Mr. Phelan may be gazing

into the waters of the beautiful blue Danube, musing on the days of his youth when he whirled many a fair partner to the strains of the voluptuous Strauss waltz. Or he may be taking his afternoon ride on the Ring-strasse, recalling the time when he discussed with the late D. H. Burnham the possibility of duplicating that wonderful "perimeter of distribution" in San Francisco. Vienna is one of the gayest capitals of Europe, full of laughter and song and charming women. It is also a centre of culture, with a history that fires the studious mind. Mr. Phelan will be in his element.

A Catholic Wanted

The fact that Mr. Phelan is of Catholic birth and education no doubt had something to do with his appointment. The Austrian government practically insists on the American Ambassador being a Catholic. Or at least, it has come to be understood that a Catholic will be welcomed where a Protestant will not, and the American government accepts the situation. This makes the second Catholic President Wilson has signally honored. His secretary Joseph Tumulty is a Catholic and a prominent member of the Knights of Columbus. Some anti-Catholics protested against Tumulty's appointment. It remains to be seen whether they will object to Mr. Phelan. Mr. Phelan can hardly be described as an aggressive Catholic like Secretary Tumulty.

What Rudolph Wants

Mr. Phelan's friend Rudolph Spreckels, I have been told, could have an important post if he wanted it. But he is said to have explained to President Wilson that the acceptance of any appointment would run counter to the plans which he has laid out for himself, plans which look to the amelioration of the common citizen. So Mr. Spreckels has confined himself to criticising the Californians who have been recommended to the President for patronage offices. And Mr. Spreckels has proved a severe critic, if I may believe what I have heard. One thing more he is said to have done. He is supposed to have joined with his brother Gus in urging the President to make Spencer Eddy Ambassador at Berlin. The President has a high regard for both Rudolph and Gus, and would probably honor either of them with an appointment. But the President's favors are not transferable. So it is unlikely that Spencer Eddy will receive the Berlin post. But he will probably be advanced. Mr. Gus Spreckels' interest in the career of Spencer Eddy arises from the fact that Eddy married Mr. Gus Spreckels' daughter Lurline.

A Contretemps in Oakland

The program of the "Hands Around the Harbor" banquet was an excellent one, but as a result of the long drawing out of the thread of verbosity there was what might be described as a contretemps. It was arranged that four speakers should fire the banqueters with enthusiasm and that the idea of a permanent organization should come as an inspiration and be dilated upon

by six extemporaneous talkers. In other words the program contemplated spontaneous effects. The exuberance of spirits was to come after the big four had sounded the keynote and suggestionized their hearers into a receptive mood for the paramount sentiment of impromptu birth. But alas! the keynoters spent too much time in unloading. By the time they had uttered themselves to exhaustion it was time to go home. Hurriedly arrangements were made to run a special boat across the bay. About the time the extemporaneous speeches were reached an enterprising San Francisco daily arrived on the scene, and lo! it contained all the impromptu remarks of the inspired spellbinders.

Cleaning a Sewer

Young Tom O'Connor, the attorney, is not overfond of Mayor Rolph. He was discussing the Mayor's public activities the other night in terms that could hardly be designated as complimentary. "Why," he said in conclusion, "suppose a sewer gets clogged up at the corner of Parnassus and Fourth avenues, what does Mayor Rolph do? He has a platform erected and has Estelle Carpenter bring five hundred school children out there to sing. Then he and Emmet Hayden make speeches. After that they send two Greeks down to clean the sewer."

Blessing a Clothing Store

I thought of the remark when I read in the paper that the Mayor or a representative of the Mayor would be present at the ceremonies held in honor of the completion of the arcade which S. N. Wood and



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Company had installed in front of their clothes emporium at Fourth and Market streets. I read this announcement in an advertisement which let it be known that the enterprising merchants were prepared to cater to their customers and that young men in search of "nobby" clothes could once more price them without getting cement in their eyes. On inquiry I find that Mayor Rolph did not attend the ceremonies in question. But he was adequately represented. Ed Rainey, the Mayor's secretary, was on hand to congratulate the merchants on the astonishing enterprise which prompted them to remodel the front of their shop. He told them that the Mayor regretted his inability to be present, but could not let the opportunity pass without transmitting through his secretary the great pride he felt on such an auspicious occasion. And a lot more to the same effect. Altogether it must have been a great affair. I understand that Walter MacArthur, Robert Newton Lynch and P. H. McCarthy also spoke, enjoyed the band and sampled the refreshments provided for the delectation of all who attended. The next time I have a shingle nailed on my modest roof-tree I'm going to ask the Mayor to dedicate it.

The Growth of "Western States"

The Western States Life Insurance Company continues to grow in strength and prosperity. The increase in new insurance paid for in cash during the first three months of 1913, compared with the same period for 1912, was \$161,250. The paid for insurance in force March 31, 1913, consisted of 4,425 policies for \$10,189,000. The paid for insurance in force December 31, 1912 consisted of 3,997 policies for \$9,384,550. The gain in three months consisted of 428 policies for

\$804,450. The total admitted assets on March 31, 1913, were \$1,483,270.77. The total admitted assets on December 31, 1912, were \$1,461,792.41. So the gain in three months was \$21,478.36 and the gain in assets during March alone was \$13,187.16. The slogan of this company is "Western money, western made, should stay at home for western trade."

Portola Plans

The Hands Around the Harbor movement started by the Oakland Commercial Club the other day, has made a hit. The idea is to be emphasized at the subscription banquet at the Palace Thursday, April 24, given by the Mayor and the Portola Festival Committee. The plans for the Portola which will be held October 22 to 25, are fast taking shape, and it is certain, according to the Portola leaders, that the fiesta will be even a bigger success than was the first. The Portola is regarded as more of a Californian institution than one exclusively San Franciscan. Not only the bay region but all other parts of California have an interest in it. In fact the Portola is going to be part of a series of festivals held throughout the State. The interest created by the beauty contest which will decide the poster girl of the fete, shows that every section of California has more than ordinary enthusiasm for the fall's big event. Balboa is going to be honored this year as well as Don Gaspar himself. The fete will commemorate the 400th anniversary of Balboa's discovery of the Pacific Ocean.

At Hospitable Techau's

One feels, immediately on crossing the threshold of Techau Tavern, that here is a cafe which caters to and attracts those who most appreciate

surroundings of refinement and respectability. While it is always thronged with cheery, laughter-loving San Franciscans it is never without a decorous atmosphere which commends it to the best element of society. The Tavern is particularly favored by the playgoers who flock to its hospitable portals after the theatre to enjoy the perfect menu and the best of music in the soft glow of the richly colored lights. At noon too the special hurried luncheon is a feature which appeals to the business man and the lady shopper who require the best possible food in the quickest time consistent with perfect service.

Referendum on the Abatement Law

The California Anti-Abatement Law and Referendum League with offices at 427-429-431 Phelan Building, was organized for the purpose of securing a Referendum of the so-called "Red Light Bill" or "Abatement Law" several weeks before Governor Johnson signed the bill. The purpose of the League is to secure sufficient signatures in the State so that the matter may be brought before the people at the next general election in November, 1914, or any special election which may be called for the purpose by the Governor prior to the general election. Before the election the League will conduct a campaign of education, supplying to the people statistics of the various medical organizations of the United States and Europe, as well as statistics and arguments from the sociological point of view. That the people of this State are not in favor of the Iowa law; that they believe in the segregation of the women of the underworld; that they also believe these unfortunate women cannot be legislated out of existence, are the opinions of the leaguers.



MAX FIGMAN—ROBERT EDESON—LOLITA ROBERTSON
With the all-star cast in a scene in Act I of "Fine Feathers," the attraction at the Columbia Theater beginning Sunday night, April 27.

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

A Schism in Woman's Clubdom

The latest news of the Francisca and Town and Country controversy concerns a schism. The most exclusive of the exclusives of both have gotten together and plan to leave the two clubs to their fate while they form a third to be more exclusive, recherche and luxurious than either. The originators of the idea have already held two meetings and won Henry T. Scott to their plan. Hank has agreed to finance the club, I am told. The members will be, as I have said, the most exclusive of the peninsula exclusives with a number of the Ross Valley set and a few San Francisco residents who don't own country homes in either place. The idea is that a club of four or five hundred members, all women, cannot be exclusive, and it is necessary to be exclusive. The new club, if present plans materialize, will start with a membership of one hundred and fifty. Mrs. Henry T. Scott and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton, especially Mrs. Dutton, are promoting the plan and "the set" including the Hopkins tribe, Mrs. Walter Martin, Mrs. Laurance Scott and Mrs. Templeton Crocker are enthusiastic. The present idea is to have club rooms down town for a while, probably in the St. Francis where Hank Scott can give rates and where the cafe offers service for luncheon and tea. But before 1915 a club house to rival that of the famous Colony Club in New York is planned.

A Squash Court and Other Things

One feature will be a squash court. Society women here have had no opportunity to perfect themselves in squash as the smart set maids and matrons of New York do, though the men play at the Pacific Union. The other day Anne Morgan sprained her ankle playing squash at

the Colony and it was telegraphed all over the country to impress the parish sets with the importance of squash. A swimming pool more wonderful than the Pompeian pool of the P. U. is also planned and a cuisine with an imported chef. Luxury of the modern restrained order will be the keynote, and all this is no idle dream, as Hank Scott could tell you. I have not mentioned smoking rooms. The order will be reversed. Instead of smoking rooms for advanced members, there will be a few rooms for conservatives where cigarettes will not be allowed. Otherwise smoking will be pursued in the general easy manner of men's clubs. Altogether it is to be the dernier cri in smart women's clubs and here is success to it. What will they name it, I wonder?

The Consolidation Plans

Meanwhile plans for the consolidation of the Francisca and T. and C. are still under discussion, but their opponents declare they can come to nothing. The T. and C. is contemplating the purchase of its colonial home, leased now for a term of years, and there would be no room for an increase of several hundred members. Last week I referred to the combined membership of the two clubs as nine hundred. This is more or less overstated since many women are members of both. But there are conservatives in the T. and C. who would never be identified with a club that permits smoking, and at the Francisca are advanced young members who couldn't tolerate a club where cigarettes are taboo, so this consolidation would certainly cause a clash of these distinct elements. The T. and C. by the way is the older and more firmly established of the two. It was, I believe, the first smart women's club west of New York.

How the T. and C. Started

Everyone knows how it came to be founded. Betty Ashe had a dream of a place down town where women tired from shopping could go for a cup of tea without having to find refuge in a hotel cafe. It may have been a night mare of some of the public tea-rooms. At any rate she told Sally Maynard and Nina Macondray Eyre, and before very long the dream was a reality. This was nearly twenty years ago. The first rooms were down in Post street over a shop near the Mechanics library. They were a simply furnished suite where a maid was in attendance to serve tea from the Woman's Exchange, and where a library table held the latest magazines. Later book-shelves were filled and before the fire the club had a rare collection of books in the circulating library. Members were recruited from the old Ross Valley and Menlo Park sets. Shortly before the fire the Francisca was organized to take in a number of those who did not belong to the T. and C., limited as to membership then, owing to small quarters. There were also active T. and C. members in the new club that had luxurious rooms in the Shreve building. After the fire the T. and C. took a house in Franklin street adjoining Mrs. Hotaling's residence and increased its membership to five hundred before it moved to its present quarters. The Francisca flourished in a temporary structure on the Carolan property in California street for

several years. While the Ross Valley and Menlo clans gather at the T. and C., the Francisca has come to be considered the club of the Burlingame women. Should they combine they would be powerful and rich enough to branch out and rival the new club of Hank Scott's financing.

The Great Possibilities

Reverting to that new club which is to be quintessentially exclusive, there are pleasant possibilities in the prospect of its establishment. For instance, take the feminine squashers. I call them "squashers" for want of a better name. "Squashers" is not pretty, I admit. But neither is the popular fruit, first cousin of the pumpkin, from which many people think the name of the game is derived, though they are in error. But take the squashers. After they perfect themselves in the sport, think of a tournament between them and the champion squashers of the Pacific-Union Club! How's that for an idea? Games could be played in both courts, and the tournament would serve an ulterior purpose, for men are just as eager to invade a real woman's club as the women are to pass the heavy portals of the old Flood brownstone pile. Then again, what about a swimming tournament? Wouldn't we all flock to see the Annette Kellermans of the new woman's club match crawl strokes with the Sid Cavills of the P.-U.! Wouldn't we though! So I suggest that when the new club is founded the mermaids prepare themselves to compete with the mermen (or should I say, the porpoises?) of the Pacific-Union. These suggestions are of-

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ferred with a lively feeling that life is getting too gray in this our city and that we need something to make us gay.

Nat Is Entertained

There was a fashionable gathering in Tait's Tuesday night. But the center of attraction was not a table of aristocrats. Mrs. Latham McMullin and Mrs. Gus Taylor and Mrs. Julian Thorne did not receive the attention (from the other guests) to which their social position entitled them. Beautiful Mrs. Roy Pike became of secondary importance. Cyril Tobin and Walter Magee and Maurice Griffin received the tribute of only a cursory inspection. And so with many others who are usually of interest to less distinguished cafe frequenters. The interest of the cafe was focussed at a round table where Nat Goodwin and Miss Marjorie Moreland supped as the guests of Jim Coffroth, Sam Berger, Supervisor Will McCarthy and Tiv Kreling, the doughty sergeant-at-arms of the Board of Supervisors who sports the scalp of Julius Caesar Saulmann. Everybody remarked that Nat was getting old and that Miss Moreland was a peach. Many envied the prominent Indoor Yachtmen who entertained them. I understand that the talk turned on the art histrionic; that Nat was asked when he intends to play Shylock; and that Sam Berger (but this may be incorrect) offered to have his playwright friend Harry Goldberg write him a drama in four wives entitled "Brigham Young."

Connie Looks Down On Us

They say Connie doesn't think much of us. When I name her thus familiarly I take it for granted that everybody knows I mean the former Connie Warren of Newport who came to us in shooting jacket and breeches and a blaze of glory as the honeymooning Countess de Lasteyrie. Connie had great expectations when she got to Hillsboro. She had heard of our athletic women from her pal Bobby Sears. She expected them to go the limit in sport. Having bagged fourteen mountain goats in the South she wanted a change of excitement. Briefly, she expected to play polo. She has played it in the East where women do nearly everything the men do. But there is no polo for women in this laggard West, not so far. So Connie cherishes the opinion that our women are not game sports. Plenty of fearless women riders did Connie find down the peninsula but nary a polo player in the lot. She can't understand it. "Why don't you play polo?" That's the question she put to a lot of them. But neither from Mrs. Charley Clark, a superb horse-woman, nor from any of the others did she get a satisfactory reply. Among the married women Mrs. Oscar Cooper and Mrs. Ward Barron (the Harvey sisters), Mrs. Eugene Murphy and Mrs. Tom Driscoll sit their mounts like Amazons. So do Ysobel Chase, Merritt Reid, Helen Garritt and Mercedes Crimmins. But polo they eschew. Must the truth be told? They're afraid of polo. Here we have had Dick Tobin laid up and "Billy" Devereaux ill from polo accidents, and the women don't want to take chances. I suppose they're right, but Countess Connie can't agree.

Babies the Vogue

Babies are the fashion in society this season. A few years ago it was divorce, but divorce soon became common and when the second rate people began to emulate smart sets and have homes without children, then children became the vogue. The brides of last season are all following the fashion and the younger set of matrons are finding nursery affairs quite as interesting as bridge. It is considered correct to have not less than three small persons in a household though two are permissible, and one will pass. But the dashing belle of a few seasons ago who prefers to go on with the irresponsible good times of her girlhood after marriage, is old-fashioned and bad form. In sheer desolation with all her friends raising children, she will surrender to do likewise. It's a fashion as good as any society has gone in for. The smart set of the future will have an established smart ancestry for one thing, and the climber's life will be a hard one. Take four hundred members of the Greenway assemblies going in for the new fad and in a single generation society will be a close aggregation of a thousand or so and what chance will outsiders have?

The Neapolitan Club Concert

The annual concert of the Neapolitan Mandoline and Guitar Club is an event to which music lovers look forward with keen expectancy. The Misses Theresa and Lily Sherwood have raised the performances of this club to a high standard, and each year there is evidence of improvement. The annual concert at Native Sons' Hall on Thursday evening of last week was a most enjoyable one, and some of the numbers roused the large and fashionable audience to unrestrained enthusiasm. Mrs. Arthur Jordan and Mr. Charles Lloyd Jr. were the vocal soloists. Both were in excellent voice. The Misses Sherwood were recalled repeatedly and showered with applause after their very charming mandoline and guitar duet in which they played two selections from Tannhauser.

Miss Costello Goes Abroad

Miss Alice M. Costello, sister of R. W. and J. V. Costello, left San Francisco Sunday, April 6, for a tour of the British Isles which will extend over a period of six months. Miss Costello will make Alnwick, England, her first objective and will visit relatives in that locality. Mrs. George E. Fleury and Mrs. H. W. Moran accompanied Miss Costello across the continent as far as Chicago. A select party will accompany Miss Costello on the steamship Olympic as far as Cherbourg.

Notes from Del Monte

Within the radius of a few square miles the Monterey peninsula affords a world of diversified and picturesquely beautiful scenery, and motor parties are constantly driving back and forth around the week-end. Dr. and Mrs. Frank Dray, accompanied by Miss Laura Meyer and Mr. Frank H. Woods, enjoyed their Saturday and Sunday with a few games over Del Monte's golf course. They made the trip in the doctor's Cadillac. Cyrus Pierce is taking his friends on little tours away from the 1915 city, and while his Chicago friend Mr. H. L. Stuart was here they included Del Monte in one of their week-end trips. Mr. G. H. Weeks, a San Franciscan, accompanied Mr. Pierce in his Peerless. Mr. G. A.

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Trout of San Francisco and a friend from Jackson, Michigan, Mr. J. A. Campbell, came to enjoy the peninsular boulevards, and the specialties of Pebble Beach Lodge. To inlanders the famous abalone chowder is quite a novelty, and the shells are becoming more popular than ever. A recent visitor of wealth and discrimination had a shipment of shells sent him to New York where they will be polished and used for electric ornamentation.

Miss Bailey at Kohler and Chase's

The soloist for the Kohler and Chase Music Matinee this Saturday will be Miss Fanny Myra Bailey, the soprano. She is a great favorite with the audiences that attend these events. She will sing the impressive aria "With Verdure Clad" from Haydn's delightful oratorio "The Creation," and a group of English songs by McDermid and Whelpley. In addition to Miss Bailey's vocal numbers there will be a number of instrumental selections interpreted on the player piano and the pipe organ. These will include works by Chopin and MacDowell.

Housekeepers' Show

The series of demonstrations and a free cooking school which have comprised an unique household show at the Nathan-Dohrmann Company was so thoroughly appreciated by the housekeepers of San Francisco that the management have decided to hold it for one week more. The free cooking school is an especially commendable feature as only the newest and best recipes are taught by a domestic science expert. Nathan-Dohrmann Company are to be commended for this innovation.

The Luncheon's at Tait's

If the morning's shopping has been delayed or some afternoon's coming engagement necessitates your staying down town, you cannot find a more delightful place to spend the luncheon hour than at the Tait-Zinkand Cafe. The harmonious surroundings and quiet decorations make a most inviting resting place in pleasing contrast to the busy hum of the street. This cafe has long been noted for the uniqueness of its entertainments, each week's attraction vieing with the one just preceding in novelty and originality. The special luncheon served daily from 11:30 till 2 is a revelation in the purchasing power of fifty cents.

Mrs. J. C. Raas and her daughters, the Misses Marguerite and Joelle, have left Europe, having sailed on the George Washington. After a short sojourn in New York they expect to arrive at their country home in San Anselmo on or about the twentieth.

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Drew and Sutro

By Theodore Bonnet

There is always a special quality of pleasure to be had from any performance of John Drew by John Drew. For John Drew is one of the best of modern classics, and more popular than Hamlet. Many dramatists have tried to overshadow John Drew, but in vain. John Drew the actor always makes John Drew the drama paramount. Now this is one of the most interesting problems of the modern stage—how John Drew, the great comedian always manages to subordinate the work of the playwright to the dramatization of himself, and I will try to solve it. Some critics have dwelt upon this phenomenon for the purpose of depreciating Mr. Drew's art. They have observed that he is chiefly an impersonator of himself, an actor who sounds the depths of his own character and exhausts the study of it. This is unjust criticism. It is true that John Drew tinges every role with the vivid color of his own personality, but the roles he plays lend themselves to the treatment they receive at his hands, and he never fails to give the impression that in his own person he is the character drawn by the playwright. His impersonation is always diabolically intimate, and so after a long acquaintance with John Drew the unthinking critic concludes that the actor's range of characterization is narrow. It never occurs to the unthinking critic that the narrowness of range is peculiar to the dramaturgy of his time. The truth is of course that our playwrights never get far away from the Drew type in their comedies when selecting a man of the world of good manners for one of their protagonists. John Drew is supremely blest in being the flesh-and-blood symbol of the type

that is constantly recurring. He has only to give scenic characterization of himself, carry along the pat repartee in conversational tone, be light and graceful as it is natural for him to be, and also restrained and easy without being free and easy. That's John Drew. Also its Thomas Pelling of Alfred Sutro's comedy of froth for froth's sake,—"The Perplexed Husband," now at the Columbia. The part of the tea merchant fits John Drew like a glove, or like any of the four suits of clothes that he wears during the action of the play. The part is John Drew in slightly new environment, the John Drew who has become as familiar to us as an old family portrait. It affords fresh illustration of the adaptability of the Drew personality and why not? The actor's medium is himself, and if he can make himself the playwright's perfect medium as well so much the better, especially when the actor is John Drew, since to see that amiable, polished comedian exhibiting his best drawing-room manner is a sufficient reason for going to the theatre. With all John Drew's mannerisms we are on the most intimate terms. The port of the body, the raising of the brows, the affluent expressiveness of inflections, the suave address, edged and finished like a cut jewel—all these are the facile, inevitable components of John Drew, and they never grow stale. Over every scene John Drew sheds color, freshness, warmth, and with his colloquial quickness to every part he brings an ambrosial sunshine of gaiety and gusto. In his mouth all speeches take on a glibness and drollness surpassing the author's fondest hopes. The other night I enjoyed John Drew quite as much, if not more, than I enjoyed Alfred Sutro. "The Perplexed Husband" is amusing, entertaining comedy, but it is not a rib-tickler. There isn't much of the mirth of animal spirits in this play, nor yet does the gaiety of its action provoke the smile of the intellect. It is satire somewhat lacking in body, and it hasn't the radiant sanity of quintessential comedy. It hardly keeps from getting over the border line that separates comedy from farce. The whole motive of it is the warming over of a wife's half-baked affections, but the first question a sane man would ask himself is, Why not let her go? For obviously she is a very silly person, not worth while at all. She allows herself to be led by the nose by a freak zealot who thinks that every wife should fancy herself a parasite in shackles. This zealot is Mr. Sutro's best achievement in the way of characterization, and in the hands of Margaret Watson it is a triumph of the mimetic art. The lady in the play is Dulcie Ested. She is a lady with the didactic manner of the busybody club-woman into whose inadequate head has been poured the diluted philosophy that makes enthusiasts of persons incapable of assimilating more than a little learning. She is the type of the purely emotional woman with a smattering of culture who can never realize her intellectual bareness. She has soared away from the marriage tie, not at the behest of the joy of living, which implies nothing more than the eternal weakness of the flesh, but in response to that satanic egoism which makes crusaders for us. She comes under the influence of the highbrow white slaver, otherwise known as the apostle of a cult, the man who presides over "a circle" of women and practices mental seduction. The man in this instance is one of those bumptious hypocrites whose sleek hands, flabby cheeks, oystery eye and unctuous manner, give an air of greasy sincerity, very comic and very effective for Mr. Sutro's purpose. Into the hands of this pair,

one a sincere, misguided woman whose mission is to disrupt the family circle, the other a transparent faker, falls Mrs. Pelling, who during the absence of her indulgent husband from town becomes a convert to the "cause," not merely the cause of equal opportunity, but the cause that has for its object the emancipation of wives from the domestic shackles and that assumes that wives are parasites who owe it to themselves to render "service" in the business of life apart from their natural duties. Mrs. Pelling becomes so great an enthusiast that she assumes an attitude of hostility to her husband and becomes clay in the hands of her manipulators. Now the scheme of the play is to disillusion the moon-struck wife and re-establish her hair-trigger mental equilibrium. The plan is the venerable one of exciting her jealousy, not a bad one, for Art is never in dread of an old fact. But one cannot help asking in this case, What's the use? Also, Will it not be tough on the husband to go through life with a lady whose natural gifts fit her for the job of second girl; who in this play is not half so well endowed as the butler? There are times in real life when one actually sympathizes with the husband and feels that if emancipation should come to anybody it ought to be to him. Unconsciously Mr. Sutro has happened on one of those times, but he is too busy with his own conventional conception to perceive the opportunity for a deft turn that would leave the milk-and-water Nora stranded and forlorn beneath the stars. Mr. Sutro is no Ibsen, and notwithstanding what he has done for Mrs. Pelling one can see that to her ordinarily the meaning of life would not be half as interesting as the problem of how to boil an egg. If she had her own latch key she wouldn't know what to do with it. Therein lies the essential weakness of the comedy. A comedy no less than a tragedy should appeal to folk who are accustomed to use their brains. Therefore though Mr. Sutro's play is entertaining by reason of its tit-for-tat vivacity of speech and its few types, (one of which Mary Boland impersonates delightfully) on the whole it cannot be said to approximate the standard that has been set of late by such men as Galsworthy and Barker. It is a step backward beyond the days of Henry Arthur Jones.



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Children's Crusade at Greek Theatre

Musical circles on both sides of the bay are deeply interested in the production of Gabriel Pierne's musical legend "The Children's Crusade" as a feature of the first annual May Music Festival to be given in the Greek Theatre at Berkeley. The first festival is announced for Friday and Saturday afternoons, May 2 and 3. On Saturday afternoon there will be the Pierne work which calls for a chorus of two hundred adults, a chorus of two hundred children, a complete symphony orchestra and eight soloists. For the adequate production of this great work Director Steindorff has engaged Miss Regina Vicarino of the Lambardi Grand Opera Company, Miss Virginia Pierce, late of the Boston Opera Company, Mr. Roland Paul, the eminent American tenor, Mr. Lowell Redfield, Mr. Charles

(Continued on Page 21.)



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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Brokers and professional operators expected the decline but not the extreme dullness that prevailed in the stock market last week. With so many factors to influence prices, speculation should have been more active, but the public has not been coaxed back into Wall Street and the professionals cannot keep up the excitement very long when none seems to care what happens to stocks or bonds. War news from Europe, the session of the Supreme Court, the full text of the tariff bill and the poor bank statement on Saturday should have created interest in the stock market according to all precedents. Unusual interest in the outcome of the Minnesota rate case was displayed, but the Supreme Court disappointed the street by not rendering a decision. State legislatures and public service commissions are so persistent in interfering with the plans of the railroads that a judgment upholding their rights to go as far as the State of Minnesota did in cutting local rates would be regarded as a very bearish argument against the values of railroad stocks and bonds. Traders had no time to read and digest the tariff law with its complicated schedules and a lot of people interested in industrials whistled to keep up their courage. There was no soothing balm in the tariff bill for beet sugar. If President Wilson has his way and sugar is put on the free list three years hence this industry will then be numbered with the things that were. In no part of the world can sugar be made from beets in competition with free tropical cane sugar. Traders paid more attention to damage inflicted on railroads by the Ohio floods and this made Chesapeake and Ohio very weak. This railroad did well in 1912 but in 1911 it barely earned its five per cent dividend and the margin of safety is so narrow that loss of traffic and cost of repairs in the flooded district may wipe it out altogether and leave a deficit if the rate is maintained. Baltimore and Ohio also suffered in the same way and in addition to this was depressed by the announcement that the underwriters had more than \$40,000,000 of the convertible bond issue on their hands. This was not a new story but its official announcement seemed to have considerable weight. Southern Pacific has been relatively strong of late, but it broke badly because serious trouble was feared at the annual meeting. It was thought that Union Pacific interests would threaten to throw the now famous \$126,650,000 of stock on the market if Southern Pacific shareholders refused to do what the Union Pacific wanted.

Wheat—The Government report was about what was expected, and the bearish effect it had on the market was not unexpected. Had the same report come any previous year at this time, it doubtless would have been the prelude to an

extensive break in prices, but whatever decline occurs this year will, we believe, be short and slight, because the market possesses not an atom of inflation, and, moreover, has been laboring under a burden of sentimental depression for months past, until at the present time the markets of the United States are at the bottom price of the exporting countries of the world. Consequently there is no room for anything more than a temporary reaction, unless there is to be a general decline in all the markets of the world, a condition which never seemed more improbable than it does at the present time.

Corn—Corn has had a seven cent advance, but prices are not high compared with those of a year ago, nor with values of this cereal in other countries, and, moreover, it is very cheap for farm-feeding purposes in this country. If the figures given of the final yield are correct, as well as of the amount on the farms on March 1, it shows that in four months the consumption and exports have amounted to 60 per cent of the crop that was raised, leaving 40 per cent for the remaining eight months. We are of the opinion that it is not fully realized that the production of grain in this country does not increase as fast as the population. Applying this idea to corn, we find that the crop in 1899 is given at 2,666,000,000 bushels. The population of this country in the meantime has increased about 26 per cent. If the production of corn had kept pace with the population the yield last year would have been nearly 200,000,000 bushels more than the bumper amount given. Considering all these conditions, we are of the opinion that the corn market will advance to a higher range of prices than those now prevailing.

Cotton—The week has been a rather dull one in the cotton market which fluctuated within a 20 point range until Saturday when renewed selling started by the spot interests took prices 36 to 39 points from the high of the week for the old crop and 27 for the new crop. A somewhat bullish sentiment prevailed the early part of the week and some Wall Street interests were credited with buying about 25,000 bales of the new crop prompted by the flood conditions in the Mississippi valley and the heavy rainfalls in Arkansas, Louisiana, Mississippi and Tennessee. These factors were partially offset however by the proposed reduction in the tariff on cotton goods. The principal complaint from this source has emanated from the southern spinners and as that section of the country has been the chief complainant of protection it remains to be seen how their representatives will vote now that their pocket book is to be affected. The week-end figures which showed that the American visible supply had been decreased 102,000 bales com-

pared with a decrease of 131,000 bales last week and 96,000 decrease a year ago, could hardly be construed other than bullish. The European stocks which were piling up each week a year ago and for the month from March 10 to April 10 showed an increase of 306,000 bales, have shown a decrease of 205,000 bales for the same period this year, notwithstanding the Balkan trouble and tight money. We continue to advise the purchase of the new crop options on all breaks, as we are expected to raise another record crop this season to meet increased consumption, and such crops cannot be produced without crop scares, and that will be the guiding influence for the next three months.

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Stage

(Continued from Page 19.)

E. Lloyd Jr. and Mrs. Orrin Kip Murray. Rehearsals have been under way for many weeks and the big orchestra is already at work. Pierne is one of the leading musicians of France and in addition to his work as a composer is now the conductor of the famous Colonne Orchestra. "The Children's Crusade" is considered his masterpiece, but has rarely been done in this country for the reason that the task of training two hundred school children is by no means an easy one. To prepare over five hundred people for the production is the task that has fallen on the shoulders of our popular maestro. The box offices for the Greek Theatre Music Festival will open on Monday, April 28, at the usual places in Berkeley and at Sherman, Clay and Company's in San Francisco and Oakland as well as at Kohler and Chase's.

The Press Club Show

The "Seven Years After" Press Club Show at the Cort Theatre for two performances, matinee April 18, and midnight, April 19, is replete with action from the opening shout by Tom Bellew who takes the part of host to the visiting newspapermen to the final kick by Dynamite the mule who takes a prominent part in the moving pictures of a Press Club man's adventure in the heart of San Francisco. A big feature is the Poppy Song and chorus, written by Al Joy and set to music by Herman Heller. There are Scotch songs, Rube songs, etc., all original. Will Jacobs wrote the book of the first part and appears with Waldemar Young in a funny sketch of their own creation entitled "When Caesar Backed a Show." Cartoonists Westover and Terry appear in a rapid fire drawing act entitled "Cartoonographs." Clyde C. Westover appears in a sketch of his own composition entitled "The Return of Robinson Crusoe" in which Arthur Knapp, Harry Robertson and Jack Irwin are featured. Louis Bennison of the Alcazar, Jack Pollard of Ye Liberty and Al Joy appear in another Westover sketch, "A Three-Cornered Bluff." Tom Bellew, Al Joy, Burr McIntosh, Leon Wing, Frank Thompson, Harold Pracht, Franklin Morse, Eddie Healy and Sol Vogel all have leading parts in the big first half which is augmented by a full chorus of the Press Club members. Mackay Sutherland is stage director of the Wireless Sketch.

All-Star Cast for "Fine Feathers"

John Drew will play another week at the Columbia in "The Perplexed Husband." Mary Boland, Herbert Druce, Nina Sevensing, Alice John and Margaret Watson are in the cast. Matinees are given on Wednesday and Saturday, and the final performance will be on Saturday night, April 26. "Fine Feathers" follows Drew. It comes to the Columbia for eight evenings and two matinees, beginning Sunday night, April 27. The company is notable and includes Robert Edeson, Wilton Lackaye, Max Figman, Rose Coghlan, Lolita Robertson and Amelia Summers. So its production here will be a red-letter event. It is said to be the best work of Eugene Walter who wrote "The Easiest Way" and "Paid in Full." The sale of seats for all performances will begin Thursday morning at nine o'clock.

"The Tik-Tok Man" at the Cort

"The Tik-Tok Man," a fairyland fantasy with music opens a limited engagement at the Cort Monday night. It is presented by Oliver Morosco, the California impresario who has done much to place his native State on the theatrical map. L. Frank Baum who wrote the book and lyrics, has introduced many quaint characters. Louis

Gottschalk has composed a score said to be of more than ordinary musical worth. The cast includes Morton and Moore, Eugene Cowles, Dolly Castles, Josie Intropodi, Charles Ruggles, Leonora Novasio, Frederick Woodward, Burns and Fulton, Vera Doris, Ethel Pierce and Thomas Meegan. The scenes are from the brush of Robert Brunton. They are described as attractive, artistic and gorgeous. The large chorus of shapely and fine-looking women has many changes of costume. The orchestra of thirty pieces will be under the direction of the composer, Mr. Gottschalk. Nat C. Goodwin will be seen for the last times in "Oliver Twist" tonight and tomorrow night.

Waldron as "The Admirable Crichton"

Barrie's four-act comedy "The Admirable Crichton" is to be revived at the Alcazar next week. Charles Waldron will be in the title role. This part was his most emphatic hit when he last led Belasco and Mayer's players. In the cast with him are Madeleine Louis and the complete strength of the stock company. Everybody knows that when he wrote this delicious fantasy the author of "Peter Pan" was in one of his best



BELLE BAKER

America's foremost character singer who will appear next week at the Orpheum.

moods, the result being a charm that could only come from a master hand. The theme is the influence of caste on all classes of British society. By marooning a nobleman's family and servants on a tropical island the author causes a reversal of class distinctions, Crichton the butler proving that his inherited servility veneers the soul of a monarch. This interesting consideration of an inverted social state is conveyed through mirth-provoking situations and dialogue full of keen satire.

Belle Baker at the Orpheum

Belle Baker, the character singer, will head the Orpheum bill next week. Attention is called not only to the originality of the songs she sings but also to the unique way she renders them. From the home of magic, St. George's Hall, London, those marvelous magicians Maskelyne and Devant have sent their newest mystery "The Window of Apparitions," said to be a thriller. Franker Wood and Bunee Wyde are musical comedy people who made great hits in "Piff Paff Pouff," "The Isle of Spice," "The Red Mill" and

"The Cinderella Girl." Wood is a versatile, quaint comedian and dancer, and Miss Wyde is an excellent vocalist and very attractive. They present a little musical comedy called "Good Night." The Ishikawa Brothers are four supple little Japanese equilibrists. The Thomas A. Edison Talking Moving Pictures will be of absorbing interest. By courtesy of Werba and Luescher, the big scene in the third act of "The Master Mind" which is still running in New York, will be reproduced, introducing Edmund Breese and a splendid cast. Next week the repetitions will be "More Sinned Against Than Usual," Percy Waram and company; Bixley and Lerner; and the three Bohemians.

At the State University

The Musical and Dramatic Committee of the University of California announces that the Half-Hour of Music in the Greek Theatre on Sunday afternoon at four o'clock will be given by the University Cadet Band under the leadership of Capt. Leroy W. Allen. The program will be as follows: March, The National Emblem, Bagley; Overture, The Bridal Rose, Lavellee; Medley, War Songs, Laurendeau; duet for cornet and baritone, the "Miserere" from Verdi's "Il Trovatore"; selection from Luder's "The Prince of Pilsen." In case of inclement weather the concert will not be given. The second of the series of four University Recitals under the direction of Professor Charles Louis Seeger which was so auspiciously begun on last Thursday evening, will be given in Hearst Hall next Thursday evening, April 17, at 8:15. The principal composers represented will be Bach and Remeau whose works will be performed by Miss Fernanda Pratt, contralto, Mrs. Charles Louis Seeger, violin, and Professor Charles Louis Seeger, piano.

Gladys Spiro at Pantages

Gladys Spiro, a well known local girl, only daughter of Isaac Spiro, will make her vaudeville debut at Pantages Sunday. Miss Spiro is featured in a strong bill of eight acts and is expected to score a big hit. She has a talent for singing ragtime, and has been called the "Princess of Ragtime," the title she will use in vaudeville. The Five Columbians head the regular bill with dainty dancing and scenic effects. Little Marlynn Miller, better known as the juvenile Adeline Genee, is the star. She has several character impersonations, among them one of Bessie McCoy, the "Yama Yama Girl." The Colton Darrow Company will present the newest of Geo. M. Cohan's playlets "The Wise Guy." Bert Melbourne, the corker in cork, has a budget of new jokes and ragtime. The Five Patterson Sisters are acrobats direct from Erin. Brooks and Lorraine have a comic acrobatic novelty. A burlesque on circus life under the big white top will be shown by Wolf and Zadella.

"May I make a confidant of you, old man?"

"Why, certainly. What is it?"

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SUMMONS IN PARTITION

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California—No. 35,453; Department No. —.

James Maguire, Maud Gallagher, Frank Kelly, Charles Kelly, Clara Kelly, Thomas Kelly, John J. Barrett and Geo. C. Ross, Plaintiffs, vs. John Kelly, Henrietta Louise Westphal, Dora Rose Chase, James F. Kelly, Annie Clark, George Maguire, Frank Maguire, Mark F. Kelly, James T. Kelly, Augusta G. Kelly, Cecelia G. Kelly, Josephine G. Kelly, Irvin S. Knapp, James F. Kelly as administrator of the estate of Anne Askins, also known as and called "Ann" Askins, deceased, E. M. Galvin as administrator of the estate of John Burns, deceased, E. M. Galvin individually, Mary A. Burns, Milton F. Burns, John T. Burns, Lillian M. Burns, Alice G. Burns, Henry Burns, John First Doe, John Second Doe, John Third Doe, Jane First Doe, Jane Second Doe, Jane Third Doe, and to all persons unknown who have or claim any interest in or lien upon the property described in the complaint in this action, and hereinafter mentioned and described, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco in the office of the clerk of said Superior Court. John J. Barrett, Flood Building, San Francisco, and Ross & Ross, The First National Bank Building, Redwood City, California, attorneys for plaintiffs.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: John Kelly, Henrietta Louise Westphal, Dora Rose Chase, James F. Kelly, Annie Clark, George Maguire, Frank Maguire, Mark F. Kelly, James T. Kelly, Augusta G. Kelly, Cecelia G. Kelly, Josephine G. Kelly, Irvin S. Knapp, James F. Kelly as administrator of the estate of Anne Askins, also known as and called "Ann" Askins, deceased, E. M. Galvin as administrator of the estate of John Burns, deceased, E. M. Galvin individually, Mary A. Burns, Milton F. Burns, John T. Burns, Lillian M. Burns, Alice G. Burns, Henry Burns, John First Doe, John Second Doe, John Third Doe, Jane First Doe, Jane Second Doe, Jane Third Doe, and to all persons unknown who have or claim any interest in or lien upon the property described in the complaint in this action, and hereinafter mentioned and described, Defendants:

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in the action brought against you by the above named plaintiffs in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after service on you of this summons, if served within said city and county; if served elsewhere within thirty days; and

YOU ARE HEREBY NOTIFIED that if you fail to so appear and answer plaintiffs will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint; and

YOU ARE HEREBY FURTHER NOTIFIED that said action is brought to obtain the judgment and decree of this Court as follows:

1. For the partition of the real property hereinafter mentioned, according to the respective rights of the persons interested therein;

2. For the general costs of this action, counsel fees and the costs of reference to be apportioned among the parties to said action, according to law;

3. That if partition cannot be made without great prejudice to the respective rights of the parties interested that said real property may be sold and the proceeds arising therefrom applied and apportioned according to law, and for general relief and for costs of suit.

That the real property affected by this action and which is sought to be partitioned consists of all that certain real property situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning on the westerly line of Mission Street one hundred and ninety (190) feet southerly from Twenty-sixth Street; running thence southerly on Mission Street three (3) feet seven (7) inches; thence southwesterly on Mission Street sixty-two (62) feet and six (6) inches; thence westerly ninety-five (95) feet; thence northerly forty-five (45) feet and six (6) inches; and thence at right angles easterly one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet to the point of beginning.

WITNESS my hand and the seal of the said Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 2d day of May, A. D. 1911.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy County Clerk.

JOHN J. BARRETT,
Flood Bldg., San Francisco, Cal., and
ROSS & ROSS,

The First National Bank Bldg., Redwood City, Cal.,
Attorneys for Plaintiffs, 2-15-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JULES VICTOR BRETONNEL, deceased.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Jules Victor Bretonnel, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with the estate of Jules Victor Bretonnel, deceased.

ANNA LABADIE,

Administratrix of the Estate of Jules Victor Bretonnel, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 12th, A. D., 1913.

A. COMTE, JR., Attorney for Administratrix,
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 4-12-5

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE BY GUARDIAN

Notice is hereby given by L. M. HOEFLE, as guardian of the estate of ELIZABETH PARKER HASTINGS, an incompetent person, that he will, as such guardian, pursuant to an order of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, duly given and made on the 25th day of March, 1913, in the matter of the guardianship of the estate of said Elizabeth Parker Hastings, sell at private sale and subject to confirmation by said Superior Court on or after Saturday, the 26th day of April, 1913, the interest of said Elizabeth Parker Hastings in those certain lots, pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and described as follows, viz:

An undivided one-half interest in and to that certain parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, more particularly bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Lot bounded on the south by Clay street; on the east by the boundary line of the water front; on the north by a line to be drawn parallel to and distant northerly from Clay street one hundred and thirty-seven and one-half (137½) feet; and on the west by a line to be drawn at right angles with Clay street to the line last above described, at such distance from the above mentioned boundary line of the water front of said City that the area of the premises above described shall be exactly equivalent to the area of one-half (½) of a fifty (50) vara lot, as the same are laid off upon the official survey and map of San Francisco, excepting, however, out of and from said premises above described a strip or piece of said premises running along the whole northerly side thereof, twenty-two (22) feet and six (6) inches in width, which last mentioned piece or strip of land is reserved and excepted out of and from said premises above described, the same being part of Merchant street, as laid out and dedicated to public use.

All offers or bids for said property must be in writing and will be received at the office of Hoefler, Cook, Harwood & Morris, Room 904 of the California-Pacific Building, located at the northwest corner of Sutter and Montgomery streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, or may be delivered to said guardian personally, or may be filed in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court, at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of the sale.

Terms of Sale: Cash in United States gold coin, ten (10) per cent upon acceptance of bid, balance on confirmation of sale by said Superior Court.

Dated, March 27th, 1913.

L. M. HOEFLE,

As guardian of the estate of Elizabeth Parker Hastings, an incompetent person.

FINLAY COOK AND LENT & HUMPHREY,

Attorneys for Guardian,
California-Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-5-4

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARGARET HANDLEY, also known as MARGARET HANDLEY and as MARGARET POWERS, deceased.

No. 14791.—Dept. 9.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Margaret Handley, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of S. Joseph Theisen, her attorney, room 802 in the Balboa Building, Second and Market streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Margaret Handley, deceased.

MARY E. BYRNES,

Administratrix of the estate of Margaret Handley, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 5th, 1913.
S. JOSEPH THEISEN, Attorney-at-Law,
Room 802, Balboa Building,
Second and Market Sts., San Francisco, Cal. 4-5-5

CERTIFICATE OF INDIVIDUAL USING FICTITIOUS NAME

The undersigned, ALBERT T. WISE, residing at 1325 10th Avenue, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, hereby certifies that he is individually transacting business at No. 760 Mission Street, in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, under the name and style of A. T. WISE CO.

Dated at San Francisco, Cal., March 24, 1913.
ALBERT T. WISE,
State of California,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 24th day of March, 1913, before me, JULIUS CALMANN, a Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared ALBERT T. WISE, known to me to be the person described in, and whose name is subscribed to the within instrument, and he duly acknowledged to me that he executed the same for the purpose therein mentioned.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto subscribed my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the day and year first above written.

(Seal) JULIUS CALMANN,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.
WISE, SAPIRO & O'CONNOR, Attorneys at Law,
First National Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-29-5

NOTICE OF TIME AND PLACE APPOINTED FOR HEARING THE PETITION OF GEORGE MULLER FOR A DECREE TERMINATING THE LIFE ESTATE OF GEORGE MULLER, DECEASED, IN CERTAIN REAL PROPERTY

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 48164; Department No. 10.

In the Matter of the Termination of the Life Estate in Real Property of GEORGE MULLER, deceased.

Notice is hereby given pursuant to an order of the above entitled Court this day made and filed herein, that George Muller has filed herein his verified petition in due form praying for a decree of the said Court determining the fact of the death of George Muller and terminating the life estate of said George Muller, now deceased, in and to all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, bounded and more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point in the westerly line of Hyde street, distant thereon sixty-two (62) feet and six (6) inches northerly from the point of intersection thereof with the northerly line of Ellis street; running thence northerly along said westerly line of Hyde street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles westerly sixty-two (62) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles southerly twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at right angles easterly sixty-two (62) feet and six (6) inches to the point of commencement.

Being a portion of 50 Vara Block Number 312.

And that Monday, the 21st day of April, 1913, at 10 o'clock a. m. and the Courtroom of the above entitled Court, Department No. 10 thereof at Room 519 in the Temporary City Hall at No. 1231 Market street, San Francisco, California, have been appointed as the time and place for the hearing of said petition, when and where all persons interested in the said real property or in the said petition are required to be and appear and show cause, if any they have, why the said petition should not be granted.

For further particulars, reference is hereby made to the petition, duly verified, on file herein.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 2nd day of April, 1913.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, County Clerk.

By WM. J. EGAN, Deputy County Clerk.

EDMUND NELSON, Attorney for Petitioner,
26 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 4-5-3

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 15132; Department 10.
Estate of MAURICE HAYES, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Maurice Hayes, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of her attorney, Paul F. Fratesa, 901-905 Hearst Building, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Maurice Hayes, deceased.

CATHERINE TIETJEN,

Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 5, 1913.
PAUL F. FRATESA, Attorney-at-Law,
901-905 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

He—May I kiss you?

She—I don't know.

He (a moment later)—You know more than you did, don't you?

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Varied Types

(Continued from Page 6.)

sisters, but Mrs. Stoney is old-fashioned enough not to be afraid of words when she thinks her sex needs criticism.

And in this matter of their advocacy of short cuts to morality by legislation and recall she is a severe critic. She is old-fashioned enough to think that men are not solely to blame when girls go wrong.

"If a girl goes joy-riding with strange men she should be prepared to accept the consequences," she says. "Where are the mothers of such girls? How have they trained them? Do they think that laws can do for their daughters what they have failed to do? Evil cannot be subdued by law-making. The two great weapons against it are home training and religion."

Mrs. Stoney was equally severe about the feminine uplifters who haunted the court room during the two Joslen trials. It horrifies her to see a wayward girl given a halo by hysterical women. She thinks that such misplaced zeal is harmful instead of beneficial.

So you see, Mrs. Stoney's common sense cuts her off from sympathy with many of the women who are attracting attention in our midst. For the professional uplifter she has no regard; for the cut-and-dried formulas of social and moral regeneration she has a great deal of contempt.

And yet Mrs. Stoney has always been a woman of activity in worthy causes. She was for a long time a member of the Women's Auxiliary of the Prison Commission. She was a member of the San Francisco Maternity. She is on the Pure Milk Commission. She has been chairman of the Social Service Workers of the Episcopal House of Churchwomen. And she is a member of the Women's Board of the World's Fair.

So although Mrs. Stoney confesses old-fashioned views she cannot be regarded with contempt by the women she fails to approve of. Should they enter the lists against her they will find her position bulwarked by charming manners, shrewd humor and high mental cultivation as well as by Common Sense. There are very many women in San Francisco like her, but unfortunately their shriller sisters make so much noise that their modulated protests are not heard. In consenting to speak Mrs. Stoney has placed them under an obligation of gratitude.

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La Grande Mademoiselle

(Continued from Page 8.)

word to the page and in a few moments the brave boy is galloping to the front for death or life with tidings of the peril. Another word to the gunners. And as the squadrons draw nearer the great Bastille guns flash on them the hail of death. While the old towers still shake and the smoke has hardly lifted, the watchers from the tower see a few riderless horses in mad gallop, and the onward rush of the squadron checked, as the troopers rein back their frightened steeds. Turenne has met his match, his bugles are sounding the retreat, and Conde's army is marching through the Porte St. Antoine, all its colors flying and every gun safe. And Mademoiselle from the balcony is smiling on the soldiers who are crying for more wine to drink the health of their savior. In the evening the great and the fair muster in the Luxembourg to pay their devoirs to the Maid of Paris. Yet as she lies on a sleepless couch that night the heroine has only one thought, the "poor dead."

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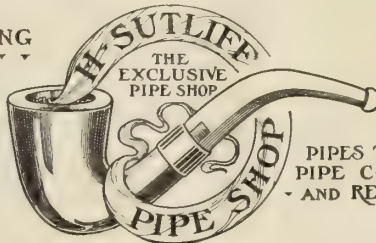
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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXI. No. 1079

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 26, 1913

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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California for Californians

Once more there is talk of State division. The advocates of State division are numerous in the bay region. They are men impatient of the meddlesomeness of the dancing dervish of Respectability. They want to be let alone. They want to be immune from the nasty niceness of the vulgar corybantists who go about fomenting the virtues of the eunuch and the dyspeptic. Their slogan is California for Californians! This doesn't mean that they wish to put California under the dominion of the Native Sons. God forbid! The Californians they would give the State to are men and women who have lived long enough in the atmosphere of personal freedom to catch the spirit of it and to give their minds and hearts to the fostering of it. It matters not where their corporeal chemistry was first ignited provided their hearts beat with genial heat and their every pulse and faculty is dissolved in the joy of living. Their belief is that no blight has fallen on California with more fearful severity than the blight of puritanical and fanatical domination imported from Iowa and planted in Los Angeles. They are not bitten with sectional prejudice, but they object to having the whole State derive its character from the pious dithyrambs and subversive speculations in philosophy, finance and faith of the seers and saints from Iowa who are revealing to us a new light kindled by the intensity of their emotions. And they would give to the Union once more a California complete and distinctive. They are for the renaissance of the traditional California that was. Their ideal State is the California of the sprightly muses that anointed its children with fragrant oils and offered their sparkling nectar in golden goblets. The ascetic California they abhor. For them the epicurean California that preached not abstinence; the gay, the frolic California of the multitudinous delicacies that encouraged her children to hobnob with Pleasure and satiate themselves at luxurious repast in shady bowers where peace, harmony and concord sang together. The minatory shrieks of the chemically pure having long since affected

our nerves we should be inclined to sympathize with the State divisionists were it not that we doubt that the complexion of things is to be changed by divorcing ourselves from the over-righteous of the orange groves. It appears to us that the clamor against them is quite disproportionate to the occasion; and the notion haunts us that we might fare worse should we herd by ourselves. It occurs to us that there is compensation for the ills that are made in Los Angeles, and that we do the Iowa colony injustice in ascribing to it a monopoly of the queer genius that has been ruling the State of late. As a matter of fact we are indebted to Los Angeles for the defeat of the most vicious piece of legislation proposed at the present session of the Legislature. Were it not for the men from Los Angeles the anti-injunction bill would have been passed. The author of that bill was a man from the North, the Hon. A. Caminetti, no carpetbagger, but a native son. Here is a product of the soil, racier of it than any vegetable grown south of Tehachapi. A man with a brain like a squash, nevertheless among his ardent supporters were the sapheads from San Francisco, mindful of nothing but the applause of union labor. Who was it introduced the redlight abatement bill? Senator Grant of San Francisco. Who tried to make the World's Fair dry? A statesman from Eureka. Whence, by the way, came the Governor of California, principal soloist of the Armageddon choir? This man of the susceptible heart is a specimen of the fauna of our glorious State, a graduate of our State University, and San Francisco points to him with pride as one of her adopted sons. Let us divert our sneers from Los Angeles and be not too sure that the bay region is singularly blest.

Why Division Would Be Futile

It is a very grave mistake to suppose that the change of the general attitude toward life in California is due to the influx of manifold isms from the Middle West by way of Los Angeles. The horrible truth of the matter is that right here in the bay region we are manufacturing the kind of citizens most to be dreaded. This is the educational centre of the State. We have two universities, the faculties of which are dominated by the Middle West idea. Stand off from the tumult and the shouting and the noise and splendor of passing things, and ponder the source of most of the mediocrity with the parochial outlook on life that is now engaged in trundling the millenium into the State. You will find that it is college-made. Of course it is not to be said that our universities are not what they should be. But there is this to be said,—that they have become very popular and that competition is keen and that student incapacity is in proportion to the number of freshmen. The

great object of education is to teach young men how to think, but there are many young men who ought never to be taught to think at all. Education without capacity is deplorable, and judging from the college men whom we see hereabouts correcting the mistakes of the Founders of this Republic and substituting new for old ideals, we realize the utter futility of trying to improve the quality of the electorate by dividing the State at a point anywhere south of Palo Alto.

On the Trail of the Ignis Fatuus

Collier's Weekly, recognizing the awful stupidity of the legislatures of Progressive States, is now in favor of governing States by commission. Once upon a time Collier's was sure that all our problems were to be solved by the direct vote plus the recall, the initiative and referendum. "Let the people rule!" was Collier's slogan. And the people are ruling in many States just as they are ruling in California, and everywhere that the people have been given their head the star-eyed goddess, her hair hanging down her back, incarnating reform on a jag, has been whipping the offending Adam out of the State. Never came reformation in such a flood "with such a heady current, scouring faults," nor ever Reason so soon did lose her seat, as where the people are pulling the ropes and bells once sweet are jangling out of tune. And now the wise Theban of Collier's who long ago lost all respect for the Founders, who thinks that the principles of government should change because the struggle for existence is not precisely what it used to be, this intellectual giant is shouting "Enough!" at the top of his voice. But no retracing of footsteps for him. His advice is to experiment along other lines. The presumptuous blind would go on leading the blind. The quest of catholicons, next to rainbow chasing, is the most insipid of exercises.

Johnson the Square Stander

Speaking of the workmen's compensation bill, the lovely and veracious hero-worshiper who vindicates the beautiful Bulletin's unwavering but somewhat sinister devotion to Governor Johnson by throwing rhetorical fits at Sacramento, thus delicately but indelibly fixes responsibility: "In the face of a chorus of denunciations, threats and a State-wide campaign of lies in which every crooked newspaper and politician and every interest that exploits the workers has enlisted, Governor Johnson is standing squarely behind this measure, and as leader of the Progressive majority." Good for Governor Johnson the square-stander! Long may he squarely stand in defiance of every crooked newspaper whether it be as leader of the Progressive majority or defender of the management of San Quentin! And may there be somebody to hymn his praises long

after the crookedest of crooked newspapers has created a presumption in his favor by withdrawing its capricious affections and visiting upon him the tribute of its imprecations!

The Swatting of His Excellency

From the Bulletin's Sacramento correspondent we learn with a pleasure we should scorn to conceal that the Progressives of the Legislature are "held firmly in line by the moral power of their leader." But alas! and alas! the pleasure endures no longer than the time spent turning from the first to the editorial page of the only righteous journal. For on the editorial page we find bitter denunciation of our Progressive statesmen for putting "the stamp of their approval" on "prison infamies." We find that "the public will be asked to hold its nose against the noisome reek of San Quentin's dungeons" while the Progressives, (who on this page are compared with the paint-eating Supervisors of the Schmitz regime) are attempting "to discredit the Bulletin and other advocates of prison reform." Indeed we are told on the editorial page that the men described on the first page as valiant and sincere followers of that great moral leader, Hiram Johnson, are crooks of the old familiar type. "The defenders of San Quentin," says the stainless and pure editor of the Bulletin, "have nothing new to offer; we knew them of old as defenders of corruption in the city and the State. Their cries are the same old parrot cries. They have no sense of variety." As the unsophisticated readers of our passionate contemporary may be somewhat bewildered by the apparent inconsistency of its sentiments regarding the Progressive Administration joyously we assume the task of exegetist to expound and reconcile. Instead of being inconsistent or at all discordant the piece of correspondence and the editorial are in perfect harmony. They are intended as a pasquinade on the Governor; and to be understood must be read one after the other in the order in which they are printed. The motive is to fix criminal responsibility for legislation at Sacramento. So, while in the first article the Progressives are applauded, it is explained that they are but puppets, held together by the moral power of their leader. The soft and subtle impeachment would go unappreciated were we not to read the editorial wherein we are told that the Progressives are a lot of crooks. The editorial informs us by way of emphasizing the servility of the Progressives that two of them were not inclined to stand for the infamies of San Quentin. "They showed signs of recalcitrance," says the editorial, but they "have fallen into line." This is a droll ellipsis. After the words "fallen into line," the words "behind their moral leader" are understood. The machinery of the pasquinade may be somewhat cumbersome, but the mordant humor of it must appeal even to His Excellency.

Once More the Stage Uplift

In this day of inhibitive morality and ingenious and irrepressible reform, when

formulas for the eradication of every form of human weakness are done into solemn enactment at the instigation of folk who get no enjoyment out of life except in trying to cure it, the pressing need of purifying the people of the stage was bound to be perceived. The morals of stage folk have been a matter of profound concern to the Anglo-Saxon moralist for several centuries. There was a time when he regarded mummers as hopelessly unregenerate, and for the sake of his own soul kept away from them that he might not incur contamination. But in course of time, recognizing the value of the drama, he decided to uplift the stage, but he has never carried on any systematic crusade in furtherance of his virtuous design. Of late the morals of the stage have been absolutely neglected. Public sentiment has appeared to take it for granted that the theatre was a State apart like some Oriental kingdom which has a religion of its own and a code of morality not to be reconciled in all particulars with the Christian dispensation. And as morality in a measure is a matter of geography this was really a sensible view to take. After all, the land of illusions and lime light is some distance from the beaten paths of this sublunary sphere. Its inhabitants have ideals and aspirations somewhat different from our own, and unless we take a very narrow view of morality we shall see that the stage is much less in need of spiritual police than other walks of life. For there is not the incentive to wrongdoing in the theatrical world that there is in the world of reality where the struggle for existence involves temptation to chicanery and fraud and swindling and all manner of misrepresentation and deceit. One never hears of the indictment of an actor for sharp practice. The revolting meannesses to which the women of the social whirl are addicted, to which they are impelled by envy and jealousy and vanity, are not to be charged against the women of the stage. The actress is preoccupied with her art, and if a Sara Bernhardt has contempt for Mrs. Grundy and no deep-rooted prejudice against the ways of Nell Gwynn, would it not be well in reflecting on her waywardness to consider that the practice of the histrionic profession is not conducive to nestmaking? And anyway human worth is not comprised in narrowly understood morality. Generosity, magnanimity, kindness, a love of beautiful things—one may say these are virtues without depreciating chastity. And these are virtues peradventure not as uncommon among the noble-minded women of the stage as among the ladies that sit in the boxes.

The Pure-Minded Graves

This present day idea of purifying stage folk had a curious place of birth—the spacious bosom of Oscar Hammerstein. And not less curiously it was taken up for agitation by that incredible moral propagandist John Temple Graves, some time political puppet of that distinguished political adventurer and wholesale editor William R. Hearst. Of course Hammerstein was fooling when he told the ladies of a press association that the day was not far distant when nothing but

virginal innocence would be able to achieve success on the operatic stage. If we were to take the Hammerstein seriously the infernal regions would be roused to bursts of inextinguishable laughter, and opera lovers might be made melancholy by the prospect of the banishment of temperament from the passionate roles of the great music masters. The eccentric impresario uttered himself only to get a little advertising, and he is getting it, his remarks having made a deep impression on the impressionable Graves, who forthwith raised aloft the flame-colored banner of the conventicle, and shouted the battle cry of purity. The Hammerstein he accepts as a prophet. Hammerstein assures us that maidens only will be able to break into opera in the near future. So the sophomoric Graves thus: "The assurance comes refreshing as a west wind across the Sahara of scandal and gossip that parches the repute of the American and English stage." Thus we see that Oscar's assurance goes a great way with the sentimentalist of the editorial page. Mr. Graves grieves to observe that the stage has small morality, but his soul is gladdened by the assurance that "the future voices that ring round the world must come from clean hearts and stainless women." They must because Oscar says so, and presumably clean hearts and stainless women are at present unknown in opera. The spiritual police are to take charge of the stage, breathe the spirit of God into the Mary Gardens and Carusos, throw them into transports of asceticism, so that at every happy ending we shall know that the tenor is a stainless bridegroom and the soprano a virgin bride. The notion that this is the ideal to which the stage should attain is akin to the notion once held by the vulgar and ignorant Puritan that none save a good man may write a good book. The proposition extended is that none but a chaste woman may sing a chaste song, which reminds us of old didactic Sam's dictum—"he who drives fat oxen must himself be fat." John Temple Graves utters himself in a way that betrays the little soul that has an enthusiastic reverence for pharisaical prejudice. On a par intellectually with the average statesman of our freak Legislature, he is a victim of that perversion of language which lends itself to no wider view of life than that of the parish gossips. In his vocabulary morality has but one meaning, and in his philosophy there is but one vice typified by that seven-headed beast clothed in purple and scarlet whose precious jewels light the loftiest mountains. And so he is terribly concerned about the stage. "I hold it," he says, "next to my own great profession of the printed page the most potential and effective force in all this modern world." Which impels one to ask, Whv, if he isn't a canting hypocrite, why doesn't he "sound a bugle note for a higher morality" in his own profession? Where is there to be found a more detestable fiend than the one wrapped in yellow journals that, with sardonic grin, breathes a moral mildew over the harvest of our best human sentiments? The talents of John Temple Graves are hired by the newspaper syndicate that has for its salient characteristic inti-

lectual dishonesty, whose proprietor, according to Ambrose Bierce, has given the blanket instruction to his editors, that they shall in all bloody industrial disputes take the side of strikers without investigation. This smug journalist who affects an enthusiasm for the purification of the stage is a representative of the newspapers that have produced widespread nausea by repeated appeals to the prurient mind through the medium of extravagant articles dealing with the personality of a brazen music hall wench whose only asset is the notoriety she got by her intrigue with a degenerate king, and which she has persistently fostered with the aid of unscrupulous journalists. We suspect John Temple Graves of the unpardonable stupidity of throwing stones from behind a glass wall.

In Defense of the Courts

Justice Holmes of the Supreme Court of the United States has taken occasion to deprecate criticism of the courts, the kind that impugns the honesty of judges and challenges the right of the judicial department to pronounce an act of Congress unconstitutional. Justice Shaw of our own Supreme Court spoke on the same subject before the Los Angeles Bar Association the other day, addressing himself particularly to the assertion that the courts both Federal and State have usurped and are exercising powers not given them by the respective Constitutions. That judges at this late day should deem it in the interest of the institutions of their country to discuss the proposition that it is the function of the courts to limit the powers of political government as constituted in this land is as melancholy a commentary on the intelligence of the people as it is possible to conceive. Yet it is not to be said that the judges are guilty of an unjust implication. If there is anything to be said in criticism of them it is this,—that they have too long held their peace. In a country where talk is cheap and a licentious press untrammelled; where the tribunals of justice are nothing unless close behind them is a warm, living public opinion, it ought to be considered the duty of judges to speak out when they find that opinion in process of corruption. That process with respect to the courts has been going on for years, and misunderstanding as to the judicial functions is to be found not only among men generally but even among lawyers, a fact that Justice Shaw must have been sensible of when he chose to deliver his scholarly address to the men of the legal profession of Los Angeles. As Justice Shaw very truly said, "the seriousness of the charge (usurpation) does not arise from the truth, or from any visible bad results of the use of the power, but comes from the

fact that its promulgation by men of national prominence or of reputed learning, its continual reiteration in newspapers and journals of wide circulation, coupled with the intimation that the judges are oblivious to the interests of the common people, and the disposition of the unthinking multitude to believe implicitly what they see in print, have given it a hold on the imagination of a considerable part of the populace." Justice Shaw might have added without violating the truth that it has a hold also on the imagination of not a few of the noisy members of his own profession who make both ends meet by becoming members of the Legislature, which, in their opinion, should have the power to construe the Constitution and give it effect as the exigencies of party or the purposes of the hour might demand. While we regret that the learned members of the judiciary have been somewhat slow in coming forward, we are by no means sure that it was not foreordained by Providence that the dear people should be made to understand by experience rather than by word of mouth the soundness of what American history has made an axiom of political science—that no written Constitution of government can hope to stand without a paramount and independent tribunal to determine its construction and enforce its precepts in the last resort. For are we not having experience rubbed into us, experience of the unfeathered biped in lawmaking body assembled? Is there a thinking man anywhere who has not reflected in the last few months on what might have been had we all been left to the mercy of legislatures of the type of the one that has been making a holy show of itself in Sacramento?

Piling on the Agony

When the political pirates of Washington, D. C., decided that it would be advisable to apply the income tax only to net incomes of over \$4,000 a year they calculated that it would be a very popular measure as it would affect not more than a million voters, but much to their uneasiness they have found that as it applies to all life insurance companies operating on the mutual plan there are more than 6,000,000 people, the provident and thrifty, who will be made to facilitate the extravagance of conscienceless politicians through the socialist form of legalized robbery. Congressmen are hearing from home, and the news is giving them gooseflesh. Perhaps they will exempt insurance companies from the income tax. For the present it may not be necessary to incur the wrath of millions of policyholders. However, at the rate we are going government extravagance and the ill effects of the widespread application of the principle of

putting the whole burden of taxation on industry under pretense of redistributing the wealth of the country are bound to be generally felt. Perhaps in time the people may wake up and realize that they are suffering less from the big business interests than from the big political interests. Perhaps before it is too late they will perceive that the real rogues whom they should heartily detest are the professional jobchasers whom they now adore. We are now going through a period of transition insensible of the great truth that for forms of government it is only for fools to contend, and that there can never be greater rascals in any country than its professional politicians. Blindly following the politicians of this day, we are concerning ourselves chiefly about ways and means of raising revenue. The paramount problem of twentieth century government in the United States is taxation—how to get more money to spend, and our statesmen are proceeding on the theory that they will be allowed to go as far as they like provided they make it appear that they are cinching the prosperous. But they have gone so far that between the taxgatherer of the Federal government and the taxgatherer of the State government it is difficult for anybody but the downright loafer to escape. Even now the policyholders of insurance companies are taxed. From the New York Life Insurance Company alone the Federal and State governments take \$1,000,000 annually that should go to policyholders. We have a State inheritance tax, and a corporation tax, and we are to have a Federal income tax and before long there is bound to be a State income tax. And all the while the cost of government both Federal and State is increasing by leaps and bounds that our piratical politicians may feed their constituencies out of the pork barrel and their henchmen at the public trough. Presently if the Bryans and La Follettes are allowed to have their way and every big fortune is cut in half, as "Battle Bob" suggests, the enormous sums required for the development of big enterprises will not be readily obtainable. Then what? Cinching the prosperous may be a profitable pastime for the politicians, but the inevitable consequence is the checking of the prosperity of all the people, and it is the poor man who can least afford to have the halt called. What this country needs more than anything else at this moment is the development of a just sentiment regarding the character of the men who have made politics the urgent business of the hour. Until we realize that the average politician is a time-serving rascal we shall suffer for the want of the only kind of government worth having,—the government that most liberally lets its citizens alone.

The Ten Commandments

By Witter Bynner

He closed the windows tight, all ten.
Bolted and shuttered them all
For fear he might gaily lean out on a sill
And lose his balance and fall.

He sat in the middle and glibly prayed
A thankful, mechanical prayer,
And closed his eyes, and fell asleep—
And died for lack of air.

Varied Types

CXXIII—DISTRICT ATTORNEY FICKERT

By Edward F. O'Day

What think you, reader, of a debate between District Attorney Fickert and the Reverend Charles F. Aked? A debate between the Public Prosecutor and the Public Scold on the redlight abatement law? A debate in which the representative of law would give his reasons for disapproving the Johnsonian statute and the representative of religion would tell why he regards that same statute as the acme of legislative wisdom?

The debate has not been arranged. But it may be. District Attorney Fickert tells me he would be quite willing to try conclusions with the clergyman. It remains for Doctor Aked to say something. Will Doctor Aked lift the gauntlet if Fickert flings it down? I hope so. I for one should love to hear that debate.

At the same time an ingrained cautiousness prompts me to remind our District Attorney that rules are quite as necessary in debates as they are in football games. If I were Fickert I should make stipulations about the audience. I should want some of my friends in the hall of debate. Or rather, I should not want Doctor Aked to pack it with his henchmen and henchwomen. A typical Aked audience would not listen patiently to a Fickert argument. A typical San Francisco audience would. A word to the wise is sufficient.

I learned that District Attorney Fickert was willing to debate the red light abatement law with Doctor Aked when I called at the Hall of Justice to get Fickert's views on that obnoxious law. I also learned with interest that the District Attorney had just received a communication from the reverend busybody. The letter contained nothing of a private or confidential nature, and I asked the District Attorney to let me copy it. Here it is:

Dear Mr. Fickert: I have brought with me from England certain prejudices and habits which six years in America have not entirely dislodged. One is the unvarying rule of English public life not to comment upon the utterances of any public man reported in the press without first asking him whether he is correctly reported. I want to comment upon your words reported in the San Francisco Chronicle of April 11, 1913, if these really are your words:

"Dr. Parkhurst of New York, one of the first to oppose the segregation method, has admitted recently, I believe, that his views have failed to work out correctly in New York."

Will you be so good as to tell me whether this is substantially correct. I should appreciate the courtesy of a reply. Signed, Charles F. Aked.

I cannot help calling attention to the fact that this letter would be above criticism were it not for the sneer with which it opens. In American

public life, as viewed by Doctor Aked, there is no rule against assuming that every time a public man is quoted in the papers he is quoted with strict accuracy. Doctor Aked, after six years in our midst, is still "prejudiced" in favor of a more conservative course. So are many American public men, I assure Doctor Aked. That is one of the innumerable things about Doctor Aked's new country which six years have been powerless to teach him.

But that is in parentheses. Let us return to the District Attorney. Fickert was engaged when I called upon him in drafting a reply to Doctor Aked's letter. As he had decided to answer at some length and as the subject matter of the reply he had in mind covered the very topic on which I had called to interview him, he went over for my benefit the points he intended to bring out in his letter to Doctor Aked.

"In reply to Doctor Aked's communication," said the District Attorney, "I shall advise him



Photo, George Fraser

CHARLES M. FICKERT

that I was correctly reported in the Chronicle. But I shall inform him that my information concerning Dr. Parkhurst's attitude on the question of segregation was received through the public press.

"As Doctor Aked is going to comment upon my words I shall state fully to him my views on the subject under discussion so that there can be no misunderstanding as to my attitude. For the sake of clearness as well as argument I shall style this subject the case of 'Segregation vs. Scatteration.'

"I appreciate the fact that the subject is a dangerous one for any public official to comment upon, because designing enemies can easily misconstrue his words and misrepresent his object. But for myself I wish to say that I shall do my own thinking, and when I get it thought, shall say it. I do not believe in pretense or cant. I have seen pretenders of virtue whose souls were

slimy with hypocrisy, appealing to the fury of the mob in an endeavor by crying 'wolf' to hide their own shortcomings or to destroy an enemy. Therefore, I am cognizant of the fact that I shall be denounced for my statements made in reference to the present subject."

"I shall tell Doctor Aked," continued the District Attorney, "that there are at the present time ample laws against prostitution both human and divine; but that all attempts to enforce them rigidly, whether dictated by considerations of public policy or sentiments of religious duty, have failed signally whenever or wherever they have been made."

"New York has witnessed such an effort, led by a clergyman, and there is no well-informed observer of the movement or its results who will assert that prostitution in that city has decreased, or that there is one prostitute less than there was before. If such there be, he has only to consult the records of New York's hospitals and infirmaries where the statistics of diseases incident to prostitution attest the existence of prostitution, to find a most emphatic refutation of any claim to increased virtue in that city."

"It is claimed that notorious houses of prostitution have been closed, and that prostitutes have been driven out of certain neighborhoods which were hitherto their haunts. If this be so, and these women have not left the city, where are they? Or, to use the language of a physician who has a large private practice among them, we might rather ask, 'Where are they not?'"

"In considering prostitution, either public or clandestine, in its relation to public health, we approach the subject in its most serious and important aspect. The inclination of the public to close its eyes against the existence of the evil and its direful ravages, physical as well as moral, sadly confronts us. To quote from Dr. Gross:

"It would be a matter of deep interest, and, in a practical point of view, of the greatest possible value, if we could ascertain, even approximately, the extent of syphilis in our cities and larger towns; but for such a decision there are, unfortunately, little data. It may, however, be assumed that it is of gigantic proportions; and that it is poisoning, and slowly, but surely, under-

(Continued on Page 23)

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The People's Forum

As to Keith and Innes

Editor Town Talk, Sir: Last week's article in the People's Forum entitled "The Recent Keith Sale" and signed "Common Sense" contains a comparison of the two artists, George Innes and William Keith, which in justice to our great Californian artist should not go unchallenged.

All connoisseurs, art critics and art dealers of the country will testify to the falsity of the statement that "Fifth avenue knows Keith was pure and simple merely an imitation of George Innes." On the contrary, Keith's superiority in composition is universally recognized, and he is the acknowledged equal, if not superior, in the mastery of color. As to the paintings of Keith being "pleasing decorative things," worth a few hundreds apiece the few thousands paid by Collis P. Huntington, Henry Huntington, Jacob Schiff, Daniel Burnham of Chicago, Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, Irving M. Scott and dozens of others proved they held a different opinion. Many years ago George Innes came to spend a month in California for the benefit of his health and for a complete rest from painting. He took his rest cure by camping in Keith's studio, and literally falling down in worship at his feet. He declared over and over again that Keith was his master. He painted a picture or two which through Keith's good offices were bought by Irving M. Scott, another of Keith's life-long friends and admirers. Keith recognized the merit of a kindred soul, and was doubtless inspired by his visit. "Out West," all alone, with scarcely any "environment" he "had to dig it all out of himself," as he was wont to say, and who can tell whether the hard school did not tend to develop an originality which the world is on the eve of recognizing. California does the biggest things. Perhaps she has produced the biggest artist also.

To return to Innes. The two became fast friends though not agreeing in all points as to how a picture is best produced. Innes worked patiently and ploddingly. Keith was a hard worker, but his best pictures were produced in

a white heat of inspiration. Together they went to the Yosemite Valley. Innes had declared that no artist had ever painted Yosemite or could give the impression of cliffs three thousand feet high; but had added in the presence of John Muir and of the writer of this article that he could paint it and he would be the first who had ever done so. The remark seemed very egotistical, not to say discourteous, as made in the presence of Keith and figuratively in that of Bierstadt, Thomas Hill and all of our Western artists, who had spent years in the study of California scenery, and if they had not been able to paint Yosemite had at least made a pretty good try at it. But now comes the tame and impotent conclusion of this veracious incident. They journeyed to the Yosemite. Mr. Innes came back one afternoon to the hotel porch and threw down angrily a little insignificant sketch, declaring that "Yosemite could not be painted," which was true at least as far as he was concerned. Keith himself who spent years of toil and study in the Sierras knew this all along and was silently amused to see how quickly the over-confidence of the Eastern tenderfoot, who came to show us how things should be done, oozed away in the presence of Nature's grand panoramic Workshop; and to see how quickly Innes recognized that this was not a case of "Veni, Vidi, Vici."

R. William Macbeth, the veteran Fifth avenue art dealer of New York, published in "The Christian Science Monitor" two years ago an article on the death of California's great artist entitled "William Keith, Artist and Man." It is republished in part in the catalogue of the Keith Exhibition soon to open at the Art Institute of Chicago. I quote as follows: "All artists and collectors who visited the coast felt their stay incomplete without a visit to the Keith studio, and they were all cordially welcomed when he was in the mood. George Innes lived at his studio during a rather protracted visit to the coast, and there are those who profess to see a change in Mr. Keith's work from then on. It is true that

to some degree at least they both saw Nature in the same way; but Mr. Keith saw it that way before Mr. Innes made his appearance in the West. And those who know Mr. Keith's work through its many phases realize that it shows, not a change but a regular progression, getting more and more nearly to his ideal of what a picture should be with each succeeding year."

So much for what Fifth avenue thinks of Keith as "merely an imitator of George Innes."

Both great artists are gone, but their works remain to be the delight of every one who has a soul for beauty.

—Uncommon Sense.

April 6, 1913.

Liquor Ads in the Examiner

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: Why do liquor dealers advertise in the Examiner? The Examiner always takes the stand that people should not drink liquor. It is therefore an enemy of the liquor business. Then why do the men engaged in that business help support the Examiner by giving it large display ads? Take last Thursday's Examiner for instance. On the editorial page was a cartoon called The Non-Refillable Bottle. The little sermon that went with the picture contained these words: "When will men learn that whisky is poison, and that drunkenness is death?" All very well in its way perhaps, but tainted with inconsistency because in the same issue of the Examiner there were: a four-column ad for Budweiser; a three-column ad for Cyrus Noble whisky; and a two-column ad for Golden Wedding whisky. I don't blame the Examiner for "getting away" with this sort of thing, but why do the liquor dealers stand for it? If the Examiner takes their money and then roasts them, very well, so far as the paper is concerned. But what sort of men are the liquor dealers who submit to that treatment? When a department store is roasted in the Examiner it retaliates by withdrawing its advertising business.

Yours truly,

—A Wine Agent.

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over
By Robert McTavish

Poet Builds His Monument

A Cornish poet who is eighty-one years old and thinks he can't live to sing much longer has just built his own monument. It is a very magnificent monument and the inscription plainly states that the man to be interred there is a poet. Here is a hint for a lot of our poets. Thus may they secure their own fame, and not trust to fickle and indifferent posterity. Let them beware lest their names be "writ in water." Let them devote the large sums which, it is well known, they obtain from their verses to the erection of splendid sarcophagi. Then the world will be unable to forget them. Mean people may go a step further and suggest that a lot of our poets should first build their tombs and then hasten to occupy them, but that is not a nice way to speak of our poets.

Was Shelley Murdered?

Was Shelley murdered instead of being accidentally drowned? This question has been mooted before, but it was never satisfactorily answered. It has been asked again owing to the

publication of a letter of the poet Heine in which he relates that the death of Shelley and his two companions in the Gulf of Spezzia was not due to the accident of tempest but to a plot on the part of certain fishermen who intended to rob Byron and mistook the other poet for him. Byron was reputed among the fishermen to carry a great deal of money on his person. When the schooner containing Shelley's body came ashore it was found to be broken on the side; the bodies were mutilated; and there was a rope around Shelley's arm. There have been stories around the Gulf of Spezzia that seem to bear out the Heine letter. But it is not likely that the matter will ever be settled definitely.

Our Red Cross Best

The American Red Cross Society has done notable work for Turkey during the past five months, and has had a much wider field of activity than any of the other foreign branches of the Red Cross working with the Turkish Army. Most of the Red Cross missions have confined their efforts to service on the battle-

field and in the hospitals of Constantinople. Missions of physicians, nurses and orderlies went to Constantinople from Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Russia, Japan, Egypt, India, Austria, Rumania, Switzerland, Holland, Belgium, Spain, Portugal, Norway, Denmark and Sweden. The American Society has undertaken not only field work at San Stefano and hospital work in Stamboul, but also an extensive relief work among the refugees at Constantinople, Salonica, Brousa, Konia and Angora.

INVITATIONS MONOGRAMS CRESTS

VISITING CARD PLATES ENGRAVED

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Perspective Impressions

Cardinal Gibbons seems to think that Dr. Osler should be oslerized.

Puzzle: Whether to believe the word of a buncoman or of a policeman.

O for the habit of introspection that brings to our attention our own little defects!

Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst insane? Isn't that a sufficient reason to let her vote?

Our Legislature should be reminded of the Bjorkman epigram: "'You must not' is a very poor shift for 'I will not.'"

The suffragette requirements for feminine loveliness are "intellectual beauty and physical perfection." How many suffragettes can qualify?

Will the veterans of Armageddon enlist for the defense of the State and go to the front when Japan invades California?

Anti-Japanese legislation would not be at all objectionable if we had the Canal and all its locks full of water.

If only our sapheaded moralists could be made to understand the very obvious proposition that the killing of a vice is the death of a virtue!

Funny, isn't it, to see one of our big jobchasers land in a big job and then turn his back on the little jobchasers and remark between the blasts that dilate his cheeks of brass that he is going to give all his time to public business?

"I'd rather be opposed than ignored; anything rather than cold indifference," says a visiting clergyman. Dr. Aked feels the same way.

"Changed economic conditions" caused Pastor Jump of Oakland to jump his job. The collection box can't keep up with the high cost of preaching.

The Rev. Dr. Brown's successor hasn't made good in Oakland. He hasn't the knack of producing ecstasies and he isn't much of a letter writer.

The Examiner having no Japanese subscribers and being unaffiliated with organized labor Mr. Hearst fearlessly demands that we give them hell.

What influence the newspapers have over the dear people when the dear people are given the chance to put money in their pockets is shown by the vote on the telephone rate proposition.

Speaking of an Egyptian vestal who was put to death, as was the custom, for breaking her vow of chastity, the Call says that she suffered death for "flirting." This is an example of the perversion by which polite words acquire a coarse meaning.

The current idea of a moral man is one who is not lewd, who is not given to debauchery and who doesn't keep a mistress. He is especially moral if he belongs to a church though he may have joined it to inspire the confidence that makes easy prey to rapacity and dishonesty.

"Mrs. William Jennings Bryan will speak on 'The Rural Church as a Force in Solving Economic and Social Problems of Rural Life,' to which she has given much study."—Press despatch.

As much, perhaps, as the rural church gives to any problem that it may see fit to solve.

So the Hearst letter isn't to be preserved in the archives of his country! But never mind; he has the Czar of Russia scared to death and the Chamber of Deputies is waiting on him for further orders.

Since the akedizing of Los Angeles it appears to be fashionable for millionaires to cast black pearls before aspiring maidens. When Portland was akedized a modern Petronius might have found atmosphere for a new Satyricon in the Y. M. C. A. What's going to happen in San Francisco?

The vote to reduce telephone rates reminds us of what the Vice-President said the other day: "Men of judgment have expressed to me the opinion that if a vote were taken on the proposition to make all estates above the sum of 100,000 revert to the State upon the death of the owner it would be carried two to one."

The ladies—God bless them!—have won a great victory over the base superstition that principle is something to be respected. Now let every judge before deciding a case speculate as to the probable effect of the decision on the feminine mind. Thus will justice be administered in accordance with the views of Dr. Aked.

Gremma Dadagu

By W. Bannatyne Thomson

It was at the town of Mongonu, in Northern Nigeria, some two days southwest of Lake Chad, that I first made the acquaintance of Gremma Dadagu. He was brought to me as being a person of such vagrant habits and uncertain domicile that no one knew to which village headman he should pay his yearly tax.

"To which village do you want to pay?" I asked him.

"To which ever village the white man orders," he answered. It was the inevitable reply of the native of Northern Nigeria to such a question, for it is his habit to conceal his own wishes in the hope that they may happen to coincide with his master's. If they happen to do so, then he poses as a model of obedience. If he finds they do not, it is then time enough for him to declare his private views.

"Where do your relatives live?" I asked.

He explained that he had no relatives. They had all been killed off in the warlike days before the white man's coming.

"I have no father, no mother," he added; "I just walk about from village to village."

"No wife?" asked I.

"Oh, yes," he replied.

"Where does she live?"

He thought that had no bearing on his place of domicile. Twenty-four times in his adult career of seventeen years or so, he had divorced a wife, and twenty-five times he had been married. It was his opinion that the fortunate of the earth, that is to say, those who are able to facili-

tate nuptial changes by the weight of their purse, will not wisely retain a wife for a longer period than six moons. Formerly he himself had been one of these fortunate ones, he said, for in the old days he had been rich; but now his poverty compelled him to tolerate the same woman for two years or more. He did not believe in polygamy. It disturbed the peace of the home. Monogamy modified by successive change was his policy. It must not be thought that all his countrymen share his opinions. The gentler sex, it is true, is not taken very seriously in Africa, but affection more constant than Gremma Dadagu's is not difficult to find. Among the richer classes, where the women are kept in strict seclusion, the pleasantest part of the day for the master of the household is held to be those quiet hours of afternoon or evening when the charming children who are his wives hand him his kola-nuts to chew and devote themselves to the endeavor to make their lord's leisure a time of laughter and good cheer. It is a low ideal, no doubt, but shows up well enough against a nobler one soiled in the working. The gay prattle of the harem does not contrast unfavorably with the joyless silence that overtakes many a family dinner table in Europe when the master of the house has left his office for the day and placed his umbrella in the hall. Gremma Dadagu himself was, he told me, on the best of terms with her who enjoyed his affections for the present, pending the arrival of his next windfall. But he certainly was not one of those who, sometimes with the happiest, and sometimes

with the most tragic results to themselves, take seriously the gentle art of love.

I wished to know the reason why he had fallen on poverty.

"It is the white man's fault," he said. "Ten years ago I had work and money."

"The white man prevents nobody working," said I.

But he had the better of me there, when he proceeded to tell me further details of the nature of his work. He had been a professional thief, employed regularly by the prominent village headmen in the looting of their neighbor's property. These professional thieves—a class which even yet we have not wholly stamped out—were gentlemen of consideration as important contributors to the income of their employers. Gremma Dadagu was no whit ashamed of his former profession. Had I attempted to make him so, he would no doubt have retorted, like Falstaff, that it is no sin for a man to labor in his vocation. The African sinner is not conscious, like our

(Continued on Page 23)

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Poems About San Francisco

XC—OFF FER 'FRISCO TOWN

Anonymous

(The following appears to be the work of that grand and prolific poet Anonymous. Anonymous, sometimes called Anon. for short has been a favorite for many years. His poems are to be found in the most carefully selected anthologies. The school readers always have a goodly number of them. Of a truth, Anonymous is one of the most popular poets that ever lived. In the following, taken from the Overland of September, 1904, old Anonymous pictures a farmer, let us say of Knight's Landing, about to pay a visit to San Francisco. The farmer is correct, but unusually frank in saying that his Knight's Landing religion wilts and dwindles when he comes to this city. When the Knight's Landing hayseed reaches the Ferry Building he meets two sociable gentlemen of very refined manners who show him a way to make a wad of easy but illegitimate money. When they get through with him he pays a visit to the Barbary Coast where a Venus relieves him of what is left. When he returns to Knight's Landing he writes to his State senator and assemblymen insisting that they vote for the "red light abatement" bill, and as he is a deacon of the church and a leading citizen of Knight's Landing they dare not refuse.)

When S'mantha's packed my satchel,
An' I'm off fer 'Frisco town,
Where the streets 're black with people
And the walls with dust 're brown;
Where the iron hoof-beats clatter
On the pesky cobblestones,
An' the car bells clang and jangle
An' the cable rasps an' drones,

I kinder stop an' linger,
While I tell 'em all good-bye,
As I gaze out on the medder
An' the broad expanse of sky;
I listen to the songsters
As they're whistlin' in the trees,
An' I feel a benediction
In the gentle murmurin' breeze.

There's a brook that's runnin' yonder
Through my lower pastur' lot,
An' the trees a-growin' near it
Makes a sort o' fairy spot,
Where I sometimes sit a-dreamin'
When the sun is sinkin' low,
An' it touches up the water
With its purty dying glow.

Then I somehow feel so peaceful,
An' it seems so quiet there
That the babble o' the water
Soothes my tired soul like prayer:
An' I feel like all the meanness
I hev borne for many a day,
Is wafted from my bosom
An' is floated far away.

Mebbe there's a blessin' scattered
In the city's busy ways,
Mebbe in their stately churches
Is the proper place for praise,
But somehow my religion
Kinder wilts and dwindles down
When S'mantha's packed my satchel
An' I'm off fer 'Frisco town.

The Spectator

MacKenzie's High Gamble

Roderick J. MacKenzie, the millionaire son of the great Canadian railroad king, lost \$161,000 in a roulette game at the Villa Mateo a few nights ago. He did not pay his loss at the time, and later on, deciding that he had been victimized with a crooked roulette wheel, determined not to pay it at all. Whether or not MacKenzie got a fair and square "run for his money" is an open question. The evidence on which he based his determination not to pay the fortune which he gambled away is limited. The gamblers to whom MacKenzie lost regard him as a welcher. If so, it is the first time he has ever welched on a gambling debt, for he has always borne the reputation of being a game loser. About five years ago he lost \$78,000 in a roulette game in Los Angeles, and although the men who got him into the game were headed by "Bud" Houser, a notorious confidence man who is now dead, he paid the loss without a murmur. The sum of \$161,000 is only a drop in the bucket to "Rod" MacKenzie. He could pay it and never miss it. But he refuses to do so on grounds he regards as amply sufficient. His friends declare that he has taken the right course. Whether the gamblers who call MacKenzie a welcher are right, or whether MacKenzie's friends who insist that he pursued the proper course have the better of the argument cannot be decided offhand.

How It Happened

I do not know whether MacKenzie was victimized or not, but the story is an interesting one and I shall tell it as I have heard it, without taking sides. One night recently MacKenzie made the rounds of the beach resorts, and stayed for some time in Dibble's, the proprietor of that interesting place, Frank Dibble, being an acquaintance of his. MacKenzie is not what you would call a gambler by any means, but he likes to "take a chance" occasionally. Certainly if any resident of San Francisco can afford to do so it is "Rod" MacKenzie, for he has many millions. On this night he decided that the excitement of high play would be welcome, so in the company of Dibble he motored from the road house on the beach to the gambling place across the county line known as the Villa Mateo. This temple dedicated to the Goddess of Chance is open only to high players and the proprietors are two well known gamblers, Marshbanks and "Swede John," at whose faro, roulette and crap tables many men of wealth are quite willing to hazard their spending money. MacKenzie played the roulette wheel. His first bet was \$5,000, and he lost it. The spinning ball did not favor MacKenzie that night, and at the end of the session he had lost \$161,000. Because MacKenzie is well known and his credit perfectly good, no money passed hands that night. It was taken for granted

that he would return to the Villa Mateo in the course of a few days and settle his loss.

What the Waiter Heard

Before MacKenzie and Dibble left the road house to motor down to the gambling resort Dibble telephoned to the Villa Mateo to announce their coming. A waiter heard him telephone and says that his words were: "I am coming down

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with "Rod MacKenzie. Get ready for him." That sounds like a perfectly innocent telephone message. But it is the reason MacKenzie refused to pay his \$161,000 loss. According to MacKenzie and his friends that message is susceptible of a sinister interpretation. They think that the resort proprietor, when he said: "Get ready for him," meant that the roulette wheel should be fixed so that MacKenzie would be unable to win. I suppose everybody knows that crooked roulette wheels exist. One of them which was captured by the police in a raid on a gambling house in Devisadero street where women of the demi-monde used to gamble may be seen at the present time in the office of Chief of Police White. MacKenzie thinks that he lost that \$161,000 because the roulette wheel was crooked. The gamblers say this is an entirely unjustifiable charge. They say that the interpretation placed on Dibble's words is an outrageous one. Certainly it may be construed differently. When a man who plays high is about to visit a gambling house the game-keepers must get ready for him. For one thing they must have a large sum of money on hand to meet his possible winnings. So it is apparent that we have here a very pretty controversial point.

The Message to Graney

The waiter who overheard the telephone message seems to have interpreted it the same way MacKenzie did when he learned of it later. This waiter is a friend of Eddie Graney, the former prizefight referee, and he knew that Eddie Graney was a close friend of Roderick MacKenzie. I suppose Graney is closer to MacKenzie than any other man in town. MacKenzie has a real affection for Graney and showed it substantially not long ago when he bought a half interest in the Graney billiard rooms in Market street. So Graney's waiter friend tried to get him on the telephone to tell him that his friend MacKenzie was going to the Villa Mateo, and failing to locate him, left word of the Dibble message which he had overheard. Later Graney communicated it to MacKenzie. They both placed

the same construction on it. They decided that MacKenzie had been victimized. Other friends of MacKenzie took the same view of the matter. And MacKenzie has followed their counsel.

A Welcher or Not a Welcher?

There is the story. The men whose names I have mentioned are men who are well known and they have a standing in their respective sets. One of them accuses the others of having attempted to rob him of \$161,000. They in turn indignantly deny the charge and accuse him of being a welcher. Is "Rod" MacKenzie a welcher or not? Surely he is not designedly one. Controversies of this sort have been decided by umpires, but any arbitrators who might be selected to settle this dispute would assuredly have a knotty problem on their hands. They might decide in favor of MacKenzie. They might give the decision to the gamblers. Or they might return a Scotch verdict. But certainly MacKenzie's only reason for not paying is that he believes he was cheated.

Another Angle

To be sure there's another angle to this matter. As I have said, "Rod" MacKenzie's first bet on the spinning ball was \$5,000. The percentage against the roulette player is very high, but when he wins he wins big. The roulette wheel pays thirty-six to one. If MacKenzie had won that first hazard he would have received from the croupier \$180,000 plus the \$5,000 he betted. \$185,000 on the turn of a wheel and the spinning of an ivory ball! Such betting was never known in this city. And perhaps nowhere else. Dick Canfield in the palmiest days of Saratoga would not have allowed a player to make a bet of that size. They wouldn't take such a bet at the Casino in Monte Carlo. In roulette a bet of \$100 is a big one. So it is inevitable that the question should be asked, Why was "Rod" MacKenzie allowed to plunge to such an enormous extent?

Who MacKenzie Is

The personality of Roderick MacKenzie is a most interesting one. He is the son of MacKenzie the railroad builder who with Sir Donald Mann built and developed the Canadian Northern and grew fabulously rich in doing so. The MacKenzie-Mann enterprises are many, and they are all great money-makers. Young MacKenzie is a millionaire many times over in his own right. He has great interests in Canada from which he derives an enormous income. He lives in San Francisco because he married a San Francisco girl who loves this city and has communicated the same sentiment to her husband. MacKenzie has invested money here. He is building a luxurious apartment house with an elaborate suite for him-

self and his wife, one feature of which will be a magnificent salt water swimming pool. I believe that he has bought two whole blocks of waterfront property. MacKenzie owns the race track at Pleasanton and has spent a great deal of money in improving it. He gives employment to a great many people. He is a passionate lover of horses and the sport of kings, and I suppose his racing stable is one of the best in the world. One of his horses is Joe Patchen, the fastest trotter in the world. He recently "hung up" a purse of \$25,000 to be raced for at our World's Fair. MacKenzie is noted for his liberality and has a small army of retainers. He gives most generously to charity, so the purists should not carp at him simply because he likes to gamble once in a while. Obviously such a man should not be too readily accused of welching.

A McNab-Lathrop Story

The ecclesiastical engineer of the successful Weller Recall movement was the Reverend Charles Lathrop, known as Governor Johnson's chaplain. He considers that he has a mission: that of purifying the world through infusing religious activity into politics. He stood at the right hand of Rudolph Spreckels in the Graft Prosecution and was aggressive in the political movements that followed, being a member of the executive committee of the Good Government League. A light on the character of this belligerent Christian is obtained from some occurrences following the installation of the Mayor Taylor government. Of that administration Sheriff Lawrence J. Dolan was a part. "Larry," as he is popularly known to the boys, had an idea that he was to be a real sheriff and run the office. Mr. Spreckels had different views, which led to a conflict. In order to discipline "Larry" and inspire fear where independence was expected, Spreckels called a meeting of members of the Good Government League and had a committee appointed with Reverend Charles Lathrop at its head. This committee decided to call on Gavin McNab whose sponsorship had secured the election of Dolan, and insist on co-operation in the demands to be made on the Sheriff.

The Scriptures Quoted

Six persons were present at the meeting besides McNab. One of them made notes of what happened. Rudolph Spreckels stated that a certain deputy sheriff was unfit to hold his office. The dialogue that ensued, follows:

Mr. Spreckels: As you, Mr. McNab, were influential in our councils when Dolan was nominated, we insist that you procure the removal of this man. If you do not immediately consent,

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I will file a petition for the recall of the Sheriff.

Mr. McNab: Mr. Spreckels, what is the man's offense?

Mr. Spreckels: I feel that my position in this community, through the services that I have rendered it in a great cause, entitle me to have a man dismissed from office on my statement alone, without presenting the facts on which I base my judgment.

Mr. McNab: Mr. Spreckels, that is a right that God does not claim. Besides, it is forbidden by the institutions of our country, by good morals and humanity. I cannot assist you in violating the law of God and man.

The Reverend Dr. Lathrop: Mr. Spreckels, it is quite evident that we will have to state the charge against this deputy, unpleasant as it is for us to do so, and injurious as it will be for him; but it shall be done. Mr. McNab, this man is an ex-convict.

Mr. McNab: Dr. Lathrop, the offense, of which this man was convicted, must have happened very long ago, in his youth. Is not that the case?

Dr. Lathrop: I understand that to be true: that it happened long ago, in another State.

Mr. McNab: As far as you know, Dr. Lathrop, since then, the man has lived an orderly and proper life?

Dr. Lathrop: Yes, as far as I am informed.

Mr. McNab: Dr. Lathrop, you are a minister of Christ, and believe in his teachings, do you not?

Dr. Lathrop: Certainly, I am a disciple of Christ, believe in, and follow His teachings.

Mr. McNab: You remember the incident of the penitent thief on the cross—that most beautiful circumstance of your faith, where Christ said to the penitent thief, in answer to his prayer, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into Thy kingdom"—"Verily, I say unto Thee, today shalt thou be with me, in Paradise"?

Dr. Lathrop: Yes, surely.

Mr. McNab: Do you think that Christ meant what he said?

Dr. Lathrop: It would be awful to think otherwise.

Mr. McNab: Then, how unfortunate is your position, Dr. Lathrop, towards this man, who once sinned and has repented. You, a minister of Christ's Gospel! Dr. Lathrop, do you remember Christ's words on the rejoicing in Heaven over one sinner's repentance more than over ninety-nine just men?

Dr. Lathrop: Yes.

Mr. McNab: Do you think Christ was really in earnest?

Dr. Lathrop: It would be blasphemy to believe otherwise, Mr. McNab.

Mr. McNab: Then, how different, Dr. Lathrop, His utterances are from your action in the present instance! But, one other illustration, Dr. Lathrop, from the Scripture: Do you remember when Christ said, of the Magdalene, in the streets of Jerusalem:—"He that is without sin

among you, let him first cast a stone at her"? Don't you think that, judging from the present situation, if you and Mr. Spreckels had been present, the poor woman would have fared badly?

Dr. Lathrop: I think we have made a mistake. I feel that as a minister of the gospel I am left in a rather difficult and unfortunate position. I think we should retire and further consider the matter.

"But," said McNab, "before you go, Dr. Lathrop, let me call your attention to the language of the Scripture in another particular: The commandant—Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor. The man that you and Mr. Spreckels are here to attack is not an ex-convict. He never was a convict. His life has been clean and honorable."

A Threatened Invasion of Pharisees

How precarious and hazardous is life in Los Angeles county has been vividly illustrated by the birth the other day of a new town. It is called San Marino doubtless to remind the citizens of the personal liberty that obtained among the people of the Republic that flourished in the free air of the Alps. San Marino is on the edge of Pasadena. It was formerly part of San Gabriel, a community composed chiefly of old-time Californians who regard life as something rather to be enjoyed than endured. On one side of San Gabriel is Alhambra, the inhabitants of which are of the psalm-singing Puritanical cast. Indulging their congenital and indecent passion for interfering with their neighbors the pestiferous ones of Alhambra resolved some time ago to annex San Gabriel. The people of San Gabriel were panic-stricken. However, they resolved to put up a fight. Now though the majority of the homes of San Gabriel are of the Old Mission style of architecture, there is one section of the town where the bungalow abounds, and to folks of that section of the country who grew up with the State the bungalow is an object of suspicion. In nine cases out of ten the bungalow houses a Roundhead of the most aggressive ascetic type. The bungalows filled some of the millionaires of San Gabriel with dread. It was feared by them that on election day Roundheads would issue from the bungalows like vermin from a dog in process of sterilization and vote for annexation. Four of the millionaires, Huntington, Patton, Weyerhauser and J. A. Graves held a conference at which it was decided to incorporate a town of their own, which they have done. The town is San Marino and Charley Patton is Mayor of it. The millionaires and all the families that live off them number about five hundred souls. San Marino is the freest spot in the whole county. No initiative or referendum or blue laws for San Marino. God's grace there abounds. As to San Gabriel—well the bungalows were a false alarm. Even without the assistance of the timid millionaires the good people of San Gabriel rallied in sufficient numbers in defense of their firesides to beat off the invaders. Alhambra must stew in its

own unctuousness. In all other respects it's as dry as a whistle, and one can readily understand why its inhabitants were crazy to be contaminated by San Gabriel.

Bixby of The Jonquil

The chemically pure town of Los Angeles is once more in the throes of a colorful scandal, and a representative of one of its chastest families appears to be in danger of prosecution on

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ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of WILLIAM HALLECK DEMING, Deceased.

AZALENE E. GATES (formerly Azalene E. Deming), administratrix of the estate of William Halleck Deming, deceased, having filed herein her petition, duly verified by affidavit, praying for an order of this Court authorizing, empowering and directing her, as such administratrix, to mortgage the real property therein and hereinafter described, for the purpose set forth in said petition; and it appearing that it will be of advantage to said estate that said mortgage be made;

IT IS THEREFORE ORDERED BY THE COURT, that all persons interested in the estate of William Halleck Deming, deceased, do appear before this Court on Thursday, the twenty-ninth day of May, A. D. 1913, at ten o'clock a. m. of said day, at the Courtroom of Department number Nine Probate thereof, at the building situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, known as number 1231 Market Street, which building is also known as the City Hall, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why the real property of said estate hereinafter described, or some part thereof, should not be mortgaged for the sum of ten thousand dollars, as prayed for in said petition, or for such lesser amount as to this Court shall seem meet.

Reference is hereby made to said petition, on file herein, for further particulars.

The property to be mortgaged is situate in the town of Menlo Park, County of San Mateo, State of California, and more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

1. Being a portion of Rancho de las Pulgas, and also a portion of what is known as the Briceland Tract, and being more particularly known as lots numbers two hundred and forty-one (241), two hundred and twenty-nine (229) and two hundred and thirty (230), as laid down and designated on a certain map filed in the office of the County Recorder in and for the County of San Mateo, State of California, on September 14th, 1863, entitled "Map of the Menlo Park Villa Association."

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED, that this order to show cause be personally served on the persons interested in said estate, or be published once a week for four successive weeks before the day of hearing in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated this 23rd day of April, A. D. 1913.

J. V. COFFEY,

Judge of the Superior Court.
HARRY T. CRESWELL, Attorney for Administratrix,
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some very unpleasant charges. The Bixbys of Los Angeles are among the earliest of the Gringo families. The three Bixby brothers, one of whom was the father of George W. Bixby, settled in Los Angeles more than forty years ago. They engaged in farming, mining and in the cattle business, accumulating large fortunes, and always they were known as Puritans of the deepest dye. They were almost quakerish in their ways, but they were the sturdy pillars of the Methodist Church. But George Bixby is a worldly man, with no prejudice against wine, women or the rag.

Los Angeles' Latest

"Its hypocrisies are matched by subcutaneous audacities which shock even the hardened policeman." Thus wrote Willard Huntington Wright of Los Angeles, and the latest exposure of lechery bears him out. From all accounts the police of Los Angeles, hardened as they are, received a big shock when they uncovered the cesspool of senile lubricity and psychopathic sexuality at "The Jonquil." But should they have been shocked? Men who hear the doings of the seamy side of city life described and discussed have known for a long time that in certain "protected resorts" in Los Angeles the ruin of unfortunate young girls recruited from the cafeterias, the moving picture companies and the department stores has been going steadily on. Los Angeles has its full share of vicious young men and degenerate old millionaires, and vice conditions have become intolerable since the tenderloin was lidded and its habitues scattered throughout the city. "Where is the notorious Pearl Morton, with her ferocious bull pup, and the phthisical Violet?" asked Willard Wright. Pearl Morton is in San Francisco playing Mrs. Warren's profession, but worse than she still fatten off the perverse lust of Los Angelenos. Pearl Morton has gone, but Los Angeles still has "the Black Pearl."

Carmel Shivers

The "Jonquil" police exposure came so closely on the heels of the publication of Wright's article that it sent his stock soaring in magazinedom. Meanwhile a shiver goes up every back at Carmel when Huntington Wright's name is mentioned. About four years ago when Wright was on the Los Angeles Times he went to Carmel on a little prospecting trip. He returned to the southern city with samples of all the intellectual gold he could find in the colony of culture and proceeded to assay it. In other words, he muckraked Carmel, muckraked it as brutally, as wittily and as thoroughly as he has since muckraked Los Angeles. All the Carmelites came in for notice when Wright published his article in the Times, and they didn't half like the sort of treatment he gave them. Now they are afraid somebody may get hold of that four-year old article and republish it. They much prefer that it should stay in the oblivion of the files. Hence the shivers when Wright's name is mentioned.

A Judge Mindful of Votes

Next year Judge B. V. Sargent of Monterey is going to run for a job higher up. Of this I am reminded by a decision rendered by him the other day sustaining the laundry ordinance of our Board of Supervisors. He wrote a very long opinion. He touched on Federal Constitutional questions. He quoted opinions of judges of other courts, and of one of the cases referred to he said: "This is the case which has been said to have given ex-President Roosevelt 4,000,000 votes in the last campaign." The case was somewhat similar to the one Judge Sargent was deciding. Perhaps Judge Sargent did not neglect to estimate the number of votes he might get out of the laundry case. At any rate it is evident from his observation that he was thinking of votes. And his mind being on that subject how natural that he should say some of the things I am going to quote! "It has been said with truth," says Judge Sargent, "that the only liberty worshiped today is the image graven on the American dollar. Sordid avarice and greed for wealth reck not of the cry of starving children or the despairing sigh of weakened motherhood." Reads more like a Johnson on the stump than a judge on the bench, but it's good stuff and there's more of it.

A Sneer At the Constitution

Apparently Judge Sargent has sensed the sentiment that the courts have usurped the powers of the legislature. But Judge Sargent is no current-stemmer; not at any rate the year before the campaign to fill a vacancy on the Court of Appeal. Let Justice Shaw expound the fundamentals of government for the enlightenment of the deluded. Let Justice Holmes mildly protest against the demagogic appeals to ignorance and passion. Judge Sargent has more urgent business in hand. He prefers to dispense the patter of the small-fry lawyer in quest of a job. Hark to the larkish note from the meadows of Monterey:

"The ordinance in question was obviously designed for the betterment morally and physically of a large class of workers. The interpretation of statutes, especially those intended for the promotion of social conditions, should be seasoned with less constitutional limitations and more common sense. The constitutional bugaboo has about reached its limit. What is constitutional is largely a matter of individual opinion, but what is best for society generally is a matter of experience and every day association."

This is very much like asking, "What is the Constitution between friends?" Judge Sargent regards it as some kind of bugaboo, a supersti-

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tion to be ignored whenever it conflicts with the general, inchoate, curbstone notion of what is best for society.

An Irrelevant Question

But the sincerity, the intellectual honesty of Judge Sargent is not to be questioned; nor, for that matter is the soundness or justice of his decision. It is incredible that even for votes he would deliberately hee haw audibly in the presence of the legal profession of the whole State. Thus: "Who are more qualified to determine what laws are for the best interests of society, the legislative body, the members of which come in contact with every phase of life, or judges who upon the bench or in the recesses of their chambers are entirely untouched by the circumstances or conditions surrounding labor?" The answer to this is that if all judges are of a certain type, legislators are the better qualified, even though they be such nincompoops as are performing at Sacramento. But this answer is not sufficient. For the benefit of the Monterey judge I shall go further and explain that among judges competent as well as honest there is no question as to whether they are qualified to make laws. Furthermore it is only the ingenious, demagogic judge or the blissfully ignorant judge who would befoul his own nest by imputing to courts the deliberate purpose or inclination to trespass on the domain of the legislative department of government.

He Mounts a Borrowed Pegasus

In what category Judge Sargent belongs far be it from me to decide. I will leave that to my dear readers, and that they may have more light I will quote a little more from the opinion. Commenting on the importance of protecting women who work in laundries from the invasion of the "Asiatic alien," Judge Sargent tells us this,— "Recent legislation shows that we are but tardily harkening to the voice of Goldsmith in 'The Deserted Village,'" and then he quotes, "I'll fares the land," etc., down to and including the couplet "But a bold peasantry, a country's pride, When once destroyed, can never be supplied."

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In what manner, tardily or otherwise, we have been drawing inspiration from the poet Judge Sargent does not explain, but after citing the poet solemnly he asserts: "Every law looking to the physical and moral welfare of womanhood tends to the regeneration and uplifting of our bold peasantry of the future." I do not know whether this will get him any votes or not. I don't believe there are many women who want to be developed physically for the breeding of peasantry however bold.

By Way of Mild Rebuke

One word more with Judge Sargent. Though not a member of his profession I have reverence for the Constitution, and I am impatient of the ignorance that regards it as a trivial document not to be seriously considered by the hungry and illiterate politicians who have themselves transformed into statesmen over night by dint of wallowing in the mire of politics. In the Magna Charta of King John are to be found the words "per legem terrae"—by the law of the land. This phrase indicating at once the criterion and bulwark of the liberties of Englishmen, crystallizes into language the idea that is woven into the political fabric of this government. The Law of the Land: that is what the Constitution of this country is. It is the law of the land made by the people of this land. It is the law that runs with the land and descends with the land, and stands above changeable legislation and judicial decisions. It is the higher law in which the liberties of the people are imbedded and under which legislators obtain their authority and courts their jurisdiction. Without it there would be no guarantee of personal liberty. Ignore its provisions and that necessary evil—political government—that receives animation from unscrupulous jobchasers can take away the liberty of the citizen, his fundamental personal and political rights, which it enumerates and sets forth placing them beyond the reach of any department of government. And that Judge Sargent, incredible judge, is what you call a bugaboo. And it was under that Constitution that a tribunal was created, not to make laws, as you, acquiescing with the demagogues of politics would have the ignorant believe, but to bring learning, specialized learning to the interpretation of it, not whenever judges feel like doing so, but whenever in the course of clearly defined procedure they were called upon to prevent it from becoming the shadow of an authority under the corroding influence of legislative bodies. Quit aspiring, Judge Sargent, and get thee to a law school!

The Suffragette Muses

Charley Field, the editor of *Sunset*, had just been installed as president of the Bohemian Club in succession to George F. Richardson, the superintendent of transportation for the Southern Pacific. Everybody was happy including the owl, the bird of Bohemia, which blinked approval.

Suddenly there was a crash of glass and through a window of the jinks room that gave on Taylor street six women fantastically attired effected an entrance. Retiring President Richardson demanded of them who they were. "We are the Muses, the Suffragette Muses," replied the leader. "Why did you enter through a broken window?" was the next question. "That's the only way the Muses could get into this club," was the reply. "But there are only eight of you," was objected. "Where is the ninth Muse?" "Melpomene Pankhurst is on a hunger strike," was the explanation. But just then Melpomene Pankhurst made her appearance, coming from the kitchen.

Discovering Genthe

They are discovering Doctor Genthe in New York. Since the doctor left San Francisco for the larger field of the metropolis, his success has been steadily increasing until now he is looked upon as one of the most artistic photographers in the East. Interest in his work being great, the editor of the *American Magazine* had Will Irwin write an article about Genthe. It is safe to say that many of Genthe's friends here will obtain from it information about parts of the photographer's career of which they knew nothing. Irwin writes that when Genthe came to this city he had the degree of Ph. D. from the University of Jena and "trimmings from Berlin and the Sorbonne." Also that "among the publications of the University of Jena was a treatise on the Authenticity of the Tenth Century Luccan Codes of the University of Erlange—a work so erudite that Professor West of Princeton is the only living American who has read it." It was written by Genthe. Twenty years ago he wrote a Dictionary of German Slang which is the standard work on the subject and is about to be re-issued in a revised edition. Irwin also tells us that Genthe is master of eight languages, ancient and modern; that he learned Japanese while snap-shotting in Japan; that his painting teacher once advised him to stick to art; that he was a formidable duellist at Jena; and that he can split a card with a pistol bullet. And now he is second to none in color photography. How many of us knew what an Admirable Crichton the doctor was?

How Harriman Bought a Road

Colonel H. C. Place of Idaho, a railroad builder and promoter who is here trying to interest capital in a new line between Winnemucca and Boise, tells how he once sold a short line to E. H. Harriman. Colonel Place had built this line in Idaho and realizing that it was of strategic importance to the Harriman system offered it for sale. He went to New York and obtained a hearing from Harriman through the good offices of Judge Lovett. "You from Idaho?" snapped Harriman. "Yes," said Place. "You build that road?" asked Harriman. "Yes," an-

swered Place. "Take any money to Idaho with you?" "Thirty dollars," answered Place. "Put any of it into the line?" "Twenty-nine dollars of it," answered Place. "Our auditors meet you at Boise," said Harriman. That was all. The road was bought.

Anonymous Envy

There have been lots of pretty girls from all over the State entered in the \$100 prize beauty contest of the Portola Festival Committee, the contest which, closing April 30, decides the poster girl model for the fete. After one of the prettiest pictures of all had been printed, this postal card reached the Portola committee's headquarters. It was, to state an obvious fact, written in a feminine hand. "Was reading the paper the other eve an I seen where Miss So and so has entered the contest. Well I just want you to go an take a look at that girls face in person an see just how homely she is. Her picture is pretty but she dont look like that at all she has no eyebrows or no eyelashes an she is as homely as sin. Go an see the girl an you will say I am right she is verry homely." The card was unsigned.

The New Art Galleries

Art lovers will be interested to learn that the Schussler Brothers are now located at 285 Geary street, which is within a block of where they were before the fire. They have opened two of the finest galleries on the Pacific Coast. A feature of the new premises is the very latest idea in the way of lighting, which permits of the display of all pictures to the best possible advantage. It is now almost thirty years since Toby and Henry Schussler first established themselves as dealers in choice canvases, artists' supplies and picture framing. Since then they have put the wood around many a masterpiece and helped many a California artist to the needed patron. They have always specialized in the work of California artists, and at present are showing some fine specimens of the work of Keith, Newhouse, John Gamble, Tad Welch, Miss Grace Hudson, Percy Gray, Mr. and Mrs. Watchell and H. Puttoff. It is expected that they will shortly have all the leading California artists represented in their galleries. The framing factory is a fine brick building, thoroughly equipped with all the latest manufacturing appliances for fancy mirrors, decorated baskets and many of the novelties pertaining to their line of business. As a store for artists' supplies, no mention is necessary to those who need them. The best is always to be had at Schussler Brothers.

Crowds at the Tavern

After the theatres have poured forth their crowds there is an instinctive movement in the direction of Eddy and Powell streets where the hospitable doors of Techau Tavern allure the best element of the San Francisco public to an hour or so of varied pleasure. Food, service, music, all are of the best, and added to these is an air of refinement and respectability for which the Tavern is noted. Here, too, come those who wish to entertain at private dinner parties or the larger luncheons and banquets of clubs and other organizations. The Rotary Club and the Advertising Association of San Francisco have held their weekly luncheons at the Tavern for several years and their large attendance is due in no small degree to the excellence of the menu.

RAISIN DAY, April 30th—Raisin Candy for Raisin Day—Raisin Creams, Raisin Nougat and Raisin Chocolates, novel and delicious confections made of California Raisins. At Geo. Haas & Sons' Four Candy Stores.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

"Bill" Lange Fell

This is a story which may not be believed. But one hundred and eighty five men were present; so were nearly as many women. And they are prepared to make affidavit that it is true. The place was the ball room in the basement of the German House. The time was last Friday night, or to be accurate, Saturday morning. The scene was one of syncopated activity, of rag-time enthusiasm. Foremost among the dancers was William A. Lange, otherwise known as "Big Bill," "Handsome Bill" or "Merrylegs." To say that "Bill" and his fair partner were ragging is to state an obvious fact in most inadequate words. Really they were tearing the rag out of rag-time and putting the syncope in syncopation. They were gliding and they were dipping; they swayed, they shuffled and they skipped. They improvised the poetry of motion. And then something happened. I hesitate to write it. But as Captain Reece of the Mantle Piece remarked, "It is my duty and I will." "Big Bill" Lange fell. Actually slipped and fell, did "Bill." It seems incredible, but it's true. The greatest of our ragers came to momentary grief. Like Lucifer, Son of the Morning, and like Julius Caesar, "Bill" Lange fell, and oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!

A Great Party

But let us draw the veil of forgetfulness over this single slip in the dancing career of Terpsichore's favorite disciple. Let us dwell rather on the delights of that Lange party. In the language of rag-time, "it was some bear of a party." All the great ragers of this home of rag-time were present and in their best form. The music was the best rag music to be had. In fact, it was because the musicians were not to be had for the

night of April 16 that Mr. and Mrs. Lange postponed the party from April 16 to April 18. Could greater tribute be paid to a rag-time orchestra? April 16 was the anniversary of the Lange marriage, and it was to celebrate that, not for a "seven years after" party that the friends of the popular couple were bidden to assemble. As I have said, the best ragers were all there, dancing the quintessence of rag-time. The Texas Tommy, the Tango and all the subtlest forms of turkey trotting were exhibited by fair women and indefatigable men.

Folks that Express Themselves

As our old friend Squeers used to say, "When a boy knows hoss, why he goes and does it." There is Mr. Emilio Lastreto the attorney. He knows how to act, he loves to and so he acts. He's his own leading man, manager, producer, as well as owner of his own theatre in his own

by himself, and his pretty little wife is one of the fortunate few capable of dancing "opposite" him and giving a good performance. So when they gave their big dance at the German House on the eighteenth everyone who was asked went and everyone danced and had a good time. It was a distinguished company—artists and writers, lawyers, judges, captains of industry and some society butterflies with their wives and daughters and sisters, cousins, aunts. It was impossible not to think of the Sicilian legend that tells how people bitten on the foot by a tarantula dance on and on. There must have been a tarantula turned loose by the Langes that night for everyone ragged round and round. Best of all each man got a dance with the hostess and each lady with the host. There were pretty girls, pretty gowns and a jolly, continuous German supper.

The Lady and the Playwright

Discussing a recent ball one of our most brilliant literary men asked a lady who was there, "Did you see Elsie Greenfield there?" "I don't know her," was the answer; "what does she look like?" "She was the prettiest girl there and the best dancer," said the literary man. "Why, how do you know?" asked the lady; "you were not there." "Ah! but I do know because she always is wherever she goes," was the ardent reply. One hears much of the charming Mrs. Greenfield. Young, beautiful, well educated, accomplished, sensible, wealthy, aristocratic—what more could one ask? Mrs. Greenfield is a widow with a little son. Since coming to this city she has made many warm friends. As for suitors their name is legion, I hear. The one most favored is the handsome, clever young son of Dr. and Mrs. Kenyon who has become a successful playwright—Charles Kenyon who wrote the splendid play "Kindling" and for whom literary and theatrical people predict a flower-bedecked path to the fields of large wealth and rosy fame. Mrs. Greenfield is the daughter of Bob Cook, known to this day as the beau ideal college man. He was a famous Yale athlete, handsome, wealthy, brilliant, popular all over the country. He now resides in Paris. The Cooks belong to the most exclusive eastern social sets. Mrs. Greenfield expects, one hears, to leave soon for a visit to relatives in Pittsburg, but admiring friends hope that one of these days she will return here permanently as Mrs. Kenyon.



Photo, George Fraser

MISS ALDANITA WOLFSKILL

A very talented young contralto who will go on concert tour with Madame Benrice de Pasquali under the management of George G. Fraser.

home, and every now and then he is host to his audience; last week for instance when he gave his favorite Othello so well. Perhaps having a "little theatre" of his very own he will some day give us Hauptmann and Strindberg. In his disposition to follow his own bent Mr. Lastreto imitates his parents. Of Italian birth they spent many years in this city, and when their children were married and "settled" in life they betook themselves to that dear Paris—not for a visit, oh no! to spend the rest of their lives there. There are also Mr. and Mrs. William A. Lange. Their uncontrollable desire is to dance. And they dance; ah! how they dance. Early and late and nearly always they dance. It is no unusual occurrence in their dainty home in Golden Gate avenue for the phonograph to be turned on at two or three in the morning while they practice some new steps for an hour or so. As a dancer everyone in town concedes that Bill is in a class

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The Source of His Knowledge

A beautiful, prominent and wealth society matron in discussing "Kindling" recently said that she had no doubt that Charlie Kenyon imbibed his knowledge of the lives of the poor in the tenement districts not from observation of New York settlement work, or from hearsay, but from the experiences in that field of his own good father, Dr. Kenyon in San Francisco. "If ever there was a man," she said, "who gave freely and lovingly his time, skill and money to the poor south of Market that man was Dr. Kenyon." And she added, "I am in a position to know because like a lot of others in our town I lived down there myself once upon a time in the dim past and well do I remember how Dr. Kenyon was revered for his goodness."

The Happy Bruguieres

Dr. and Mrs. Pedar S. Bruguire are receiving from all sides congratulations on the decision in their recent very annoying suit. All arrangements were made for Mrs. Bruguire to leave for Europe a fortnight ago with Mrs. Albert Russell who has gone across to visit her mother Gertrude Atherton in Lucerne, but she was taken ill. The trip has not been abandoned, merely postponed until she is strong enough to travel. She will join the Francis Bruguieres in Italy and when they come home she will visit her sister Miss Eleanor King who is studying singing in Paris with Miss Bessie Bowie. Mrs. Bruguire is a great favorite among a large circle of friends in this city, by whom she is admired for her sweetness, gentleness and intellectual qualities as well as for her rare beauty.

The Sharon Gardens

The smart set of Menlo and Burlingame will turn out for the McNear party at the Menlo Country Club tonight, the first dance of the season in the colony. The Percy Moores, the Gus Taylors and the Sharons are giving house-parties for it and there will be a gathering of the clans. Mrs. Norma Ames, the Willard Drowns and the Latham McMullins are among those who have gone down from town. The Sharons, by the way, have given up their idea of going abroad. Not even the lure of a new grandchild is strong enough to draw them from their Menlo Park gardens that have become a hobby with Mrs. Sharon. The grounds of their place that is set high in the hills near the Menlo Club are rapidly becoming the most beautiful in the neighborhood. An army of landscape and under gardeners are kept at work on them and the trees form a rare arboreal collection. Since the Callaghan place ad-

joining has been added to the estate, the park is large enough to be lost in several times. So absorbed are the owners in arboriculture and horticulture that they have more or less neglected the house. It is no more than a spacious cottage with accommodations for only a limited number of guests that they occupy now, but Mrs. Sharon's plans for a country home are elaborate and one to rival the Carolan's new chateau will be built in a few years. Already the "new house" is referred to though it is still architecturally unrealized.

Jennie Going Home

Now that Jennie Crocker Whitman has announced her intention of returning to spend the summer in the East, idle gossip is silenced and one hears no more rumor that the Whitmans' matrimonial ship sails uneasy waters. As a matter of fact the Whitmans are devoted to one another and ideally happy. But the moment Jennie arrived unaccompanied by her husband, idle gossip had to have it they were planning to spend the summer apart. The truth is Mrs. Whitman had to come West on business. The Crocker interests are all here and though she gave power of attorney to Henry T. Scott at the time of her marriage, some of them demanded her attention. Also her grandmother, Mrs. Easton who has been living with her son Ansel Easton for the past year, is growing old and feeble and wanted to see her great grandchildren, the little Burton Harrisons, so Jennie brought them out for a visit. She will return in May to spend the summer with Mr. Whitman at their country home in Massachusetts. Mrs. Whitman has had rather a quiet visit among her old friends. She comes to town two or three times a week for lunch at the St. Francis and was one of a theater party at John Drew's performance, with the Horace Pillsburys. But for the most part she remains at her Hillsborough estate.

A Trio of Intimates

That trio of devoted friends Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. Mountford Wilson and Mrs. Joseph Crockett have been visiting Paso Robles and enjoying one another's society as much as any trio of men friends. There is an intimacy of at least twenty years standing, yet men say women are incapable of friendship. "Elsie" Scott has a way of cementing friendships, they say, and despite the fact that she is the acknowledged leader emeritus of the Burlingame set, is never the cause of jealousy. She is a woman who has kept youth and good looks, though a grandmother, and these, we are told, are preserved by a gentle spirit and amiable disposition. Mrs. Scott's little cousin Polly Mills has been, in her absence, visiting the Charles Champions at their ranch beyond Fruitvale. Mrs. Champion was Mollie Connor of San Francisco who was a belle in the society of ten or fifteen years ago. Since her marriage she has lived a more or less retired life on the ranch.

Entertaining the Drews

Society, ever faithful to John Drew, has entertained him as often as he would be entertained. Mrs. Drew is with him this year to renew friendships at Burlingame where they always spend week-ends during their stay. The friendship of John Drew and Dick Tobin is an old one. It dates back to Daly days, I believe, when John was playing Petruchio and Orlando at the old Baldwin theater and winning honors in the classics with Ada Rehan for Katherine and Rosalind. At any rate it is on record that Dick Tobin once went to New York for one of Drew's premieres. I think it was when he opened in "The Masked

Ball" with Maud Adams, long enough ago. It was a long trip to take for friendship and a single evening but Tobin had promised to be there and he went, reaching New York on the day of the opening, attending the play to depart again for California in the morning. And this was in the time of six days crossing the continent. The Sydney Clomans who knew the Drews as they knew everyone else, in London, gave a party for them and Wednesday night after the show there was a brilliant reception at the De Youngs' who are also old-time friends.

Old Customs and An Innovation

Two Santa Barbara belles Katherine and Laura Kaime, captured both happy omens at Mildred Baldwin's wedding to James Lowe Tuesday night. So a double wedding in the Kaime family may be the interesting result. The bride's bouquet of orchids and valley lillies fell to Katherine when it was tossed among the waiting maidens as the young Mrs. Lowe descended the stair-case. At supper Laura Kaime cut the ring and hers should be the next engagement announced. The thimble was found in Louise Kellogg's portion but Miss Kellogg, I'm told, has already decided against a life of single blessedness so the omen will fail for once. It has been a recent fashion to eliminate these oldtime symbols in bride's cakes. There were none in the cakes of several smart weddings last year. None in the Crocker-Whitman cake and none in that served at the Langhorne-Parker wedding. But Mildred Baldwin adhered to the old custom that really results in a lot of innocent merriment and is binding to no one. She did introduce an innovation, however, in her going away costume. Instead of doing the conventional way and donning a tailor gown, which is always more or less inappropriate if one stops to think of it, since few brides go directly from the reception to the train, she slipped an evening cloak over her wedding frock and obviated the tiresome rush of changing with guests waiting impatiently to speed the departing couple. Decorations at the wedding were unusually lovely. The Baldwin house is the handsomest in Presidio Terrace and the large drawing-rooms made a spacious and effective setting for the ceremony, performed between two Greek pillars where an altar had been arranged. The color scheme of pink and white was closely followed, no other shade being admitted, though almost every variety of pink and white blooms seemed represented. An original note in the bridesmaids' pink frocks were the long angel sleeves of white tulle combined with the pannier effect that made the group of pretty girls look like Watteau maids with Burne-Jones decorations.

A Beauty Who Aspires

Mae Josephine Bennett who was declared by a jury of noted artists last December to be the most beautiful wage earner in San Francisco has now been entered in the Portola Beauty Contest.

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Aside from being a beauty Miss Bennett has won much attention on account of her splendid voice. Madame Bernice de Pasquali some months ago heard her sing and predicted a great future for her provided she was willing to make "haste slowly." Miss Bennett promised to do this and in spite of the fact that she has had the most tempting offers from vaudeville managers since her beauty has brought her into the limelight, she has deliberately chosen to remain at her position as cashier for Geo. Haas & Sons, the candy people, devoting her spare hours to the study of music and Italian with the idea of fitting herself for the grand opera stage. Mrs. Cadenasso, wife of Guiseppe Cadenasso, one of the artists who selected Miss Bennett as the most beautiful wage earner in San Francisco, has become interested in the young girl and has done much to help her with her musical studies.

A Trio at Kohler and Chase Hall

At the Music Matinee at Kohler & Chase Hall this Saturday afternoon an entirely new feature will be introduced. This consists in the engagement of a vocal trio, three of San Francisco's most prominent vocalists. The organization is called The Lorelei Trio and it includes Flora Howell Bruner, Louise de Salle Rath and Pearl Hossack Whitcomb. These three ladies are prominently identified with our leading musical clubs and they have frequently appeared in public and private musical events and have invariably scored unqualified artistic successes. They will sing Liszt's Lorelei, and Mesdames Bruner and Whitcomb will render "Gipsies" by Brahms. The high class standard set by these ladies will be maintained in the instrumental part of the program which will be interpreted on the player piano and the pipe organ.

Notes from Del Monte

Mr. E. W. Hopkins from Menlo Park motored to Del Monte with Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Anderson of San Francisco. Mr. and Mrs. W. V. B. Ames and Mrs. I. L. Gilmer motored from Los Angeles last week and expect to remain some time. They think the golf course excellent and spend all of their time motoring and playing golf. Mr. Chas. A. Peabody, president of the Mutual Life Insurance Co., and Miss Anita Peabody of New York, accompanied by Miss Elizabeth Gray and Mr. James C. Parish of Boston are touring the west in Mr. Peabody's private car. They carry their golf clubs with them and have a game wherever they go. Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Crocker of San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Primly and Miss Eby of Evanston, Ill., motored from Los Angeles, stopping at Del Monte for a few days' visit. On Friday they had a delightful picnic at Point Lobos and on Saturday lunched at Pebble

Beach Lodge. Point Lobos is an ideal spot for a picnic, especially at this time of year when everything is green and the fields are covered with wild flowers. Major and Mrs. Taylor and Miss E. B. Taylor of Indianapolis were down for several days last week. Mr. M. J. Conklin of Detroit, Mr. Thomas Chester of Santa Barbara and Mr. H. De Witt Taylor of Detroit are spending some time with the express purpose of playing golf which they do every day, thirty-six holes. Mr. Chester is a business man of Santa Barbara.

At Tait's on May Day

There will be some woman made happy on May 1. On that date at 4 p. m. the management of the Tait-Zinkand Cafe is going to give a \$500 free merchandise order on Shreve & Co., the leading jewelers in the West. This will interest ladies who visit the cafe every afternoon between the hours of 3 and 6 o'clock. This liberal gift has aroused much interest locally and the news is being eagerly awaited. The method of giving this \$500 merchandise order is explained in the cafe every afternoon. And while on the subject of "gifts" it might not be amiss to make mention of the special 50 cent luncheon which is served at this cafe every day from 11:30 till 2. A more varied and tempting array of food cannot be found in the city at the same price. One wonders how the management "does it." But whatever the reason or "how" the fact remains that it is there daily awaiting the judgment of the most fastidious taste.

In the Social Spotlight

Recent arrivals at Paso Robles include: W. J. Towle and wife, St. Paul; Frank J. Towle and wife, J. T. Ryan, Dr. A. W. Morton and wife, J. B. Alvarado, Mrs. M. A. Bond, Mrs. W. R. Sommer, D. J. Stoddard and wife, all of San Francisco; Hamilton Gibson, wife and two sons, Berkeley; A. J. Olson and wife, A. F. Mahoney and wife, H. A. Jacobs and wife, H. Cartan, R. L. Dunn, J. W. Dunn, all of San Francisco; V. B. Caldwell, Omaha; F. J. Newman and wife, Oakland; Chas. H. Hendricks, O. C. Stine, Mrs. Stine, Miss Bassett, C. L. Corry and wife, M. J. Healey and wife, Mrs. Louis Sloss, Mrs. E. R. Lilienthal, Mrs. M. H. Esberg, Mrs. Geo. Williams Hooper, Mrs. K. C. Van Bergen, all of San Francisco.

On last Sunday Mr. J. D. Spreckels was host at a most delightful luncheon aboard his yacht "Venetia" which is anchored off Coronado. In the party were Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dupee, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brander, Mrs. J. D. Spreckels, Mrs. Sands Forman, Mrs. Emory Winship, Miss O'Connor, Mr. Brobeck, Mrs. Hannam and Mr. H. Brooks. After the repast the yacht steamed out to sea and made the trip around the Coronado Islands. An interesting party arriving by motor at Coronado consisted of Mr. E. C. Wagner, manager of the California Bank of Seattle, Mr. E. D. Lapham, vice-president and general manager of the American-Hawaiian Steamship Co., and Mrs. Lapham and Miss Lapham of New York. Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin, accompanied by Mrs. Richard Ives are at Coronado, where it is hoped the delightful weather will add to the speedy recovery of Mr. Irwin. Mr. and Mrs. Willard Chamberlin are guests at Coronado, and are being entertained by friends. Mrs. Chamberlin was the honored guest at a small tea given on Sunday by Mrs. Claus Spreckels.

The Hotel Oakland bulletin for this week included: Sunday—Dinner to employees of Windale Company; seventeen present. Tuesday—Reception to Bishop Hanna by the Knights of Columbus, H. J. Quinn in charge. Wednesday—Mrs. D. E. Eastbrook, permanent guest of the Hotel Oakland, gave a reception and tea to 350 invited guests in the ivory ball room. Thursday—Oak-

land Ad Club dinner to the San Francisco Ad Club, 150 invited; Oakland Rotary Club luncheon. Friday—Ivory ball room reserved by Mrs. T. C. Coogan. Saturday—Saturday Night Club ball.

Professor and Madame Joseph Beringer of the well known Beringer Conservatory of Music and Mr. Harry Samuels, will hold the semi-annual examination of the piano, vocal and violin classes at the Ursuline College in Santa Rosa on Thursday, May 1. Professor Beringer will formally open the examination with a lecture on "The Use of the Pedal as a branch of Piano Study," and Mme. Beringer will make interesting remarks on vocal subjects. The remainder of the day will be devoted to the examination of the pupils and the granting of diplomas. The Ursuline College is affiliated with the Beringer Conservatory of this city.

The California Trio and Mr. Harold E. Pratt, tenor, announce the two closing concerts of the season 1912-1913. These will occur, as usual, at Miss Elizabeth Westgate's studio in Alameda. The trio comprises Miss Westgate, piano, Arthur Garcia, violin and Malin Leangstroth, 'cello. During their frequent appearances in the last two years these players have gained a fine ensemble. Mr. Pratt is a prominent singer and teacher of Oakland.

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Gossip of the Theatre

"The Tik Tok Man of Oz"

Out of Los Angeles has come something good. But it cannot be described as wholly a Los Angeles product. Frank Baum, the author of "The Tik Tok Man of Oz" is not a Los Angeles man. Neither is Louis Gottschalk who wrote the music. Neither is Oliver Morosco who presents the piece. Neither is Frank Stammers who stages it. But "The Tik Tok Man" was tried out in Los Angeles. The rough edges were trimmed off there before it was presented to a San Francisco audience. In that sense something good has come out of Los Angeles. For "The Tik Tok Man" is good, very good. It has a book that is well enough and will be much better when its comedy is developed. (The comedy in these pieces is always developed as they go along.) It has gorgeous scenes, dazzling electric effects and pretty costumes. The music is what might be expected from a clever chap like Louis Gottschalk. It is tuneful, catchy, easy to remember, decidedly worth-while music. Yes, "The Tik Tok Man" should succeed; this good thing that has come out of Los Angeles should enjoy a career of prosperity. Let us not slight Los Angeles. The chemically pure town has done handsomely by "The Tik Tok Man," so let us do handsomely by Los Angeles. Los Angeles, I take it, supplied the chorus girls for "The Tik Tok Man." For that Los Angeles is to be thanked. A bunch of peacherines they are, these chorus girls from "America's one unpronounceable city." I didn't dream that there were so many swell lookers open to stage engagements down that way. Tip-top locks, nifty faces, milky bosoms, slender waists and nice legs they have, these Los Angeles charmers in the chorus of "The Tik Tok Man." I always knew Frank Stammers had a sound eye for beauty. Witness the chorus girls he used to gather together for Kolb and Dill. But this time he has outdone his best previous efforts. These girls are all of a size. Really, he must have picked 'em with a tape measure. And they stand the ultimate test for chorus girls, the test chorus girls are so seldom submitted to these days. They wear tights and get away with it! Good old-fashioned tights are not to be worn with impunity. Half the flappers of musical comedy who charm in tight skirts couldn't hold the eye for half a second in tights. But these Los Angeles girls in "The Tik Tok Man" are immense. Let us hope Doc Leahy will do as well as Oliver Morosco and Frank Stammers have done! We must not let Los Angeles outdo us. Meanwhile, all honor to the town out of which these girls came. Your pretty legs are no crime in San Francisco, girls, though they may be against the law in Los Angeles!

—Edward F. O'Day.

Mme. de Pasquali and Miss Wolfskill

Aldanita Wolfskill whose tour of the coast in conjunction with Mme. Bernice de Pasquali, will be a musical event of the season, is of the old pioneer stock which has for generations been prominent in California. The history of the Wolfskills in California would make up, with its ramifications, the story of the State. John Reed Wolfskill came overland to Santa Fe in 1822. He soon bossed all the pack trains in the business of trading provisions for gold in the Mexican mines. From 1826 to 1836 he engaged in the rough commerce of the Mexican mountain towns, meeting with constant adventures. In 1836 he pressed on over the Santa Fe trail to California, settling first at San Diego and later at Los Angeles where his descendants are still prominent. Obtaining a grant of land four miles by twelve in what is now

Solano county, the pioneer started north in 1838 with twelve Mexicans to work his ranch. He there met, wooed and wedded a beautiful girl of Spanish descent whose father, an American, founded the town of Knights Landing. Miss Knight brought him a large Mexican grant at Nora, New Mexico, which is still part of the family estates. Of that union Edward, father of Aldanita Wolfskill, was born in 1850. Her mother, Annie, daughter of William Bollinger, belonged to a prominent family in Missouri, where a county still bears the family name. Aldanita early showed her great musical gift, and as a girl often appeared at charity events. When the young contralto began her serious studies abroad, she was confronted with almost insurmountable difficulties. In spite of all she won her way with the German critics until her great talent had been accorded general recognition. On her return to San Francisco Miss Wolfskill had the good fortune to appear on the same program, at a recital, with Mme. de Pasquali. The great prima donna was delighted with her voice and her intelligent use of it. She predicted a brilliant future for the talented San Franciscan, and finally proposed a joint concert tour, saying that

nowhere else could she find a contralto so suitable for duet work. Accordingly the tour was arranged under the management of George G. Fraser. Mme. de Pasquali and Miss Wolfskill will use duets which have seldom been sung on account of their great difficulty, since Patti and Scalchi made them familiar to music-lovers of a generation ago.

The Julia Culp Concerts

Mme. Julia Culp, the mezzo-soprano lieder singer will give her first concert this Sunday afternoon at Scottish Rite Auditorium. This is her first visit. Mr. Coenraad V. Bos, for many years the accompanist for Dr. Wullner, will be the assisting artist. The program will include songs in German by Schubert, Loewe, Jensen and Brahms; songs in French by Lully and Weckerlin and some old English melodies. Mme. Culp's only evening concert will be given next Thursday when she will sing a group of five Beethoven works, four Schumann gems and compositions by Hugo Wolf, Tschaikowsky, Liszt and Weckerlin. The farewell concert is scheduled for Sunday afternoon, May 4, with a complete change of program. By special request Mme. Culp will



JULIA CULP

Lieder singer and perfect concert artist who will appear at Scottish Rite Auditorium on Sunday afternoons, April 27 and May 4, and Thursday evening, May 1.

sing some of the exquisite Dutch songs by Van Rennes. Tickets are on sale at Sherman, Clay and Company's and Kohler and Chase's, and on Sunday the box office will be open at the hall after ten o'clock.

The Ysaye Concerts

Manager Greenbaum is fortunate in having secured the great violinist Ysaye for his final attraction of the season. He announces that Ysaye will give four concerts at Scottish Rite Auditorium, the dates being Sunday afternoons, May 11 and 18, and Tuesday and Thursday nights, May 13 and 15. With Ysaye will come Camille Decreus, the French pianist-composer, and Gabriel Ysaye who is said to possess unusual talents as a violinist and who will play some duets with his father. Mail orders for the Ysaye concerts will now be accepted and filled in order of their receipt. These should be sent to Will L. Greenbaum at 101 Post street or at Sherman, Clay and Company's. By invitation of the Musical and Dramatic Committee of the University of California Ysaye will give a special concert in the Greek Theatre on Wednesday afternoon, May 14, at three o'clock, on which occasion he will play the Bruch "Concerto" in G minor and also the Viotti Concerto accompanied by a grand symphony orchestra of sixty. Between the two works he promises a

group of solos with piano accompaniment. For this event the mail orders may be sent either to Mr. Greenbaum or to Prof. William Dallam Armes at the University of California, Berkeley.

The Music Festival at Greek Theatre

The first California Music Festival at the Greek Theatre will last two days and the offerings will be as follows: Friday afternoon, May 2, at three o'clock, Wagner-Verdi program in celebration of the one hundredth birthday anniversaries of these masters both of whom were born in 1813. The orchestra of one hundred players will offer the seldom heard overture "Aroldo" and the "Grand March" from "Aida" during the Verdi portion of the program and the Wagnerian numbers will be Overture "Rienzi," "Huldigungs March," "Dreams" and "Wotan's Farewell and Magic Fire Music" from "Die Walkure." The soloists will be Regina Vicarino who will sing "Caro Nome" from "Rigoletto"; Miss Blanche Hamilton Fox whose selection will be "O Don Fatale" from "Don Carlos"; and Mr. Roland Paul who will offer "Walther's Prize Song" from "Die Meistersinger." Vicarino and Fox will also be heard in the duet from "Aida." On Saturday afternoon, May 3, at three o'clock, Gabriel Pierne's musical legend in four parts "The Children's Crusade" will be given with an adult

chorus of two hundred, a school children's chorus of two hundred, ten vocal soloists and the big festival orchestra. The singers will be Mme. Vicarino, Miss Virginia Pierce, Mrs. Orin Kip McMurray, Mrs. Gilbert Smith, Mrs. Thos. Addison, Miss Eva Gruninger, Mrs. Geo. Jensen, and Messrs. Roland Paul, Lowell Redfield and Chas. E. Lloyd Jr. The four parts are designated as "The Setting Forth of the Children on Their Search for the Holy Land," "On the Highway," "The Sea" and "The Savior in the Storm." The work is replete with beautiful choral, solo and orchestral numbers, the divided choruses for the children in Part II and the "Intermezzo" being especially charming numbers. The tickets are to be secured at the usual places in Berkeley and at Sherman, Clay and Company's in San Francisco and Oakland.

Stars in "Fine Feathers" at Columbia

The coming of Robert Edeson, Wilton Lackaye, Max Figman or Rose Coghlan to a theatre is always an important event. But with these stars in a single cast, together with Lolita Robertson, Amelia Summers, Helen Hilton and the others who comprise the original stellar array appearing in "Fine Feathers," the occasion becomes a most notable one, and one that will go down in local theatrical history. This attraction is com-



The members of the all-star cast coming to the Columbia Theatre to present Eugene Walter's greatest drama "Fine Feathers." The engagement is limited to eight nights, beginning Sunday night, April 27.

ing to the Columbia for eight nights and two matinees beginning Sunday, arriving direct from the Astor Theatre, New York, where it has just closed a run of one hundred and fifty nights, following a six months' stay in Chicago. "Fine Feathers" is a remarkable play of today by Eugene Walter, author of such vital American dramas as "Paid in Full" and "The Easiest Way." Presented by even an ordinary cast it would be one of the most striking dramas of the year; but with the entire original cast of stars, bringing out the full value of every part in the play, the performance is one that no playgoer can afford to miss. It is a liberal education in dramatic art to watch these masters of the drama playing together. No finer performance has ever been given on the American stage.

Maude Adams in "Peter Pan"

Following the limited engagement of "Fine Feathers" at the Columbia comes Maude Adams in "Peter Pan." Miss Adams and her company



HENRY E. DIXEY

Who will present his Mono-Drama-Vaudo-logue next week at the Orpheum.

will be seen for only six nights and two matinees. Judging from the inquiry already being made regarding the advance sale of seats the engagement will be a record breaker. Charles Frohman has sent Miss Adams on tour with a very elaborate production and San Francisco will see the Barrie piece on a superb scale. Seats for the Maude Adams engagement will be placed on sale commencing next Thursday morning. The opening night will be Monday, May 5.

"The Woman" at the Alcazar

"The Woman," one of David Belasco's latest successes, is to be given its first presentation in a stock theatre next week at the Alcazar, with Charles Waldron leading a carefully chosen cast. No recently launched play bearing the Belasco trademark has been received with more popular enthusiasm than this stirring exposition of political life in the national capital, as is attested by the fact that it ran a year on Broadway, six months in Chicago and a season on tour. Written by William C. de Mille, "The Woman" fairly reeks of Belasco's stagecraft. All the action is laid in a Washington hotel, and much of it hinges on the refusal of the telephone girl to expose a secret which means the making or breaking of

(Continued on Page 21.)

AMUSEMENTS

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Monday, May 5—MAUDE ADAMS in "Peter Pan."

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Bonds of the best class were so much in demand that a general selling down of the best investment stocks followed liquidation of real investment holdings. The market was neither very weak nor very active, but it had all the appearance of a movement to lower levels. Investors in many cases sold stocks and bonds at prices that represented very heavy losses. They did not do this because they were frightened, but because they saw chances to buy other good securities that yield larger income returns and have greater speculative possibilities. When such transactions become heavy it means that securities are being put on an investment basis fixed by the ruling rates of money. It does not follow that all will go down. Some stocks will rise under these conditions, but stocks which yield no better income returns than first mortgage railroad bonds can go only one way in such circumstances. This is a healthy development and the shifting of investment holdings gives the commission houses a lot of high class business. St. Paul 4½ per cent bonds, below par, sets a scale of prices that threatens to force quotations on other bonds of the same class down 2 to 4 points, and this will extend to stocks if the bond market keeps going down. New financing in a tight money market is the cause and it now looks as if relief will have to come from abroad. In Europe the cost of the Balkan war will have to be financed, which will create a strong demand for government loans of a sub-standard class that will carry high interest rates. A very large amount of railroad bonds will mature in this country before the end of the year and they will not be paid off with money in the companies' treasuries. The money will have to be raised by selling other bonds or short term notes if the bond market remains unfavorable.

Wheat—The wheat market just now is subjected to two opposite powerful influences, a strong foreign commercial situation and a decided bearish sentiment, due to the favorable outlook of the growing crop of winter wheat and the fine weather for the spring seeding. This results in a confused condition of the trade which does not feel quite confident in any position, but leans to a belief in lower prices. There is also some talk about the stock of wheat in Chicago being greatly enlarged by shipments of spring wheat from Duluth as soon as lake navigation is open, which it is thought may cause a further liquidation of May wheat. Then there is the proposed change of the import duties on grain, with a probability that Congress will reduce them, but to what extent is uncertain. The security market too is in a very uncertain state, and all these influences, occurring at the same time, intensify the bearish sentiment and determine the trade to discount the bearish conditions. It is characteristic of the

wheat market at this season of the year to be subject to erratic changes one way and the other, and to be weak and strong by turns. The high condition of the winter wheat crop as given in the last Government report checks any investment intentions, and creates a disposition among farmers to hasten the marketing of old supplies, and to cause millers and jobbers of flour to restrict purchases and to reduce present holdings, a process which, applied to the 10,000 mills of the country and the multitude of jobbers and retailers of flour, creates an imposing aggregate of mammoth proportions. The consumption of flour of course goes along the same as ever, but whether the commercial demand proceeds in advance of immediate wants or lags behind them creates for a time a displacement of economic conditions which is difficult to measure. This, we believe, pretty fairly represents the conditions surrounding the trade in this country. In all other parts of the world sentiment and influence seem to be entirely the reverse of what they are here. Europe has in sight the record amount of 64,000,000 bushels of wheat on ocean passage, and yet values of wheat in the United Kingdom are as high as the average of any year since 1885, and are about the same price as they were in 1891, the year of the Russian ukase, while on the continent, according to Broomhall, the greater part of the wheat on ocean passage is directed to the continent, and much of it to the southern part of it, which is usually supplied by Russia. It is the prevailing belief on this side of the Atlantic that Europe has overbought itself because of the Balkan war and from fears of further complications. We are inclined to the belief that a better reason for the enormous European demand is because of the poor crop of 1911 and the wet harvest of 1912, while the political dangers have no doubt revealed the necessity of restoring stocks to normal proportions, especially when it can be done at such reasonable prices from this side of the Atlantic.

Corn—The corn market has weakened somewhat under the same bearish sentiment that affects the wheat market. The light receipts, with the probability that most of the corn in store will move out on the opening of lake navigation, is somewhat of a restraint to any rapid decline, and the price is so much below the parity of provision values that a little further recession in prices would seem to favor the investor.

Cotton—The week in cotton has witnessed a little more activity and while at times a show of strength has appeared, the market has on the whole been of a sagging tendency. The weather conditions have been about normal or slightly disappointing. Too much rain in the Eastern belt followed by cool weather has not been conducive to good farming, while a lack of rain is reported

in the greater part of Texas. Cool weather has damaged some of the young plant, and there was considerable talk of replanting in the Southern part of the State. There were some private reports of backward conditions in Eastern Mississippi and parts of Georgia and work on the levees in the Mississippi Valley drawing labor from the field, necessitating backward preparation. Tariff agitation has served to unsettle business to some extent, while the political situation in Europe continues more or less of a discouraging nature, but bar silver in London has lately shown some advance and the Bank of England this week reduced the rate of discount to 4½ per cent which probably forecasts an early settlement of conditions abroad. The spot markets have been unaffected by the daily fluctuations in futures and a firm condition is reported in the chief centers of the South. We believe conditions at this date do not justify the sale of cotton at prevailing prices, and continue our advice to buy the new crop now or on any setback, as much higher prices should prevail when Tuesday's weather report by the Government for the next couple of weeks reveals the true situation.

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Stage

(Continued from Page 19.)

a political leader and the preservation or ruin of a woman's good name. With Waldron will be seen Louis Bennison, Edmond Lowe, Kernan Cripps (specially engaged), Burt Wesner, Roy Clement, Thomas Chatterton, Rhea Mitchell and Clara Beyers. Realistic staging is promised.

Henry E. Dixey at Orpheum

An entire vaudeville performance condensed into one act is what Henry E. Dixey will present at the Orpheum next week. Quite a number of years have elapsed since Dixey starred at the Baldwin at the head of a company of sixty and took the city by storm in "Adonis." Colonel J. A. Pattee and his company of "Old Soldier Fiddlers" who play solely by ear will be another interesting feature. From the desert comes Bobker's Whirlwind Arabs who will exhibit in pyramid building and whirlwind tumbling. Harry B. Lester will introduce in monologue impressions of theatrical stars. One of his best imitations is of Irving. The Edison Talking Moving Pictures will be "Votes for Women," a suffragette subject and "The Anniversary of Jerry and Mandy." Next week will be the last of the Maskeleyne-Devant illusion "The Window of Apparitions" which up to the present no one has been able to explain. It will also conclude the engagements of Franker Wood and Bunee Wyde; the Ishikawa Brothers and Belle Baker.

Another Week of "The Tik Tok Man"

Oliver Morosco's fairyland fantasy "The Tik Tok Man of Oz" has caught on and the Cort has

known crowded houses. The matinees have been packed with youngsters, for naturally the creations of L. Frank Baum's fancy make an especial appeal to children. The cast includes Morton and Moore, Eugene Cowles and Dolly Castles. Edith Decker and Charles Purcell, the latter the clever portrayer of the name part in "The Chocolate Soldier" who appeared at the Cort on the occasion of the last two visits of that comic opera, have been added to the cast. The second big week of "The Tik Tok Man of Oz" starts this Sunday night.

An Electrical Spectacle at Pantages

A gorgeous electrical spectacle "Visions in Fairyland" will head the new bill at Pantages. One of the most novel electrical productions in vaudeville, it is a series of brilliant transformations in fourteen scenes. La Graciosa is a beautiful young actress who was the rage of Paris. The act is under the supervision of Clyde Rinaldo who has designed the magnificent drop curtains and costuming used in the spectacle. Fred Ardath's dainty maids will be seen in the rural musical farce "Hiram." Miss Muriel Arlington is the principal support. Diamond and Beatrice will present musical selections on the Irish harp, harpsichord and clarinet. Grimm and Elliott is a team of black face comedians who offer "Boys from Missouri." "Donita" is a dainty little character impersonator. Jack Crippen will assist her at the piano. Leddy and Pony is a duo of pretty young girls who will make their first vaudeville appearance. The girls are great favorites and no doubt will meet with a great reception from their friends. Rizal and Atima are a team of sensational acrobats.

Letters

A Book in Ten Thousand

John Luther Long has called his novel "War," and war it is, with all the familiar situations of the story and drama since our civil conflict was first utilized as a theme. There is the locality, a border State where suspicion separates friend from neighbor; of the two brothers in the household, one enlisted on either side to meet on the fatal field at last; and there is the imperious southern beauty, "rebelest rebel yet," as one of the boys described her, to inspire love and devotion. There is even a description of the recruiting of a company in dramatic circumstances, and the anticlimax of the crippled veterans, the funerals for the dead soldiers and the aching grief for those who returned no more. And yet it is all different, all presented under a new aspect, and the picture which remains in the mind is not that of the uniformed men on the march or in battle array, neither the glory of victory nor the bitterness of defeat, but only the kindly old German farmer with his white locks bowed on his one arm as, fifty years after the struggle is over, he sits through the long summer night telling the story of his family and his farm to a news writer in the vague hope that, perhaps, seeing it in print, the one son who, as he fondly believes, is still living somewhere, may read it and learn that his father has always known and understood and wants him at home. The Vonners were living in Maryland on a farm near the Virginia border, a father and two sons bound firmly by ties of affection and kindred. They were of German origin, and though they had lived on the land for a century and a half, the father's speech still smacked of the mother tongue and they perpetuated old customs, not always very wisely, and made much of duty and loyalty. When the war began they sympathized with the Union but were noncombatants, asking only to be left to till their farm and remain on kindly terms with their neighbors. Stephen Vonner had a brother Henry who, drifting south some years before, had married there a widow with one child, and when he was killed in the first action of the war and his widow speedily followed him, this girl who was no kin to the Maryland Vonners was yet left as a legacy to them to support. Stephen Vonner had assumed that she was a child, but when she reached the Vonner farm it developed that she was a young woman, and a most unreasonable one, for she assumed the attitude that the killing of her stepfather whom she devotedly loved, was nothing short of deliberate murder which it was her duty and determination to revenge. Jonathan the elder son was at home, and his heart was soon in Evelyn's keeping as apparently hers was in



MORTON and MOORE

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his. Both father and son made light of her impassioned declarations and speeches in favor of the south. In their opinion she was just a girl and did not count. David, when he returned, took the same view of his "second-hand cousin by marriage" and fell under the spell of her attractions, knowing nothing of his brother's prior claim. As to Evelyn, she simply did not consider Jonathan at all. As was to be expected on the border, the activities of spies, secret societies and underground communications kept the Union forces on the alert. In particular there was one spy whose work was known but whose personality defied detection. There seemed to be a well-defined conviction that he was harbored somewhere about the Vonner farm, and in turn each of the men was believed to be acting the part of a traitor, though watchfulness and cross-questioning failed to reveal any evidence which could warrant action. But there comes the inevitable day when secrecy can no longer be maintained, when the spy must reveal himself and take an active part in the struggle. The revelation is dramatic, the sacrifice which it demands stupendous and the effect on the united family tragic both in the immediate and the final results. It is like no other war story that ever was written—perhaps like none that ever will be. We have had much of "the thunders of the captains and the shoutings," far too much of the bloody fields and the "glorious" victories. Heroism and patriotism have been cheapened by their exploitation, and a younger generation coolly weighs the result and asks if it were worth while. This is the home side of war, what must inevitably happen in some degree wherever there is conflict, and the irrevocable mischief wrought when a woman assumes the task of rectifying the world without knowing what is wrong with it, the havoc that no amount of penitence and grief can set right. "War" is a book amongst ten thousand. Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

The Pitfalls

"I tell you, Maria," said the rural Congressman, who had returned to the bosom of his family, "when it comes down to business I can beat anything on the floor of the House."

Then he noticed his wife glance at the carpet, which had been loosened all around the edges and remembered that it was almost time for spring housecleaning and he once more wished that he had remained silent.

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NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE BY GUARDIAN

Notice is hereby given by L. M. HOEFLE, as guardian of the estate of ELIZABETH PARKER HASTINGS, an incompetent person, that he will, as such guardian, pursuant to an order of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, duly given and made on the 25th day of March, 1913, in the matter of the guardianship of the estate of said Elizabeth Parker Hastings, sell at private sale and subject to confirmation by said Superior Court on or after Saturday, the 26th day of April, 1913, the interest of said Elizabeth Parker Hastings in those certain lots, pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and described as follows, to-wit:

An undivided one-half interest in and to that certain parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, more particularly bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Lot bounded on the south by Clay street; on the north by a line to be drawn parallel to and distant northerly from Clay street one hundred and thirty-seven and one-half (137½) feet; and on the west by a line to be drawn at right angles with Clay street to the line last above described, at such distance from the above mentioned boundary line of the water front of said City that the area of the premises above described shall be exactly equivalent to the area of one-half (½) of a fifty (50) vara lot, as the same are laid off upon the official survey and map of San Francisco, excepting, however, out of and from said premises above described a strip or piece of said premises running along the whole northerly side thereof, twenty-two (22) feet and six (6) inches in width, which last mentioned piece or strip of land is reserved and excepted out of and from said premises above described, the same being part of Merchant street, as laid out and dedicated to public use.

All offers or bids for said property must be in writing and will be received at the office of Hoefler, Cook, Harwood & Morris, Room 904 of the California-Pacific Building, located at the northwest corner of Sutter and Montgomery streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, or may be delivered to said guardian personally, or may be filed in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court, at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of the sale.

Terms of Sale: Cash in United States gold coin, ten (10) per cent upon acceptance of bid, balance on confirmation of sale by said Superior Court.

Dated, March 27th, 1913.

L. M. HOEFLE,

As guardian of the estate of Elizabeth Parker Hastings, an incompetent person.

FINLAY COOK AND LENT & HUMPHREY,

Attorneys for Guardian,

California-Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARGARET HANDLEY, also known as MARGARET HANLEY and as MARGARET POWERS, deceased.

No. 14791.—Dept. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Margaret Handley, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of S. Joseph Theisen, her attorney, room 802 in the Balboa Building, Second and Market streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Margaret Handley, deceased.

MARY E. BYRNES,

Administratrix of the estate of Margaret Handley, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 5th, 1913.

S. JOSEPH THEISEN, Attorney-at-Law,

Room 802, Balboa Building,

Second and Market Sts., San Francisco, Cal. 4-5-5

CERTIFICATE OF INDIVIDUAL USING FICTITIOUS NAME

The undersigned, ALBERT T. WISE, residing at 1325 10th Avenue, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, hereby certifies that he is individually transacting business at No. 760 Mission Street, in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, under the name and style of A. T. WISE CO.

Dated at San Francisco, Cal., March 24, 1913.

ALBERT T. WISE, City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 24th day of March, 1913, before me, JULIUS CALMANN, a Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared ALBERT T. WISE, known to me to be the person described in, and whose name is subscribed to the within instrument, and he duly acknowledged to me that he executed the same for the purpose therein mentioned.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto subscribed my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the day and year first above written.

(Seal) JULIUS CALMANN, Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

WISE, SAPIRO & O'CONNOR, Attorneys at Law,

First National Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 3-29-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE AND PERSONAL PROPERTY SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 10,753, N. S.; Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ELIZABETH HANCOCK, Deceased.

Robert J. Hancock, the executor of the last will of Elizabeth Hancock, deceased, having on this day presented to the Court and filed in the above entitled matter his petition, duly verified, praying that the Court grant its order authorizing and directing him to sell a parcel of the real estate and the whole of the personal property belonging to the estate of said decedent, as described in said

And it appearing from said petition to the satisfaction of the Court that it will be for the advantage, benefit and best interests of said estate, and those interested therein, to sell said parcel of said real estate and the whole of said personal property belonging to said estate for the reasons and purposes in said petition set forth;

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED, that all persons interested in said estate appear before this Court, in Department No. 10 thereof, on Wednesday, the twenty-eighth day of May, 1913, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at the Courtroom of said Court and Department, in the City Hall, No. 1231 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted authorizing and directing said executor and petitioner to sell said parcel of the real estate and the whole of the personal property belonging to said estate at public or private sale as prayed for in said petition.

AND IT IS FURTHER ORDERED, that a copy of the order be published once a week for four (4) successive weeks, prior to the hearing of said petition, in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco, State aforesaid.

Done in open Court this 18th day of April, 1913.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,

Judge of said Superior Court.

CHAS. W. SLACK and J. R. MOULTHROP, Attorneys for Executor, 333-537 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-26-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JULES VICTOR BRETONNEL, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Jules Victor Bretonnel, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with the estate of Jules Victor Bretonnel, deceased.

Administratrix of the Estate of Jules Victor Bretonnel, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 12th, A. D., 1913.

A. COMTE, JR., Attorney for Administratrix, No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 4-12-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 15132; Department 10. Estate of MAURICE HAYES, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Maurice Hayes, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of her attorney, Paul F. Fratesa, 901-905 Hearst Building, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Maurice Hayes, deceased.

CATHERINE TIETJEN,

Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 5, 1913.

PAUL F. FRATESSA, Attorney-at-Law,

901-905 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

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(Continued from Page 6.)

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"No one can read Dr. Sanger's work without discovering that he was an earnest advocate of the regulation of prostitution by legislative enactment, of a thorough system of enrollment, licensing and sanitary inspection. Practically the only experiment in that direction on this side of the water, was regulation enacted by the Missouri Legislature in 1872. For about a year this law remained upon the statute books—a very short period, and yet sufficiently long to test, in a measure, its operation and effect. Its repeal, to quote the language of the St. Louis Journalist, 'was the result, not of any failure of the measure to accomplish the wholesome ends for which it was enacted, but it was in obedience to a morbid sentiment, begotten of absolute ignorance of the subject.'"

"The lash, the dungeon and the stake have been tried, and all have proved equally powerless to accomplish the object. Admitting that all attempts to compel prostitutes to be virtuous have notoriously failed, has not the time arrived for a change of policy? If, in direct ratio to the stringency of prohibitory measures, the vice sought to be exterminated has steadily increased, does not reason suggest the expedience of resorting to other measures for its suppression?"

"It is not to be supposed that any system of laws will entirely eradicate prostitution. History, social arrangements and physiology alike forbid any such utopian idea. But will not a more enlightened policy do much toward diminishing it?"

"Some of the most stringent laws against prostitution were enacted in Rome. The Empress Theodora built a magnificent palace and gathered all the women of that class and confined them there, in order to reform them. The experiment proved a failure as most of the women committed suicide and the rest soon died of ennui."

"I do not believe there is any honest public man of today, of experience and intelligence, but will admit that the system of segregation and regulation is the only way to fight this evil. The argument of those who hold a contrary view consists mostly in appealing to the prejudices and ignorance of those they are trying to incite. They know that prejudice, being born of ignorance and malice, will give the lie to all the other senses. As has been said 'prejudice will swear the Northern star out of the sky of truth.' They will not be guided by history or experience."

"We should look forward to the time when men and women, by reason of their knowledge of consequences and of the morality born of intelligence will refuse to perpetuate disease and pain."

"I believe that the recent legislative acts will tend to increase, not to decrease the offense, and bring about as low a standard of morals as now obtains in London; that Pacific street and Commercial street may become a second Picadilly."

"The most recent exposure of vicious practices in Los Angeles is proof of the evil of the scatteration system. It is the old story of the rotten apple that spoils the sound ones. You cannot scatter evil women among the good without spreading contamination."

"The remedy for the evil does not lie in this new abatement law. We must find the cause which makes women enter this evil life, whether it be poverty or the love of fine clothes or an hereditary tendency to offend that way. And we must have a more rigid enforcement of the statutes against white slavery. Obviously, they can be more easily enforced when the women are segregated and registered than in any other circumstances."

In conclusion the District Attorney told me a story which I hope he will also call to the attention of Doctor Aked. It may be taken for what it is worth. It seems that a woman of the restricted district went to a hair store to buy a lot of blonde hair. She was a decided brunette, so her request for the peroxide locks excited the curiosity of the salesgirl.

"Why are you changing from brunette to blonde?" asked the salesgirl.

"Well," said the woman of the night life, "the new redlight law is going to drive us into the streets, and if I have to walk the streets I must attract the attention of men. It's easier for a blonde to attract attention than it is for a brunette."

Gremma Dadagu

(Continued from Page 8.)

European criminal, of a vanishing self-respect, nor is there in him any quality that jostles over-closely against his dearest sins. In crime, as in other matters, the leading characteristic of the native is his careless gaiety; and he goes about his business, be it good or evil, with a merry heart and without an eye to unnecessary repentance. Even an unpopular crime—and thieving cannot be described as such—carries few bad social consequences with it, and no African would look askance at his neighbor for so trivial a reason as his having spent a year or two in prison. Moreover, as Gremma Dadagu explained to me, only a brave man could be a professional thief in the old days, for, if he was caught by his intended victim, he would probably have his hand cut off. The Koranic law was a convenient weapon for the headman of the village he stole from, although the same headman would keep his own thieves to steal from others. I asked Gremma why he had given up his profession.

"My employers were afraid to protect me when the white man came," he replied. "And once I came very near the white man's prison. Allah saved me, and I gave up thieving, and began to weave and make gowns instead."

I encouraged him to tell me more.

"I had pretended to buy some clothes from a

Hausa trader," he went on. "Once I got them, I declined of course to pay for them. I had only one friend with me, and he had four. They got hold of me and dragged me to the white Judge. I swore the trader had been trying to steal away my wife, and pretended that was why I wouldn't pay up. My friend swore it too. Then the Judge opened his eyes very wide (he had eyes that made men fear), and fixed them upon the trader's witnesses. They were afraid. They thought the Judge believed my story and would send them to the guard room if they contradicted it. So they just said my story was the true one, and I got away. Allah was kind to me, except that the Judge made me pay for the clothes in the end. After that I thought it was better to be a tailor—but I'd like best to be a policeman!"

He was evidently proud of having outwitted the Judge.

Gremma had amused me and I gave him two shillings, a considerable sum in a country where two chickens can be bought for 3d., and 25 pounds of millet for 1½d., and expressed the hope that he might soon grow rich in his new profession.

"Now I have a father and mother again," he said gratefully as he left me. Would I engage him as a policeman?

I said I was not a police white man, but if he went to the Provincial Headquarters he would find one. A policeman he eventually became, and did very well for a time. When I returned to Africa again, however, after a year's absence, and asked how Gremma Dadagu was getting on, the story I heard was this. He had been conducting back from work three handcuffed prisoners, when one of them slipped his handcuffs and escaped. The remaining two pointed out to him that he would most certainly taste the wrath of his master for letting a prisoner go. Gremma thought so, too, and at once divested himself of cap, uniform, belt and carbine, and ran off into the bush in a loin-cloth. He has never been seen again. Far otherwise the two prisoners; for these at least had no intention of foregoing the evening meal which awaited them on their return from work. They picked up Gremma's clothes and carbine, returned to prison, and reported the whole story to the District Superintendent of Police.

"Here is his uniform, here is his gun. Now we want our dinner!"

Millet that year was less plentiful than usual, and why should sensible men leave a place where every night they could have a satisfying meal?

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ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXI. No. 1080

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXI.

San Francisco, May 3, 1913

No. 1080



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The Japanese Imbroglio

According to the second clause of the sixth article of the somewhat disreputable instrument that was made to serve as the foundation of our government by the misguided patriots of the eighteenth century all treaties made under the authority of the United States are part of the "supreme law of the land." As every student of our Constitutional history knows it was the sense of the men who made the Constitution that the peace of the nation and its good faith and moral dignity indispensably require that all State laws should be subject to the supremacy of treaty obligations. Treaties are more than solemn obligations: they are laws of supreme obligation which the judicial power is authorized to enforce. However, it is within the power of Governor Johnson's little band of feeble-minded statesmen to embarrass the Administration at Washington by puncturing the high-blown pride of the Japanese, and hence the request borne by Secretary Bryan to our neuropathic Legislature to make no discrimination against aliens that are ineligible to citizenship. Such eminent Constitutional authorities as James D. Phelan and Assemblyman Whatshisname have said that no question of treaty obligation was involved in the ticklish controversy. But the fact remained that Japan thought there was and that President Wilson was of the opinion that there was danger of the violation of an international pledge. Then why should we not go slow? There was no urgent need of action. No horde of Japanese was threatening to buy all the farms in the State. And nothing was to be gained by haste or defiance except what might be of benefit to the politicians who were engaged in capitalizing an issue with reckless disregard not only of the chastity of honor but of the appalling consequences that are always to be dreaded when the estrangement of two peoples is imminent.

Our Impetuous Governor

When our very distinguished Governor first heard of the objection to the proposed legislation he lashed himself with characteristic precipitancy into a white heat of resentful patriotism. "Why," he asked, "should California be expected to govern

her domestic affairs in a manner suitable to a foreign people?" Of course the answer is easy. California has no right to violate the treaties of the Union of which she is a part. When a question of treaty obligation is raised California ought to be absolutely certain she is not contemplating an immoral act. In matters affecting international relations California ought to show considerable deference to the Government at Washington. Is California prepared to defend herself against the army and navy of Japan? California in the event of war will rely on the protection of the United States. Then why should there have been any objection to heeding the wishes of the Administration at Washington, especially when asked to do nothing more than abide by the supreme law of the land. If California is glad to be one of the States of the Union and to avail herself of all the privileges to which a State of the Union is entitled, it is hardly fair to the Union to disregard the obligations which it has incurred for the best interests of all. To seek at once to run with the hares and hunt with the hounds is not a laudable ambition. Now Governor Johnson in claiming the right for California to legislate without regard to the claims of Japan has not a leg to stand on—moral or legal. The case is expounded by Justice Story in his work on the Constitution. He says: "To establish a National Government, and to affirm that it shall have certain powers, and yet that in the exercise of those powers it shall not be supreme but controllable by any State in the Union, would be a solecism, so mischievous and so undefensible that the scheme could never be attributed to the framers of the Constitution without manifestly impeaching their wisdom as well as their good faith. . . . It would be an idle mockery to give powers to Congress and yet at the same time to declare that those powers might be suspended or annihilated at the will of a single State." Governor Johnson arguing to the contrary points out that certain States have discriminated against the Japanese. If they have their laws are unconstitutional and their laws can be set aside, but unfortunately Japan is concerned chiefly about her rights in California. She may be a little unreasonable but that happens to be her privilege, and any way she is no more unreasonable than Governor Johnson when he assumes that right is to be achieved by the simple addition of a number of wrongs.

The Warning From Roosevelt

The only sound and tenable objection to the position presumed to have been assumed by Japan has not yet been urged. We will state it briefly. The objection is that as Japan's treaty is with the United States and not with the State of California, there can be no ground for resentment unless it should appear that the nation was powerless to uphold its treaty obligations. In other words Japan is giving signs of a disposition to premature resentment. She is anticipating an insult from one of the provinces of a nation with which she has a treaty, and her attitude has

given us gooseflesh. Now it is most humiliating on our part to be more concerned about Japan's dignity than about our own. But that appears to be the awkward situation into which the nation was manoeuvred by Governor Johnson and his feeble-minded puppets. What Washington ought to do is tell Japan to go to Hell. But what we ought to do and what is expedient to be done are two quite different things. The prospect of trouble with Japan finds us not in the mood of the days preceding the war with decrepit Spain. The bully has learned an excellent lesson in humility. To be unprepared for war is really an excellent guaranty of peace at any price. Confronted by a weak nation, war was a magnificent theme for the meditations of men, but now it is a diabolical mirror in which the progress of our country is reflected upside down. Viewing the swaggering little Jap with a chip on his shoulder the instinct of prudence warns us to let no insult however gross impair the sweetness of our nature. In all probability Colonel Roosevelt outlined the situation in his letter to Governor Johnson, as he did in a letter sent to California in the days of the school-boy imbroglio. That letter was never made public, but its contents are known to some of our public men whom it was necessary to take into the President's confidence. Here for the first time the general drift of the letter will be briefly stated. The Japanese, said Mr. Roosevelt, are an extremely haughty and an extremely sensitive people. They have just defeated one of the most powerful of European nations. They have an immense army of veterans, and a navy which by reason of its experience is second to none in the world. The Government gives assurance of its aversion to war with this country, but whether that assurance can be relied upon, or whether the people may force the Government into war we have no means of knowing. If it goes to war it will probably not be after a declaration of war. Japan strikes swiftly. If it does strike there is not the slightest doubt that it will be able before we can retaliate to sweep over all our Pacific possessions and the Pacific Coast and by its levies fill its war chest to repletion. In all probability it will destroy all the work that has been done on the Panama Canal. We cannot afford to have war with Japan before the completion of the canal. It would take ten years to rehabilitate ourselves after a war with Japan, we should then be without a naval base in the Pacific, and our Oriental commerce would be set back quite two score years. In brief and in substance we have repeated the message that came from Washington some years ago. The situation remains the same. The only change is in the issue which, to say the least, is by no means exigent. The agitation has served to convict our political demagogues of extreme exaggeration. It turns out that in a State containing millions of acres of farm lands only twelve thousand are owned by Japanese and only twenty thousand are leased by Japanese. How eager were the demagogues for a political issue on which to endeavor themselves to the mob! May it not be pertinent to ask, Why the ardor and vehemence

of Governor Johnson? Is this man inspired with malignant hostility to San Francisco? Is this the explanation of his ferocity? Governor Johnson was long ago made familiar with many facts the public have not been informed of. He has known right along, for instance, that from unofficial but none the less authoritative sources the Fair directors have been informed that if Japan decides not to participate in the Panama-Pacific Exposition more than one nation of Europe will follow her example. Yet with full knowledge of the fact that the fate of the Exposition was in the balance he continued to press the issue at Sacramento.

A Senator's Unjust Criticism

Senator La Follette has been severely censuring the President for one of his appointments, that of a banker who is also a railroad magnate and man of many big business enterprises. The Senator regards this appointment as significant of a disposition on the part of the President to take men representative of high finance into his confidence. In our opinion "Battle Bob" does the President grievous injustice. The probability is the appointment was made in a moment of temporary aberration resulting from too close application to the study of the political potentialities of organized labor. At any rate the President lost no time in making compensation for the inadvertence as we learned when the news came out of the appointment of Walter Macarthur to the job of shipping commissioner at this port. If instead of Macarthur the President had appointed a man identified with the shipping interests we should have had reason to suspect him of having misplaced affections. And very proper it would have been in that event to censure him, since, as we all know, there is more or less friction between the men who own the ships and the men who labor aboard them. Some of us might have expected the President to appoint a man to the job unidentified with either side, but as he appointed a red hot friend of the seamen's union it is evident his heart is in the right place. Senator La Follette will have small reason to complain of the infusion of first-rate business ability into the public service during this Administration. The business of running the government will be kept in the hands of men with a natural aptitude for politics—schoolmasters who have developed a taste for Socialism and professional men of the La Follette type who discovered early in their career that the office-rent problem was one they never would be able to solve.

Hearst Backs Water for the Moment

Says Mr. Hearst, "The world awaits a master of finance." The world, according to the great journalist, needs "a man to take the commanding place in the field of finance" occupied by J. P. Morgan. A most remarkable sentiment, this, considering the source. More remarkable still is the observation that the world needs a man "who shall be able to mobilize and direct the wealth of

many nations" and that it "is absurd to suppose that the power of a great organizer of industry must be limited by the amount of his property." Occasionally Mr. Hearst deviates into common sense, and not inadvertently. Through the years Mr. Hearst has been cunningly suggestionizing the public mind into an attitude of hostility to organized capital. The iniquity of it he has persistently preached in all his newspapers that the mob might know he was their ardent friend. To him belongs the field of class distinction by right of discovery. He has exploited it more industriously than any of his contemporaries. Our original prophet of hatred and distrust, he sowed the dragon's teeth to which all the demagogues of our time are indebted for the harvest of unrest which they have reaped. In many minds, owing to the craftsmanship of Mr. Hearst as a moulder of opinion, John Pierpont Morgan at the time of his death typified all that was bad in the economic system of this country; he was Mammonism incarnate, the evil genius of the world of finance; and the wealth of the United States was his to fetch and carry for him like an humble servant. It was chiefly as a result of the instigations of Hearst and the unscrupulous journalists and politicians who have followed his example that the Pujo Committee was organized for a spectacular crusade against the Money Trust. And it is now known that the breakdown of John Pierpont Morgan was due to the worry and anxiety that came to him when he realized that behind the Pujo Committee was a misguided public opinion directed by the mischievous demagogues of press and politics. Since the death of John Pierpont Morgan there has been evidence of a slight reaction of sentiment if not toward organized capital at least toward the dead Napoleon of Finance. And to this reaction may safely be attributed the common sense editorial that has gone the round of the Hearst papers. From this editorial one might infer that recognition of the great worth of the masters of finance to all the people is one of the staples of the Hearst philosophy. The part played by John Pierpont Morgan is casually alluded to as one of the essentials in the great industrial drama. All of which is rank heresy in a journal of the plain people that prides itself on a rooted aversion to concentration of wealth. But it is by such subtle shifts at psychological moments that the shrewd charlatan who writes the "policy" editorials of the Hearst papers persuades the gullible of his sincerity.

Our Opinion Maker

Mr. Hearst has no hesitation in saying a kind word for a dead man. He will pay the tribute of respect to genius that is gone no matter how persistent his vilification of it before its departure. Strong in him is the disposition of the ancient Greek publicists who prescribed hemlock for the living hero and acquiesced in the public sentiment that favored the erection of a statue in commemoration of the deceased. But William R. Hearst is not of a maudlin temperament.

He is no sentimentalist. Boasting an iron supremacy that shapes ideals and brings men to their knees, to him belongs the glory of having roused the savage beast in the breast of his generation. No recantation for him out of perfunctory respect for the dead. Nor has he changed his attitude toward capital. Nor would it be of much use for him to do so. The evil Mr. Hearst has done will probably live after him. Probably it is the thing by which he will be best remembered; a monument more enduring it may prove than the Greek Theatre. Whoever examines the records of our time will find that the first person to carry on the business of exciting class prejudice on a large scale was William Randolph Hearst. The historian has but to consult the files of the Hearst papers to find that the appeal to envy designed to make the possessors of wealth the objects of mob hatred was first scientifically and artistically promulgated by the great genius of yellow journalism. And in all probability some historian in the dawn of the twenty-first century, a subject, mayhap, of the second or third American monarch, speculating on the strange phenomena of our time, will pause to marvel at the singularity of human nature as evidenced by the general attitude toward two such men as William Randolph Hearst and John Pierpont Morgan. What could be more amazing or bewildering than the incredible simplicity of a people sophisticated in all that pertains to material welfare and presuming to be capable of self-government, who, while accepting Hearst as a teacher and guide, permitted themselves to be betrayed into hostility to Morgan! Let us consider this strangest of all strange phenomena. It may be suggested that we really did not come to know Mr. Morgan until after his death. But what about Mr. Hearst? Assuredly we know him. If it is natural to hate a man on account of his power why not hate William Randolph Hearst, the despot of the press, the man with a host of newspapers? Is it only the misuse of power that we abhor? Then what about this man of diminutive soul who spends half his time revenging himself on politicians and interests that have the temerity to run counter to his wishes, and employs his powerful newspapers as personal organs to agitate the general ear in celebration of qualities he never possessed? Here is a man pretty generally regarded as a combination of mountebank and bully, distinguished for his indelicacy of feeling and the brutality of his methods, who nevertheless is the keeper of the conscience of a people who are governed by opinion rather than by laws. And this man by his persistent appeals to envy and distrust so wrought upon the feelings of his countrymen as to awaken in them a sentiment of hatred against John Pierpont Morgan for no other reason than that he stood as a symbol of capital.

Discovered After Death

We are grateful to Mr. Hearst for reminding us of John Pierpont Morgan, for

there is a lesson to be learned from the popular misconception of the man. It is the lesson of the wrong that may be done by judging men on no other evidence than what is supplied by newspapers, especially by newspapers addicted to little else than shrieking headlines, slander and sensation, and that never pause except in praise of themselves. The men for whom they solicit our admiration are the men least worthy of it. The reason is plain; to be a hero to an editor of a yellow journal a man must be the editor's lackey. The first principles of the technique of self-seeking in public life are acquired along with a taste for licking an editor's boots. Naturally the man with a keen sense of self-respect is constitutionally disqualified for popularity controlled by the licentious press. If the manifestation of this sense takes the form of positive contempt of the exponents of yellow journalism, as it usually does when the self-respecting person is a man of affairs constrained to contact with the moulders of public opinion, the probability is he will suffer from gratuitous misrepresentation. This was the case with John Pierpont Morgan. We are now told by Mr. Hearst that the commanding place in the field of finance held by Mr. Morgan "did not depend so much on the size of his private fortune as on his towering personal credit." In justice it should be added that his towering personal credit was due to a towering exceptional personality animated by a nobility of character seldom met with in the field of finance or elsewhere. When Mr. Morgan informed the Pujo Committee that in the field of finance character counted more than the printed evidences of capital he uttered a simple truth not to be gainsaid. Narrow-minded cynics devoid of imagination, by a species of casuistry, have refuted the statement to their own satisfaction, but men of intelligence are sensible of the soundness of it, and men who knew John Pierpont Morgan are aware that to him the proposition was no less sacred than the blessed doctrine which he exhorted his children with touching simplicity in the first clause of his last will "to maintain and defend at all hazard and at any cost of personal sacrifice." Men are now saying it was too bad Morgan was not better known among men during his life time. By that opening clause of his will he revealed himself for the first time to all the world. To read that confession of faith is to realize that its author, a man of giant intellect, of tremendous force of character, was one who lived not on probabilities, who had in him the grace that purifies the heart, who has to his credit good works, and who went to his death fearless of the sentence of doomsday. Because reticence was characteristic of Morgan it was assumed that he was not companionable, that he was indifferent to humankind, and that he lacked those qualities of heart that endear men to their fellows. This impression the Hearst newspapers and other journals spent much of their time in deepening. And we find that in the breast of a minister of the Episcopal

Church, the Rev. George Chalmers Richmond of Philadelphia, this impression had crystalized into an ineradicable conviction. This unfortunate man, on the spur of the moment, eager to voice the sentiment of the mob, rushed into his pulpit with a haste that betokened a wish to anticipate the flight of a soul, and there he zealously played the part of devil's advocate. Typical of the impetuous anserine preacher of the day is Dr. Chalmers. Poor man! he is now aware that he was misled by the press, and if he has a fraction of the faith of Morgan he must be in sore distress over the problem of how to square himself with the Almighty. As the truth about Morgan has been coming out, Dr. Chalmers must have had more than one bad quarter of an hour with himself. It will be well for him if as a result of thinking for himself he comes to realize that so many are the anomalies of human nature, so many the qualities that display themselves in contradictory fashion, that there is no better way of approximating asininity at one swoop than by a summary decision on any man's character. John Pierpont Morgan it appears was a man to whom wealth was not an end but an instrument of life. The greatness of his fortune was hardly on a par with the greatness of his soul. If he did not leave a third of what he was expected to leave it was because he spent much time enriching others that they might be able to do for the industries of his country what he had done, and because he was the greatest philanthropist of his time. That he was not celebrated as a philanthropist was because his methods were antithetic to those of Mr. William Randolph Hearst. The great journalist as we all know is our noisiest giver. His benefactions are like prayers from a housetop vociferated through a megaphone. The finest sentiment of the human heart he parades as a means of self-advertising, clouding with suspicion the genuineness of his philanthropy. When Morgan founded the great maternity hospital of New York, giving it the greatest sum that was ever given by an individual to a single charity, it was with the understanding that he should not be known as the founder. It was only after his death that it became known that the institution where thousands of poor women of the tenement district receive as much care and comfort during the most poignant period of their lives as can be had in private and luxurious homes, was conceived and financed by the Napoleon of Wall Street. And it was so with all his numerous benefactions. A reticent man indeed was Morgan—so different from Hearst and Carnegie! But reticence is not a defect. On the contrary it is an element of strength, and it has its work to do in the world as a check on babbling sentiment and on the habitual, ostentatious effusions of shallow and boisterous natures. The character most liable to it has high and attractive qualities. In the case of John Pierpont Morgan it was dictated by a heart humble toward God and softened toward his neighbor. Reticent he was, but without leading a shut-up life. The best part of him was

known to his friends, who loved him for his kindness and largeness of heart. Viewed from the standpoint of a generation somewhat myopic he was the colossal sinner of his day, but while possessed of the power to do great evil he was also gifted with the will to do great good, and while he restrained the one he gave rein to the other.

His Intellectual Luggage Incomplete

The Rev. Charles Aked proudly informs us that he has imported from England for his own private use certain salutary prejudices and habits peculiar to public life in his native land. After some years of acquaintance with the literature of men who have given tone and dignity to the public life of England we have received the impression that their most praiseworthy characteristic is an aversion to dialectic stratagems of a disingenuous nature. This we regret to say is not among the prejudices imported by the Rev. Charles Aked. We say so on no less an authority than the reverend gentleman himself, who, we learn from his correspondence with District Attorney Fickert, does not hesitate to employ as an argument the bald assertion that Mr. Fickert is many years behind the times. This is what Arthur Schopenhauer in his ironical essay on the art of controversy describes as the argument ad auditores. It is an appeal to the ignorance of the public. It is akin to using a universal prejudice as an authority. The universality of an opinion as Dr. Aked assuredly knows is not proof; not even a probability that the opinion is right. It would appear that Dr. Aked's idea of a knockdown argument is to say that a man is fifty years behind the times. He would have us assume as irrefutable the conclusion that a man who does not agree with his contemporaries is wrong. The behind-the-times argument is a sort of catchphrase for stopping the mouths of babes and sucklings. At a certain stage of intellectual growth all men perceive the absurdity of it. The very simple answer to it is that the delusions of today are the disenchantments of tomorrow. We find it difficult to believe that Dr. Aked is of the opinion that right is always to be determined by the calendar. We also find it difficult to believe that Dr. Aked is really of the opinion that Mr. Fickert is fifty years behind the times in holding that it is better for society to segregate than to scatter prostitution. We are inclined to suspect that Dr. Aked is one of the kind of men spoken of by Hobbes who said that if their passions or interests were implicated in the question they would deny stoutly that the three angles of a right-angled triangle are equal to two right angles. While it is true that several communities have abandoned the principle of segregation it does not follow that the highest opinion of the day is convinced of the error of that principle. It may be (as we know frequently to be the case) that the weaker opinion, the opinion unsupported by reason, has made the most noise and prevailed. So far as we have been able to observe the men opposed to segregation are men of the Aked type, men who

lack lucidity of vision, who have not the deep, steady, penetrating gaze that goes to the root of things, or the faculty of seeing two sides of a question at one time. Of this type is Dr. Parkhurst, whom Dr. Aked regards as high authority. Dr. Parkhurst is a professional moralist who is so preposterous as to believe that sociology, which is merely speculative, is a laboratory science by which things may be tested to a scruple. To him prostitution is nothing but a moral problem that concerns only the spiritual welfare of society. And he would solve it as the ostrich solves a problem of great personal interest to itself. Prostitution is of course more than a moral problem. According to George Bernard Shaw who has never been accused of being anything but ahead of his times it is chiefly an economic problem not to be solved until society shall organize itself in such a fashion as to make it possible for all men and all women to

maintain themselves in reasonable comfort by their own industry without selling their affections and their convictions. And Shaw is so unkind as to say that clergymen and others who "use their highest faculties to belie their real sentiments" are guilty of a sin, "compared to which that of a woman who sells the use of her person for a few hours is too venial to be worth mentioning." Prostitution is above all things a physical problem, a problem that concerns the body even more seriously than it concerns the soul; for whereas the soul can be purified by repentance, there is little hope for the body that has been converted by prostitution into "damaged goods." Now this is the most obvious of propositions, but the Akeds and Parkhursts refuse to see it. They will view the problem from but one angle. They are concerned about nothing but a plague spot, and their theory is that vice to be eradicated

must be denied official recognition. On the same principle there should never be a quarantine station or a pesthouse. By some mysterious process according to the theory of professional moralists the problem will be in a measure solved when prostitution is scattered and no longer tolerated as a necessary evil. There is but one man in this country who has given the matter study from every standpoint, and that man was employed by the law department of the national government within the last eighteen months. He carried on his investigations in all the principal cities of this country, and he testified a few weeks ago that in his opinion there was but one way to deal with the evil and that was by segregation. Yet Dr. Aked who regards fussy old Dr. Parkhurst as an authority has the impudence to tell a man who agrees with the national expert that he is fifty years behind the times.

Flowers

By Althea Gyles

Delight your eyes upon their beauty! Rest
Your heart upon their beauty! Feed, O Soul,
Upon their beauty! Surely they are drest
More richly than King Solomon. No scroll

With blazoned letters and no clarion voice
Shall tell their Master's Will with more of truth—
How He would have each child of earth rejoice,
Serene from care, in an immortal youth.

The sun shines on them, rains fall, and winds blow,
And they rejoice in winds, and sun, and showers.
Why do you weep?—Consider how they grow.
Is not our life as lovely as a flower's?

Gather their gladness, Soul, and heart, and eyes,
To crown our lives: until we, ev'n as they,
Beloved of Beauty—Heirs of Paradise—
Abide in Joy, in the Divine Today.

Perspective Impressions

Step lively, girls! De Wolf Hopper is free to wed again.

Mrs. Wilson has sold fifty dollars' worth of paintings. At this rate she will have no reason to complain of an income tax.

The campaign for better babies is on in New York. Let us also have a campaign for more babies.

Governor Johnson's government in California can now prove its Progressiveness with an empty public treasury.—New York World.

The best proof is the number of new jobs created by acts of the Legislature.

The New York Sun says it would be injudicious to censure Governor Johnson and his crazy Legislature since they have made California serve as a horrible example to the rest of the country of the effects of Progressivism running without a check rain.

The men whose business it is to manage the business of the country and who think they are competent to run all other business too, make the humiliating confession without a blush that Japan could take all our possessions in the Pacific before we should be able to strike a blow and thus deprive us of a base in the whole vast ocean.

How many people read the sermons in the Monday papers?

There are many things fairer to look upon than a prominent club woman posed in a living picture.

"It is a task to which real statesmen may well apply themselves and I trust there are such at Sacramento."—Senator Campbell.

Showing to what preposterous length the principle of senatorial courtesy may be carried.

The prosecuting attorney who helped abate the red-light district in Los Angeles was the first victim of the blackmail to which the new order of things was conducive. Retribution is one of the grand principles in the divine administration of human affairs.

The rapid deterioration of ability in the public service is a phenomenon soon to be perceptible to the duller faculties. If under the convention system many knaves got into public office the direct primary and all the other evidences of government brought back to the people will ensure a large and continuous crop of that low order of intelligence that is causing us to confound Sacramento with Agnews.

Something that endures forever: the ache in Aked.

It must surprise some of our uplifters to learn that "scatteration" did not lessen the social evil in Los Angeles.

If James D. Phelan who has no scruple against the violation of treaty obligations to the dishonor of his country is typical of the people of California then perhaps Dr. Jordan's judgment is becoming sound with age.

So the dear people voted to reduce telephone rates without knowing whether the rates were exorbitant; nay, after being informed by their servants that a reduction would be unjust! And the dear people demand honest government and send grafters to jail!

"From nearly every section of California there are speeding to Sacramento prominent Democrats who will be here to consult with Secretary of State William Jennings Bryan upon the all-important question of alien land legislation."—Press despatch from Sacramento.

But of course every mother's son of them will digress for a moment to discuss the subject nearest to his heart—a Federal job.

Varied Types

CXXIV—ROBERT T. DEVLIN

By Edward F. O'Day

"They say it's a stroke of genius," I remarked; "but what do you think of it?"

I was very curious to know what the answer would be. Almost breathless I was as I awaited it. Here was the question of the hour under discussion, the question burning even as a conflagration burns, the question behind whose interrogation point lurked the formidable suspicion of war, invasion and humiliation. I was fortunate in discussing the question with an Authority. We had reached the nubbin of our discussion. We had gotten down to brass tacks. And I couldn't resist putting that very direct query:

"They say it's a stroke of genius; but what do you think of it?"

There were many tomes of the law on the table between us, octavo, decimo and duodecimo calf-skin envelopes that enfolded thousands of pages of musty-fusty disquisition, sesquipedalian citation and brain-racking, hair-splitting codification.

There was also that most ephemeral of journalistic ephemeridae, an afternoon paper. It was Tuesday's Bulletin. It carried on its first page a dispatch from Sacramento that announced the untangling of the Gordian knot, the unravelling of the sleeve of care.

In brief the Attorney General had discovered a way out of the Japanese labyrinth. He had solved the tough problem of how not to offend the little brown veterans of the Yalu and the undersized gunners of Tsushima Straits. The whole web had been unwebbed by Webb.

The Bulletin said that the Progressive leaders regarded it as a stroke of genius.

"Is it a stroke of genius?" I repeated.

The Authority looked up from the paper and smiled a slight smile.

"It's an evasion," he said.

I could scarcely believe my ears. I was astounded. What I had heard sounded like a blasphemy.

"A what?" I stammered.

"An evasion," insisted the Authority.

The slight smile was still there. It made the blue eyes twinkle. It sent little ripples of wrinkles across the broad brow under the thinning thatch of sandy hair.

Well, I thought, if the Authority says it's an evasion, an evasion it must be, and if it's an evasion it cannot be a stroke of genius, despite the Progressive leaders at Sacramento from Governor Johnson down.

You see, I had the utmost confidence in the Authority. Why not? At his elbow was a very authoritative law book, open at the place where the subject under discussion was treated. He had been expounding to me from the authoritative volume. Shall I tell you its name? It was "Devlin on Treaties," a book all lawyers respect.

And the Authority at whose elbow the book lay open was Devlin himself.

Robert T. Devlin was the Authority who told me that the so-called stroke of genius was an evasion. And Robert T. Devlin ought to know. For years this brilliant member of the Devlin family has burned the midnight tungsten over treaties. His book is a standard work on the subject.

Not theoretically alone has "Bob" Devlin dallied with treaties. He was United States District Attorney in our midst when the Hashimura Togos sought admission to Caucasian class rooms. He stood his ground when Speaker Phil Stanton felt the cataclysmal earth slipping from beneath his feet. He blenched not when the Colonel—the President then—threatened our altars and our fires with the combined terrors of the Army and Navy. He knows a bit about treaties and anti-Japanese bills and anti-Japanese laws, does "Bob" Devlin, author of "Devlin on Treaties" and former United States Attorney.

"Why is it an evasion?" I proceeded in my capacity as interlocutor to the Authority.

"Well," the author of "Devlin on Treaties" expatiated, "let us see what this substitute bill which is to solve the problem says. It provides, according to this newspaper dispatch, that all aliens who are eligible to become citizens of the United States may hold land the same as the native born citizens. In other words, English, Germans, Italians and so on are in no way to be interfered with. Then it provides that aliens who are not eligible to become citizens of the United States may hold lands only to the extent and in the manner provided by the respective treaties now in force between the countries of their nativity, and not otherwise.

"What does that mean? What does the Attorney General say in this new bill to the Japanese? He says to them, If you have the right to own land in California, you have the right; if you haven't the right, you haven't it. In other words, the bill tells the Japanese that they may have their treaty rights in California as in all other parts of the United States. It informs them that they can have what they are entitled to by treaty and nothing else.

"It's an evasion of the question.

"This new bill simply takes the onus of the question off the shoulders of California and transfers it to the United States Government. It tells the Japanese that their treaty rights are guaranteed in California; nothing more. But they knew that already. The United States Government guarantees the Japanese their treaty rights. The Japanese don't have to learn through the California Legislature that their treaty rights are secure.

"If the Japanese have the right under treaty with the United States to own land in the United States, this bill will not interfere with that right in California. It will remain for the State to ascertain whether our treaty with Japan grants Japanese the right to own land. That will be done if the State sees fit to go into the United States courts on the question. Then it would be up to the United States courts to construe the treaty, to tell us what the treaty contains, what the language of the treaty means.

"In this connection it must be remembered that the treaty-making power of the United States is almost unlimited. No treaty has ever

been declared in conflict with the Constitution. The extent of the treaty-making power of the United States has never been defined. The question as to whether the treaty-making power is limited or unlimited has never been decided. According to Justice Field the treaty-making power extends to all proper subjects of negotiation between our Government and the Governments of other nations. He says that it is clear that protection should be afforded the citizens of one country owning property in another country. And he further says that the manner in which property may be transferred, devised or inherited is a fitting subject for negotiation and regulation by mutual stipulations between two countries.

"Under that decision the right of a citizen of another country to inherit property in this country, if given by treaty, cannot be taken away by State law. Treaty law supersedes State law. Where the National Government fails to act by treaty the State may act but not otherwise. In other words the State has the right to legislate except insofar as it is prohibited by treaty. All laws of a State contrary to the provisions of a treaty are void.

"It has been settled that a treaty can take from a State the right to prohibit the inheritance of land. A treaty may remove the disability of an alien to inherit and it is within the power of the United States to confer on an alien the right to inherit. The Supreme Court of California in the case of Blythe vs. Hinckley held that the question as to the right of aliens to possess, enjoy and inherit lands is a proper subject of treaty, and that a treaty must control all legislation contrary to it as the supreme law. The State has the primary right to regulate the tenure of all real property within its limits and may allow aliens to take, hold and dispose of property real or personal insofar as its laws are not in conflict with the express provisions of a paramount treaty.

"But all this relates to the inheritance of land. How about the ownership of land? That is a new question. It has never before been an acute question. It is a matter for speculation."

It seems to come to this: The treaty has never been interpreted by the courts as to the ownership of land. If the present treaty does not permit the ownership of land, a new treaty permitting just that may be made, for the treaty-making power of the Government is practically unlimited. The new bill which guarantees to the Japanese their rights under treaty gives them just what they possess and nothing more. It does not solve the question insofar as the present agitation is concerned.

That, I take it, is why "Bob" Devlin, author of "Devlin on Treaties" and therefore an Authority, says that Attorney General Webb's "stroke of genius" is simply an evasion.

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An Arab Funeral

By R. B. Cunningham Graham

A sound of chanting filled the streets as a small white-clad group of men carrying a body, high on an open bier, passed through the town. The dusky haik that swathed the corpse outlined its angles, making it look just like a sculptor's sketch in clay, covered with linen and damped to keep it wet.

The bearers, chosen at random, of all heights and ages, stumbled along, now trotting and again walking with the peculiar swing the flowing Arab clothes give to a mass of men. As the procession made its way through the streets, filthy with refuse, and past markets where the blood of animals left on the stones had formed a purple mud, the people whom it passed took apparently no notice of the dead, as if the funeral merely were an incident in the long journey of the lives so many of them pass upon the road. A casual European looked with interest, his hand rising involuntarily towards his hat, then stopped upon the way, feeling uncertain how his salutation might be received; but the compatriots and co-religionists of the dead man, lying so stiffly underneath his haik, bought, sold and talked of money (their favorite theme) unmoved, trusting in God to stay His hand toward themselves. Yellow and wolfish dogs ran in and out between the bearers' legs, and no one cursed them, as Europeans do on lesser provocation, and as the bier was borne into the open market-place it found itself entangled in a crowd of people all dressed exactly in the same white rags that their dead brother wore. So thick the people swarmed that the procession halted several times until they separated to let it pass. Long strings of camels, bearing merchandise covered with brown and white striped rugs, swayed past it, their heads towering above the bier, at which they looked with the grave curiosity that seems to stamp them as inhabitants of a world older than is our own. Asses and mules carrying great nets packed hard with straw pressed on the mourners and the bier itself as they passed by, and now and then the mass of human beings opened sullenly to let a horseman pass, who, upright in his saddle, almost seemed to kneel upon his horse, in his short stirrup-leathers. Huts made of sacking or of old blankets lined the road which cut the market into two, and by them squatted their owners selling charcoal, bundles of firewood, vegetables and fruit. Men carrying goat-skins full of water, and a brass cup in their left hands, tinkling a bell, trudged to and fro, now and then stopping to pour out a cupful and receive a copper coin infinitesimally small. Over the press there hung the scent as of wild beasts distinctive of crowds in the East, and dust and particles of horse-dung floated in the air, making it pungent and difficult to breathe.

The market passed, the funeral took its way through the town gates into the open country, which, when a belt of gardens had been crossed, stretched out a waste of stones. The cemetery, built by the fostering care of the French conquerors more than a mile beyond the walls, sur-

rounded by a high white wall and set about with European trees which drooped in the fierce sun, stood out gaunt, modern, and as unlike as possible to an Arab burying-ground with its rough slabs of stones, crossed by innumerable foot-paths and browsed upon by goats.

Emerging on the stony plain, from which the sun gave back its heat a hundredfold, the mourners halted and changed bearers, chanting the whole time in a minor key. Their flowing dusky clothes blended exactly with the landscape, on which the sun poured down a floor of light, so white that every color disappears, and the corpse on its bier suspended in the air, or left alone, as if it were the grave of some Arapahoe or Apache chief, left on four stakes to moulder, so absolutely the carrying figures melted into the stones.

Once more they started, and their chant in the thin air just reached the ear, fine and high-pitched as a mosquito's song. They seemed to fly, their feet just brushing on the road, in the half-mirage raised by the heat and rising from the ground. The bier swayed to and fro, but gently, just as a rider sways upon a pacing horse, and the procession, white and unearthly-looking, appeared to fly toward its goal, as if borne by the wind.

So for a moment there came an air as of romance over the last act connected with a man who perhaps in life had been a petty shopkeeper, or perhaps one of those nameless brawling Arabs who in the market-place of any town in Barbary, jangle and shout the livelong day, sit in a cafe drinking green tea if by the merest chance they have a penny, and sleep at night upon the cobble stones at a street corner, or lie with other waifs in the "m'darsa" of the mosque.

Nature was making up to him, although he knew it not, and probably would not have cared if he had the chance, for his life's sordidness and want. But as you looked out at the fleeting spectacle, so cloudlike and so similar to life itself, hurrying along the road towards the cemetery, the thought occurred, what if it is the last stage of the journey that some wandering tribesman is making through the world?

Then, as if confirmation of the idea was wanted and to make the simile complete, the bearers once more halted, laying the bier upon the ground and sitting down to rest. Only a fragmentary note or two of the wild chanting now reached the ear, deadened by passing through the semi-tropical belt of garden land planted with palm trees, apricots that grew as high as elms, and with bananas, and those so faint and so disjointed that they appeared as if they had been wafted from afar, and that the actual little group seated amidst the stone-strewn landscape had no reality and was an image of a scene projected on the sky as by a mirage in the Sahara.

Once more they took their burden up, and once again their drapery fluttered as they trotted on, but now all in a mass, and the high bier had faded out of sight against the stones. They passed between high rocks, and then once more came out upon the plain, always a little nearer to the cemetery. Then, as they neared it, once more they came into full view, their dusky clothes standing out clearly against its whitewashed walls. A green gate opened, and they entered and were lost to sight, leaving the gazer from the town walls uncertain whether they had really passed before his view, or had been but a figment of the brain or a refraction on the retina accustomed to the various scenes of Arab life. Around

the shallow grave no doubt they stood, after their custom, chanting their testimony of belief in the One God, which molds their faith but does not influence their works. Lastly, the corpse was lowered from the bier, and lay, looking pathetically small in its white wrappings, in the hot sandy soil which had so often been its bed in life. Then, without waiting, whilst the others still intoned the versicle "No God, but God," the noblest, baldest statement of belief that man has yet devised, three or four took the mattocks with which the gravediggers had wrought the grave, and filled it, shoveling down the sand and stones upon the corpse, which seemed to shiver as it felt their weight, and shrink into the ground. They shed no tears, for to have done so would have been to doubt of Allah's wisdom—Allah the merciful, the compassionate, He who had breathed the breath of life into the nostrils of the dead believer for a spell, and then withdrawn it, as it seemed good to Him. When all was done, and a small sandy mound was raised over the body, edged round with stones, they stood a moment silently gazing on the ground. Then sitting down, some on the bier and others on the sand, they once more raised their chant, wailing and long-drawn-out, sounding as if the soul of the dead man still fluttered round about the spot, bewailing its dis severance from the flesh, which alone gave it feeling and existence, if ever it had lived.

Long they sat singing, chiefly in verses from the Koran; verses affirming their belief; belief in Him who chose the Praised One as His prophet, and let him in his youth guide camels, so that the experience thus gained would stand him in good stead, when it was time for him to guide mankind. Hours passed, and then in groups they sauntered back towards the town, emerging from the cemetery bathed in the evening light, glorious and statesque in their white robes. Then as they neared the town, and as the setting sun fell on their backs, the halo which it had thrown upon them far away dispersed, they passed through the gates, a group of dirty Arabs, carrying some boards and chattering loudly as they walked.



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Poems About San Francisco

XCI—SAN FRANCISCO

By Harriet M. Skidmore

(This poem is taken from Miss Skidmore's volume "Beside the Western Sea," published by P. O'Shea of New York in 1877. It is the second poem by Miss Skidmore (who wrote under the name of "Marie") given in this series.)

O fair queen city of the wondrous West,
The sunset glory is thy crown of state!
The sea thy slave, that, on his foaming crest,
Leads the white ships within thy Golden Gate.

Thy temples rise where shining treasures dwell,
Where throngs are bowed, and Mammon sits enshrined;
Where, dread Calypso! in thy golden spell
Full many a brave, heroic heart is twined.

Ah, bright enchantress! cease thy woesome wiles,
A halo-glory shines above thy crown;
With holiest light thy glowing sunset smiles,
The hills are blest from whence thou lookest down.

A glorious legacy, O queen! is thine,
Pure hands were laid, in blessing, on thy brow;
Ah! spurn thou not that heritage divine,
And cast not off that consecration now.

Seraphic Francis gave his holy name
To thy proud hills and to thy shining bay,
When, years ago, his faithful children came
Within thy heart to light the sacred ray.

How hast thou quenched that bright, benignant beam!
How hast thou dimmed the halo o'er thy crown,
Till lurid glare and false, delusive gleam
Mock the pure smiles that shine from heaven adown!

Ah! turn thee now from demon gods aside,
And light again the purifying flame;
Put off the purple of thy pomp and pride,
And robe thy form in garb of grief and shame.

So shalt thou claim thy heritage of old,
The nimbus-wreath thy drooping brow shall twine,
And foul idolatries of guilt and gold
No more pollute thy seraph-guarded shrine.

The Spectator

The Clock Winder Talks

I received another visit the other day from the man who winds the ferry clock. He came in to tell me that Harbor Commissioner Dwyer has ceased to speak to him because of a certain paragraph in Town Talk. "If I wasn't under civil service," he told me, "I guess I'd lose my job." Asked what was new in politics he asked me if I didn't admire the Governor for his stubbornness on the Japanese question. I told him I did not.

"Then," he exclaimed, "you don't appreciate good politics. The Governor is making the hit of his life. Organized labor is with him to a man. Right now he's the strongest politician in the State."

I observed that the Governor was playing a dangerous game.

"Oh, that's nothing," said the water front philosopher. "When a man's in politics he must do politics. Besides our Governor doesn't bother about trifles. But can't you see he's just been bluffing? He made a great hit with the gallery, and then in came the bill from the Attorney-General which lets all our stern and uncompromising statesmen down easy without accomplishing anything. Bryan understands. He was let in on the play that fooled all the newspapers. They haven't yet discovered the prearranged back-down."

The Deasy Trick

"This," my philosophic friend continued, "is a thoroughly original Administration. Did you see how we put that Deasy trick over?"

"What trick was that?" I asked.

The clock-winder smiled. "I'm surprised you didn't get wise to that," he said, "it was clever. You see Deasy had the Corbin case under advisement. The Administration is anxious to get Corbin. See?"

I didn't see.

Again the clock-winder smiled. Then he explained. "The report was sent down the line that the Governor intended to appoint Deasy to one

of the new Superior Court judgeships. It must have been embarrassing to Deasy. That would have been considered raw work in the old days when Chris Buckley was running things. But it shows how strong the Governor is. Nobody said a word about it. And Deasy came through like a little man. Of course the rumor didn't affect his judgment at all. But suppose he was a weaker man, and suppose he had been wavering,—well!—" And again the clock-winder smiled.

The Loyalty of Aleck

"Did you hear that one on Aleck McCabe?" the clock-winder asked; and as I hadn't heard it he rattled on.

"Well, the Governor's secretary, you know, is like all the old practical polities who became reformers in the nick of time. He has talked civic patriotism so much that he has come to think that he believes in it. In fact he talks as though he might be a gramophone record of Hiram. The other day I heard him preening himself on his sincerity. He said among other things, 'I have been loyal to every cause.' It sounded so good that I repeated it to one of Aleck's old acquaintances. 'Loyal to every cause!' he said; 'yes, one after the other.' Can you beat it?"

And the clock-winder took up his key and walked.

Jimmy in the Spotlight

Our distinguished citizen, the Hon. James D. Phelan, foremost among our anti-Japanese agitators, has taken a defiant stand for his convictions against the President, a circumstance that makes sceptics of folks who thought he was slated for the ambassadorship at Vienna. "Would Foxy Jim put himself in jeopardy?" is the question his club acquaintances are asking. Most of them are of the opinion that Jimmy at Sacramento is in his favorite role; that he is actuated partly by soreness at the President for having kept him out of the Cabinet and partly by his grievance against the directors of the Panama-Pacific Exposition. Jimmy has been posing at Sacramento

as an authority on Constitutional law and treaty rights. He says that California has the right to discriminate against the Japanese. Presumably Jimmy has never read the treaty with Japan. And certainly he regards himself as better informed than the President and all the President's advisers. The President takes the position that a statute discriminating against the Japanese would be a dangerous form of nullification, an immoral repudiation of a treaty obligation, a violation of an international pledge.

And the Conference Leaked

While in Sacramento Mr. Phelan was invited to a conference with Secretary Bryan and David Starr Jordan. Now it was almost certain that this particular conference of three distinguished men would not prove absolutely air-tight. I would have had no hesitation in predicting a leak—and there was a leak, one upon which it may be interesting for the academic to speculate. During a discussion of the Japanese question Mr. Phelan observed, "We cannot deal with the Japanese as we would with civilized people. They are semi-barbarians." Jordan retorted: "So are the Californians." Almost as soon as the conference was over a reporter of the Examiner was informed of the noble stand taken by Mr. Phelan, and of the terrible libel on the people of California uttered by the President of Stanford. If President Wilson has decided to send our multimillionaire to Vienna he will

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betray a most undiplomatic indifference to the feelings of the people of Japan if he does not change his mind.

The Lamentations of Phelan's Friends

Mr. Phelan has a few judicious friends who have been made to grieve by what they regard as the present manifestation of his irresistible impulse to cultivate the esteem of the mob. It is especially unfortunate in their opinion because Mr. Phelan was chairman of the finance committee that handled the relief fund after the earthquake and fire. The contribution from the Japanese to that fund was in the neighborhood of three-quarters of a million dollars. Mr. Phelan nor anybody else had the slightest aversion to incurring the obligation of gratitude which Mr. Phelan now regards as lightly as the solemn treaty obligation to which his country is committed. It has been urged in justification of Mr. Phelan's conduct that he is deeply concerned for the welfare of his native State, and that his loyalty to his State rises superior to all other considerations. But this apology is no longer taken seriously even in the small and exclusive circle of his friends. The emptiness of it was made apparent when the facts came out respecting the land holdings of the Japanese. For a time Mr. Phelan might have been misled. The yawping of the politicians filled many of us with apprehension. We thought the Japanese were getting hold of all the farms in the State, and that if not checked they would soon be in complete possession. Now we know that in proportion to the whole the Japanese holdings are as a drop in a bucket, and that as a matter of fact they are not increasing in numbers. So the issue is really a fictitious one contrived by the Boyntons and the Johnsons for nothing but the greater glory of themselves.

How They Silenced Bryan

I met a Sacramento man the other day, and he told me a little story about one of Secretary Bryan's former visits to the capital. It was during the campaign of 1899 when Bryan was a candidate for the presidency. Said my friend: "Bryan made his appearance on the State Fair grounds and asked for permission to address the multitude, saying that he would talk only twenty minutes. He was permitted to take the platform after the first race, and he talked for two solid hours. And he wouldn't have quit then if we hadn't sent him a phoney telegram. He was stopped in the middle of a sentence and handed the wire which read like this: 'Mr. Bryan, there are five more races on the program and darkness is coming on.' He took the hint and quit, but nearly everybody on the track was sore on him."

A Strange Natural Prejudice

A curious anomaly in the laws of our country has been called to my attention by a gentleman who has been pondering the anti-Japanese agita-

tion. Under our laws all persons of African descent are eligible to citizenship, and though we bar the Chinese and Japanese from naturalization they are not excluded from citizenship, since they may become citizens by the simple process of becoming natives. Now the African is the lowest type of human being. To the negroid race belong the pygmies of Central Africa, the natives of Dahomey and of Guinea. Among these peoples are men not far above the chimpanzee in intelligence. But they may come to this country, and assist in the government of it, while the Chinese, a people representing the oldest civilization in the world are barred from citizenship.

To Vote More Bonds

The municipality is to be asked to authorize another bond issue. It is to be called upon by the city fathers to give its sanction to a scheme of wholesale municipal ownership. All the optimistic Board requests is that we give our approval to a bond issue of \$3,437,000, to be expended in constructing nine street railways, some of which are to solve the knotty problem of getting visitors to the Fair while others are merely to supplement the United Railroads service. We are told that when this bond ordinance was passed by unanimous vote of the Board the success of the project was deemed assured and was acclaimed with applause. All very interesting, but hardly convincing. We have Mayor Rolph's statement for it that "you can't ride on a lawsuit." Might not the Supervisors be reminded that you can't sell a bond issue with three cheers and a tiger?

Those Civic Center Bonds

In this connection we might ponder some exceedingly recent history, history which might give our optimistic aldermen pause did they not, in the fashion advocated by Dr. Osler, "touch a button to shut off the past." The history in point is the history of the Civic Center bonds. When they were offered for sale a local bond syndicate was found willing to buy them at a small premium. The premium was not large enough in the opinion of the eighteen bond experts who sit on the Board, so the single bid was rejected and the bonds ordered sold "over the counter." Nobody would buy them over the counter, so bids were advertised for again. This time the bond dealers offered to take them at par, and the Board was constrained to let them go. And the bond dealers made the condition that half a million of bonds which the city was about to turn over to the World's Fair people should be held unsold until they (the bond dealers) had an opportunity to sell the Civic Center bonds. The Supervisors were in desperate case, so they had to accede to that condition.

Who Will Buy?

If the Board of Supervisors had taken the trouble to ascertain the condition of the local bond market they would have saved the city that



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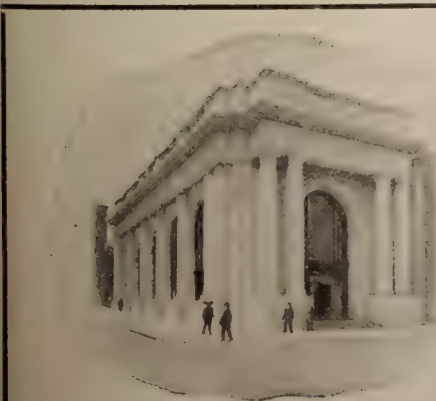
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premium offered by the bond syndicate when the Civic Center bonds were first put up for sale. Any bond dealer or banker would have told them that the premium offered was as high as could be expected under present conditions. But they blindly turned it down, with the consequence that they had to eat a good deal of humble pie later on. And now they have gaily passed an ordinance providing for the submission of another bonding proposition to the people. Will the city vote for another bond issue? It may be gravely doubted. But suppose it does. Will it be possible to sell the bonds? Ask any bond dealer and he will tell you that the chances are very slim. Meanwhile we know already that taxes are to be higher during the next fiscal year. The Mayor himself has told us. So has Auditor Boyle who estimates that the city and county rate will advance nine cents.

That "Rod" MacKenzie Story

The story I published last week about "Rod" MacKenzie losing \$161,000 in a roulette game at the Villa Mateo and refusing to pay his loss on the ground that he had been victimized, created a great deal of discussion up and down the Rialto. The facts were known only to a few, and the publication of them made a sensation. One afternoon paper took the story as detailed by me and published it in the first edition. But influence was brought to bear and it was "killed" in the later editions. The same influence succeeded in preventing the three morning papers from using the story, but it was published in full in the Los Angeles Examiner. Whether MacKenzie was right in refusing to pay is the question of the moment wherever sportsmen and gamblers congregate, and there is a good deal being said on both sides.

Van Loan Comes to Town

Charlie Van Loan blew into town the other day. "Blew" is the only word, but let it not be misunderstood. There is no stormful ventosity about Charlie Van Loan; rather a zephyrine breeziness as refreshing as the cool current that gently murmurs over flower beds. A tall handsome chap with blonde hair, clear blue eyes and a soft voice, Charlie is one of the most popular fellows that ever wrote a newspaper story. He has warm friends in all sections of the country, particularly in California where he was born and in New York where he reached the top of the journalistic heap. To see Charlie walk down Powell street from the St. Francis to Tait's is to witness a triumphal progress. Everybody wants to shake hands with Charlie, everybody from Maurice McLoughlin the tennis champion to Eddie Hanlon the ex-fighter. Charlie first dawned on the journalistic horizon in Los Angeles. An inborn interest in sport led him to become the sporting correspondent of the Bulletin while he was still an employe of the Standard Oil. Readers of sporting pages cannot have forgotten the letters signed "Van" in each of which some new twist was given to the

latest slang and all the sporting happenings of the southern city were set forth with rich, spontaneous humor. When Hearst started the Los Angeles Examiner Charlie was made sporting editor. Later Hearst sent him to the American in New York and he speedily won recognition as one of the star newspapermen of the metropolis. Some few years ago he tried his hand at fiction, and his baseball stories were so good that the magazine publishers began clamoring for his "stuff" and he decided to give up newspaper work. At the present time Van Loan has no difficulty knocking out one thousand dollars' worth of fiction every month. Many months he makes a great deal more than that. A series of his baseball stories has been published in book form and enjoys a big sale. The "fans" would rather read Van Loan than Shakespeare or Ibsen any day.

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Swinnerton and Powers

With his irrepressible humor Van Loan is a wonderful story teller, but his stories are bound to lose in the repetition because the Van Loan manner is thereby divorced from the Van Loan matter. One of his yarns is about the bad old days when "Jimmy" Swinnerton and "Tom" Powers, the celebrated Hearst cartoonists, were both younger and went at intervals to dally with the flowing bowl. They had been battling with the demon for two or three days when the exchequer suddenly failed them. So Powers went to the office of the New York American and wrote this note to "Old Man" Carvalho, most potent of Hearst lieutenants:

"Dear Mr. Carvalho: Please let me have a hundred. Respectfully, T. E. Powers."

To which there came an answer:

"Dear Mr. Powers: No. Respectfully, Carvalho."

So Powers wrote more curtly:

"No money, no pictures."

And Carvalho replied:

"No pictures, no money."

The case was nearly desperate, but the two cartoonists were men of resource. Gus Dierks, the inventor of the Katzenjammer Kids, was in Europe, but they had access to his luxurious studio. What did they do but hang out an auctioneer's red flag and sell out all of Dierks' precious ivories, bronzes, tapestries and carved furniture under the hammer! The celebration came to an end with Swinnerton walking down the car tracks of Broadway blackened up to represent Uncle Tom and Powers, a fierce Simon Legree, beating him with a role of drawing

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paper while Swinnerton shouted: "You may beat poor Uncle Tom's old body, but his soul belongs to William Randolph Hearst!"

One on Bennett

Arnold Bennett did not impress the men who met him in the East as a man of attractive personality. In fact I have heard of some pretty harsh words that sounded suspiciously like "cad" and "boulder" applied to him by people who cheerfully admit his literary eminence. Van Loan tells a story that illustrates. George Doran, one of Bennett's American publishers, went to Lorimer of the Saturday Evening Post, telling him that Bennett was about to visit Philadelphia and suggesting that Lorimer assemble a number of bright spirits and give the novelist a dinner. Lorimer was enthusiastic and went out of his way to make the dinner a gustatory as well as an intellectual triumph. For the piece de resistance he ordered terrapin from Maryland and had it prepared by an expert with sherry of a rare vintage. Among others at the dinner were Irvin Cobb and Montague Glass, both famous raconteurs. The table was beautifully decorated with rare blooms and it looked as though the feast would be a memorable one. Bennett sat between Lorimer and Doran, and was silent until the terrapin was brought on. "What's that?" he demanded. Lorimer explained that it was a dish typically American and went into details about its preparation. "A sort of turtle, what?" said Bennett. "I shan't eat it." That froze the assemblage, and when a little later Bennett arose, saying that he must be excused as he had promised to go and look at John Wanamaker's picture

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gallery, everybody was disgusted. There was silence till he left the room. Then Lorimer looked around and said: "Well, fellows, now that there is no disagreeable person present let's have a real party." And they did.

"John Barleycorn"

I asked Van Loan what he thought of Jack London's latest story "John Barleycorn" now running in the Saturday Evening Post. "It's the greatest indictment of the drink habit ever put into print," said Van Loan with conviction. Barton Currie, one of the editors of "The Country Gentleman," another Curtis publication, was present when Van Loan said this. He was inclined to disagree. "I think London defeats his own purpose by making drink too attractive," was Currie's criticism. Van Loan took issue. "Why," he said, "I know a number of men whom London has put on the water wagon since that story started." He added that Sam Blythe's humorous series about how to get thin wherein the genial author of "Who's Who and Why" insisted that the sacrifice of liquor was the sine qua non of the process of reducing had caused many men to give up drink, but that London's story was having a much more far-reaching effect. "By the way," he said, "Blythe developed quite a grouch after he gave up drinking. That caused Bob Davis of Munsey's to say of him that he could throw a wet blanket one hundred and fifty yards and land every time."

Of Montague Glass

Van Loan says that Montague Glass who is now one of the editors of the Saturday Evening Post is one of the wittiest after dinner talkers and story tellers he ever heard. He also told me that Glass' "Potash and Perlmutter" stories were rejected by every other big magazine publisher in the country before they were offered to the "Post." Editor Lorimer instantly accepted them. The other editors had been afraid that these humorous yarns of the cloak and suit trade would offend the Jews, but as a matter of fact the Jewish people have been delighted with them. In fact these stories are said to have done more than any other series to increase the circulation of the "Post."

Senator Works' Latest

Senator Works has thought out a new way of hastening the millenium. He is going to reform the newspapers of the District of Columbia. He has introduced in Congress a bill making it a misdemeanor to publish the details of any crime, suicide, injury or tragedy. The penalty is to be a fine of from \$500 to \$5,000 and imprisonment in the workhouse if the judge sees fit to be more severe with the offender. In the speech which Sen-

ator Works made after his bill had been offered he said some very cutting things about the American newspaper. He told what a lot of harm was done by the publication of all sorts of horrors, and descanted on the evil effect the gathering of such news had on young reporters. They are being trained in "a school of vice," according to Works. He also denounced the cartoonist and the kodak man. And of the Associated Press he had no good word. The speech and the bill indicate the kind of newspaper Senator Works would favor. It would be a cross between the Congressional Record and the Christian Science Monitor.

Kaufman the Sermonizer

Another of the mighty has fallen. Here we have Herbert Kaufman, the inventor of the lay sermon, sued for divorce on statutory grounds. Mrs. Kaufman says that she has just learned "what everybody else knew," namely that Herbert has been consorting with other women. And so Herbert is toppled from his pedestal. He falls the way that very moral writer Elbert Hubbard fell only a short time ago. Hubbard could not resist printing lickerish stories and jokes in his East Aurora paper. Kaufman could not keep his steps in the straight and narrow path of domesticity. While Herbert's pen dashed off columns of sanctimonious platitudes he couldn't make his own morals behave. It's too bad that men whose flesh is weak cannot refrain from preaching to other men. Kaufman was out here last year to attend the Bohemian Grove play and made quite a favorable impression on those he met. His lay sermons used to be published in the Sunday Call, but after a time Ernest Simpson decided that he could write that sort of stuff just as readily as Kaufman and so save money for the paper. Simpson wrote the sermons for several months, but discontinued them when the irrepressible Phil Francis parodied him in the Stockton Mail. To do Simpson justice he held no grudge against Phil when the latter became editorial writer for the Call.

"The Mission Play of Santa Clara"

Encouraged by its past successes in the dramatic field the University of Santa Clara is coming to the front once more with the most ambitious production it has yet undertaken. On Wednesday evening, May 14, Thursday evening, May 15, Saturday evening, May 17 and Sunday afternoon, May 18, the Senior Dramatic Club of the institution will offer the first production of "The Mission Play of Santa Clara," written especially for the University by Martin V. Merle of the class of '06. Unlimited interest centers in this production and a wealth of sentiment surrounds it. In the first place, in writing The Mission Play, Merle has fulfilled the ardent wish of

the late Rev. Robert E. Kenna, S. J., for many years the beloved president of the University. It was his desire to have the student body appear in a play that would be woven around the history and romance of the old Santa Clara Mission of which the University is the outgrowth. Then too the play will be produced on the very site of the old Mission itself, within the shadow of the Mission cross, the University Theatre on the campus at Santa Clara being but a stone's throw from the sacred emblem that was planted by Padres de la Pena and Margaia in 1784. Santa Clara saw strenuous days in the forties and at the time of the American Invasion it passed through more than one crisis. Merle brings about in a dramatic and picturesque way the saving of the Santa Clara Mission from the hands of an unscrupulous land agent, sent from Washington, who sought to secure the Mission property for himself. They have a big way of doing things down at Santa Clara and the Mission Play bids fair to eclipse all former undertakings. Society is very much interested in the undertaking as is manifested by the list of prominent men and women who are acting as patrons and patronesses of the affair.

Burns and Bowes

Detective Burns and Ed Bowes crossed the ocean together recently and put up at the same hotel in London. They have become great pals. The London papers have devoted a good deal of space to both of them, and Bowes has been helping Burns demonstrate the dictograph for the benefit of the wide-eyed reporters who have yet to learn that this instrument is better suited for exhibition than for practical purposes. Bowes thus explained to one London reporter the intimacy that existed between him and the hawkshaw. "We met on the boat and decided to stick together. I was the foreman of Burns' first San Francisco graft jury, so the meeting was a sort of reunion." If Bowes was quoted correctly his memory has played him false. Ed was not the foreman but the secretary of that grand jury. Tom Andrews was the foreman. Bowes is in

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London looking for a London production of "Kindling," Charlie Kenyon's play in which Margaret Illington Bowes hopes to make her English debut.

The Beauty of Flowers

In the society columns of the Chronicle there was recently an editorial upon the artificial tendencies of modernity. The particular phase of this many-sided subject which was chosen was the use of artificial flowers for decorations both in the shop windows and in the homes. The writer of the article might have gone a step further and expressed an opinion upon the women who are going to the extreme of spurious corsages. There is no excuse for this fashion in this part of the world. It is not only an indication of shallowness, but is also proof positive of lack of appreciation. These artificial corsages are not cheap. The price paid for one is sufficient to procure a fresh flower everyday. At their best cloth flowers fade and soil before a month is over. And out here where every inch of earth persists in the expression of beauty, if it is only a blade of grass, where flowers of exquisite coloring and texture may be had all the time, to be satisfied with an imitation bespeaks a narrow viewpoint.

Dewar's Cheetah Record

Sir Thomas Dewar made a record recently in British East Africa by shooting four cheetahs in three minutes—all running shots. This is a remarkable achievement, as cheetahs have sprinting powers. The average number shot in a year is not more than forty. The Dewar gun is evidently as good as the Dewar Scotch, and Sir Thomas has as much faith in the one as the other. Sir Thomas, by the way, was once a notable figure in Parliament, but he has no taste for politics. Speaking to a correspondent in Africa, he said, "Until I came here only two days stood out in my life as really joyful—the day I entered Parliament and the day I left it."

A Business Departure

Something entirely new to the Pacific Coast in the manner of furnishing a suite of real estate offices has been introduced by the firm of A. J. Rich and Company. This firm has recently moved into the new Holbrook Building in Sutter street near Sansome, and it has fitted up its offices with a luxuriousness unparalleled outside of New York. There is nothing to suggest the ordinary real estate office. The floors are soft with carpets of heavy ply, the light enters through silk curtains of delicate hues, the artificial illuminant comes from fixtures of artistic design specially made, the furniture is of mahogany or oak made from original designs by a local firm. The walls are treated artistically in soft tints and the ceilings are of gilded and carved beams. All is soothing and in the best of taste. The walls are adorned by a number of paintings, among which may be mentioned a splendid canvas by Valencia and a series of exquisite pastels by Julian Rix.

Vocalists at the Tavern

Manager Morrison of Techau Tavern has recently added to the attractions of the cafe by securing two remarkable vocal artists of a class seldom heard except on the grand opera stage. It is well worth a visit to the cafe to hear these singers, aside from the undoubted excellence of food and service which is the real basis of the enviable reputation of the Tavern. Furthermore one finds much satisfaction in the air of refinement and respectability which is always a notable feature of the cafe and which attracts patrons of discriminating taste. The Tavern is always filled to capacity after the theatre by the best element of the San Francisco public.

A Business Innovation

Innovation in business is the key-note to success these days. The Howard Company of San Francisco who recently opened new quarters in the Head Building, draw attention to the fact that they have adopted a selling plan which is not only novel, but a means of saving large sums for customers. The members of the firm long ago made their reputation as diamond and

precious stone merchants, and the future conduct of their business, under the direction of Howard F. Barbier, promises to add to their standing.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Mrs. Whitelaw Reid's Visit

The arrival of Mrs. Whitelaw Reid caused little stir in society this week, as Mrs. Reid is in deep mourning for the late Ambassador and will accept no invitations. The county set has been motoring over to Milbrae to leave cards, but few have been received. Mrs. Henry T. Scott was one of those favored, with the Crocker clan who are relatives. Mrs. Henry T. is one of Mrs. Reid's closest friends in California, though truth to tell she has never made warm friendships here. Two years ago she consented to be entertained by the Bourns, the Irwins, Mrs. Joe Grant, Mrs. Henry T. Scott and one or two others, and San Francisco society had a close glimpse of the friend of queens. But her interest was polite and superficial. Mrs. Reid has lived so long in England that even New York's smart set does not impress her. The John Wards are to join her later. Mrs. Ward who looks not unlike Mrs. Walter Martin is a bright fresh complexioned young matron very English in appearance. She was charming and cordial to every one she met on her visit two years ago. She spent much time with Mary Scott Martin and the two will renew their friendship this year. Milbrae, by the way, is to be kept for Mrs. Reid's California retreat, and the house, I am told, is to be entirely renovated. It is an old one, built in bonanza days, with old fashioned bay windows and a tower, and badly proportioned rooms. But these are to be remodeled and an air of modern luxury imparted to them. Mrs. Reid is fond of Milbrae for its associations and since the Mills estate has large holdings in California finds it convenient to have a home in the vicinity of San Francisco.

Mrs. Breckenridge to Stay

The vivacious and interesting little beauty Mrs. Jack Breckenridge has decided at last to spend

the summer in California and the suspense of several devoted admirers is ended. She has given up her plan of returning to the maternal roof in London and has leased the Splivalo house in San Mateo for six months. Mrs. Breckenridge has been occupying the Bothin home in Hillsborough where she has been hostess at merry week-ends during her occupancy. For wit and esprit none of our other belles can vie with Addie Breckenridge who has the added charm long residence abroad lends American women. She certainly does attract attention as any one can see wherever she goes. At the recent polo games she was always surrounded, the laughing sparkling center of a group of beaux when other young matrons and maids flocked together. Felton Elkins has been discovered frequently in her train and doubtless there is much of common artistic interest to discuss as Mrs. Breckenridge is also a successful playwright, having had a revue presented in London, where her parents, the S. G. Murphys make their home. Mrs. Breckenridge, by the way, recently became an aunt through the birth of an heir to the Jack Biddles in Washington. Mrs. Biddle was Ethel Murphy.

Sam Holladay's Birthday

The birthday reception of Sam Holladay was an interesting event that recalled many memories of the past. The handsome old gentleman carries his ninety years well, and his wife, some years younger, is still stately and attractive. Sam Holladay came to California in '49 and for forty of the sixty-three years of his residence has lived in the old house on Holladay's hill that overlooks the harbor and the San Mateo country. It is known as Jefferson Square these days, but oldtimers still speak of Holladay's hill. For years the owner has declined to sell the place that is one of the richest pieces of residence property in the city. A. B. Spreckels whose stone palace on Washington street faces it offered \$400,000 for the Holladay property and failing to secure it bought across the street. H. E. Huntington whose sister married the old man's son Burke, also tried to buy it, but failed though the price was left to the owner to name. The house is an old fashioned white frame building that looks as it did in the seventies when it was erected. To reach his remote estate Holladay promoted the building of the old Clay street cable line that ran from a turntable at Kearny street over the hill to Van Ness avenue. From Van Ness it was necessary to climb a block to Franklin street where the gate to the Holladay place then opened, though the house is set above what is now Gough street. The place has been improved in the past few years by the Burke Holladays who make their home there. Mrs. Holladay Sr. was Georgiana Ord, sister of General Ord who was in command at the Presidio in early days.

The Spreckels Garden

Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Spreckels who have built in Washington street one of the finest residences in the West are to have in connection with it a landscape garden which will be unique. They have acquired the property in the rear of their mansion extending down the hill to Jackson street, and the houses are now being moved away.

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When the ground is clear expert landscape gardeners will proceed to treat the cleared space in the beautiful formal fashion of the old Italian gardens at Tivoli and elsewhere. When the garden is completed Mr. and Mrs. Spreckels will look out at the Bay and the Golden Gate above one of the loveliest floral scenes in California. Some of the other great mansions on the Washington street heights have lawns that slope down to Jackson street, but Mr. and Mrs. Spreckels are the first to conceive the happy idea of a formal garden.

Vincent Disappoints

It would be hard to exaggerate the disappointment our most exclusive hostesses felt when the news came that Vincent Astor did not intend to honor San Francisco with a call on his way home from the Panama Canal. There are few hostesses indeed who could hope to entertain young Astor during his stay in this city, but those who could reasonably expect the honor and many other foolish ones who cherish dreams that never can come true were miserably downcast when they learned that Vincent went home by yacht from Colon instead of completing the circuit up the Pacific Coast and so home from San Francisco across the country. Vincent Astor is probably the richest youth of his age in the whole world. Who knows but that he might have met his romantic fate in this city? You never can tell about these things. So thought many a debutante's mother who would not admit the thought for the world. But as it is, Vincent Astor may never visit San Francisco as a bachelor.

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Two Mexican Beauties

A striking brace of beauties in the Palace palm garden the other day were Mrs. Octave Escobosa who is here from Mexico on her wedding trip and her girlhood friend Rosita Nieto. Mrs. Escobosa was Rafaela Haas of Mazatlan and a few years ago was a pupil at the Menlo Park Convent of the Sacred Heart with Rosita and Josephine Nieto who came up from Mexico for an American education. Like the Nieto girls she made many friends in California and has been entertained since her arrival. She is a beauty of the Castilian type and is very accomplished. For one thing she speaks three languages with perfect fluency, Spanish, English and German, her paternal grandfather having been a wealthy German planter of Mazatlan who taught her the tongue of the Fatherland. Like her fair compatriot Senorita Nieto, she sings and dances well and has the same Parisian dash that so many Mexican beauties acquire.

The Dimond Chalet

The Ned Dimonds will open their country home at Woodside next week. It is one of the show places of that neighborhood of beautiful country homes, not for its magnificence but for its setting and the picturesque gardens that form a background for the house on the hill-side and slope gradually to the highway. It is like one of the elaborate chalets that plutocrats of Europe build in the Alps though there are no snow-clad peaks at Woodside. The residence was planned on suggestions made by Mrs. Dimond who summer before last saw a similar place in Switzerland. Last year it looked a little out of drawing in the newly laid out grounds but Mrs. Dimond knew what she about and this year trees and foliage cover the back-ground to form a perfect setting. The Dimonds keep open house during the summer and the guest rooms are always filled. Other recent additions to the aristocratic colony at Woodside are the New York Cunninghams who will spend the summer at their new place, adjoining the Hoopers, and not far from their relatives the Folgers at "Hazelwood Hills." They have had gardeners at work all winter im-

proving the grounds and the drive way bordered by formal flower beds is an attractive feature.

Evening Dress in the Afternoon

I have noticed some criticism of the dear souls who wore décolleté gowns at the afternoon of bridge given by the Outdoor Club for the benefit of its vocational training department. There seems to be some resentment because quite a number of the sweet things sat down to the card tables at the St. Francis in ball gowns which displayed their bare shoulders and their powdered backs. But there are many reasons why women should come to an afternoon party in evening clothes. Suppose they hadn't anything else fit to wear? Should they stay away on that account? Not so long as sweet charity covers sins, sartorial and otherwise. Suppose they didn't know any better? How can you get around that argument? If Doc Pardee could wear an opera hat in an afternoon parade during his term as Governor why shouldn't women wear evening clothes in the afternoon if they feel like it? We must be broad in these matters.

Hydroplaning a Society Fad

That aviation is losing its terror and is on its way to become a popular sport is evinced by the number of men, and women too who are indulging in it. Professionalism in any sport does not prove its popularity, for aside from the love of the game, there is a certain amount of consideration accorded the financial end of it. But when people of means and leisure who have everything to live for become enthusiasts, the sport is proven to be in demand as a sane time-killer and thrill-producer. Here in San Francisco hydroplaning is becoming quite a pastime. It is somewhat safer than flying on an aeroplane. If one must fall it is more comfortable to fall in the water, no matter how deep and cold, than upon the adamant earth. And still there remains that item of chance which acts as an incentive in all life's interesting diversions. There are any number of San Francisco society and business men who regard it as first class joy and who are taking an active interest in it. Among them are W. R. Whittier, young Walker, formerly of Salt Lake and now of San Mateo, George Haas and Adolph Sutro. Feminine enthusiasm has not reached the point of constant indulgence, but Miss Virginia Joliffe, Mrs. Leonard Hammond and Mrs. Eugene Murphy have been intrepid enough to take a try at aviation. As something new in the emotional line its future is established.

The Origin of "Bellosguardo"

Everybody knows that Bellosguardo is the name of Mrs. William Miller Graham's magnificent estate at Montecito. But how many know what the name was derived from? Very few, I fancy. Bellosguardo is the name of a beautiful villa outside Florence belonging to the former Crown Princess Louise of Saxony. Mrs. Graham who knows her Italy very well, saw and admired this villa. She also liked its name. So that is how Santa Barbara came to rejoice in an estate of the same name. You may learn more of that Florentine villa of Bellosguardo in "My Marriage with Louise of Saxony; a Romance of Love in My Defense," the book recently published by the pianist Enrico Toselli whose elopement with the Crown Princess scandalized the world. Toselli's romance with Louise began at Bellosguardo. They motored there together one calm Florentine evening.

Love Scene at Bellosguardo

When they reached Bellosguardo the Princess asked Toselli to play for her the "Berceuse" of Grieg, Chopin's "Nocturne" and "Polonaise" and Liszt's "Rhapsodie." The Princess insisted on ac-

companying the pianist back to Florence at about midnight. She sat near Toselli and when the car crossed the Arno she leaned toward him and whispered significantly: "I need to prove new sensations tonight. I do not know the cause of my strange agitation but I have an intuition that a new hope is arising. Oh, if it were only true!" The Princess invited Toselli to her villa again when she was alone. When he went he found her sitting in front of the fire. She had removed her slippers and was warming her feet coquettishly. Toselli played the piano and the Princess was enraptured so with the music that she gave him her hand to kiss. "Have you ever been in love?" asked the Princess. "Your Highness, I am only 24 years old," he answered. "Still," said the Princess, "you have traveled and met many

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people. Your art brought you in contact with the world. Besides you do not look as if you were still a schoolboy."

The First Kiss

The dialogue continued and the Princess finally asked Toselli whether he thought that some day he would fall in love. Toselli assured that if he met his ideal he would dedicate his whole life to her. It was dusk. The Princess and Toselli went to a window and looked long at the Florentine country, the olive trees, the hills, the Arno and the city with its many lights. They did not speak. When the mist covered the view from sight and all was dark a servant interrupted the reverie and brought in a lighted lamp. The Princess then stood before Toselli and looked at him long. Suddenly she asked him: "What can I do for you?" Toselli replied: "Princess, there are decisive moments in our life. I am an artist and I see love and sorrow before me. Can you show me the way to either? I am your slave. Make a sign and I shall obey." "One of her hands met mine," writes Toselli, "and she caressed my face with the other, then she said in a whisper: 'I shall be the friend who will never leave you in sorrow or in happiness. I shall watch over you like a guardian angel.' 'Your Highness,' I replied, 'I am infinitely grateful, but may I ask, without offending you, whether the friendship you offer me will last forever?' She drew me toward her and said: 'I shall be the woman you love and the faithful companion of your life. My love is proud, great and unchanging. My trust in you is deep and immense. My affection will surround you with a silent tender-

ness.' I closed my eyes and our lips met for the first time." Truly Bellosguardo near Florence is a place of romance!

Intellectual Diversion

The education of society was not neglected this week. Intellectual women were inspired by Miss Dorothea Spinney's interpretation of Greek drama at the Century Club and others aspiring to erudition listened raptly to Miss Lela Kirk on Paris, at Mrs. Landers' house. Miss Spinney read from Euripides, "The Trojan Women" and read with the classic art she has proved on other occasions. Members of the Century Club and their friends were almost as much interested in her Greek robes as in Euripides, and Miss Spinney might have departed from the text to discuss the Greek idea applied in modern dress, with popular success. At Mrs. Landers' matinee the guests heard something of Rue de la Paix fashions from Miss Kirk whose French travelogue was otherwise interesting as well. Mrs. Vincent Whitney was present looking chic and charming as usual, and Mrs. Landers' very clever daughter Mrs. Tallant who is a successful business woman, looked in later.

Notes from Del Monte

Mrs. Herbert Ross of Vancouver is spending several days at Del Monte. This is Mrs. Ross' first trip here although her daughter Miss Ross has been coming here for several years with her aunt Mrs. Klappman. Mrs. Charles E. Ore and Mr. Hugo R. Johnston have joined their golfing friends at Del Monte. Mr. Ore and Mr. Johnston were on the Los Angeles team which played against Burlingame last week. While motoring home they stopped off for a few days. Mr. J. A. Folger and Mr. E. R. Folger motored from San Francisco with Messrs. Fred. H. Beaver, Arthur Goodall, R. M. Fitzgerald and Nelson Henshaw for a week of golf. They are all playing excellent golf and have had some very interesting matches. Saturday night they had dinner at Pebble Beach Lodge. Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Edwards are spending several days at Del Monte on their honeymoon. Mr. Henry Van Dyke and family have been here for a few days. Mr. Van Dyke is Professor of English Literature at Princeton. While at Del Monte he motored to Rancho Del Monte. Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Collins, Mrs. James MacNaughton and Miss MacNaughton motored to Santa Cruz and the Big Trees on Sunday. They declared it a delightful trip and the roads excellent. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Emmons and Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Bogart of San Francisco are motoring south on an inspection tour to the Panama Canal. They were guests at the hotel for several days. Mrs. Ward Barron spent several days with her mother, Mrs. Downey Harvey who has been spending the winter at Del Monte.

Music Matinees All Summer

Beginning with the Music Matinee at Kohler and Chase Hall this Saturday afternoon, there will be a new epoch in the series of events which are given free to the musical public by the firm of Kohler and Chase. G. Vargas who has devoted a great deal of time to the study of player piano music, will take charge of these events, and will no doubt endeavor to make them even more artistic and more interesting than they have been in the past. There will also be presented to the big audience for the first time at these events the celebrated Knabe Player Piano which is the

last word in the construction of modern devices of mechanical or similar reproducing instruments. It will be impossible to tell this instrument from the work of a human interpreter. Owing to the hearty co-operation of the public and artists Kohler and Chase announce that these music matinees will be continued throughout the summer. This will be quite an innovation in player piano recitals, and it will no doubt be greeted with much satisfaction by all those who have come to regard these educational events as practically a musical institution of this city. The soloist Saturday will be Mrs. Richard Rees.

"TOWN TALK" will be pleased to mail sample copies anywhere upon request.

Summer Decoration at Tait's

There is quite a unique and pleasing scheme of summer decorations at the Tait-Zinkand Cafe this week and all who have viewed them are loud in their praise. The fragrance of summer is in the air and the whole effect is very inviting. There is a decidedly appetizing and varied lunch served there every day from 11:30 till 2. The price charged is fifty cents and it is well worth it. There is also music and entertainment.

Most of our disappointments are due to our belief in that hoary old bit of philosophy about a bad beginning makes a good ending.



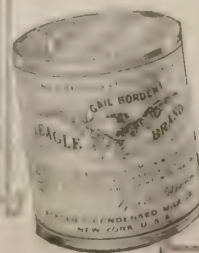
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(Advertisement)



MISS MAE JOSEPHINE BENNETT

Who is one of the entrants in the Portola Beauty Contest. She was declared last December the most beautiful wage earner in San Francisco. She is cashier for George Haas and Sons.

Walter's Successful Drama

By Theodore Bonnet

After enjoying a performance of Eugene Walters' play "Fine Feathers" it occurred to me that the author might just as well have called it "Easy Money." This is a title that would be at once descriptive of the play and of the achievement of the author. On "easy money" the plot hinges, and Mr. Walters has made "easy money" by writing for his public what they will and as they like it. "Fine Feathers" is one of the greatest of American successes. It thrills wherever it goes, the explanation being, I judge from the shrewd observation of one of our wide-awake critics, that it has "a succession of punches." Monday night the Columbia was packed to the doors, and every emotional scene was witnessed with hushed and engrossed attention. The whole audience relaxed its brains and wallowed in the comedy, tragedy and sentimentalism of the play. I did so myself. For though somewhat critical and not at all sympathetic toward the only kind of play that the larger public in its hours of ease will stand for, long ago I saw the folly of permitting myself to be bored at the theatre. Nothing could be more injudicious; and any man with little effort can attain the greatness of soul that marks the true philosopher whose habitual contentment rears for him a garden in every desert waste. So I yielded my emotions to Mr. Walters Monday night. I experienced all the punches, and kept my eyes open as I saw them coming afar off. In this play Mr. Walters reveals himself as a thinker of what may be thought with the least inconvenience. But why incur brain fag? Mr. Walters is not writing for the Drama League. He is writing for easy money, and he has the larger public with him, which includes, as I learned on Monday night, our leading reformers and financiers and their enfranchised partners and skirted next-of-kin, some of whom, as I observed

were rapt as in a high atmosphere. And some of them I heard discussing the play. I inferred from remarks made by neighbors that it was understood that Mr. Walters was dealing with the realities of life, that the play was a rebuke to extravagant wives and that it brought a new lesson home to us. Now, though it doesn't matter, the theme of a wife's passion for fine feathers and the dishonor it brings to a home is many years old. Back in the sixties of the last century Emile Augier wrote a play called "Les Lionnes Pauvres." In those days reformers noted the tendency of all classes to imitate the extravagance of all classes above them. The result was a rage for dress and luxury which sometimes induced a pinching economy by which the necessities were sacrificed for vanities, and which often created debts that led to dishonor. It was a commonplace observation that wives purchased their toilettes with the honor of their husbands. This was the sore of social life that Augier laid bare. The theme is Walters, but his treatment is not Frenchy. The wife of "Fine Feathers" remaining chaste of body, converts her husband into a typical American grafter. She doesn't accomplish her purpose with anything approximating finesse. There is no study of feminine subtlety and adroitness. We see none of the characteristic arts of the female of the species that vindicate her direct descent from the first alluring woman who demonstrated the superfluosity of the ballot. In this play the man who wrote "The Easiest Way," representing life for us with its confusion and apparent purposelessness, and achieving striking illusion and heightened effect without palpable effort, is clumsy and artificial. The wife of the play is a woman without heart or brains. She regards marriage as a business partnership, and demands that her husband accept a bribe on penalty of dissolution. She makes the issue a cold-blooded business proposition, but doesn't revolt her husband. In order to implicate the wife in the crime of the husband the author puts her on the payroll of the scoundrel who wishes to commit bribery. Presumably she is hired to seduce her husband, but instead of practicing feminine wiles she goes motoring with the villain not for any illicit purpose, not even to excite her husband's jealousy. She just goes to make conversation on the stage and to lead up to detection and thus make a situation the outcome of which is the business proposition to accept the bribe and dissolve partnership. Now all this, I submit, is roundabout dramaturgy, pointless and meaningless. It is the work of a man who hasn't time to sweat over technical difficulties, who steps aside from them, and who doesn't put his inventive faculty to work to convert an argument into a smooth mathematical demonstration. Of course the bribe is accepted. Two years later we find the couple living in luxury, but hastening to destruction. To achieve a high dramatic effect in this act, the husband's friend throws him down and takes a revolver away from him. At the very wind-up of the play we get a touch of real melodrama when the husband having resolved to commit suicide goes to the telephone in the presence of his wife, rings up the police and summons them to his home, explaining that it's a case of suicide. This is the first the wife learns of his intention. So it's an intensely dramatic situation. Immediately on the hanging up of the receiver the lights go out, and the husband shoots himself. This sort of thing may be probable, but being implausible, it is not first-rate drama. Men on the point of com-

mitting suicide have notified the authorities, but not in the presence of another person. If a man is going to commit suicide in the presence of his wife, why not let his wife attended to the post-mortem details? The action of the husband in the play is more theatrical than life-like. And the same may be said of much of the play. It does not stand the test of thought. It is a case of exit the minor truths of life, and enter the stereotyped verities of drama. Walters has not even taken the trouble to get his characters on and off the stage plausibly. In the first act when there is a scene for two the third goes out for no reason at all. In the last act the husband wants to talk to the villain, so he gets rid of his friend by the simple expedient of sending him upstairs to wait. Later he wants to talk to his wife, and he sends the villain into the next room to wait. But as I have intimated this sort of thing, extremely crude as it is, not to be ranked with the middling craftsmanship of the play writers of Europe, is actually relished and applauded in the leading theatres of this country. The success of the play is probably due in no small measure to the charm of the acting. Wilton Lackaye, the scoundrel of the play is horribly human, fearfully and wonderfully natural in his single-hearted dishonesty, his absolute absorption soul and body by one consuming force of passionately selfish purpose. He plays with perfect ease and incisive effect. His cold-blooded scheming and serpentine adroitness are admirably expressed in a quiet, yet sympathetic manner, that Mr. Edeson, though he has a certain technical cunning and is tragically in earnest and effective as the husband, might study to advantage. Mr. Max Figman is all that could be desired as the ebullient reporter, and Rose Coghlan in her moments of standard homespun theatrical humor blooms with an engaging naturalness. Miss Robertson as the wife in the clutch of a ravenous and pitiless passion is interesting without distinction. A pretty woman, with fine eyes, she fills the part with beauty.



JULIUS STEGER

Who will appear in "Justice" next week at the Orpheum



YSAYE

Greatest violinist who will appear at Scottish Rite Auditorium Sunday afternoons, May 11-12, Tuesday evening, May 13, Thursday evening, May 15, Greek Theater, Berkeley, Wednesday afternoon, May 14.

SAY YOU SAW IT IN "TOWN TALK"

Gossip of the Theatre

An Artist from Holland

For sheer artistry Madame Julia Culp, the Dutch singer who made her first appearance here last Sunday under the Greenbaum management, is not to be excelled on the concert platform. She has complete mastery of vocal technique. Every tone has the beauty of perfect roundness, and the power of shading she has developed to the utmost. Her exquisite art is in nothing more striking than in her pianissimo tones, which are of exceeding sweetness and at the same time remarkable in their carrying quality. A well-nourished lady is Madame Culp with a voice of tremendous volume, and with more of the contralto than of the mezzo quality. As she is a singer blessed with temperament and the gift of dramatic expression and the faculty of interpretation, there is nothing lacking in her equipment. Many of our concert singers achieve dramatic expression by visible signs. Madame Culp is the true artist whose vocal nuances and tone colors are sufficient for the expression of her feelings.

—The Concert-Goer.

"Peter Pan" at Columbia

The return of "Peter Pan" to the Columbia next week will undoubtedly prove pleasing to a great many people, for it means the return of Maude Adams who has a more numerous following here than has any other star. With what has proved to be a woman's fine intuition, Miss Adams decided that the present season would be an opportune time for a revival of Barrie's whimsical drama of the child heart. It is said that her present tour in the work has exceeded in point of success any of her earlier tours in it. The five acts of the play are elaborately mounted. In the cast will be Robert Peyton Carter, Marion Abbott, Allen Fawcett, Ann Pittwood, William Sheafe, Jr., Margaret Gordon, Byron Silvers, Dorothy Chesmond, George Driscoll, Dillon



LAURIE ORDWAY

London's militant suffragette who will appear at Pantages

Deasy, Wallace Jackson and J. L. Carhart. The matinees will be on Wednesday and Saturday.

Farewell Julia Culp Program

The last concert by that exquisite artist Mme. Julia Culp who has proved to be one of the very greatest singers that has ever appeared in San Francisco, will be given this Sunday afternoon, May 4, at Scottish Rite Auditorium at 2:30 p. m. The accompaniments of Coenraad V. Bos are beyond criticism and a more delightful and satisfying combination of artists it would be impossible to find. The program Sunday afternoon will consist of five groups of gems as follows: Works by Schubert, "Heimliches Lieben," "Suleika," "Un-ge-duld" and "Wiegenlied"; works by Richard Strauss, "Befreit," "Morgen" and "Heimliche Aufforderung"; works in English, "All Through the Night," Old Welsh, "The Cottage Maid," Beethoven, "At Parting," Rogers; two Dutch songs by Catharine van Rennes; five works by Brahms, "Feldeinsamkeit," "Vor dem fenster," "Das Maedchen spricht," "Wie komm ich denn zur Thuer" and "O liebliche Wangen." Tickets are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co's and Kohler & Chase's.

The Ysaye Concerts

The musical season will be brought to a close in a blaze of glory with the concerts to be given by Eugene Ysaye. It was of him that Mischa Elman said: "He is the master"; of him that Kubelik declared he "would travel miles to hear any time"; and of him that Kreisler said: "When Ysaye plays we must all take off our hats and bow low." With Ysaye we are to hear his son Gabriel who is said to have exceptional gifts as a violinist, and M. Camille Decreus, the famous French pianist and composer. The sale of seats for the four Ysaye concerts will open at Sherman, Clay & Co's and Kohler & Chase's next Wednesday morning. The first concert is announced for Sunday afternoon, May 11, at Scottish Rite Auditorium when the important numbers on the program will be the "Sonata" in D major, Mozart; "Concerto" by Mendelssohn and Wieniawski's Fantasia on Gounod's "Faust." There will be smaller numbers by Wagner-Wilhelmj, Zarzycki and Ysaye. The second concert will be given Tuesday night, May 13, when Grieg's G minor "Sonata," Bruch's "Concerto" in G minor and the

(Continued on Page 21.)

AMUSEMENTS

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Evening Prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, \$1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c. Phone Douglas 70.



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MAY 11th AND 18th

TUESDAY and THURSDAY EVENINGS
MAY 13th AND 15th

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Last week's market illustrated how little there is in an upturn caused by the professional element. Stocks were advanced early in the week at the expense of the short interest, and when this buying ceased the market began its downward procession and at the close of the week it was in a very much demoralized condition with new low records made in a number of leading issues. London was a seller of Canadian Pacific and copper all week. Union Pacific was weak, breaking below 150 and catching a good many stop orders below that level. Traders claimed that the Attorney General's brief was a bear argument on Union Pacific, but as Mr. McReynolds' attitude had been known for some time, this should have had little effect. Another reason given for the weakness in Union Pacific was the fact that Union Pacific, being a large holder of stock, particularly Illinois Central, has felt the effect of the decline in that issue. The Petroleum stocks which had led the decline, showed fair gains toward the end of the week. Rumley which has been made the football of the exchange also scored a fair advance. These issues had reached a level where they had apparently begun to attract the attention of the bargain hunters willing to take a chance. Some of the specialties and better class of curb stocks were thrown on the market and losses ran from 2 to 8 points. The Tobacco stocks were raided and prices were forced down under what was termed general liquidation. Steel held fairly well, although the prices got under 60 for a moment but soon rallied above this level. This stock seems to meet good support on every fractional decline and when the market turns this stock will go to the front rapidly. Sentiment in Wall street is extremely bearish and traders can see nothing but lower prices and ignore anything in the way of news that otherwise would have a favorable effect on the market. This is generally the case after a long severe decline and while we may see some lower prices yet, there are any number of bargains on the market and the better class of stocks should be bought.

Wheat—The wheat markets of the United States will retain the principal peculiarities that have characterized them for so long a time. Values swing back and forth over a limited range, much like a series of alternating currents, which change about within certain restricted limits, and neither the advances nor the declines in the market signify any change in the underlying situation, but simply a readjustment of local transactions. One of the noticeable features is that the short seller is the one that appears to be advancing prices. There seems to be an aggravated case of it in Buenos Aires where prices have advanced to 11 cents above values here, with ocean freights 11 cents higher to Liverpool than from our own seaboard. The only reasonable explanation that

can be given for such a remarkable condition is that the grain trade of Argentina months ago sold its entire crop to Europe, and considerably more, and as Europe appears to require the actual wheat more than she does the profits on it the Argentine merchant is kept busy trying to provide for his excess sales. The Winnipeg market a few months ago was 7 cents below prices in Chicago, while now it is 1/2 cent above this market, a pretty certain indication that the short seller in that market overestimated the crop, or underestimated the demand, and is paying the penalty for his miscalculation. Private advices from Europe state that the interior markets of the Continent are higher than those at the European seaboard, and that the mills of Odessa and Nikolaief are running night and day to supply the flour demand from the Balkan countries, and that Budapest is bringing back wheat from the lower Danube, grinding it, and shipping the flour to Bulgaria. Accordingly it appears that the continent of Europe which is usually self-sustaining and often an exporter of wheat, is this season an importer, and will continue to be for large requirements throughout this crop year. To this country alone it is given to produce the most pessimistic advices, to provide the lowest values and to market its wheat at the cheapest price of any country in the world. It is possible the trade of the United States may find that it has made some miscalculations, as evidently has been done in Argentina and elsewhere in the world.

Corn—The corn market has reached a stage where the investor has become timid in following the advance, and is inclined to accept his profits and wait for some setback in prices, but the receipts are light and will continue so until after planting operations are completed. The present demand is slack, but this is due to the large amount that is already pointing eastward, and the increased facility of transportation by lake navigation will now permit a rapid distribution of accumulated supplies into the channels of consumption. Present prices are not high, and any fair setback in values will, we believe, invite a renewal of the cash demand.

Cotton—The market during the week has been a little more active than of late, and at all times with a sagging tendency, due mostly to good weather conditions throughout the entire cotton belt. The week started off with need of moisture in the greater part of Texas. It was not long delayed and by the middle of the week moisture was being well distributed. Some apprehension was felt over predictions of lower temperatures in Texas, but only a light frost at Abilene developed, and no damage was done. Some complaints were received from Georgia of poor germination on account of cool weather, but warmer weather is bound to come, and it is still early to be of any destructive consequence. On the whole,

conditions in the entire belt are progressing favorably, with a slight increase in acreage shown in all States except Georgia where a decrease of about 3 per cent is expected and North Carolina is thought to be practically the same as a year ago. Week-end figures, showing a decrease in the American visible supply of 80,000 bales compared with 76,000 bales last week and 150,000 decrease last year, were considered bearish. As a matter of fact, everything has been bearish the past two or three weeks and sentiment is almost unanimously bearish but it is well to remember that we are 50 points lower than a year ago, and world's takings only 1,146,000 less. After the break that has occurred the past two weeks, we believe some reaction is due and advise the purchase of the new crop at prevailing prices.

During the Summer season "TOWN TALK" subscribers are requested to send in promptly any change of address that they may contemplate making, so that the paper will reach them regularly.

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SAY YOU SAW IT IN "TOWN TALK"

Stage

(Continued from Page 19.)

"Concerto" for two violins by Bach played by Ysaye and his son will be the important features. Thursday night, May 15, Beethoven's "Kreutzer" Sonata, Saint-Saens' "Concerto" and Chausson's "Poeme" will be the principal offerings. The farewell concert on Sunday afternoon, May 18, will include a Beethoven Sonata in G major, Wieniawski's "Concerto" in D minor and Handel's "Sonata" for two violins in G minor played by Ysaye and his son. Mail orders may be addressed to Will. L. Greenbaum at either box office where complete programs may also be secured.

Ysaye at Greek Theater

The Musical and Dramatic Committee of the University of California expects the special Ysaye concert at the Greek Theater on Commencement Day, Wednesday, May 15, to prove a red letter event in the history of the big open air auditorium. Ysaye will be the first of the world-renowned violinists to play in the Greek Theater where so many great singers and pianists as well as thespians have appeared. To add to the enjoyment of the occasion a magnificent symphony orchestra of sixty has been engaged to play his accompaniments and two of the great concertos for violin and orchestra are programed in addition to a group of solo numbers. The entire program will be furnished by Ysaye with the exception of the opening number which will be an

overture by the orchestra under the baton of Steindorff. Seats for the Ysaye concert at the University will be on sale at the usual box offices in San Francisco and the usual stores in Berkeley and Oakland commencing next Wednesday morning. Prices will be no higher than at his regular recitals.

Greek Theater Festival

This Saturday afternoon the long awaited production of Pierne's "The Children's Crusade" with choruses of two hundred adults and two hundred children accompanied by a festival orchestra of one hundred and with ten eminent soloists in the leading roles is to be rendered in the Greek Theater of the University at Berkeley at three o'clock. Among the soloists are Regina Vicarino, Virginia Pierce, Mrs. Orrin Kip McMurray, Roland Paul, Lowell Redfield and Charles E. Lloyd Jr. Tickets may be secured at the gates. From San Francisco the best boat to take is the one leaving at two o'clock by either the Key Route or the Southern Pacific.

Third Week of "Tik Tok Man"

"The Tik Tok Man of Oz" pursues his merry way at the Cort, and the theatrical barometer records no abatement in public favor. The whimsical creation of L. Frank Baum's fancy has more than caught the town. The fairyland fantasy has seen its second week with crowded houses still the rule. But one more week remains of the engagement, which must positively terminate a week from this Saturday night. Louis Gotts-

chalk's delightful melodies are being whistled and sung everywhere. On all hands is heard unstinted praise for the elaborate manner in which Oliver Morosco has staged "The Tik Tok Man of Oz." The cast has distinguished itself. Morton and Moore are a whimsical pair as the Tik Tok Man and the Shaggy Man respectively. Charming characterizations are contributed by Edith Decker, Dolly Castles and Lenora Novasio. The ringing voice of Eugene Cowles is conspicuously in evidence as King Ruggedo. Charles Purcell, Josie Intropodi and other favorites do clever work, and the chorus remains a feature. On Sunday night, May 11, comes Eddie Foy and the seven Foy children in the smashing musical comedy success "Over the River."

Julius Steger at the Orpheum

Julius Steger who will be the headline attraction next week at the Orpheum will present his latest success "Justice," a one-act play by Edgar James which has its foundation in fact. The scene is the Warden's private office in Sing Sing, and Mr. Steger plays a convict who has served nineteen years of a life sentence for murder in the first degree and in whose welfare the Warden is greatly interested. The play created a sensation in New York and was endorsed by the entire press of that city. Mr. Steger will have as his support Harry Maitland, Fred G. Hearn, George H. Wiseman and Kathryn Greeley. Lydia Barry will also be a feature of the new bill. Miss Barry is a comedienne and her songs were written for her by Junie McCree. Foster Ball and Ford West will present their eighteen-minute character study "Since the Days of '61." The Arnaud Brothers are European tumbling clowns of recent Orpheum importation. Mlle. Alaska Teschow will introduce her feline entertainers. The Edison Talking Moving Pictures will be "The Musical Blacksmiths" and "Dob Serving the Writ." Next week will be the last of Colonel J. A. Pattee's "Old Soldier Fiddlers" and Bobker's Whirlwind Arabs. It will also conclude the engagement of Henry E. Dixey who is scoring one of the most brilliant triumphs in the history of San Francisco vaudeville.

"Old Heidelberg" at the Alcazar

Charles Waldron will have a role to his own liking and that of the public next week at the Alcazar, for he is to renew his impersonation of Prince Karl in "Old Heidelberg," a character that contributed more than a little to his popularity when he first led Belasco and Mayer's acting corps. In the cast with him are all the members of the regular stock company and many specially engaged people. A double quartet of male vocalists well known locally will sing the rousing student songs, and an elaborate pictorial production is promised. Aside from its pretty story and engaging characters, the play possesses a wealth of fascinating atmosphere which is chiefly maintained through the frolics of the nattily uniformed collegians, with their choruses rich in harmony and melodious phrasing.

The Mountain Play

"Abraham and Isaac," the ancient miracle play, and the Malvolio scenes from Twelfth Night, will form the subject of the first Mountain Play to be given near Rock Springs on Mount Tamalpais this Sunday. The project has the endorsement of the Tamalpais Conservation Club and the Sierra Club of California, and it is hoped that this production will be the forerunner of an annual dramatic event to be held on the mountain. The purpose is not one of commercialism, but rather to inaugurate a festival which will attract Easterners as well as citizens of the Bay Cities



EDITH DECKER

Who brings the charm of a delightful personality to "The Tik-Tok Man of Oz" on its last week at the Cort

(Continued on Page 23)

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of WILLIAM HALLECK DEMING, Deceased.

AZALENE E. GATES (formerly Azalene E. Deming), administratrix of the estate of William Halleck Deming, deceased, having filed herein her petition, duly verified by affidavit, praying for an order of this Court authorizing, empowering and directing her, as such administratrix, to mortgage the real property therein and hereinafter described, for the purpose set forth in said petition; and it appearing that it will be of advantage to said estate that said mortgage be made:

IT IS THEREFORE ORDERED BY THE COURT, that all persons interested in the estate of William Halleck Deming, deceased, do appear before this Court on Thursday, the twenty-ninth day of May, A. D. 1913, at ten o'clock a. m. of said day, at the Courtroom of Department number Nine Probate thereof, at the building situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, known as number 1231 Market Street, which building is also known as the City Hall, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why the real property of said estate herein after described, or some part thereof, should not be mortgaged for the sum of ten thousand dollars, as prayed for in said petition, or for such lesser amount as to this Court shall seem meet.

Reference is hereby made to said petition, on file herein, for further particulars.

The property to be mortgaged is situate in the town of Menlo Park, County of San Mateo, State of California, and more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

1. Being a portion of Rancho de las Pulgas, and also a portion of what is known as the Briceland Tract, and being more particularly known as lots numbers two hundred and forty-one (241), two hundred and twenty-nine (229) and two hundred and thirty (230), as laid down and designated on a certain map filed in the office of the County Recorder in and for the County of San Mateo, State of California, on September 14th, 1863, entitled "Map of the Menlo Park Villa Association."

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED, that this order to show cause be personally served on the persons interested in said estate, or be published once a week for four successive weeks before the day of hearing in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated this 23rd day of April, A. D. 1913.

J. V. COFFEY,

Judge of the Superior Court.

HARRY T. CRESWELL, Attorney for Administratrix,
1209 Head Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-26-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARGARET HANDLEY, also known as MARGARET HANLEY and as MARGARET POWERS, deceased.

No. 14791.—Dept. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Margaret Handley, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of S. Joseph Theisen, her attorney, room 802 in the Balboa Building, Second and Market streets, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Margaret Handley, deceased.

MARY E. BYRNES,

Administratrix of the estate of Margaret Handley, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, April 5th, 1913.

S. JOSEPH THEISEN, Attorney-at-Law,
Room 802, Balboa Building,
Second and Market Sts., San Francisco, Cal. 4-5-5

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ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON PETITION TO MORTGAGE REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 10,921, Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Person and Estate of CARRIE MADELINE COOK, an Incompetent. Morton L. Cook, as Guardian of the person and estate of Carrie Madeline Cook, an incompetent, having filed herein his petition in due form praying for an order of this Court authorizing and directing him to borrow the sum of Fourteen thousand (14,000) Dollars, or such lesser sum as to the standing debts against said incompetent and the debts, charges and expenses of administration and to secure to the lender of such money the payment of the same, that he, as such guardian, mortgage to said lender certain real property of said incompetent situate in the City of Oakland, County of Alameda, State of California, and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

BEGINNING at a point on the Southerly line of 12th Street, distant thereon one hundred (100) feet Westerly from the Westerly line of Clay Street; running thence Westerly along the Southerly line of 12th Street fifty (50) feet; running thence at a right angle Southerly one hundred (100) feet; running thence at a right angle Easterly fifty (50) feet and running thence at right angles Northerly one hundred (100) feet to the said Southerly line of 12th Street and point of beginning.

Said Lots Nos. 12 and 13 in Block No. 156 as the same are delineated and so designated on the map known as Kellersberger's Map of Oakland, on file in the office of the County Recorder of the said County of Alameda, State of California.

And it appearing that it would be and is for the advantage, benefit and best interests of the estate of said incompetent and those interested therein that said real estate should be mortgaged, and good cause appearing therefor.

IT IS ORDERED that all persons interested in the estate of said Carrie Madeline Cook, an incompetent, appear before this Court, Department No. 10 thereof, in its Courtroom in the Temporary City Hall, No. 1231 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, at 10 o'clock a. m. on Monday, the 2nd day of June, 1913, then and there to show cause why said real estate hereinabove particularly described should not be mortgaged as prayed in said petition, and said petition granted; and

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation published in the City and County of San Francisco.

For all further particulars you are hereby referred to the petition now on file herein.

Dated, April 28, 1913.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,

Judge of the Superior Court.

HELLER, POWERS & EHRLMAN,

Attorneys for Guardian,
Nevada Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-3-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of REBECCA WEISS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executor of the estate of Rebecca Weiss, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executor at the office of James Raleigh Kelly, Room 604, 110 Sutter Street, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Rebecca Weiss, deceased.

JULIUS NEUMANN,

Executor of the Estate of Rebecca Weiss, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, May 3, 1913.

JAMES RALEIGH KELLY, Attorney for Executor,
Room 604, 110 Sutter Street,
San Francisco, Cal. 5-3-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LILLIAN MAY BRAMFIELD, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of Lillian May Bramfield, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of Keogh & Olds, Room 524 Foxcroft Building, 68 Post Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Lillian May Bramfield, deceased.

BENJAMIN THOMAS BRAMFIELD,

Administrator of the Estate of Lillian May Bramfield, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 3, 1913.

KEOGH & OLDS, Attorneys for Administrator,
Room 524, Foxcroft Building, 68 Post St.,
San Francisco, Cal. 5-3-5

HENRY P. TRICOU

NOTARY PUBLIC

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ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE AND PERSONAL PROPERTY SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 10,753, N. S.; Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ELIZABETH HANCOCK, Deceased.

Robert J. Hancock, the executor of the last will of Elizabeth Hancock, deceased, having on the first day presented to the Court and filed in the above entitled matter his petition, duly verified, praying that the Court grant its order authorizing and directing him to sell a parcel of the real estate and the whole of the personal property belonging to the estate of said decedent, as described in said petition;

And it appearing from said petition to the satisfaction of the Court that it will be for the advantage, benefit and best interests of said estate, and those interested therein, to sell said parcel of said real estate and the whole of said personal property belonging to said estate for the reasons and purposes in said petition set forth;

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED, that all persons interested in said estate appear before this Court, in Department No. 10 thereof, on Wednesday, the twenty-eighth day of May, 1913, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at the Courtroom of said Court and Department, in the City Hall, No. 1231 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted authorizing and directing said executor and petitioner to sell said parcel of the real estate and the whole of the personal property belonging to said estate at public or private sale as prayed for in said petition.

AND IT IS FURTHER ORDERED, that a copy of this order be published once a week for four (4) successive weeks, prior to the hearing of said petition, in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco, State aforesaid.

Done in open Court this 18th day of April, 1913.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,

Judge of said Superior Court.

CHAS. W. SLACK and J. R. MOULTHROP,

Attorneys for Executor,
533-537 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-26-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JULES VICTOR BRETONNEL, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Jules Victor Bretonnel, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with the estate of Jules Victor Bretonnel, deceased.

ANNA LABADIE,

Administratrix of the Estate of Jules Victor Bretonnel, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 12th, A. D. 1913.

A. COMTE, JR., Attorney for Administratrix,
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 4-12-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

No. 15132; Department 10.

Estate of MAURICE HAYES, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Maurice Hayes, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of her attorney, Paul F. Fratesa, 901-905 Hearst Building, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Maurice Hayes, deceased.

CATHERINE TIETJEN,

Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 5, 1913.

PAUL F. FRATESSA, Attorney-at-Law,
901-905 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

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Stage

(Continued from Page 21)

to the beauties of Mount Tamalpais. Coach Garnett Holme has the production in charge, and has announced a cast chosen from the University of California, the Players' Club, the Antoine Club and Bohemian Club actors. Gladstone Wilson will essay the part of Abraham, and Master Frances Neilson will appear as Isaac. For the cast of Twelfth Night the same players who recently made a hit in the Greek Theatre will appear. Plans should be made to spend the entire day on the mountain, and luncheon should be taken, as there are many beautiful picnic spots. The 10:45 Sausalito Ferry will bring one to the theatre in time, allowing for luncheon. Seats are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co., San Francisco and Oakland, Paul Elder & Company, San Francisco, Tupper & Reed, Berkeley, and O. B. Her-ver's News Stand, Mill Valley, and by mail from A. R. Pohli, 604 Mills Building.

A "Militant" at Pantages

Featured on one of the strongest bills Pantages has yet presented, opening Sunday matinee, is Miss Laurie Ordway, a genuine militant suffragette from London. Miss Ordway for years was one of England's celebrated comedien-nes, but took up the cause of woman's rights, and besides being an actress of unusual calibre, is the author of a sheaf of campaign documents and other writings on the subject of equal rights. She was one of the prominent participants in the suffrage parade held in Washington and attracted unusual attention by donning genuine "Dr. Mary Walkers." In her vaudeville act she introduces her idea of a militant suffragette delivering a speech right out before the footlights with a Joe Cannon mallet and a pitcher of ice water and shows the male voter the real suffragette deliver-ing at top speed a true English militant stump speech. Don Carlos' Manikins will delight the little folks with their dancing and gymnastic feats on tiny wires. A playlet with a strong moral lesson is the "The Choice" presented by the Walter Percical players. An act with a great local following is the Cervo Duo who are ac-cordeon players. La Scala Trio will give vocal selections from Faust. They are excellent vocal-ists with an extensive repertoire of popular songs. Forrester and Lloyd are ragtime singers and in-strumentalists. The Stadium Trio in strong man feats will complete the new bill.



VIRGINIA PIERCE

Soloist at Greek Theatre, Children's Crusade.

Golfing at Paso Robles Hot Springs

By Tom Bendalow of Chicago

At many of our famous watering places golf has been taken up in an improvised way, that is, judging from the nature of the golf courses that have been built and which are so widely adver-tised as being the best in the country. Paso Robles, unlike any of these, really has something to offer. Apart from the baths which need no comment from me as to their rejuvenating and health-giving properties under the able adminis-tration of the management they have a golf course which will compare with the very best nine-hole courses in the country, East or West. Nature has indeed been kind to the architect and the work done by erosion has certainly left little for the imagination. The number of dry arroyos that trap the poorly played shot gives a fillip to the game and an added zest to the golfer that few courses can boast of. The rolling nature of the ground is simply ideal in every way and covered as it is with a thick carpet of Bermuda grass, provides a special attraction for the jaded and weary golfer who is seeking for physical build-ing-up. Too much cannot be said of the mental relaxation it gives. I strongly urge all who con-temple a trip to a health resort for the benefits to be derived from the waters, not to forget Paso Robles with its added attraction of golf.

In the Social Spotlight

The Hotel Oakland bulletin for this week in-cluded—Sunday—Breakfast for Jewelers' Asso-ciation in renaissance grill room. Tuesday—Oak-land Ad Club luncheon. Wednesday—Card party for 100 invited guests in north and south rooms; refreshments; Mrs. Frederick P. Cutting, Lake-side Terrace, hostess. Thursday—Oakland Rot-ary Club luncheon. Saturday—Bay Counties Medical Research Society, dinner and meeting. Dr. Hadden in charge.

Miss Enid Brandt left for Europe on Monday, April 21, chaperoned by her aunt, Miss Laura Wertheimer, as her mother Mrs. Noah Brandt found it impossible to interrupt her classes to accompany her. Miss Brandt will concertize in Europe, and before her departure received beau-tiful gifts as well as hearty good wishes for her success from her many admirers. Miss Brandt will enjoy the sights of the metropolis for one week before sailing, and her stay abroad is in-definite.

Recent arivals at Paso Robles Hot Springs in-cluded: W. L. Leland and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Chanslor, T. J. Baker, Wm. P. Filmer, Mrs. Thomas Bishop, Master Thomas Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hermen, M. O. O'Brien, Dr. and Mrs. Frank Dray, Miss Laura Meyers, Mr. Frank Woods, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Heller, Edwina H. Heller, Mr. and Mrs. J. Schoenfeld, Mr. and Mrs. J. Sutcliffe, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. De Colen, Mr. B. McClaughery, Mr. Wm. Morris, W. A. Roby, Mr. and Mrs. M. Friedman, Mrs. J. Frowenfeld,

Miss R. Frowenfeld, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Primley, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Gilbert, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Welling, all of San Francisco, Mr. Geo. C. Weber of Piedmont; Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. Crockett, Burlingame; L. E. Doan, Oakland; Frank Wear and wife, Mrs. W. H. Crowell, San Francisco; Mrs. Racine McRaskey, San Mateo; Mrs. Geo. W. Hooper, Mrs. H. C. Van Bergen, San Francisco; E. B. Braden and wife, Oakland; T. C. Van Ness, Mrs. J. Pattison, Mrs. F. L. Baker, San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Spreckels and family have arrived at Hotel Coronado. They made the trip by steamer and owing to a heavy fog on the afternoon of arrival the boat did not dock until Sunday morning. With Mr. Spreckels' party is Mr. M. F. Tarpey also of San Francisco. The friends of Mr. Wm. G. Irwin will be relieved to hear that he is feeling quite a bit improved since his arrival at Coronado. Owing to the delight-ful weather he is able to spend most of his time in the sunshine. Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Harold who were recently married are spending their honeymoon at Coronado. Mrs. Harold was Miss Clay. Miss Doris Wilshire of San Francisco is spending several weeks at Coronado.

Charlie's Turn to Ring Now

He was not a very rapid wooer, and she was getting a bit anxious. A persistent ring came at the front door.

"Oh, bother!" she said. "Who can be calling?"

"Say you're out," he suggested.

"Oh, no, that would be untrue," she protested.

"Then say you are engaged," he urged

"Oh, may I, Charlie?" she cried, as she fell into his arms. And the man kept on ringing the front door bell.

"Cheer up, old man. You may win her yet."

"No, there's absolutely no chance for me. Why, she even refuses to go to the theatre with me."

"Did you ever dress a chicken?"

"No, my girls are all boys. But I understand it costs a heap of money."

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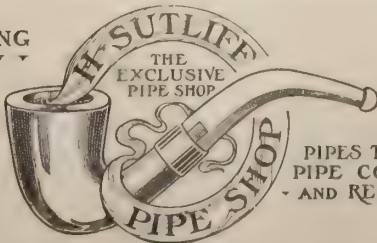
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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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Raising the Limit

The easy solution of the transportation problem arrived at by the city fathers at the behest of the Examiner is conclusive of an abiding faith in the credulity, stupidity and spendthriftiness of the plain people. They have decided to build street railroads at the expense of the taxpayers that the dear people may have the inexpressible pleasure of riding in street cars of antique pattern similar to the ones operated in Geary street. The supposition is that the Examiner has succeeded in making people believe that the municipal road is a paying investment and that money will pour into the public treasury as soon as the cars run the full distance across the peninsula. Apparently it is presumed that no thought has been given to the circumstance that while we are getting rich off the Geary street road taxes are going up; nor to Mayor Rolph's prediction that taxes are destined to an even higher ascent. So the people are expected to run to the polls again, pay about forty thousand dollars for the luxury of another referendum election and plaster their possessions with another mortgage. It is estimated that we shall not have to issue more than three and a half million dollars' worth of bonds to realize municipal ownership on a wholesale scale. This solution of the problem on paper might be worthy of commendation were it not for the two problems to which it gives rise, and which are not amenable to any recognized system of calculation. These problems are, first, the marketing of bonds; secondly, the necessary vote for a bond issue. Bonds that were issued not long ago are still on hand, and besides the taxpayers have indicated at the polls an unwillingness to encourage the general scheme by which assessed value goes up while actual value comes down and the voracity of the tax gatherer is increased.

Los Angeles Wakes Up

Perhaps it is unnecessary to warn the taxpayers of San Francisco against continuing to rebuke the much despised public utility corporations by increasing the responsibilities of incompetent public servants and creating more jobs for politicians. Surely it has become evident to them that municipal ownership is not a satisfactory

means of "getting back" at predatory corporations. However, as the politicians are endeavoring to create a taste for the water business by strangling the Spring Valley corporation it may be well to direct attention to the situation in Los Angeles as described in the Call last Sunday by an apostle of municipal ownership. It appears that the Owens River aqueduct, so often pronounced a triumph of municipal wisdom, is now recognized by the gullible taxpayers of Los Angeles as a white elephant. They spent \$30,000,000 to bring 20,000 miner's inches of water from the mountains of Inyo, a distance of two hundred and fifty miles, and they have no present use for 19,000 inches of that supply. They were told that by means of this supply they could operate an immense power plant and make all kinds of money out of it. Now it turns out that the plant cannot be operated with less than 10,000 inches of water. So the plant will not be an available resource unless Los Angeles can find customers to consume the water. So it is proposed to issue more bonds and build another aqueduct through Pasadena so that water may be supplied for irrigation. But it is not certain that customers are to be found, or that the aqueduct can be built for the estimated price. And last but not least among the things that perplex our neighbors of the chemically pure city governed by tried and true pillars of the church is the quality of the water. It is suspected of being unfit to drink. So at present Los Angeles is not wholly absorbed in questions of chastity, or in problems that have to do with sins the average citizen's neighbor is inclined to. If a power plant could be operated with emotion Los Angeles wouldn't need any water except such as may be required to encourage dryness among the unregenerate. Let us be grateful to Los Angeles for the object lesson it presents. Los Angeles has done what we are asked to do—build an aqueduct to supply us with superfluous water. Spring Valley is able to supply us with sufficient water for all time. All that is required is the development of the available resources that have been neglected to create an apparent shortage and delude the public.

Hallucination or Revelation?

From what Dr. Aked said to his congregation last Sunday we infer that it is his credit that he reads Town Talk. Apparently he took occasion last Sunday to dissent from our observations as to the evil effects of partisan politics on the pulpit. Recently we pointed to Dr. Aked as an awful example of the danger incurred by the preacher when he takes an active interest in factional politics. Last Sunday Dr. Aked talked on "Religion and Politics." He admitted that politics "at its worst is unspeakable," but solemnly he assured his congregation that no longer was it to be so. Whether or not the assertion is based on divine revelation to Dr. Aked we have no means of knowing. For all we know Dr. Aked may be a mystic. He may have heard voices, or he may have seen letters of light on the road to Damascus, or he may have

seen himself in a dream receiving from a celestial, white-robed band a flaming banner bearing the strange device, "The Millenium Is At Hand." Whatever the truth as to the medium or manner of the communication, Dr. Aked assured his beloved and credulous congregation that "politics is no longer to be the happy hunting ground of the rascal." His mystical words seem to imply that there is to be a recall election at which, as he said, "a blessed evangel of pity for the weary and of hope for the world," is to be substituted for the rogue. Hence, we suppose, the justification of Dr. Aked's activity in politics; for, as he said, "The church must recognize all this and help in the maintenance and development of this new and nobler spirit." If not himself the evangel of pity he is at least the typical evangelical preacher given to "wholesale assertion and vague declamation." Let us hope that like the Voice in the Wilderness, though he feeds not on locusts and honey but on the fat of the land, the message that he brings may be something more than a breath of the East wind. The hope will not be hard for us to cultivate, since our faith in divine revelation is deep rooted.

The Futility of Local Pride

Is local pride conducive to patriotism? We ask the question because we have been reading of a new idea in educational circles, which like all new ideas traceable to that inexhaustible and fructiferous source is being disseminated with the usual nine-days' enthusiasm. The new idea is that local history should be taught with exceeding zeal in public schools because it "makes for local pride and patriotism and better voters." So says Dr. Reuben Gold Thwaites of the Wisconsin State Historical Society. So also says Governor Herbert S. Hadley, who thinks it of great importance that the rising generation should know of the gallant deeds of the empire builders who conquered the wilderness of the Middle West. If local pride is conducive to patriotism what's the matter with California? There is certainly no lack of local pride in California. It is fostered by the Native Sons and the Native Daughters and by societies for the preservation of landmarks and tradition. Admiration for the Pioneers is all but a matter of statutory compulsion. The romance of California is the basis of much of our railroad advertising. We are no less proud of the prunes that we raise with the help of God than of the big trees and sublime scenery that are God's own handiwork. But are we Californians patriotic? Patriotism is love of country; not of the soil but of laws and institutions. In this country it is a sentiment born of contemplation of the acts by which the Republic was founded, by which it became a vast and splendid monument of wisdom, peace and liberty. When men are patriotic they revere the very groundwork of their government, and its preservation is their first concern. Is this to be said of the men and women of California? If there is one of the fundamental institutions or basic principles of this country which has not been repudiated

by the people of this State, we should like to know what it is. They have voted for every scheme that has been contrived for the destruction of the particular government under which the State developed into the proudest and one of the most prosperous of the units of the nation. Surely it will not be contended that a people in love with their government will be seized with a mad passion for the emasculation of it. But that is precisely what happened to the people of California, and they are now paying the penalty of their sins, and the State that was once ranked with Massachusetts and New York for sanity, sobriety and patriotism is now an object of ridicule and derision in all the leading journals of the United States.

The Study of History

The schoolmasters who are preaching the importance of local history as a means of stimulating local pride and patriotism are typical of the educators of their generation. They have an imperfect understanding of the meaning of words and the significance of sentiments. A knowledge of history is understood by them to mean an acquaintance with facts. Their idea of patriotism is a high appreciation of the deeds of men who were intent on increasing their worldly possessions; and in their opinion to make men good voters it is but necessary to fill them with local pride and patriotism. Now an ignorance of parochial history is not to be boasted of as an accomplishment, but much more than a familiarity with the evolution of an American community is needed to produce good voters. The study of history, of general history, may help to make good voters, but it must be pursued not so much for the acquisition of facts as for the learning of truths. History ought to be studied to remark among other things the rise, progress, declension and final extinction of empires; the virtues which contributed to their greatness and the vices that led to their ruin. The study of history enables us to judge the motives of men, it broadens our knowledge of human affairs, extends our experience to all times, making them contribute to our wisdom. Americans who have studied the world's history to good purpose may feel their patriotism stimulated by the study of the history of their own country, and if sordid interests do not interfere they may vote wisely and for the good of the nation. Assuredly not from ignorance will they vote to subject a State constitution to the referendum or recall a judge however infamous he may be thought to be. Men of this type are well aware that the first essential of any tolerable government is stability, and that stability is in a large measure derived from reputation and reverence. They know that the moment you insist on altering a government you imply loss of respect for it. They know that the source of true patriotism is confidence in the administration of justice, and that the ideal judge, who is never more than to be approximated anywhere under Heaven, is one who is as independent of the mob as of any-

thing else. Men who have studied history to advantage know that the progress of nations consists in the gradual elimination of political and the growth of social questions, in the reduction of the machinery with which politics has chiefly to do and the consequent pushing into the background of the politicians, who are always a pestiferous class. In thus making true progress industry is encouraged and there is an improvement of all that is ornamental to human life. Assuredly here in California where local pride is rampant, where politics is the pressing business of the hour, where, before you can take a horse car off Market street you must summon the people to a general election—here it cannot be sincerely said that we are making rapid progress in the right direction. Nor will it be seriously urged that recollection of the deeds of the liberty-loving pioneers and of the men that went from California to fight for the preservation of the old-fashioned Union does much toward stimulating love of the government that was formed under a Constitution we have been taught to revere.

The True Faith

Not all Californians who assisted in the transfiguration of this State are aware of the principles to which they committed themselves when they gave a third-rate lawyer the power to turn things upside down. A good deal of deception has been practiced by the unctuous patriots who led us into the Promised Land. Vehemently they denied that they were opposed to the principles of Republican, representative government. Always they talked of bringing the government back to the people by ways consistent with those principles. It was not till Winston Churchill came to San Francisco that the mask was taken off. Churchill was the honored guest of the Progressives of California. The Governor of the State and all his puppets of our preposterous Legislature came to town to burn incense to the hare-brained purveyor of the trash that is known as best-sellers. Him they acknowledged as the consecrated apostle of their cult. He was here in response to a Macedonian cry for authentic statement of the true faith. And he uttered himself to the joy of all present. His utterances have been called to our attention by a correspondent whose letter appears on another page. We have taken the trouble to verify the quotations, and the letter we heartily commend to the attention of our readers that they may know just what the Progressives of California are standing for. If our readers will ponder the creed promulgated by Master Churchill they will perceive that patriotism is not only a neglected but an obsolete virtue. Why cherish a political system which must be uprooted before any good is to be got out of it? It was good in its day, to be sure, but that day is in the dark backward and abysm of time. Our country is now the unkindest of stepmothers, and he that loves her is possessed of the spirit of the capering maniac. There is one thing that makes us doubt the wisdom of the young prophet of

New Nationalism and it is this,—he voices the sentiments of the paretics of Sacramento. They are with him to a man. His processes of thought are precisely theirs.

Whither We Are Drifting

Winston Churchill is the true reformer inasmuch as he believes that his every dream is rushing to fulfilment. He is like all absurd pedants of reform who urge what is most radical with the most ardor. Emerson said of them, "They are narrow, self-pleasing, conceited men who affect us as the insane do." Now there is always something good to be got out of reform movements, however crazy, and doubtless in time when the storms of this period have died into silence as the rough seas subside into the mere ground-swell of past disturbance, it will be found that the Progressive propaganda was of some benefit to the country; that despite a viciousness of method (which is characteristic of all reform movements) it extinguished the abuses that originally brought it into existence. But meanwhile let us doubt not that we are to have a pretty rough experience before the utility of old things is generally realized. We are in the midst of a vast disquietude, and we must undergo the pains of transition before the outward fabric responds to the realities of the inner life. Already the prospect is adumbrated. The pocket nerve of the country is soon to be touched. Among the signs of the times was the removal the other day of the Auburn, N. Y., twine mills, a very large establishment, to Neuss, Germany, to be operated by German labor. The American operators who were led to believe by the Dalgetty politicians of the New National party that they knew more about the business than their employers are now in search of work, and the soup kitchen may be their haven before long. Another twine mill has moved to Canada, and to that country other manufacturers are turning in quest of suitable sites for their plants. Capital withdrawn from railroads and other public service corporations is emigrating to Europe—capital is so unpatriotic! Meanwhile our statesmen fresh from the school-room are explaining how they are going to reduce the price of merchandise to the consumer by increasing the cost of production, and instead of a partial and reciprocal opening of our markets to Canada they are about to open them to the world. Congress is reforming everything but itself. The pork barrel grows larger every year, though we have no money for a navy, and to supply more money for the extravagance that is personally expedient in Washington we are to have an income tax by which the rich man is to be made to pay more than his proportionate share. In other words there is to be a kind of "supertax," as somebody has called it, as a kind of penalty for practicing industry and thrift. A system of taxation that selects a class and puts the burden on that class alone, is of course unjust, but the injustice of it is not so much to be lamented as the popularity of it. When the public rejoice at injustice they have reached a point

where they are in need of a chastening that is not to be got from politicians. And the chastening is bound to come.

The Priest of the War Gods

At the time of the Japanese school boy imbroglio it was not the question at issue that occasioned disquietude at Washington. Elihu Root observed that the question was not a momentous one, adding that when two boys are making faces at each other across a pond something may occur to start them pummeling each other; and so it is with nations. When some years ago, chiefly as a result of William R. Hearst's uproarious concern for humanity we were making faces at the haughty Spaniard, the Maine accidentally or otherwise blew up in Havana harbor and at once we were engaged in the splendid murder and organized barbarism of war. But it is not always a fortuitous happening that makes the crisis. Nations have been incited to war by deliberate misrepresentation calculated to arouse ferocity and hatred. In the human family there are monsters who prefer war to peace. By such have nations been beguiled into war. To this curious breed belongs our distinguished native son, the Hon. William Randolph Hearst. Apparently the bloodthirstiness of this remarkable man was not assuaged by the little war with Spain. That war left us some cripples, some mourners and some pensioners, but the yield of blood was far from inspiring. This we judge from the strenuous efforts of the Hearst papers to

promote a sentiment for more fighting and more killing. Last week Governor Johnson was hardly at the end of his impassioned prologue to the clapperclawing groundlings when the Hearst papers got busy manufacturing news calculated to fire the general jingo heart with resentment against Japan. Hardly had we begun to make faces across the pond when the startling news was published that a colony of Japanese had bought several hills close to the powder works that supplies Uncle Sam with fodder for our gods of war. We were told that by placing a single cannon on any one of the acclivities the incorrigible Japs could render us powderless. Then came the news that Japan was about to become possessed of a coaling station right opposite the Pacific entrance to the Panama Canal. And day after day much space was given to the mouthings of flubdub statesmen of the Middle West who were panting for war as the hart for the waterbrook. How curious that Mr. Hearst, of all men, should be seized with this mad impulse to butchery; should be so eager to plunge his beloved country into the horrors of the carnage of battle! Mr. Hearst is as mild a mannered man as ever cut a corn. An esthete in appearance, he gives the impression that if given the choice of the manner of his taking off it would be to "Die of a rose in aromatic pain." According to his own testimony he is above all things a philanthropist; loves his fellow man passionately; has so profound a fondness for the plain people that he hates the curses their sins bring on them. Nay more, when there is no war cloud in

sight he is a peace propagandist. But, as in the case of the Demon Rum whom he despises but advertises, the fiend of battle he invokes in time of trouble, and the plain people, who are always the principal victims of the scourge of war, one might suppose to be his pet aversion inasmuch as he appears to consider it the most laudable business of the journalist to promote the slaughter of his species. A fascinating but demonic anomaly is the powerful journalist! that is, if you view him superficially. As a matter of fact Mr. Hearst is perfectly articulate and harmonious. He is terribly inhuman because he is so wonderfully consistent with himself. The sign of profound humanity is a skin full of contradictions. So consistent is Mr. Hearst that his attitude on any public question can always be accurately predicted. It has been said that he is for breaking our pledge with Japan to make trouble for President Wilson whom he hates. He was for the breaking of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty before the election of Mr. Wilson. The truth is he is for whatever appeals to the meaner passions of the populace and whatever may embarrass the Government. Never was man more consistent in his hostility to the powers that be. He is our only really consistent anarchist and uniform dissembler. And when we speak of bringing the government back to the people we mean bringing it to this horribly sane individual with the single purpose who is rapidly getting a monopoly of the porches of the public ear.

Perspective Impressions

Hint to newspapers: Why not refer to a white slave investigation as a "vice probe"?

The woman with a past has found the ballot an excellent aid to forgetfulness.

"The Human Hyena" talks suspiciously like a Bulletin editorial.

One thing that would be welcome: A newspaper embargo on Harry and Evelyn Thaw.

Harry Thaw may be crazy, but he has sense enough to know he isn't the father of his wife's baby.

The difficult question, What is a gentleman? is answered by the young woman who avers that a burglar who talks books is one.

In the interest of economy the State Board of Control should lobby against the bill raising the salaries of its members to \$5,000.

So Pat Calhoun has given us a car without straps! Come to think of it that was what we were going to have in Geary street.

The Jonquil is an unpopular flower in Los Angeles; the Black Pearl an unpopular gem.

If we are to have a referendum election why not a recall also and kill two birds with one stone? It might be profitable to prove to the world that the State is recovering its mental equilibrium.

"Hell in its palmiest days" would have been disgraced by the California alien land bill, according to a Minneapolis gospel-grinder. What were the palmiest days of Hell? Surely not those days when gospel-grinders minded their business.

The men "sat supine" during the Weller recall campaign, says a feminine recaller. Well, the men may not have done what the recalling ladies wanted them to do, but if they sat while lying on their backs they should be praised for introducing a gymnastic innovation.

Respectfully the attention of reformers is called to what is obvious to the sinful—that while the Federal white slave statute excluding prostitutes of foreign manufacture is not regarded as a tariff measure it serves the purpose of protecting and encouraging home industry.

Credit Representative Austin with a master stroke of sycophancy. He got that cabled Hearst editorial into the official records.

"One cannot watch the trend of legislation at Sacramento without realizing how much of it originates from what politicians deem to be the desires of the woman voter."—Examiner editorial.

Old Adam blaming it on Eve again.

"The immense power which it (the ballot) has placed in the hands of the women is not losing and cannot lose any of its strength."—Examiner editorial.

And more power to the strength of it, say we.

Our police scandal is at once interesting and uselessly instructive. The same thing has happened before, will happen again and is happening all the time all over the country, yet the people will go on making laws increasing the duties of the police and thus multiplying the temptations of a class of men whose business makes them callous to vice and dishonesty.

Miss Amy Stockton, 18 years old, has become a Baptist preacher in California.—Chronicle news item.

And at that she can probably talk as learnedly as Dr. Aked.

Varied Types

CXXV—HENRY E. DIXEY

By Edward F. O'Day

"By the way," said Henry Dixey, "there was a San Francisco girl in my company at that time—"

Dixey had been reviewing his infrequent appearances in this city and had come to the year 1895 when he played at the Baldwin. Maurice Barrymore, dead and poignantly mourned, and Rose Coghlan, still very much alive, were with him that time, and the good old plays were Diplomacy, Twelfth Night, The Critic, The Major's Appointment, The Magistrate, The District Attorney and The Lottery of Love.

"—a San Francisco girl," said Henry Dixey, "who was the greatest actress I ever had the privilege of playing with—"

Henry Dixey, be it known right here, has played with some of the greatest. He was joint star with Ada Rehan in the Augustin Daly company.

"—an actress who was superb alike in comedy and tragedy, who had command of all the emotions and who, had she remained on the stage, would today be acclaimed the greatest of American actresses."

Whom could Henry Dixey mean? Not Mary Anderson, because she is a Sacramento, not a San Francisco girl. Not Nance O'Neil or Blanche Bates, because they have not retired from the stage. I pondered a moment before I asked Henry Dixey who this great actress might be.

"Her name was Margaret Craven," he told me. Margaret Craven!

The daughter of Mrs. Nettie Craven who was the principal of the Mission Grammar School and the centre of interest in the Fair will contest!

Here was a surprise. Never before had I heard Margaret Craven rated anything like so highly. But Dixey is an authority. He ought to know. He must have spoken from conviction, for there was no reason why he should go out of his way to pay tribute to one whom the theatre-going public has forgotten. Margaret Craven retired from the stage to marry a millionaire brewer of St. Louis, and her married life was very happy. She is a widow now, still very beautiful and happy in her children. But if we accept Henry Dixey as an authority we must feel sorry that she did not continue on the stage, sorry because of the glory which Margaret Craven would have shed on the theatre and on San Francisco.

"I was a boy when I first came to San Francisco in '78," Dixey told me. "I played Evangeline at the Grand Opera House. Sol Smith Russell was in the company, and Harry Hunter, and Annie Pixley who was a great favorite here, and Vinie Clancy who was a very beautiful woman."

"That was in the spring of '78. In the fall I went to the Standard Theatre in Bush street to play burlesque. We had a great company. There were four comedians, William Mestayer,

Louis Harrison, Willie Edwin and myself. Among the women were Alice Harrison, Alice Atherton, Louise Searle, Marian Elmore, Lena Mervall and Louise Singer. We played Hiawatha, Horrors, Robinson Crusoe, The Babes in the Woods and Evangeline in which I took the part of the Lone Fisherman.

"Then we moved to the Grand Opera House to produce a big piece called Revels. Talk about your present-day productions! Why that production made the most elaborate and costly of them look like the proverbial three dimes! Edward Rice bought all the New Orleans Mardi Gras costumes for it."



HENRY E. DIXEY

Returning to New York Dixey played in the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, and originated the principal comedy part in Romany Rye. Then he wrote the piece with which his name is inseparably connected.

"William Gill and I," he said, "wrote Adonis in two weeks. It ran for six hundred and three consecutive nights in New York. I never missed a performance. Other plays have run longer, but never with the same star, so Adonis holds the record."

After that Dixey played The Seven Ages of Man. Then he joined the Daly company as joint star with Ada Rehan, playing six different kinds of parts including Malvolio in Twelfth Night and Puff in The Critic.

"I stayed with Daly for a year," he said. "The association was a pleasant one. Daly had his eccentricities, as everybody knows, but I never found any difficulty about getting along with him. His greatness as a manager consisted in letting his players alone. He merely kept them in time and tune like the leader of an orchestra. He didn't attempt to teach them. He didn't have to because he always had good actors and actresses, men and women of careful training and wide experience. Daly knew what he wanted and always got it. But he was not a great manager in the sense that Steele Mackaye was. He did not

know the stage as Mackaye did, analytically and synthetically."

Dixey's appearance at the Orpheum is his first visit to San Francisco in eighteen years, for he had no opportunity to come between '95 when he was at the Baldwin with Maurice Barrymore, Rose Coghlan and Margaret Craven, and the present year. They wanted him on Broadway.

His wife, Marie Nordstrom who made a great success in Bought and Paid For, and his little girl accompany him on this trip over the circuit. And they would all like to stay here.

Like all actors Dixey dreams rosy dreams. His latest dream has to do with San Francisco.

"If some of your millionaires would put up the money to build me a theatre," he said, "I should like to locate here permanently. I should like to assemble a company of well-rounded players and put on all sorts of plays new and old, tragedy, comedy, melodrama, farce and Christmas pantomimes."

"I think that such an endowed theatre would be a powerful educational factor in this community. Mind you, I do not aim to elevate the stage. The stage is always perfect, always pure. There is room in my profession for all sorts of people. Even the slapstick is all right if somebody is slapped, but nowadays the funny man falls down without being slapped. There is too much reliance in all branches on personality, and not enough art. Our profession is art or nothing."

"In connection with this theatre I should conduct a school of acting for children. You can't teach adults to act. I should begin with children when they are eight or nine years old. I myself went on the stage at eight. I should have courses in vocal, facial and physical development, in fencing and dancing. At twenty-two my pupils would be equipped for the stage. If something of this sort is not done the American stage will be without actors in another generation."

"This would not be a commercial venture, but I think it would prove a financial success. The New Theatre attempted something of the sort, but it failed because it had no master stage manager and because players were imported from England who could not talk English."

"Irving had the backing of the wealthy in his great productions. That is why he was able to accomplish so much. Why shouldn't the rich men and women of San Francisco take stock in such an enterprise?"

Rich men and women of San Francisco, what have you to say?

A very interesting man indeed is Henry Dixey. He makes the boast that he is the only man dead or alive who has ever appeared in every branch

(Continued on Page 23)

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The New "De Profundis"

Consisting of the Hitherto Unpublished Portions of the Oscar Wilde Masterpiece as They Were Made Public During the Trial of the Lord Alfred Douglas Libel Suit.

Lord Alfred Douglas, the evil genius of Oscar Wilde, lost the libel action recently brought against Arthur Ransome, author of "Oscar Wilde: a Critical Study," and was ordered to pay the costs. Douglas alleged that he was libeled by Ransome's statements to the effect that Douglas was responsible for the public disgrace of Wilde; that he was instrumental in bringing about Wilde's disgrace; that he had stayed with Wilde after the latter's release from Reading Gaol for mercenary motives alone; and that he had finally abandoned Wilde and had left him penniless in Naples. In bringing this action Douglas committed the same folly that Oscar Wilde was betrayed into when he commenced a libel action against the Marquis of Queensbury, Douglas' father. That suit led to Wilde's disgrace and imprisonment; the suit of Douglas against Ransome has made the public aware of the loathsome character of the lord and has ruined him irretrievably. He stands pilloried before the world, the object of one of the most tremendous indictments ever drawn by one human being against another. For the unpublished portions of Wilde's *De Profundis* were read into the record and proved to be nothing less than a scathing arraignment of Douglas for his treatment of Wilde. No such literary document has ever been given to the world before. These unpublished portions of *De Profundis* had been sealed in the British Museum in accordance with the rule of literary ethics which forbids the publication of such documents during the lifetime of those whom they would embarrass. They were not to be opened until 1960, but they were read into the record during the Douglas libel suit. Douglas could not bear to listen to them. On the first day of the trial he asked permission to withdraw but this was refused; on the second day he withdrew from court without permission and was severely reprimanded. His whole attitude in court disgusted the judge and prejudiced the jury against him. Time and time again he was detected in falsehoods.

As is well known, *De Profundis* as published consists of portions of a long letter written by Wilde in prison to Lord Alfred Douglas. The portions which Robert Ross, Wilde's literary executor, left out were read in court two weeks ago and quoted in the London press as follows:

"H.M. Prison, Reading.

"Dear Bosie (a nickname for Lord Alfred Douglas)—After long and fruitless waiting, I have determined to write to you myself, as much for your sake as for mine, as I would not like to think that I had passed through two long years of imprisonment without ever having received a single line from you, or any news or message even, except such as give me pain. Our ill-fated and most lamentable friendship ended in public ruin and infamy for me, yet the memory of our ancient affection is often with me, and the thought that loathing, bitterness, and contempt should ever take that place in my heart once held by love is very sad to me, and you yourself will, I think, feel in your heart that to write to me, as I lie in the loneliness of prison life, is better than to publish my letters without my permission, or to dedicate poems to me unasked, though the world will know nothing whatever of words of grief or compassion, of remorse or indifference, you may choose to send as your answer or your appeal. . . . Ah, you had no motives in life; you had appetite merely. . . . The morning dawn of youth, with its delicate bloom, its clear, pure

light, its joy of innocence and expectation, you had left far behind. With very swift and running feet you had passed from romance to realism. . . . The real fool, such as the gods make or mar, is he who does not know himself. I was such a one too long. You have been such a one too long. Be so no more. Do not be afraid. The supreme vice is shallowness. Everything that is realized is right. To you the unseen powers have been very good. They have permitted you to see the strange and tragic shapes of life, as one sees shadows in a crystal.

"The head of Medusa that turns living things to stone you have been allowed to look at in a mirror merely. You yourself have walked from among the flowers. From me the beautiful world of color and mind has been taken away. . . . I blame myself terribly as I sit in this dark cell in convict clothes, a disgraced and ruined man. In the perturbed and fitful nights, nights of anguish, in the long monotonous days of pain, it is myself I blame. I blame myself for allowing an unintellectual friendship, a friendship whose primary aim was not the creation and contemplation of beautiful things to entirely dominate my life. From the very first there was too wide a gap between us. . . . You did not realize that an artist, and especially such an artist as I am, one, that is to say, the quality of whose work depends upon the intensification of personality, requires intellectual atmosphere, quiet peace, and solitude. You admired my work when it was finished. You enjoyed the brilliant successes of my first nights and the brilliant banquets that followed them. You were proud, and quite naturally so, of being the intimate friend of an artist so distinguished, but you could not understand the conditions requisite for the production of artistic work. I am not speaking in phrases of rhetorical exaggeration, but in terms of absolute truth, of actual fact, when I remind you that during the whole time we were together I never wrote one single line whether at Torquay, Goring, London, Florence, or elsewhere. My life, as long as you were by my side, was entirely sterile and uncreative, and with but few intervals you were, I regret to say, by my side always. I remember every incident in September, 1893, but I select merely one incident. Taking a set of chambers, purely in order to work undisturbed, as I had broken my

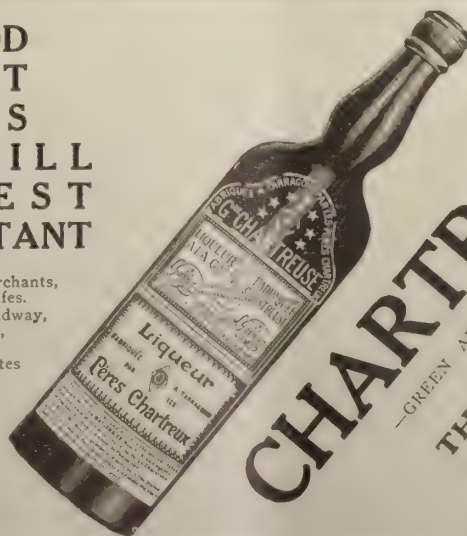
contract with John Hare, for whom I had promised to write a play, and who was pressing me on the subject, during the first week you stayed away. We had not unnaturally differed upon the question of the artistic value of your translation of 'Salome,' so you contented yourself with sending me fuller letters on the subject. In that week I wrote and completed in every detail, as it was ultimately performed, the first act of 'The Ideal Husband.' The second week you returned, and my work practically had to be given up. . . .

"I blame myself for having allowed you to bring me to absolute financial ruin. When I tell you that between the autumn of 1892 and the date of my imprisonment I spent with you and on you more than £5,000 in actual money irrespective of bills I incurred, you will have some idea of the sort of life on which you insisted. My ordinary expenses with you for an ordinary day in London, for luncheon, dinner, supper, amusement, hansom, and the rest of it, ranged from £12 to £20, and the week's expenses were naturally in proportion and ranged from £80 to £130. Within our three months at Goring my expenses, rent, of course, included, were £1,340. Side by side with the Bankruptcy Receiver I had to go over every item of my life. It was horrible. . . . I frankly admit that the folly of throwing away all this money on you and letting you squander my fortune to your hurt as well as to mine gives to me and in my eyes a note of common profligacy to my bankruptcy that makes me deeply ashamed of it. I was made for other things. Most of all I blame myself for the entire ethical degradation I allowed you to bring on me. The basis of culture is will power. My will power became absolutely subject to yours. It sounds a grotesque thing to say, but none the less it is true. . . . My habit, due to indifference chiefly at first, of giving up to you in everything had become insensibly a real part of my nature. Without my knowing it, it had stereotyped my temperament in one permanent and fatal mood. . . . As far as I can make out, I ended my friendship with you every three months regularly, and each time that I did so you managed by means of entreaties, telegrams, letters, the interposition of your friends, the interposition of mine, and the like, to induce me to allow you back. . . . The

(Continued on Page 21.)

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Poems About San Francisco

XCII—DAWN ON MOUNT TAMALPAIS

By Lucius Harwood Foote

(Lucius Harwood Foote is already represented in this series, but no excuse seems necessary for including these graceful stanzas. The poem is taken from Foote's volume of poems entitled "The Wooing of the Rose.")

A cloudless heaven is bending o'er us,
The dawn is lighting the linn and lea;
Island and headland and bay before us,
And dim in the distance the heaving sea.

The Farallon light is faintly flashing.
The birds are wheeling in fitful flocks,
The coast-line brightens, the waves are dashing
And tossing their spray on the Lobos rocks.

The Heralds of morn in the east are glowing
And boldly lifting the veil of night;
Whitney and Shasta are bravely showing
Their crowns of snow in the morning light.

The town is stirring with faint commotion,
In all its highways it throbs and thrills;
We greet you! Queen of the Western Ocean,
As you wake to life on your hundred hills.

The forts salute, and the flags are streaming
From ships at anchor in cove and strait;
O'er the mountain tops, in splendor beaming,
The sun looks down on the Golden Gate.

The Spectator

Politics and the Japanese

Before this Japanese imbroglia is all over it may be worth while reminding people that the Bull Moose majority in the Legislature pledged itself in January not to attempt to pass any laws which would anger the Japanese and embarrass the directors of the World's Fair. The pledge was given by the Bull Moose leaders of the Senate and Assembly in the office of Governor Johnson in the presence of the Governor and of a delegation consisting of members of the World's Fair directorate. The occasion was memorable in itself, but was made more memorable because Governor Johnson in introducing the legislative leaders to the World's Fair men said to the legislators: "Of course you know these men are not our political friends."

The Governor and the Fair

When Governor Johnson calls the attention of his henchmen to a real or fancied political hostility on the part of the Fair directors he betrays a state of mind which is working incalculable injury to our Exposition. Governor Johnson can never forgive the Fair directors that banquet to former President Taft. He is in a position to do tremendous hurt to the Fair. It may be questioned whether he has not done a great deal of harm already. It was reported some time ago that Governor Johnson announced that the Legislature would not appropriate \$1,000,000 for a State Building at the Fair because the treasury couldn't stand the strain of such an appropriation. That report was carried by the news agencies, was given in the papers throughout the country and was made the basis of very general criticism. Can we afford money for this Fair if California,

the home State of the Fair, cannot afford it? was the question asked in one form or another by many an editor. On the heels of that report came an explanation, not from Governor Johnson but from the World's Fair people. They explained that the Governor's words had not been properly construed. We were given to understand that the counties intended to tax themselves to provide the money for a State Building. At least that idea emerged as the one definite point in a sort of cubist muddle. But I do not find all the counties indorsing this. For instance, I read in the Visalia Times that Tulare will not contribute to the expenses of a State Building. "It is unreasonable, unjust and unfair to expect," says the editor. The editor's wrath was aroused by a statement on the subject sent out from the Fair headquarters in which Governor Johnson was quoted. I also find the Board of Supervisors of Kings county placing themselves on record in opposition. They say Kings cannot afford to contribute funds for a State Building, and that all the funds they raise will be spent on a county exhibit. I understand that other counties take the same stand. I wish Governor Johnson would tell us whether or not we are to have a California Building at the Fair.

Exposition Timidity

Likewise I wish that the Exposition directors would not be so timid in their relations with the Governor. From all that I have seen the Governor is far from kindly disposed toward the directors, and I think that they do wrong to coddle him. The Governor did not in the least respect their wishes in the alien land imbroglia. Neither did his henchmen. The Governor is playing politics while the directors are trying to build a Fair. The alien land bill was not the only obstruction placed in the path of the Fair people. The "redlight abatement" law will cause them a great deal of inconvenience unless it is repealed by a referendum vote. One or two o'clock closing will interfere with the success of the Fair. Just how the Fair men as individuals regard Johnson and his course at Sacramento is known to their intimates, but it strikes me that no good will

come of their remaining silent and allowing the Governor to continue erecting hurdles for them to jump over.

Eastern Sentiment

The general sentiment of the East with reference to Governor Johnson's attitude toward the Japanese is to be found in the following editorial from the New York Post: "California, whose stern adherence to the gospel of social justice, unlike charity, does not begin at home; California, whose fervent acceptance of the new Nationalism is now being mitigated by as pretty a case of States' rights disease as has been recorded in recent years; California, which feels that her own interests are superior to those of the nation, and that when it comes to an issue between the Constitution of the United States and the control of the strawberry industry in the neighborhood of Florin, Sacramento County, the Constitution must go hang; this high-spirited State, which has now assumed an attitude of "What-are-you-going-to-do-about-it" to the rest of the country, is preparing to commemorate in its Exposition of two years hence the completion of the Panama Canal. The money that is building the

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Panama Canal has not come exclusively from the neighborhood of Florin, Sacramento County. The citizens of Minnesota and Vermont have not refused to pay their internal revenue taxes on the ground that their good money was being spent on a canal which did them not the least bit of good, whatever it might do for the development of the Pacific Coast and the upbuilding of San Francisco. The peevish complaint that it simply will not give up its own rights for the sake of the country at large, comes with ill grace from a community which experienced the lavish outpouring of the nation's bounty in the time of calamity seven years ago, and which is now, through the nation's magnificent enterprise, preparing to harvest a prosperity that surely, surely, will exceed the interests involved in the Florin strawberry patches."

His Hostility to San Francisco

Every time the Governor does something that hurts the Fair he hurts the whole of California, but more especially he injures San Francisco. There is no gainsaying the Governor's hostility toward this city. Its interests never seem to agree with what he regards as his own political interests, and those are the interests which he is conserving night and day. The Governor rarely favors this city with a visit. He is never on hand for such an affair as the Portola banquet. The important Fair ceremonies held so far have not been honored by his presence, and this fact has been very disagreeably commented on by the commissioners sent here by other countries and other States. And when the Governor does come to San Francisco he roasts us. When the Belt Railroad extension was made he rode over the line and made a speech which was a slap in the face of San Francisco. He told us that we should never get control of our waterfront if he could prevent it. He said the San Francisco waterfront was one of the State's greatest assets, meaning by that one of the Administration's greatest political assets. San Francisco, the World's Fair City, has many difficulties to contend against, and one of the greatest is Governor Johnson.

Johnson and Bell

The implacability of Governor Johnson's political hatred was illustrated a few days ago in Sacramento. The occasion was the bestowal of an ordinary courtesy on Theodore Bell by Lieutenant-Governor Wallace. Bell's audacity in running against Hiram for the governorship has never been forgiven. Bell is anathema to Hiram, and to the Johnsonian mind the contact of Bell contaminates. Unfortunately for his own peace of mind Lieutenant-Governor Wallace overlooked this situation. So one morning when Senator Sanford asked the privilege of the floor for Bell, the Lieutenant-Governor not only ordered it granted but invited Bell to sit beside him while he presided over the senate. Jack Neylan, the president of the Board of Control, and Al Mc-

Cabe, the Governor's secretary, were in the Senate chamber when Bell took his seat beside Wallace. They ran a race to the Governor's office in a breathless competition of eagerness to impart the horrid news to Hiram. When he heard the intelligence Hiram hit the ceiling; Hiram blew up; Hiram threw a connotation fit. At the first opportunity he sent for the Lieutenant-Governor and abused him like a pickpocket. "Fool" and "ass" were the mildest epithets he applied to the well-meaning Wallace. And Wallace humbly promised not to do it again.

The Water Conservation Bill

Johnson was particularly sore at Bell because Bell had just "put one over." When the Water Conservation bill was before the Assembly Bell lobbied against it and with such success that it received only forty out of eighty votes. In other words it was refused passage. Bell did this because the bill was an Administration measure, and as a Democratic leader it was his business to embarrass the Administration as much as possible. But how does it come that Governor Johnson's whip hand was idle when an Administration measure came to a vote? The reason is peculiar. Johnson was lukewarm about the measure because it provided Doc Pardee with a salary of \$5,000 a year. Hiram is not very enthusiastic about Pardee any more. Besides the discredited Louis Glavis had helped Pardee draw the measure, and Hiram sort of shies away these days from anything that Glavis had a hand in. But when Johnson heard that his political enemy Bell had obstructed the passage of this bill he overcame his hesitancy. It became a condition of "Not that I dislike Pardee less but Bell more." He sent for certain assemblymen whom he held under his thumb, rated them soundly for voting against an Administration measure and bade them go back and help pass it. The vote was reconsidered and the bill passed the Assembly.

Neylan's Boast

Jack Neylan of the Board of Control never lets anybody say in his hearing that the present State Administration is extravagant without administering an argumentative rebuke. There has been a great deal of talk in the Sacramento lobbies about the number of new jobs which the Johnsonian machine is creating. Whenever he hears any of this treasonable talk Neylan brings out his heavy artillery of debate. "Do you know," he demands, "that there are pending in this Legislature bills to abolish sixteen State commissions?" That usually reduces the critic to silence. There are a number of such bills before the Legislature, but what are the commissions or boards which these bills will abolish? They are boards or commissions the members of which receive no compensation. Among the boards to be abolished are the boards of trustees of the insane asylums, the homes for feeble-minded, the reform schools and others of the same sort. The only money

which will be saved by abolishing them will be the expense of printing a few lists of names in the Blue Book.

A San Francisco Solon

One of the bright lights of the Assembly is Walter McDonald of San Francisco, affectionately known to his intimates as "Rough House" McDonald because his rather boisterous temperament has never been disciplined by the effete restraints to which less independent members of society basely submit. A great wit is the "Rough House" one, a man whose quips are treasured by the members of the lower house. Thus when "Rough House" before voting on a bill, got up on his hinder limbs and said: "No guy ain't been around to slip me the dough for voting 'yes' so I'm going to vote 'no,'" the assemblymen roared till the tears ran down their cheeks. "Rough House" is chairman of the Assembly committee

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on Capital and Labor. When the Workmen's Compensation Act was in this committee Carey Friedlander of the Chamber of Commerce sent to Sacramento requesting a hearing in opposition to the bill. "I've already took the committee report to the members of the committee and they've signed up favorable to the bill," said "Rough House." "It'll go out with the recommendation that it do pass. But if this guy Friedlander wants to have a hearing let him come and we'll give it to him."

A Snub for Bell

Although Secretary of State William Jennings Bryan has been reconciled to Speaker Champ Clark, he does not seem to have forgiven one of Champ Clark's most active lieutenants. This was apparent at the Bryan banquet last week when Bryan snubbed Theodore Bell. The guests at the banquet formed in line to grasp the hand of the Secretary of State who stood chatting with Mrs. Charles C. Moore. As the name of each guest was announced Bryan gave him a hand shake and a pleasant word. When Theodore Bell's turn came Bryan gave him his hand but did not look at him. Instead he continued his conversation with Mrs. Moore. The snub was palpable. Bell was in opposition to Wilson and Bryan at the Baltimore convention, and stood steadfast for Clark with the rest of the California delegation as long as there seemed a chance to nominate him. Hence no doubt the coolness of the Secretary of State.

A Vindication of McClellan

It is somewhat early for the truth of any portion of American history to come to light. Scientific research is only now enabling us to get at the truth of history made two thousand years ago. From documentary evidence in imperial archives swept of the dust of centuries we are obtaining glimpses of men and motives the effect of which is the reversal of judgments long undisputed and the forming of entirely new conceptions of the most extraordinary events in the puppet show of past ages. It would seem that it is hardly time to unveil the details of some of the transactions of American history inasmuch as it might be to the interest of living persons to have the truth withheld. Captain Isaac W. Heysinger, a veteran of the Army of the Potomac is restrained by no such scruple, and to this circumstance the world is indebted for his book "Antietam and the Maryland and Virginia Campaign of 1862" recently issued by the Neale Publishing Company. While this work bears unmistakable evidence of honest, conscientious research, the author is frank in his espousal of the cause of the hero of Antietam whose memory he reveres, and to vindicate the honor and genius of General McClellan he brings to light evidence of a most sensational character. It is evidence that convicts General Pope and General Halleck of a conspiracy against McClellan, a conspiracy that in all probability prolonged the war, costing the country millions of dollars and thousands of lives.

Missing War Records

Startling are the accusations made against Halleck and Pope but they are supported by documentary evidence not to be disputed. Much of this evidence is to be found in the official war records. There is a reason of course for its not having been brought to light before. It ought to have appeared in volume XIX of the War Records published in 1887. It is printed in supplemental volume LI published in 1899. According to the author many important papers and despatches dealing with McClellan's campaigns were removed from the files in Washington and were missing many years. Captain Heysinger has made an exhaustive study of these papers. He has also examined the records of the Confederate service, the letters and despatches of Robert E. Lee and his generals, the letters and despatches of Union officers and members of Lincoln's Cabinet, war maps and authentic memoirs, and for every statement that he makes he cites an authority in support thereof and informs the reader where corroboration is to be had. So the work is of a character that commands the utmost respect. And critics who have been led to believe that McClellan was removed from his command on account of his dilatoriness will certainly after reading this work perceive that their judgment was formed on inadequate evidence.

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Halleck Blackmailed by Pope

What Captain Heysinger has undertaken to prove is this: that McClellan was the ablest of the Union generals; that a cabal was formed against him by Pope and Halleck; that they had the co-operation of Secretary Stanton; that they were guilty of deception and misrepresentation; that the cabal caused fatal delays by withholding supplies from the Army of the Potomac, and that the removal of McClellan was at the instigation of Pope who blackmailed Halleck into compliance with his wishes by threatening to expose a fraud perpetrated on the President. The story of this intrigue is the stuff of which great historic dramas are fashioned. The catastrophe of the drama was the removal of McClellan. "What was 'the exciting cause' of the removal?" This is the question answered by Captain Heysinger. He takes you to Minnesota where there was an Indian uprising which Pope had been sent to suppress after his fiasco in Virginia. The command was a position of degradation. From Minnesota in 1862 he wrote a series of remarkable letters to Halleck complaining that he had not been sustained against McClellan, who meanwhile had reorganized the army that had been shattered under Pope. These letters are to be found in the War

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Records. Pope reminds Halleck of "a deep personal obligation" to him (Pope) which he says Halleck can learn of by consulting the President or Secretary of War. He accused Halleck of being a "tool in McClellan's hands." Halleck replied by blaming "the President and entire Cabinet." Then Pope thus: "I wrote you because I desire you to understand fully my feelings, and the course of action that I shall pursue. I had hoped that you would render official steps unnecessary." And he also alludes to "the circumstances under which you came to Washington and I undertook the campaign in Virginia," which he said "are well known to one-half of Congress." He concludes, "No man regrets more than I do that you occupy such a position or would more gladly see you out of it." The covert threat is obvious. This letter was dated at St. Paul, Minn., October 30, 1862. It reached Washington November 4. The very next day, November 5, McClellan was removed from command.

Halleck's Fake Despatch

Now what was the card that Pope had up his sleeve which he threatened to play against Halleck if Halleck did not use his influence to effect the removal and humiliation of McClellan? Captain Heysinger explains. On June 4, 1862, General Halleck sent this despatch from his headquarters:

"Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War:

"General Pope with 40,000 is thirty miles south of Corinth, pushing the enemy hard. He already reports 10,000 prisoners and deserters from the enemy and 15,000 stand of arms captured. Thousands of the enemy are throwing away their arms."

Stanton telegraphed back:

"Your glorious despatch has just been received, and I have sent it into every State. The whole land will soon ring with applause at the achievement of your gallant army and its able and victorious commander."

Halleck's despatch was sent at a psychological moment. It brought both Halleck and Pope into public and official favor. It was not until long after they had profited by it that it was learned to have been made out of whole cloth. Pope had gained no victory. He had done nothing. Halleck had merely lied. And though Pope had been thus boosted he used the lie as a club to

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terrorize Halleck, and even when the war was over we find him writing to Halleck demanding a copy of the report on which Halleck based his false despatch. In one of his letters he says: "I do not know that you ever sent such a despatch, but I do know that I never made such a report."

A Brilliant Manoeuvre

Captain Heysinger writes as a military expert, and he presents a most minute analysis of the movements of the Army of the Potomac under McClellan's captaincy. He shows that after Antietam, the masterly achievement of the whole war, McClellan had Lee in a state of mind approximating panic. This he proves by Lee's own despatches and letters. He shows that when McClellan was prepared to crush Lee he could not get ammunition, food or clothes from Washington. He produces McClellan's repeated despatches calling for them. He shows from the records when supplies were despatched and the time at which they were received at several points, and he presents for solution the remarkable mystery of their curious delay. According to Captain Heysinger there is no military movement in the art of war so fraught with danger as "to endeavor to pass across the front of a vigilant enemy even inferior in strength by flank." This is what McClellan accomplished in his great

movement on Culpeper in spite of all Stonewall Jackson and Lee with urgent orders and Longstreet attempted to prevent. It was one of the swiftest movements of the war and the result of it was that the Confederate forces were hopelessly divided by McClellan. Jackson's force was cut off near Winchester and Longstreet was at McClellan's mercy. He was in a position to annihilate one at a time, and in all probability end the war when he was ousted from command. According to Heysinger McClellan was the most brilliant officer of the war, and he does not ask the reader to accept his own dictum, but gives them the views of Lee, Grant and others. "Antietam" is a book of absorbing interest, and one of the most remarkable of all contributions to the history of the civil war.

"Broncho Billy" Was Game

"Broncho Billy" Anderson, the moving picture man, has a great big white ninety horse-power Simplex which is the pride of his life. It is said of this car that more pretty girls have ridden in it than in any other motor in San Francisco. However that may be, the car was standing at the curb in O'Farrell street last week when the high pressure water pipe broke and "Broncho Billy's" theatre lot was flooded. The car fell into the excavation and was submerged. Anderson's

chauffeur knew "Broncho Billy" was at the ball game, so he procured another car and speeded out to Valencia street to convey the news of the accident. "Broncho Billy" received it with unconcern. "Sit down and watch the game," he told the chauffeur; "we'll let the insurance company worry about that car."

Carried His Own Tea Pot

Sir Tatton Sykes, the eccentric racing man who died the other day at the age of 87, was well known in this city. He used to pass through on his way round the world at intervals. One of his peculiarities was that he always carried his own tea pot wherever he went and insisted on brewing his own tea. Another whim well remembered by old-timers around the Palace was that he never wore less than two overcoats and some times more. Sir Tatton had a high regard for Stuckey, the head waiter of the old Palace Grill. Stuckey had been an Admiral's body servant and knew how to humor eccentrics. Whenever Sir Tatton expressed dissatisfaction with his food, and that happened frequently, Stuckey would bow and remove the obnoxious dish. But he would always bring it back without alteration, whereupon Sir Tatton, perfectly satisfied, would hand him a five dollar tip.

The Rose Leaf Reunion

That was a jolly reunion the good old Rose Leaf Club held at the Bohemian Club last week. All the surviving Rose Leaves who could possibly attend sat at the banquet board, and the night was rich in a fruitage of reminiscence. President Charlie Field who is too young to have been a Rose Leaf, entered into the spirit of the rollicking old crowd which included the blithest spirits of the club in the good old days, and was credited with a large part of the evening's success. Joe Redding, they tell me, made one of the best speeches of his long speech-making career. Willis Polk who was known to the Rose Leaves as "Archy Tect" was also in a happy vein. The dinner marked Porter Ashe's reappearance in the club after a good many years. Porter was one



EDDIE FOY and NELLIE DALY

A scene from "Over the River," the smashing musical success, which will be at the Cort Theater for the next fortnight.

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of the rosiest of Rose Leaves in days gone by, but he leads a very quiet life nowadays, spending little time out of his law office and his home. He is not a member of the Bohemian Club any longer, and it sounded strangely indeed when younger members asked the oldsters who he was. His reminiscences were vivid and wittily rendered, showing that Porter Ashe is still the old Porter in spirit though he prefers the quiet life.

Louis Was Embarrassed

The moving picture men were on hand at the World's Fair site last Wednesday when Secretary of State Bryan turned the first spadeful of earth for the Palace of Agriculture. So was Louis Levy, the well known newspaperman who is one of the publicity men of the Exposition. It was up to Louis to give the moving picture men the signal when the ceremony began and the time came for the operators to start grinding at their machines. As Secretary Bryan grasped the spade and started to dig it into the earth Louis cried: "Go ahead William!" Secretary Bryan started, paused and looked at Louis in amazement. Louis was embarrassed, but how could he explain to Bryan that he was not violating official etiquette by addressing him by his first name, but that the name of the chief moving picture operator was William? It was an unpleasant moment for Louis.

The Best at the Tavern

When one enters Techau Tavern there is a pleasant appreciation of ample space, and the lofty ceiling, beautifully illuminated by pendant globes of art glass, gives assurance of perfect ventilation, without which the atmosphere of a cafe becomes oppressive. Here, while the tables are always in demand, they are so placed that everyone has ample room for the comfortable enjoyment of the excellent menu. In the evening, vocalists of exceptional merit contribute to the pleasure of the patrons, accompanied by an orchestra equal to those heard in the best theatres. In short, the Tavern management provides only the best in everything.

The Tivoli Opening

The cheerful announcement is made that the Tivoli Opera House will open Wednesday evening, May 21, with the same policy that made it one of the most beloved of San Francisco institutions for decades before the fire. Manager W. H. Leahy returned from New York on Wednesday with his customary smile and a pocket full of contracts with light operatic stars of great renown in the metropolis. The musical director chosen for the Tivoli is a man peculiarly adapted to the work before him and the stage will be under the supervision of a master of his art. Of course the chorus, always a feature of the old Tivoli, will be made up of the best voices obtainable and the girls will be many and pretty. Manager Leahy has selected for the opening "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," which ran for fourteen weeks at the old house.

Work of Calhoun Solano Syndicate

Calhoun's Solano Irrigated Farms Syndicate is breaking all records for irrigation development. In three months they have built a canal from the Sacramento River over ten miles long, eighty feet wide, and are now pumping water from the river at the rate of eighty-four gallons per minute into a four hundred million gallon reservoir. Calhoun's aptitude for the engineering side of this work is surprising even his most intimate friends. A. J. Rich and Company who have been acting for Mr. Calhoun throughout this enterprise have already settled the date to start their opening sale for the early part of June, and if this is so this company will exceed anything yet attempted in irrigation and farm subdivision. This development work means a great deal to San Francisco and California, and should stand as another tribute to the energy of Mr. Calhoun.

HOTEL NOTES

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Zook who were recently married in San Francisco are among the arrivals at Coronado. Miss F. J. Stewart and Miss E. Marion de Guerre of San Francisco are

Berkeley, and Mrs. Cardinal Goodwin and Miss Edna Fischer of Alameda. Mrs. Vere Wendell guests. A great attraction consists of the morning concerts on the veranda of the hotel.

The Hotel Oakland bulletin for this week included: Tuesday—Recital by pupils of Mrs. Olive Reed Cushing in the Ivory ball room. Oakland Ad Club luncheon. Wednesday—Card party in the afternoon by Mrs. Milton H. Robbins and Mrs. David H. Foote, Alameda, for one hundred guests in the South room. Refreshments served during game. Luncheon to seven in English room by Mr. Edward W. Garretson, Oakland. Thursday—Oakland Rotary Club luncheon.

Arrivals at Paso Robles Hot Springs include: C. A. Gilbert and wife, Frank Maggo, C. W. Stimmons, H. W. Wilkenson, San Francisco; E. J. Royal, San Jose; Mrs. P. T. Bradhoff, Gilbert Harsell, Oakland; A. Duncan and family.

The beautiful home of Mr. H. E. Picker of San Mateo County who is now spending his time traveling is reported to be leased to a well known San Franciscan for a year. Mr. Picker is now in Tahiti and will do the Orient and Europe before coming back.

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SAN FRANCISCO

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Jennie Avoids Newport

Jennie Crocker Whitman with her characteristic indifference to the mad whirl will avoid Newport, where she could, if she would, be a power. Her relative Mrs. Ogden Mills is considered the most powerful arbiter of the set. But Jennie preferred the more conservative atmosphere of Cedarhurst where the Whitmans have taken a place for the summer. Cedarhurst is the center of the exclusive Long Island set that foregathers at the Piping Rock Club, and includes the Clarence Mackays, the Burke Cockrans, the Paul D. Cravaths and the Vanderbilts and Belmonts. Young Mrs. Whitman is still at Hillsborough but will leave for the East the first of June to meet her husband and the little Whitmans who are devoted to their stepmother and will spend the summer with her at Cedarhurst. Jennie is spending much time these days with her cousin Mrs. Whitelaw Reid at Millbrae. Mrs. Reid has motored to town once or twice since her arrival, but for the most part remains quietly at her country estate. She will depart for New York in a few weeks and may accompany Mrs. Whitman across the continent in the latter's private car.

But Peter Goes There at Last

It looks as though the Peter Martins had permanently deserted California. Mrs. Martin has persuaded Peter to Newport at last and they are to be cottagers in Bellevue avenue where they've taken a house for the summer. Her mother, Mrs. Charlie Oelrichs and sister Blanche who is Mrs. Leonard Thomas are two of the most conspicuous matrons of Newport and with her native dash I foresee Mrs. Peter taking her place with them to make an interesting trio of leaders. Lily Oelrichs was one of Newport's greatest belles a few years ago when Peter won her for his own.

She was called the most charming girl in America by the gallant Grand Duke Boris of Russia when he met her there shortly before her marriage. But this year will be her first as a matron at Newport where she will doubtless be welcomed with open arms. Another belle well known in San Francisco who will shine again at Newport this year will be Esther Morland of Pittsburg whose press agent made her one of the most prominent members of the smart colony last summer. The Morlands must in truth have "arrived" since they were guests at the most exclusive parties of their first season and found the atmosphere cordial enough to return for a second.

Lola Davis Surprises

A series of romantic surprises startled society this week. The latest engagements and wedding announcements have caused no end of discussion. First the engagement of Lola Davis and Andrew Simpson Jr. of Stockton. That was decidedly unexpected. Everyone knew the heir to the Simpson millions, Simpson pere being rated several times a millionaire, had long been the devoted admirer of handsome Lola Davis. But he had many rivals. Lola Davis in her debutante days was called the most beautiful girl in San Francisco, and her engagement has been reported any number of times, but before it was confirmed some new suitor would appear and it would be off with the old. Miss Davis is clever and interesting as well as handsome, and is one of the most traveled girls in society. A few years ago she made a leisurely tour of the world with her fiance's sister and visited many out-of-the-way places. The Davis family came from Nevada where George Davis made a fortune years ago. One daughter is Mrs. Frank Booth. The Simpsons are wealthy pioneers of Stockton. They are relatives of the Sperrys and the A. M. Simpsons of San Francisco. Mrs. Roy Pike and Horace and Austin Sperry are cousins of Miss Davis' fiance.

Constance Davis Too

Another surprise was the Davis-Ford betrothal. Both Constance Davis, (who is no relation to Lola Davis, by the way), and Arthur Ford are prominent young people of the Ross Valley set though the Davis family removed to Berkeley a few years ago and now reside in the college town. Arthur Ford is a brother of Bernard Ford who married beautiful Marian Miller of the C. O. G. clan last year. The Ford boys are grandsons of a former lord-mayor of London, their mother having been Miss Hilda Waterlow, whose brother Sir Sydney Waterlow married Miss Hamilton of San Francisco.

Billy Gwin Also

Another interesting announcement was of the forthcoming marriage of William Gwin to Miss Helen May, a belle of Orange, New Jersey, where the wedding will take place. Gwin is the grandson of Senator Gwin who represented California at Washington in the sixties, and a brother of Mrs. James Follis of San Rafael who was Mary Belle Gwin. Miss Sally Maynard is his aunt, his mother having been one of the dashing Maynard girls. The old Gwin residence at California and

Jones street was famed for its hospitality. A number of years ago it passed into the possession of the late "Lucky" Baldwin. Young Gwin has spent the past four years in Paris where he has been studying for grand opera. He has a remarkable voice and promise of a great career, I am told. Will Gwin was a choir boy at St. Lukes years ago with Robert Warwick, now a star of the stage.

During the Summer season "TOWN TALK" subscribers are requested to send in promptly any change of address that they may contemplate making, so that the paper will reach them regularly.

The Tevis Steam Yacht

"The Will Tevises certainly do know how to spend their money" is a comment one frequently hears. The Tevis family from Dr. Harry to Mrs. Fred Sharon is famously generous and open-handed, and to the family trait Mrs. Will who was Governor Pacheco's daughter has brought the liberal Spanish traditions. She is constantly planning some entertainment or excursion to be shared by her friends or for the pleasure of her sons and their set. The latest Tevis investment to be shared by visitors to their Lake Tahoe villa this summer is a steam yacht, the Consuelo which will be shipped next week to its destination. The transportation of a steam yacht across the Sierras is a stupendous undertaking, but the contract with John Twigg & Co., builders, provided for its delivery at Tahoe city, and the Consuelo will commence her inland voyage on Wednesday. No doubt the Tevis boys will have a jolly crowd to see the launching. The real ceremony of launching is to take place in June and will be an interesting event when the Consuelo will be welcomed by the Kohl and Hellman steam yachts and the lesser motor boats of the lake. The Consuelo will be the queen of the lake however. She is said to be the handsomest steam yacht in the west save that owned by John D. Spreckels, and ranks with the famous pleasure crafts of the East in luxury and dimensions. In one way she is unique, having been designed for her inland voyage as well as her natural water ways. That is, in her construction the tunnels and curves of the Southern Pacific over which she will be conveyed to Tahoe were carefully taken into account and she is built to be taken apart for the journey across the mountains. There is a gay

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season ahead for the Consuelo and the lucky Tevis guests at Tahoe.

The Laws Go to Menlo

The Harold Laws have joined the Menlo colony this year. Mrs. Law was one of the beautiful Schultz sisters of whom the other is Elysse, Mrs. Sam Hopkins. The favor shown young Mrs. Sam by her socially powerful relatives-in-law will doubtless be extended to young Mrs. Law who is considered the more beautiful of the two. She is of the perfect Juno type with golden hair and exquisite coloring, rather more striking than the petite Mrs. Sam. With the support of the Hopkins clan the Laws are assured a position in the exclusive set of Menlo where one rich and attractive young matron I know of has for three seasons vainly tried to win a place. The older Laws are among our most prominent financiers.

The Personality of Mrs. Stocker

The newspapers have poked a good deal of fun at Mrs. Clara Baldwin Stocker who with Mrs. Hull McClaghry inherited the millions of the late "Lucky" Baldwin. According to the journalistic interpretation of her character she is a sort of feminine "Coal Oil Tommy," flinging her gold about in a wild splurge of ostentatious extravagance. Her dress, her private car and especially her diamonds have been featured in freak stories set off by quotations of her views on life in general, quotations for the authenticity of which I cannot vouch. It is very easy to set up a stock figure in place of a real human being, and the trick is frequently played by newspapermen whose experience has taught them what sort of pseudo-personalities appeal most to the general public. Mrs. Stocker has suffered from this sort of treatment; at least, so I am assured by a keen judge of character who knows her well. By this friend of Mrs. Stocker I am informed that she is quite unlike the mythical personage invented by her journalistic exploiters.

A Woman of Keen Sense

The newspapers have made out Mrs. Stocker

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a good deal of a fool. Nothing, I am told, could be farther from the truth. Mrs. Stocker is said to be a woman of keen sense, a shrewd, clear-seeing business woman with a lively sense of the value of money and a settled determination to make every dollar she spends yield its par value and not a mill less. It is confidently predicted that under the care of Mrs. Stocker the vast inheritance from the estate of "Lucky" Baldwin will increase greatly in value. Take Mrs. Stocker's diamonds, for instance. It has been tiresomely set forth that the collection cost her \$363,000. I do not know how close the figure comes to the truth. But it has been pointed out to me that Mrs. Stocker's innate shrewdness does not desert her when she purchases diamonds. She buys only from the best dealer, Tiffany, and receives the guaranty of that house for every stone she adds to her collection. In other words her diamond buying is an excellent investment. In this connection I recall reading that according to the Amsterdam experts diamonds increase in value from year to year at about the same rate as first class real estate. Another of Mrs. Stocker's purchases was the beautiful Northrup place at Venice. There was no extravagance there, for she has already been offered twice the sum which she paid for it. Her beautiful home at Arcadia is increasing in value all the time.

A Bargain in Steam Yachts

The charge of extravagance breaks down too when you consider the steam yacht which Mrs. Stocker bought. The yacht Huila cost "Borax" Smith, I am informed, about three-quarters of a million. But he found it expedient to get rid of it. Mrs. Stocker bought it for \$58,000. If that is not a bargain I don't know what a bargain is. The yacht is in Atlantic waters, but will soon start on its trip around the Horn to San Pedro. Mrs. Stocker intended to bring it through the Canal, but decided not to wait until the water was turned into the big ditch. Just as soon as the law allows the name of the Huila will be changed, and we Californians will not have to stop short at the name of John D. Spreckels when we tell over the owners of steam yachts on the Coast. Nor can Mrs. Stocker's private car be considered an extravagance in the light of her immense fortune. The best of private cars cannot cost much more than \$25,000.

A Happy Couple

Mrs. Stocker is a woman with a keen sense of humor. The wild newspaper accounts of her expenditures amused her at first, but when they were unduly insisted on they made her indignant. The Stockers are a happy couple. Harry J. Stocker is of a very good Philadelphia family and is a man of a great deal of cultivation. He offended his family some years ago by insisting on an operatic career. He had a good baritone voice and enjoyed a fair stage success, appearing in deference to the wishes of his family under the name of Stewart Harrold.

Married in New Orleans

The marriage of Miss Mollie Soto Hall and Dr. Alfred Roncovieri was celebrated in the private chapel of Archbishop Blenk's residence in New Orleans. The ceremony, performed by the archbishop attended by Rev. Father Jeannard, was beautiful and impressive in its simplicity, his grace delivering an eloquent address to the young couple. Mr. Lamar C. Quintero, at the request of Hon. Manuel Estrada Cabrera, President of Guatemala, represented his excellency as sponsor, according to the Spanish custom. Miss Edith Schoen was the maid of honor. Miss Hall is the daughter of Hon. Maximo Soto Hall, one of the leading writers and poets of Central

America and a close personal friend of President Estrada Cabrera. Dr. Roncovieri is the son of our Superintendent of Schools and is a practicing physician of this city, in charge of the Emergency Hospital. After the ceremony a few friends were entertained at the residence of the bride to wish the bridal pair bon voyage before leaving for this city which will be their future home.

A Testimonial to Theodore Vogt

A number of the friends of Theodore Vogt, members of the Bohemian and Sequoia Clubs, are going to tender him a testimonial benefit on Thursday, May 22, at the German Auditorium, Turk and Polk streets. By request the program will be made up of Mr. Vogt's compositions consisting of orchestral and vocal numbers. Several numbers of "The Spirit of the Oak," a recent com-

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position of Mr. Vogt's will be rendered by Mr. G. Bowden and Mr. L. A. Larsen. There will be followed by a pantomime written by Dr. R. Cool, music by Mr. Vogt, and acted by twenty members of the Bohemian Club. The orchestra will consist of thirty-five of the best instrumentalists. Mr. Hother Wismer will play an Andante Cantabile and Lullaby for violin with orchestra.

At Kohler and Chase Hall

At the music matinee at Kohler & Chase Hall this Saturday afternoon an interesting program will be presented. The soloist will be Lowell Moore Redfield, the exceptionally accomplished baritone soloist who has made an enviable reputation in California during the last few years. He will sing an aria by Giordani, a song by Clay and the famous Prologue from Pagliacci. There will also be several very delightful instrumental selections interpreted on the Knabe Player Piano and on the Pipe Organ. These will include the well known Semiramide Overture by Rossini, a Scherzo by Chopin and an entirely new composition by Wolstenholme entitled "The Question—The Answer."

Notes from Del Monte

Mrs. J. F. White of San Francisco and Miss V. Rid of Munich are spending several very delightful days at Del Monte as the guests of Mrs.

Phoebe Hearst. Mr. and Mrs. Albert Fink of San Francisco, Mrs. J. C. Hines of New York and Capt. and Mrs. Davidson motored from San Francisco for a week or ten days. Capt. Davidson was stationed at the Presidio of Monterey several years ago, and is renewing his old acquaintances. Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson entertained at a large dinner at Pebble Beach Lodge on Saturday night. Among those at the dinner were: Miss Trunker, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Beale, Mrs. Norton, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Whetmore and Miss Whetmore, all of Santa Barbara. Mr. Wm. R. Mygatt of Chicago, Mr. A. P. Redington, Mr. J. P. Redington and Mr. F. W. Wilson of Santa Barbara arrived at Del Monte on Tuesday after a very pleasant motor trip from the south. Dr. and Mrs. C. M. Richter are guests at the hotel for the week-end. Dr. and Mrs. Richter are very fond of motoring around the Seventeen Mile Drive and the boulevard. They registered from San Francisco. Mr. W. W. Everett was host at a dinner at the Lodge on Saturday. It was a quite informal and delightful affair. Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Bigger of Hutchinson, Kansas, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Shives, are guests at the hotel for an indefinite stay. This is Mr. and Mrs. Bigger's second trip to Del Monte this season and both times they motored from their home in Hutchinson. Mr. Bigger is a great traveler and has been all over the world. He has written some very interesting books of travel. Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Wann are infatuated with Del Monte and always avail themselves of an opportunity of coming here. Mr. Wann is general passenger agent of the Salt Lake Railroad and when called north on business never fails to run in here for a few days' rest. The fact that the Pacific Improvement Company is charging 25 cents, 50 cents and 75 cents according to the capacity of the automobiles, for entrance at their lodge gates on the Seventeen Mile Drive and Scenic Boulevard, for all cars other than those owned by guests of their hotels and residents of Pebble Beach, seems to meet with general approval. All those who enjoy these beautiful roadways are cognizant of the fact that it requires a heavy expense to keep them in the splendid condition in which they are now. The new roadway connecting Pebble Beach and Carmel is now in daily use. It reduces the distance to about two miles, and adds an additional attraction to the many miles which motorists have heretofore enjoyed.

Don't go empty handed to-night when you make that call. Take a box of Chocolates de Luxe with you and see the look of pleased surprise that comes into her eyes when she opens the wonderful box of gold bound with rose ribbons. At Geo. Haas & Sons Four Candy Stores.

(Advertisement)

Comic Opera at Tait's

Comic opera at a cafe! Pleasingly strange as it may seem it is an absolute fact. Following its usual custom of departing from the ordinary in providing amusement for its patrons, the Tait-Zinkand Cafe is now running a season of comic opera. A performance is given three times daily, at one o'clock in the afternoon and seven and eleven in the evening. And be it known that there are no mean voices in the galaxy of song birds which the enterprising management of this cafe has obtained. The voices, without a single exception, are of exceptional quality, and proof of the excellence of the opera offered this week, which is H. M. S. Pinafore, is the large attendance at each performance of the critical music lovers of San Francisco. There is also a pleasing surprise in store for patrons in the way of artistic summer decorations.

"TOWN TALK" will be pleased to mail sample copies anywhere upon request.

Traveling Californians

The annual exodus of Californians bound for Europe is now well under way, and the following Californians booked on the Hamburg-American liner "Kaiserin Auguste Victoria" which left New York April 30: Mr. and Mrs. Henry F. Dutton, Mr. and Mrs. O. K. Cushing, Mr. and Mrs. Leo Kaufman, Mrs. Minna Mooser, Mr. and Mrs. H. Graf, Mrs. Edward Michelssen, Mrs. O. H. Hund, Mrs. Helene Michelssen, Mrs. Leon S. Greenbaum, San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Woodward, Misses Gwendolen Dell and Phyllis Fay Woodward, Master Erven Chapman, Berkeley; Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Moots, Stockton; Prof. Geo. E. Hale, Dr. J. H. McBride, of Mt. Lowe Observatory, Los Angeles; Chas. S. Hulbert, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Flint, Mr. and Mrs. Hewlitt, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. Albert Hayes, Pasadena; Mrs. F. von Gerichten, San Diego; Mrs. W. J. King, Miss Margaret Kling, Mrs. Hancock, Miss Shurtleff, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Greene, Mrs. Mary F. Sanborn, Miss Lavinia Sanborn, Los Angeles; Martin Leonard, John R. Dillon, Mr. and Mrs. Ferd. Luth, Master and Miss Luth, Mrs. Clara Hock, Mrs. Caroline Lehman, Philo Jacoby, Mrs. Anna Autzen, Mrs. Elise Rosenberg, Claus H. Rosenberg, Thos. Autzen, Herman Kuhne, Miss Bremer, William Bremer, Wm. Starke, John Weiss, Victor J. Weiss, Mrs. Kate Weiss, John Goeller, Wm. A. Reinhold, Mrs. Kathe Lutz, Mrs. Elise Reimer, Miss Alvine Kuhne, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. C. Thomsen, Clara Thomsen, Victor Thomsen, Emmy Woltersmann, J. H. Moller, F. J. Fisher, Miss Marie Gosh, Jacob Voss, John Alaman, A. E. Thur, F. H. Miller, Mrs. Fred Foerria and child, Chas. Kuhlmei, San Francisco.

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94 Days—\$895. Leave San Francisco **Sept. 20**. This comprehensive tour will include a visit to Honolulu, Yokohama, Kamakura, Nikko, Lake Chuzenji, Kegon Water Fall, Tokyo, Miyashita, Lake Hakone, Sengeniyama, Nagoya, Kyoto, Nara, Kobe, Nagasaki, Manila, Hong Kong, Canton, Macao and Shanghai.

200 Days—\$2850. Leave San Francisco **Sept. 20**, Honolulu, Japan, China, Java, Burmah, India, Ceylon, Egypt, Palestine.

Lydia, Henry and Others

By Theodore Bonnet

After a bit of drama designed to tug the heart strings and conquest the power of self-control comes Lydia Barry before the footlights of the Orpheum, and before she halts her footsteps you realize that she is a woman with the attar of life in her veins. Her place on the program is the one assigned only to persons well equipped for the business of making good. For be it understood there is a psychology of vaudeville. According to this psychology it is most difficult to get things over the footlights immediately after whatever happens to be the most sensational turn. And this is where Lydia Barry comes on this week, and she has no difficulty in putting her audience in a receptive mood. Lydia Barry is a breezy young woman possessed of what proud man has pronounced the masculine sense of humor. She has an instinct for diablerie and an intuition of the precise location of the line over which double entendre is not to be carried, without fatal results. A spanking good comedienne is Lydia, with a most agreeable quality of voice, a fascinating alertness of manner and the faculty of giving you a bland and care-dispelling feeling. Miss Barry comes by her talent logically, being the daughter of the inimitable Billy Barry of the team of Barry and Fay, the crack Irish comedians

of their day. To Fay we are indebted for Elfie of that ilk, and hardly less talented than the more celebrated Elfie is the daughter of Barry. It is not often that on the same Orpheum bill are to be found two fun-makers of the rank of Lydia Barry and Henry E. Dixey. Dixey comes down to us from a former generation. He was in the zenith of his career when Lydia Barry's father was touring the country in "McKenna's Flirtations." Or, perhaps it would be more accurate to say, his legs were in the zenith of their career. They were the two most famous legs that were ever known on any stage. The shrewd press agent of "Adonis" used to tell us the legs were so precious that Dixey encased them in kid every night. The fascination of those legs was such that matinee girls raved over them. In later years it was learned that Dixey's legs were not his only asset; he has brains, too. And now though his legs are discreetly draped in trousers, his brains are standing him in mighty good stead. He is giving a most artistic performance, one that appeals to the intellect. Making a stage of his own, he deploys his accomplishments with an art that is both imitative and interpretative. And mark you, though the Dixey legs now mournfully draped in trousers may have lost a fraction

of their grace, not so Dixey. Adonis has resisted the frigidity of years, the lithe actor of other days is now a fetching figure in evening dress and he trips the light fantastic with the d'elsartean finish of a ballerina. I have mentioned Lydia Barry and Henry Dixey, but I haven't begun to tell you of all the good things at the Orpheum this week. Justice compels mention of Julius Steger in his thrilling playlet that enables him to present a character in a posture of poignant intensity, but I must confess that the grip he got on me was not half so gratifying as the sensations I received from the whirlwind Arabs or from the soldier fiddlers or from the Foster Ball character study. However, earnestly I commend Steger's play to the attention of one of our criminal judges. It is a play that reveals the terrible danger to which a judge renders himself liable when he presumes to judge a man accused of crime. We have a judge who does that sort of thing. He is so sure of his judgment that he influences the jury by little arts and wiles that all lawyers are familiar with. A foolish thing to do, because after all he may be wrong at times—and anyway it is a terrible thing to smite not according to law, and to make matters worse God doesn't like judges that do that sort of thing.

Gossip of the Theatre

"The Live Wire" and Others

There was a girl at Pantages last week whom we shall hear of anon in highest-priced vaudeville, I'm sure. This girl calls herself Donita and is billed as "the little live wire." Well, she is a live wire. Donita sings, dances, does freak recitations and makes faces. In all her work the "little live wire" shows that she is charged with the electricity of vaudeville talent, but I am glad to say she never shocks. Donita is at her best when she makes faces. She proves to us that Elfie Fay is not the only mugger on the circuits. Donita's is a name worth remembering. There were other good turns at Pantages last week. For instance, there was a "rural musical farce" given by Fred Ardath and a large company of principals and flappers. It was full of inoffensive horse play. But the best feature of this act was Muriel Arlington's violin playing. Muriel gave us a pot pourri of airs classic and ragtime so deftly arranged that you could hardly mark the place where one air slid into another. And Muriel played very well. La Graciosa presented a transformation spectacle that filled the eye with color. Among other sights we saw La Graciosa burning like a martyr at the stake; then we saw her reduced to a skeleton; and next she was an angel clinging to the Rock of Ages. A very ingenious idea, to be sure. Rizal and Atima showed the latest developments in the gymnastics of contortion. Their bones must be of india rubber. Leddy and Pony were billed as a "duo of stylish steppers," and sure enough they stepped quite stylishly. Diamond and Beatrice entertained with harps and a treble saxophone. Diamond had a real old Irish harp and danced while he played it, something the old Irish harpers never did. Grim and Elliott had a lot of pleasing patter. Altogether this was a good bill, and I was glad to see that the capacity of Pantages was taxed. They tell me it always is.

—Edward F. O'Day.

The Ysaye Concerts

The music lovers of the Bay Cities are all anxiously awaiting the series of concerts by Eugene Ysaye, the first of which is to be given this Sunday afternoon, May 11, at Scottish Rite Auditorium. Ysaye is said to be in splendid form and playing more magnificently than ever. At the Sunday afternoon concert the artist will play

the Mendelssohn Concerto in E minor, the "Prize Song" from "Die Meistersinger" transcribed by Wilhelmj, Wieniawski's brilliant "Faust" Fantasie and a number of other works including a composition of his own which he calls "Lointain Passe." With M. Decreus he will play the Sonata in D major by Mozart, and the gifted French pianist will also be heard in two solo



YSAYE, GREATEST OF THE VIOLINISTS

Scottish Rite Auditorium, Sunday afternoon, May 11th and 18th; Tuesday night, May 13th; and Thursday night, May 15th. Greek Theater, Berkeley, Wednesday afternoon, May 14th.

numbers. The second concert will be given next Tuesday night when Ysaye will be assisted by his son Gabriel in a performance of the Bach Double Concerto for two violins and on this occasion the master will play the Concerto in G minor by Bruch, Saint-Saens' "Rondo Capriccioso," an original composition entitled "Old Mute" and a number of smaller works. The Sonata on this occasion will be the Grieg No. 2 in G minor. A novelty at this concert will be M. Decreus' playing of "The Spinning Girls of Carantec" by Rheine Batoy. Next Thursday night the program will be particularly fine as it includes Beethoven's Kreutzer Sonata, the Saint-Saens Concerto, Chausson's "Poeme" and works by Schumann, Kreisler and Chabrier-Loeffler. The farewell Ysaye concert will be given Sunday afternoon, May 18, on which occasion Ysaye and son will play the Handel Sonata in G minor for two violins, Decreus and Ysaye will play the Beethoven Sonata in G major and Ysaye's solo numbers will be the Concerto in D minor by Wieniawski and group of works by Brahms, Kreisler and others. Tickets may be secured at Sherman, Clay and Company's and Kohler and Chase's and on Sunday at Scottish Rite Hall.

Pantages Theatre

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Week Commencing Sunday, May 11th

LASKY'S HOBOES
"7 NIGHTS ON THE ROAD"

SIX TETSUWARI
Acrobatic Juggling Marvels

SIX OTHER ACTS

Matinee Daily at 2:30. Nights, 7:15 and 9:15. Sunday and Holidays Matinees at 1:30 and 3:30. Nights Continuous from 6:30. Prices—10c, 20c and 30c.

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MATINEES WEDNESDAYS AND SATURDAYS

David Belasco Presents

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In Her Greatest Triumph
"THE CASE OF BECKY"

Cast Includes Charles Dalton, Albert Bruning, Mabel Norton, Eugene O'Brien, Harry C. Brown, John P. Brown.

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Evening Prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, \$1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c. Phone Douglas 70.

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CHARLES WALDRON

And the Alcazar Company in a New Dramatization of
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French Revolution

"A TALE OF TWO CITIES"

Carefully Cast and Elaborately Staged

Prices: Night, 25c to \$1; Matinees: 25c to 50c.
Matinees: Thursday, Saturday and Sunday

Ysaye at Greek Theater

For the first time in many years we are to have an opportunity of hearing the greatest composition ever written for the violin and orchestra. At the request of the Musical and Dramatic Committee of the University of California Ysaye, the "king of the violinists" who is to give the grandest program of violin music ever heard in this country at the Greek Theater next Wednesday afternoon, May 14, at three o'clock, has consented to play the Beethoven "Violin Concerto" accompanied by a symphony orchestra of sixty of our finest musicians. This is a work that only a real master is capable of interpreting adequately and were this the only number on the program it would be worth traveling miles to hear. In addition to the Beethoven work Ysaye is going to play, also with the orchestral accompaniment, the old classic masterpiece Viotti's Concerto in A minor. Between the two great works there will be a group of violin solos with piano accompaniment, the whole forming a feast of violin music that is in every way extraordinary. The event which falls on "Commencement Day" is not an orchestral concert with Ysaye as soloist, but an "Ysaye Concert" with the accompaniments played by the orchestra. As to the orchestra, it is one specially arranged for this auspicious event and is the finest body of players ever assembled here. Paul Steindorff will conduct. Tickets are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co's in San Francisco and Oakland and at the usual places in Berkeley. There will be 5,000 general admission seats which are also on sale at the box offices. From San Francisco take the two o'clock boat.

Frances Starr in "The Case of Becky"

While David Belasco has on several occasions presented Frances Starr in excellently constructed and well executed plays, it is said that her latest—"The Case of Becky," affords her greater opportunities to disclose her versatile art than anything she has heretofore played. It is a fascinating drama founded on a celebrated case of dual personality that came under the observation of Dr. Morton Prince of Boston in 1898.



VIVIAN FORD

Who will appear with "The Top O' Th' World Dancers" next week at the Orpheum.

Edward Locke, aided by Belasco, constructed the play from this case. Frances Starr has made a pronounced success in her dual role. Miss Starr is supported on tour by her New York company, including Charles Dalton, Albert Bruning, Harry C. Browne, Eugene O'Brien, Mabel Norton, John P. Brown and others. The original production and embellishments are presented intact. The engagement here commences Monday evening at the Columbia.

Talking Dog at the Orpheum

There will be five entirely new acts in the Orpheum bill next week. An exhibition of canine intelligence will be given by Don, the Talking Dog. Don is eight years old, a German hunting dog, the property of Miss Martha Haberland who puts him through his paces. Whether he understands what he says is a question. He speaks such words as Unger (Hunger), Ruhe (Rest), Kuchen (Cake) very distinctly. His greatest success is made with the vowels U. and

(Continued on Page 23)



YSAYE

The Greatest Violinist That Ever Lived
SCOTTISH RITE AUDITORIUM

NEXT SUNDAY AFTERNOON
MAY 11th

TUESDAY EVENING, MAY 13th
THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 15th
SUNDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 18th

Tickets, \$2.00, \$1.50 and \$1.00 on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co's and Kohler & Chase's.

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BERKELEY, CAL

YSAYE AND BIG SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

BEETHOVEN CONCERTO

VIOTTI CONCERTO

SOLO NUMBERS

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Professors and operators had the stock market to themselves in the early part of the week and caused prices to drop to lower levels without having any outside influence. Trading was restricted in volume and commission houses hoped to see the public come in as the bargains became more tempting. Nothing of the kind happened. Calls for more margins followed by calling of loans suddenly brought a wave of liquidation and the market grew more active as it went down, which Wall Street regards as the sign of a real bear market. Stocks became more plentiful because investors were selling and when it came to taking profits at the end of the week the shorts were able to buy all they wanted to cover their commitments without bidding prices on themselves. Some important railroad stocks are selling below their panic records and bonds are close to that basis. Some houses took such a gloomy view of the situation that they predicted that the best bonds would yet sell on a 5 per cent and the best investment stocks on a 6 per cent basis. Several high class railroad issues are now on that level, so by this reasoning they should be bought at current prices. Seldom has the market looked weaker than at the end of last week. If the time to buy is when everyone thinks the worst is yet to come, that time has arrived. If London and the Continent do not help the rest of the list as they have helped Canadian Pacific no one on this side of the Atlantic seems to have courage to do so. No light has been thrown on the Union Pacific case that helps to clear it of its many difficulties. The Federal Circuit Court judges have intimated that they will look with suspicion on a sale to the company's shareholders of the \$126,650,000 of Southern Pacific stock it now owns, because they already hold so much individually that the addition of even a third of the stock in the treasury would give them absolute control.

Wheat—The wheat market at the present time presents a violent contrast to that of a year ago. At that time the trade was excited, and prices were soaring on account of the disaster to the soft winter wheat crop which resulted in a loss approximating 100,000,000 bushels. The price of May wheat in Chicago a year ago was \$1.15, at Minneapolis it was \$1.12 and in Liverpool \$1.15½. Wheat here and at Minneapolis is now 23 cents lower, while Liverpool is but 3 cents lower than it was at that time. The conditions in other respects have undergone a remarkable change. Prices of wheat are now based on a broad commercial demand that has continued uninterruptedly for months past and, wheat in the United States, from an international point of view, is today the cheapest wheat in the world. There have been received at the primary points and distributed through the channels of exportation and domestic consumption 132,000,000 bushels

more than a year ago, less the small remnant of 7,000,000,000 bushels which is included in the visible supply. Notwithstanding the enormous absorption of wheat by Europe from every exporting country in the world, the European weekly visible supply of wheat shows a decrease of 4,000,000,000 bushels, compared with an increase of 900,000 bushels last year, which is significant in more ways than one. It emphasizes the fact that, with the enormous amount of wheat Europe is importing, her stocks are diminishing, where a year ago they were increasing. It also explains the cause of the long-sustained advance and the high parity of prices maintained there above the markets in this country. From another point of view it is observed that the world's visible supply is given at 182,000,000 bushels, compared with 201,484,000 bushels a year ago. In other words, there are 19,000,000,000 bushels less wheat in the visible supply of the world, with an immeasurably better domestic demand in this country, and, according to the best authorities, the European requirements will be unusually great throughout the remainder of the crop year. It would be singular indeed if this should not be the case, for with the constant strain of the political situation in Europe, it would be the height of improvidence if ample provision was not made for an abundant supply of food, not only for present needs, but for future serious contingencies, which every day appear to be enlarging in scope and to be more discouraging for any pacific conclusion.

Corn—The corn market continues to halt in the face of the decrease of 10,000,000 bushels in the visible supply in the last two weeks. But this is neutralized by a slack eastern demand. The light receipts form a sustaining feature, but this is regarded as only a temporary factor, as the country movement is expected to show a large increase as soon as the planting season is over. The price appears to be on a fairly sound commercial basis, with indications that the consumptive demand would greatly enlarge on a modest set back from present values.

Cotton—The week has seen a more active market, with new levels being made on Wednesday. A rally followed, however, that took the market 20 to 37 points higher, the old crop being conspicuously strong, probably on the assumption that a large quantity of cotton, possibly 80,000 bales, will be shipped from this market to Liverpool. Some complaints have come from various parts of the belt, especially in Central Texas, of cool weather, poor germination and plant looking more or less sickly. Similar reports are coming from Central Alabama and Mississippi, where the season opened wet and cold, and now dry conditions are retarding germination and much replanting is necessary. Three private reports on acreage this week were disappointing to the bear

element. It would appear at this time that acreage will hardly be up to that of two years ago. The general summary of the week has not been entirely satisfactory on the whole and shorts have become nervous. Waldorf interests, New Orleans and Memphis have bought. Everything considered, and the fact that this market has had a good break the past three weeks, we would be cautious about following the short side at this level, and on any further break would purchase the new crop months with a view of witnessing a good rally in the near future as a result of crop scares and the oversold condition of the market.

During the Summer season "TOWN TALK" subscribers are requested to send in promptly any change of address that they may contemplate making, so that the paper will reach them regularly.

"Does your daughter sing?" asked Mrs. Jingle-gilt.

"No," replied Mrs. Oldfan. "We have taken great pains in educating her not to."

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The New "De Profundis"

(Continued from Page 9.)

froth and folly of our life grew even very wearisome to me.

"The sins of another were being placed to my account. Had I so chosen I could on either trial have saved myself at his expense. Had I cared to show that the Crown witnesses—the three most important—had been carefully coached . . . not in reticence merely, but in assertions, in the absolute transparence, deliberate plotting and rehearsing of the actions and doings of someone else, I could have had each one of them dismissed from the box by the judge. . . . I could have walked out of court with my tongue in my cheek and my hands in my pockets, a free man. The strongest pressure was put upon me to do so. I was earnestly advised, begged, entreated to do so by people whose sole interest was my welfare and the welfare of my house. But I refused. I did not chose to do so. I have never regretted my decision for a single moment, even in the most bitter periods of my imprisonment. Such a course of action would have been beneath me. . . . Sins of the flesh are nothing. They are maladies for physicians to cure, if they should be cured. Sins of the soul alone are shameful. To have secured my acquittal by such means would have been a lifelong torture to me. . . . But do you really think that you were worthy of the love I was showing you then, or that for a single moment I thought you were? The aim of love is to love, no more and no less. You were my enemy, such an enemy as no man ever had. Next morning I receive, in Tite-street, a telegram, of some ten or eleven pages in length, from you. You stated in it that, no matter what you had done to me, you could not believe that I would absolutely decline to see you. You reminded me that, for the sake of seeing me, even for one hour, you had traveled six days and nights across Europe, without stopping once on the way. You made what I must admit was a most pathetic appeal, and ended with what seemed to me a threat of suicide and one not thinly veiled. You had yourself often told me how many of your race there had been who had stained their hands in their own blood—your uncle certainly, your grandfather possibly, among others in the mad, bad line from which you came. Pity my old affection for you; regard for your mother, to whom your death under such dreadful circumstances would have been a blow almost too great for her to bear; the horror of the idea that so young a life, and one that, amidst all its early faults, had still promise of beauty in it, should come to so revolting an end; humanity itself; all these, if excuses be necessary, must serve as my excuse for consenting to accord you one last interview. When I arrived in Paris your tears break out again and again all through the evening, and fall over your cheeks like rain as we sit at dinner at Voisin's, at supper at Pailard's. The unfeigned joy you evince at seeing me, holding my hand whenever you could, as though you were a gentle and penitent child, your contrition so simple and sincere at the moment, made me consent to renew our friendship. Two days after we had returned to London your father saw you having lunch with me at the Cafe Royal, and joined my table, drank of my wine, and that afternoon, through a letter addressed to you, began his first attack on me. . . .

"Bored with Worthing, and still more, I have no doubt, with my fruitless efforts to concentrate my attention on my play, you insist on being taken to the Grand Hotel at Brighton. The night we arrive you fall ill of that dreadful low fever that is foolishly called influenza. I need not remind you how I waited on you, and tended you, not merely with every luxury of fruit, flowers,

presents, books, and the like that money can procure, but with that affection, tenderness, and love that, whatever you may think, is not to be procured for money. Except for an hour's walk in the morning, an hour's drive in the afternoon, I never left the hotel. I got special grapes from London for you, invented things to please you, remained there with you or in the room next to yours, sat with you every evening to quiet or amuse you. After four or five days you recover, and I take lodgings in order to try and finish my play, you, of course, accompanying me. The morning after the day on which we were installed I feel extremely ill. The doctor finds I have caught the influenza from you. There is no manservant to wait on me, not even to send out on a message or to get what the doctor orders. But you are there; I feel no alarm. The next two days you leave me entirely alone, without care, without attendance, without anything. It was not a question of grapes, flowers, and charming gifts, it was a question of mere necessities. And when I was left all day without anything to read, you calmly tell me that you bought me the book and that they promised to send it down, a statement which I found out, by chance, afterwards, to be entirely untrue from beginning to end. All the while you are, of course, living at my expense, driving about, dining at the Grand Hotel, and, indeed, only appearing in my room for money. On the Saturday night, you having completely left me unattended and alone since the morning, I asked you to come back after dinner and stay with me for a little. With inimitable voice, and ungracious manner, you promised to do so. I wait until eleven, and you never appear. At three in the morning, unable to sleep, and tortured with thirst, I made my way in the dark and cold down to the sitting-room in the hope of finding some water there. I found you. You fell on me with every hideous word an intemperate mood, an undisciplined and untutored nature, could suggest, and, by the terrible alchemy of egotism, you converted your remorse into rage.

"You accused me of selfishness in expecting you to be with me when I was ill, of standing between you and your amusements, of trying to deprive you of your pleasures. You told me, and I knew it was quite true, that you had come back at midnight simply in order to change your dress clothes and go out again. . . . I went back upstairs in disgust and remained sleepless till dawn. At eleven o'clock you came into my room. I waited to hear what excuses you had to make and in what way you were going to ask for the forgiveness that you knew in your heart was invariably waiting for you, no matter what you did. So far from doing that, you began to repeat the same scene with renewed emphasis and more violent assertion. I told you at length to leave

the room. You pretended to do so, but when I lifted up my head from the pillow in which I had buried it you were still there, and with brutality of laughter and hysteria of rage you moved suddenly towards me. A sense of horror came over me, for what exact reason I could not make out; but I got out of my bed at once and bare-footed and just as I was made my way down two flights of stairs to the sitting-room, which I did not leave till the owner of the lodgings, whom I had rung for, had assured me that you had left my bedroom, and promised to remain within call in case of necessity. . . . After an interval of an hour you returned silently for money, took what you could find on the dressing-table and mantelpiece, and left the house with your luggage. Need I tell you what I thought of you during the two lonely, wretched days of illness that followed? Is it necessary for me to say that I saw clearly that it would be a dishonor to myself to continue even an acquaintance with such a one as you showed yourself to be?"

The manuscript referred to the death of "your elder brother," and went on: "On your return to town from the actual scene of the tragedy, to which you had been summoned, you came at once to me, very sweetly and very simply, in your suit of woe, and with your eyes dimmed with tears. You sought consolation and help, as a child might seek it. I opened to you my house, my home, my heart. I made your sorrow mine also, that you might have help in bearing it. Never even by one word did I allude to your conduct towards me, to the revolting scenes and the revolting letter. . . . The gods are strange. It is not our vices only they make instruments to scourge us. They bring us to ruin through what in us is good, gentle, humane, loving. But for my pity and affection for you and yours I would not now be weeping in this terrible place. . . . There is, I know, one answer to all that I have said to you, and that is that you loved me, that all through those two and a half years during which the fates were weaving into one scarlet pattern the threads of our divided lives, you really loved me. . . . But you, like myself, have had a terrible tragedy in your life, though one of an entirely opposite character to mine. Do you want to learn what it was? It was this, in you hate was always stronger than love. . . . Anything will feed hate. There was not a glass of champagne that you drank, or a rich dish that you ate, in all these years which did not feed your hate and make it fat. So to gratify it you gambled with my life as you gambled with my money, carelessly, recklessly, indifferently to the consequences. If you lost, the loss you fancied would not be yours. If you won, yours, you knew, would be the exultation and the advantages of victory.

(Continued on Page 23.)

—back East Excursions

ON SALE

May 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 28, 30, 31.

June 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 10, 11, 13, 14, 15, 17, 18, 21, 32, 23, 25, 26, 27, 28.

July 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 8, 9, 10, 11, 15, 16, 17, 22, 23, 24, 30, 31.

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ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of WILLIAM HALLECK DEMING, Deceased.

AZALENE F. GATES (formerly Azalee F. Deming), administratrix of the estate of William Halleck Deming, deceased, having filed herein her petition, duly verified by affidavit, praying for an order of the Court authorizing, empowering and directing her, as such administratrix, to mortgage the real property therein and hereinafter described, for the purpose set forth in said petition; and it appearing that it will be of advantage to said estate that said mortgage be made.

IT IS THEREFORE ORDERED BY THE COURT, that all persons interested in the estate of William Halleck Deming, deceased, do appear before this Court on Thursday, the twenty-ninth day of May, A. D. 1913, at ten o'clock a. m. of said day, at the Courtroom of Department number Nine Probate thereof, at the building situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, known as number 1231 Market Street, which building is also known as the City Hall, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why the real property of said estate herein-after described, or some part thereof, should not be mortgaged for the sum of ten thousand dollars, as prayed for in said petition, or for such lesser amount as to this Court shall seem meet.

Reference is hereby made to said petition, on file herein, for further particulars.

The property to be mortgaged is situate in the town of Menlo Park, County of San Mateo, State of California, and more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

1. Being a portion of Rancho de las Pulgas, and also a portion of what is known as the Briceland Tract, and being more particularly known as lots numbers two hundred and forty-one (241), two hundred and twenty-nine (229) and two hundred and thirty (230), as laid down and designated on a certain map filed in the office of the County Recorder in and for the County of San Mateo, State of California, on September 14th, 1863, entitled "Map of the Menlo Park Villa Association."

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED, that this order to show cause be personally served on the persons interested in said estate, or be published once a week for four successive weeks before the day of hearing in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated this 23rd day of April, A. D. 1913.

J. V. COFFEY,

Judge of the Superior Court.

HARRY T. CRESWELL, Attorney for Administratrix,
1109 Head Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-265

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JULES VICTOR BRETONNEL, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of Jules Victor Bretonnel, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with the estate of Jules Victor Bretonnel, deceased.

ANNA LABADIE,

Administratrix of the Estate of Jules Victor Bretonnel, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, April 12th, A. D. 1913.

A. COMTE, JR., Attorney for Administratrix,
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 4-12-5

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ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON PETITION TO MORTGAGE REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 10,721, Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Person and Estate of CARIE MADELINE COOK, an incompetent. Aberton L. Cook, as Guardian of the person and estate of Carrie Madeline Cook, an incompetent, having filed herein his petition in this Court praying for an order of this Court authorizing and directing him to borrow the sum of Five hundred (500) Dollars, or such lesser sum as to the Court shall seem meet, for the purposes of paying the outstanding debts against said incompetent and the debts, charges and expenses of administration and to secure to the lender of such money the payment of the same, that he, as such guardian, mortgage to said lender certain real property of said incompetent situate in the City of Oakland, County of Alameda, State of California, and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

BEGINNING at a point on the Southerly line of 12th Street, distant thereon one hundred (100) feet Westerly from the Westerly line of Clay Street, running thence Westerly along the Southerly line of 12th Street fifty (50) feet; running thence at a right angle Southerly one hundred (100) feet, running thence at a right angle Easterly fifty (50) feet and running thence at right angles Northerly one hundred (100) feet to the said Southerly line of 12th Street and point of beginning.

Being Lots Nos. 12 and 13 in Block No. 156 as the same are designated and so designated on the map known as Kellersbergers Map of Oakland, on file in the office of the County Recorder of the said County of Alameda, State of California.

And it appearing that it would be and is for the advantage, benefit and best interests of the estate of said incompetent and those interested therein that said real estate should be mortgaged, and good cause appearing therefor,—

IT IS ORDERED that all persons interested in the estate of said Carrie Madeline Cook, an incompetent, appear before this Court, Department No. 10 thereof, in its Courtroom in the Temporary City Hall, No. 1231 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, at 10 o'clock a. m. on Monday, the 2nd day of June, 1913, then and there to show cause why said real estate hereinabove particularly described should not be mortgaged as prayed in said petition, and said petition be granted, and

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation published in the City and County of San Francisco.

For all further particulars you are hereby referred to the petition now on file herein.

Dated, April 28, 1913.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,

Judge of the Superior Court.

HILLER, POWERS & EHRMAN,
Attorneys for Guardian,
Nevada Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-3-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of REBECCA WEISS, deceased.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executor of the estate of Rebecca Weiss, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executor at the office of James Raleigh Kelly, Room 604, 110 Sutter Street, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Rebecca Weiss, deceased.

JULIUS NEUMANN,

Executor of the Estate of Rebecca Weiss, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, May 3, 1913.
JAMES RALEIGH KELLY, Attorney for Executor,
Room 604, 110 Sutter Street,
San Francisco, Cal. 5-3-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LILLIAN MAY BROMFIELD, deceased.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of Lillian May Bromfield, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of Keogh & Olds, Room 24, Foxcroft Building, 68 Post Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Lillian May Bromfield, deceased.

BENJAMIN THOMAS BROMFIELD,
Administrator of the Estate of Lillian May Bromfield, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 3, 1913.
KEOGH & OLDS, Attorneys for Administrator,
Room 24, Foxcroft Building, 68 Post St.,
San Francisco, Cal. 5-3-5

HENRY P. TRICOU

NOTARY PUBLIC

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ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE AND PERSONAL PROPERTY SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 10,753, N. S.; Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ELIZABETH HANCOCK, Deceased.

Robert J. Hancock, the executor of the last will of Elizabeth Hancock, deceased, having on this day presented to the Court and filed in the above entitled matter his petition, duly verified, praying that the Court grant its order authorizing and directing him to sell a parcel of the real estate and the whole of the personal property belonging to the estate of said decedent, as described in said petition;

And it appearing from said petition to the satisfaction of the Court that it will be for the advantage, benefit and best interests of said estate, and those interested therein, to sell said parcel of said real estate and the whole of said personal property belonging to said estate for the reasons and purposes in said petition set forth;

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED, that all persons interested in said estate appear before this Court, in Department No. 10 thereof, on Wednesday, the twenty-eighth day of May, 1913, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at the Courtroom of said Court and Department, in the City Hall, No. 1231 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted authorizing and directing said executor and petitioner to sell said parcel of the real estate and the whole of the personal property belonging to said estate at public or private sale as prayed for in said petition.

AND IT IS FURTHER ORDERED, that a copy of this order be published once a week for four (4) successive weeks, prior to the hearing of said petition, in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco, State aforesaid.

Done in open Court this 18th day of April, 1913.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,

Judge of said Superior Court.

CHAS. W. SLACK and J. R. MOULTHROP,
Attorneys for Executor,
533-537 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-26-5

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS:—

THAT I, BEN J. SCHMIDT, DO HEREBY CERTIFY

That I am transacting and doing business, as an individual, under the designation of BEN J. SCHMIDT & COMPANY, at No. 35 Sansome Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California;

That I am the sole owner of, and the only person interested in, the aforesaid business, and that my name in full and place of residence are:—

BENJAMIN J. SCHMIDT, San Anselmo, Marin County, California.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand this 2d day of May, 1913.

BEN J. SCHMIDT.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 2d day of May, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Thirteen, before me, T. W. WITTOFT, a Notary Public in and for the said City and County of San Francisco, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared Ben J. Schmidt, known to me to be the same person whose name is subscribed to the within instrument and he duly acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my Official Seal, at my office, in the City and County of San Francisco, the day and year in this certificate first above written.

(Seal) T. W. WITTOFT,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

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The New "De Profundis"

(Continued from Page 21)

"I waited month after month to hear from you. Even if I had not been waiting, but had shut the doors against you, you should have remembered that no one can possibly shut the doors against Love for ever. The unjust judge in the Gospels rises up at length to give a just decision, because justice comes daily knocking at his door; and at night time the friend in whose heart there is no real friendship yields at length to his friend 'because of his importunity.' There is no person in any world into which love cannot force an entrance. If you did not understand that you did not understand anything about Love at all. . . . Write to me with full frankness about yourself, about your life, your friends, your occupations, your books. . . . Whatever you have to say for yourself say it without fear. Don't write what you don't mean. That is all. If anything in your letter is false or counterfeit, I shall detect it by the ring at once. It is not for nothing or to no purpose that in my lifelong cult of literature I have made myself

"Miser of sound and syllable, no less Than Midas of his coinage."

"Remember also that I have yet to know you. Perhaps we have yet to know each other. For myself I have but this last thing to say. Do not be afraid of the past. If people tell you that it is irrevocable do not believe them. The past, the present, and the future are but one moment in the sight of God, in whose sight we should try to live. Time and space, succession, and extension, are merely accidental conditions of thought. The imagination can transcend them, and move in a free sphere of ideal existences. Things, also, are in their essence what we choose to make them. A thing is according to the mode in which one looks at it. 'Where others,' says Blake, 'see but the dawn coming over the hill, I see the sons of God shouting for joy.' What seemed to the world and to myself my future I lost irretrievably when I let myself be taunted into taking the action against your father, and, I dare say, lost in reality long before that. What lies before me in my past? I have got to make myself look on that with different eyes, to make God look on it with different eyes. This I cannot do by ignoring it, or slighting it, or praising it, or denying it. It is only to be done fully accepting it as an inevitable part of the evolution of my life and character: by bowing my head to everything that I have suffered. How far I am away from the true temper of soul, this letter, in its changing, uncertain moods, its scorn and bitterness, its aspirations and its failures to realize those aspirations, shows you quite clearly. But do not forget in what a terrible school I am sitting at my task. And, incomplete, imperfect as I am, yet from me you may still have much to gain. You came to me to learn the pleasure of Life and the pleasure of Art. Perhaps I am chosen to teach you something much more wonderful—the meaning of sorrow and its beauty.—Your affectionate friend,

"Oscar Wilde."

Barber—Shall I go over the chin again, sir? Victim—No, I've heard enough.

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Varied Types

(Continued from Page 7.)

of the theatrical profession. From slapstick to Shakespeare, from magic to melodrama, from dancing to opera, he has had success in them all. Dixey says he was the first man who ever released himself from handcuffs, performing the trick long before Houdini's name was known. Those who have seen him at the Orpheum will recall the marvelous flexibility of his wrists. He says that has done mind reading stunts like those of his friend Washington Irving Bishop.

"The man who died at the Lambs' Club?" I asked.

"The same," said Dixey. "Bishop was my guest that night."

Reader, do you recall the story? Bishop performed extraordinary feats of mind reading at the Lambs' Club one night, working himself into such a state of mental excitement that he collapsed. Doctors who were present pronounced him dead, and the autopsy was performed the following morning. Relatives of Bishop came forward with the charge that the mind reader had merely fallen into a state of coma and that he had actually been killed by the autopsy surgeons. The case created a great furore in New York, but after a sensational trial the surgeons were exonerated.

Dixey could tell many such interesting stories. He has mixed with people who do things for many years, and for many years he has done important things himself. For how many years? Well, he was eight when he went on the stage. And I am informed, though not by Dixey because one hesitates to ask an actor his age, that he is fifty-eight years old. He may be, but he is still a good deal of an Adonis. Certainly he doesn't look as though he had been on the stage for half a century.

Stage

(Continued from Page 19.)

E. He accentuates every syllable sharply. European scientists have examined Don and are at a loss to explain this phenomenon. The press of New York and Berlin pronounce him a marvel. He is the only talking dog in the world and his life is insured for \$50,000. Loney Haskell introduces him. Few ballets have been conceived on as original an idea as "The Top O' Th' World Dancers." There are several boys and girls, and half a dozen finely bred dogs do their share. Lester, America's premier ventriloquist will also be included in the novelties. The Curzon Sisters are two charming little Southern girls who are known as "The Flying Butterflies." Hale Norcross will present Charles Dickson's comedy playlet "Love in the Suburbs." "The Tenderfoot's Temperance Pledge" and "The Singing Society" will be the Edison Talking Pictures for next week. It will be the last week of Lydia Barry, the Arnaud Brothers and Julius Steger.

A Tale of Two Cities" at Alcazar

"A Tale of Two Cities," adapted from Dickens'

story of London and Paris during the French revolution, is to be given next week at the Alcazar, with Charles Waldron as Sydney Carton and Miss Justina Wayne, one of America's most capable and experienced young leading women, specially engaged for the exacting role of Mimi. All the members of the stock company and a number of extra players will round out the cast. This dramatization of the famous book is described as the only one fully in accord with modern rules of play-building. Unlike any preceding version, it does not emphasize characterization at a sacrifice of general dramatic value. While rigidly adhering to the original plot, it presents no scene or personage that is not essential to coherent narration, and from opening until finish its action does not lag for an instant, but swiftly forges onward with cumulative intensity of interest, thoroughly routing any idea that Dickens' works cannot be made to meet up-to-date stage requirements.

Foy in "Over the River"

Eddie Foy opens at the Cort Sunday evening. This is quite an event because he is one of the drollest of stars; also because Werba and Luescher are sending a company and production in "Over the River" said to rival both their "Spring Maid" and "Rose Maid" productions. "Over the River" is described as one of the most stylish girlie shows that ran on Broadway last season. Its chorus and ballet augmented by the addition of the "Eight Berlin Madcap" dancers from Germany became one of the most talked about ensemble organizations of the year. The piece was also the first to introduce a "Cabaret" scene showing the interior of one of New York's popular all-night restaurants. The music is spoken of as "catchy." Eddie Foy is said to be at his best. His children will appear during the action of the play.

A Lasky Act at Pantages

Lasky's jingling travesty of the road with his sextette of merry musical tramps tops the new bill at Pantages. This is their second trip over the circuit and they are repeating their former triumph. A playlet different from ordinary vaudeville sketches is "The Days of '61," a scene at the Old Soldier's Home at Washington, D. C. "The Cinderella of Vaudeville" is what they call dainty Violet McMillen. Ella Fondlier and her brother offer a tabloid vaudeville show with bits of juggling, acrobatics, dancing and singing. Jeanne Brooks and Billy Noble have nifty songs and snappy dances. An acrobatic juggling performance second to none will be shown by the Six Tetsurwari. Comedy motion pictures will round out the bill.

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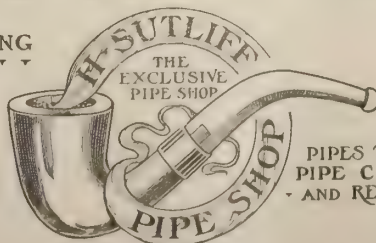
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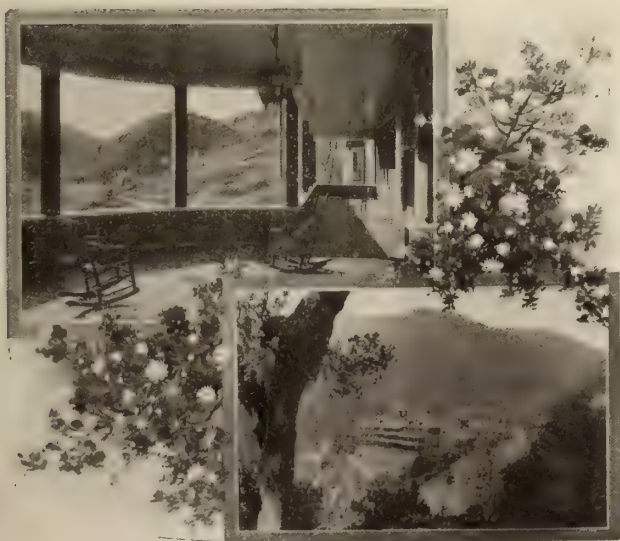
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TOWN TALK

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The Examiner After Rolph

With profound concern we observe the interruption of the pleasant and reciprocal relations that have long existed between Mayor Rolph's administration and our dictatorial contemporary the Examiner. Mayor Rolph is having the experience suffered by a long line of predecessors. At the outset of his official career he established friendly relations with the Examiner. He indicated his amiable intentions by appointing an Examiner reporter who had been active in Examiner politics his private secretary, and from time to time he has shown flattering deference to the big blustering daily by enthusiastically adopting its plans for running the city government. There was but once that he betrayed symptoms of blind staggers. That was when the Examiner after excruciating labor was delivered of the shrieking infant known as the Committee of a Thousand. Mayor Rolph, mindful perhaps of the story of Frankenstein, proved a recalcitrant nurse, and the potential monster perished of inanition. Nevertheless since then relations between the Mayor and his newspaper mentor have seemed cordial enough, and Mr. Rolph has continued to take advice from the Examiner as a child from its mother. But that he is not in a state of grace is evident from the editorial assaults that have been made on the Mayor's police commission. The Examiner wants a new chief of police. Hence the criticisms of Chief White for not ousting from the department five policemen who made affidavits in behalf of a poor, disreputable outcast. It appears that immigration officers zealous for the enforcement of the law that protects native born prostitutes from the competition of foreigners raised and educated for Mrs. Warren's profession, started proceedings for the deportation of a woman who had been a resident of this city fifteen years. The policemen were summoned by her attorney to give testimony in her behalf, and they told what all the police department knew—that her house was conducted in an orderly manner, and that she was a good woman in every respect save

one. That was all. And for that the Examiner in a spasm of indignation demands that they be dismissed from the police department; for having the generosity to say a kind word for a poor degraded wretch whom the authorities were about to deport out of deference to the horrible hypocrisy that is making us the laughing stock of the world. And curiously enough on the same page on which the Examiner fulminated its virtuous censures against the police department was printed a cartoon designed to rouse the rabble against the Japanese and further the malevolent purposes of the Hon. William Randolph Hearst. It is too bad that Mayor Rolph has incurred the Examiner's disfavor. But it is the penalty of incurring the friendship of the same journal, a friendship which is like the ivy that withers and ruins the wall it embraces.

The Apostle of the Average

Colonel Roosevelt still in process of development as a political theorist has reached the point of conceiving that a government of the people by the people ought to be a government of the average man. All the most learned philosophers and students of the science of government agree that democracy has the inherent tendency of elevating the average man to a position of supremacy, but this they have not regarded as a circumstance in favor of democracy. On the contrary they have regarded it as the essential objection to democracy, and all learned and sincere friends of popular government have argued that to realize true democracy affairs must be so regulated as to ensure a government by the most instructed and the ablest persons that can be found. Now the average man is not a safe and sound judge of talent. To cultivate his approval one must descend to his level, must yield to his prejudices and adopt them for principles; nay more, one must furnish the sophistry to defend and propagate them. And that is precisely what our former President is doing. He is the great apostle of the creed of the average man, and he is therefore going about preaching a servile deference to political majorities and denouncing every contrivance of government designed to discourage us from hasty legislation and political panics.

Our Morally Irresponsible Statesmen

The judgment of the committee that investigated his office having been confirmed by the Senate Secretary of State Jordan obtained a certificate of character not to be despised. The censure of a moral pervert is as fine a tribute as a man could wish for. And that is the felicity that came to Jordan unsolicited. What a horrible fate for any man to receive the commendation of the quixotic body that has been legislating for us at Sacramento! The moral

obliquity of that body is its most striking characteristic. No greater injustice could be done than to hold the members of the Legislature morally or legally responsible for their acts. The other day these men voted for an appropriation of \$500,000 to facilitate the sale of four per cent bonds issued in accordance with the will of the people as expressed at the polls. Purchasers of the bonds will get the money, the purpose being to raise the rate of interest. The people have decreed that the interest shall be four per cent, but the Administration has taken it upon itself to fix a higher rate and to pay it with the people's money without consulting the people. Now to be sure this is obviously immoral. No bolder stroke of malfeasance was ever thought of in the bad, glad days of boss rule. But Governor Johnson's puppets are utterly incapable of apprehending the indecency of it. If we view it philosophically, without heat, it is because it serves to show that you may bring the government back to the people without letting the people run the government. The truth is that when you bring the government back to the people the circumvention of the will of the people is more readily compassed than at any other time. In other words the people are never so certain of the kind of government they deserve as when they attempt to become their own governors. The principle appears to be the same as in the case of the lawyer who takes himself as a client.

A Lesson for the President

It would be pleasant to learn that President Wilson had employed some of the unshining hours of late in pondering the political lesson which was to be read even by a sprinter taking but fleeting glances of certain aspects of the statesmanship at Sacramento that put our nation in the undignified and sorry position before the world of trembling at the prospect of being plunged into war because of its inability to induce a reasonable deference to central authority. President Wilson did not ask much of Governor Johnson and the Legislature. The burden of the request from the beginning was that we go slow. Not an unreasonable request in view of our unpreparedness for trouble and in view of the unexigent nature of the object of pending legislation. Yet the President found the Administration at Sacramento exceedingly stubborn, absolutely indifferent to the best interests of the country at large. Whether there was danger of war or not apparently Governor Johnson didn't care. What he was concerned about was what he conceived to be his self-interest. He was not to be given the appearance of backing down. The legislation had been started by the Democratic playboys of the western world for no other purpose than to put him in the hole,

and he had no difficulty in out-manoeuvring them, and by application of the Bull Moose whip he completely turned the tables. It did not matter to him that the original pretext for the legislation—the urgent need of preventing the Japs from gobbling up the State—had disappeared. It was easy to find another, and latterly the whole question has been the petty one of retaliating on the Japanese for their exclusive land laws. And Governor Johnson, the grand young Ajax of the West with the square jaw and the frothing mouth stood pat, breathing defiance to all and singular. The lesson to which we would invite the attention of our Progressive President is this,—that you can't destroy representative government and develop a passion for political fads and fancies without enervating the whole political system and making the government reflect the state of mind of the sapheads at the front. The human brain is not like a layer-cake. You cannot sandwich a streak of insanity between the parts and keep the rest separate and distinct. Whatever is put in percolates through all the cells. Start a man thinking that the initiative and referendum is a grand device and it won't be long before he takes a fancy to the direct primary. Weaken his mentality sufficiently to make it receptive to the idea of recalling judges and before long he will want to recall decisions. Presently he will be clay in the hands of the political potter who will have him assenting to propositions that even a maniac would shy at. The truth is that progressive politics is a form of progressive insanity. There are thousands of good men in this State once perfectly sound of mind who endorse all that has been done at Sacramento. And they sincerely believe their minds have broadened. Now President Wilson unless his progressive tendencies are a sign of mental infection may study our State administration to advantage. Here we have the fullness of New Nationalism, and here we have seen the legislative department completely absorbed by the executive. No boss ever dared to boss a Legislature as the late one was bossed. And before the days of the direct primary no State ever beheld so servile a gang of nincompoops in legislature assembled as the one that adjourned this week.

A Southern Jingo

If as a result of the alien land law imbroglio our peace-at-any-price statesmen in Washington become sensible of the importance of preparedness for war, Governor Johnson's frothing at the mouth will not have been wholly to ill purpose. In all probability converts have been made to the greater-navy propaganda. We feel quite certain that the Hon. Thomas U. Sisson of Mississippi will never again be found in opposition to the strengthening of the sea arm of national defence. In the midst of the delicate situation brought about by Hiram's determination to rise superior to the treaty obligations of his country Mr. Sisson was first to the floor of Congress and last to his seat and all the time of his erection his mouth was open spouting words of defiance

to the little brown men. An awe-inspiring spectacle of ferocity was this Mississippi jingo. He was for war first, last and all the time. Yet, but a short time ago he was a peace propagandist quite as vehement as David Starr Jordan. When the naval appropriation bill was under discussion Mr. Sisson was so eager that Congressmen should get their rations out of the pork barrel that he was for the strictest economy in all matters pertaining to national defence. He opposed the two battleship program and every other feature of the bill, navy yards, naval stations, construction, maintenance and supplies. His record has been looked up. It appears that during three days of debate in committee of the whole the fire-eating jingo from Mississippi who doesn't care a tinker's imprecation for treaty rights was on his feet four hundred and twenty-four times. "The military expenses of the Federal Government are growing too rapidly," said Sisson; also, "This grand republic ought to stand for peace and not for war. We do not need these mighty establishments for peace at home." Again: "When will this folly cease? Every soldier in the army and every tar on the sea is a burden on the back of the man who labors." And during the debate Congressman Sisson spoke of the Secretary of State as a believer "in the glorious doctrine of brotherhood taught by the Master when He was on earth." He added: "Let us follow this great leader in his efforts to bring about peace among the nations of the earth." A few months later we find Mr. Sisson doing his best to make it hard as possible for the Secretary of State to preserve peace. Mr. Sisson is a fine specimen of the kind of talent that comes to the surface when democracy is rampant. His is one of the signs of the times. Congress is rapidly becoming top-heavy with Sissons. And now that we are going to fill our Senate by the same method by which the Lower House is packed with mob-ticklers of the Sisson variety it will not be many years before the country will find it somewhat difficult to extricate itself from any situation similar to the one precipitated by a third-rate California lawyer hungry for the applause of average men.

The Strike

The strike against the Pacific Gas and Electric Company would not be taken seriously were it not for the prodigious injury that can be done not only to the property of the corporation but to the industrial interests of a great section of the State. Fortunately, however, organized labor is not in sympathy with the strikers. The strike was precipitated by the irresponsible, self-seeking leaders of an outlaw union whose only aim was to increase their own importance and profit at the expense of the rank and file. So preposterous were their demands that they would not consider for a moment a proposal to submit the matter to arbitration. It is a plain case of mischievous, criminal misrepresentation, and of course sad will be the consequences to the families of hundreds of men who were led to believe that the company was at their

mercy and that they had but to strike and get what their leaders demanded. So far was the company from serious embarrassment that it had no difficulty in continuing its service by putting a little extra work on the shoulders of men in the engineering and other departments. The strike was therefore a fizzle from the start, but nevertheless there is the danger of sabotage with the usual consequences to men of the McNamara type who have received encouragement from unscrupulous journalists that affect a sympathy with workingmen.

Providential Discrimination

How mysterious the way God moves his wonders to perform, received fresh illustration when a cyclone struck Omaha some weeks ago. That was an ill wind that blew satisfaction to the heart of the Demon Rum. It destroyed eleven churches and left all the breweries and distilleries in town intact. Naturally the unregenerate purveyors of wet goods were elated, not because the churches were put out of business but because as there was evidence of discrimination it was in their favor. They are sufficiently keen for the blessings of God, these dealers in wet goods, to be much pleased when they find him on their side. Doubtless there are men who will regard it as shamefully heretical, if not unspeakably blasphemous, for the servants of the Demon to presume to lay the flattering unction to their souls that Providence has gone out of its way to grant them a shining dispensation. But if it is sinful who is to blame? Who are the presumptuous ones that taught common clay to solve offhand the mysteries of divinity? When San Francisco was shaken out of its boots and destroyed by fire pious clergymen all over the country construed the catastrophe without a moment's hesitation. They pronounced it an act of God premeditated for the chastening of a sinful city. It was as though they had inside information from Heaven. Like Dr. Aked who would have us believe he was favored with a divine revelation on the subject of politics they uttered themselves not in terms of conjecture but as though God's secrets revolved in the narrow orbit of their intelligence. Unfortunately the trammels of superstition have been broken through, and men no longer give heed to the pulpit as to the voice of angels. By a large section of the Christian church men have been taught that God is nothing if not reasonable and that his processes of thought are understandable of the plain people. So it was that a good many of the plain people reasoned that it was very odd that God should have destroyed the churches of San Francisco and spared Hotaling's whiskey. And the suspicion grew that the preachers were liars. Now far be it from us to be sceptical of the alleged supernatural significance of cosmic disturbances. True, we have noticed that always the churches fare badly. As in Omaha and in San Francisco so in St. Louis some years ago when the path of a tornado lay across twelve churches and only two saloons. Now let us be reasonable as those most unreasonable of men, the ration-

alists, are wont to say. Let us consider the implication of phenomena and see what they argue. Who shall say that God does not think worse of the average church than of the average saloon? If you examine the matter as the modern preacher would have you examine God you are very likely to conclude that God's capital grievance in this day and generation is against the temple that has been dedicated to his worship and prostituted to the egotism of a preacher. No one disputes that religious feeling has long been on the wane in this country. The growth of religious indifference is the most melancholy of all current phenomena. To irreligion is due most of the ills that afflict our country. What is the explanation of the indifference of the masses of the people to religion? Surely the saloon is not to blame for it. We know there are preachers who want the saloon closed on Sunday because they believe it reduces church attendance, but it is unfair even to the pulpit to take these preachers seriously. They haven't sense enough to realize that their fear of saloon competition is a confession of their own weakness. No, the saloon is not the cause of irreligion. The church itself is the hotbed of scepticism and indifference. The fact is that the masses have grown weary of going to church to have the spirit quickened. Too often they went only to find the pulpit occupied by leaders of ethical cults, preachers of individualistic gospels and prophets of propagandas for the abolition of eternal temptation. It is the church itself, the church occupied by the dogmatist swollen with an incredible pride of intellect, that has dried up the sources of religious feeling. From the pulpit definite religions are condemned as insincere and untrue. The doctrine that every man should help himself and be equal to every other man is today promulgated from the pulpit by preachers from whose vision the spiritual world has vanished, whose only idea of religion perhaps is to make Sunday as unpleasant a day as possible. It is for religion to explain the mysteries of the human hierarchy, the inequalities of society and to offer in the ideal world superabundant consolations for all the sacrifices made here below; but we find no small part of religion in the hands of men who do nothing but promote the egoism of their fellow creatures. The curtain of their horizon has descended round their own trivial activities. They would rather have you worship themselves than worship God. Surely God has reason to be angry at them. Surely God has less reason to be incensed against the man who mixes drinks behind the bar than against the preacher who distributes poison from the pulpit.

Man's Generosity to Woman

In the earlier days of the agitation for equal suffrage it was feared that the franchise would desexualize women. It now appears that there is really no danger of so terrible a calamity; not at any rate for the present. The indications are that politics will never become a habit with the really effeminate woman. Most of the women whose interest in politics survived their

first experience of the polls are members of some club or society with a particularist object. Politics in the wider sense is nothing to them, but they are anti-this or anti-that, or they are intensely interested in some esthetic or sociological project. We have been told that women had certain legal grievances and that they wanted to be on an equality with man, but this does not appear to be the case. On the contrary they do not want to be on an equality with man. They have not demanded the referendum on a proposition to extend the privileges of the sex in a sexual way, nor have they started an agitation in favor of the forfeiture of the privileges and exemptions which they were awarded by man-made statutes. Men and women are far from being on an equal footing before the law. Thanks to the generosity of man the female of the species enjoys many and great advantages which, in view of her present political standing, she ought to be quite willing to surrender. In the language of a writer in *Law Notes* she has been "Swaddled about with the tender wrappings of the law's seamless garment." Aside from her exemption from military and jury service, she doesn't have to pay poll tax; there are many exemptions from execution on and sale of her property; when she alleges imposition the courts allow her to go back on her bargains; she is exempted from arrest in civil actions; she may recover damages for breach of promise to marry while she may jilt to her heart's content; when convicted of crime she doesn't have to do hard labor; when she marries everything she has she may squander; no matter how much money she has she doesn't have to pay her husband's bills; if she commits a crime in her husband's presence it is presumed that he coerced her and he will be presumed guilty and she not guilty. There are scores of laws for the protection of women enacted for no other reason than that they are females. As it would be difficult to conceive anything more that would advantage the masses of women the ballot is not likely to be of service except to women-of a certain temperament. Whether it has improved the quality of the electorate in this State is a question not easily to be answered. The opponents of woman suffrage everywhere say that its only effect is to add to the masses of ignorant male voters the masses of the equally or more ignorant female voters. This we do not believe to be the case in California. The women most active in politics here are representative of neither the higher nor the lower intellectual class. There is no woman so active in politics as the woman who has lately discovered the joys of the intellectual atmosphere. The intellectual woman has an intellectual atmosphere of her own.

The American Drama

Ada Rehan has strong views about the state of the theatre in America. She thinks it is not what it used to be. The art of the stage and the drama in her opinion has degenerated. Ada Rehan has fallen into the habit of age. She is looking backward with an admiring regret. There is really no great

difference between the stage of today and the stage of the heyday of Ada Rehan when Augustin Daly was adapting farces from the German. There has been some improvement of the purely business affairs of the theatre. The stage is on a firmer basis, mummers are now sure of their wages and they are getting more wages than formerly. If there is anything to complain of it is the drama, but even the drama has improved. The only thing to be said of the native drama is that it is inferior to the drama that is written in Europe. But the same may be said of all forms of American art. And if the drama is not what it should be it is not the fault of our theatrical managers. They are not partial to foreign plays. They have encouraged our so-called literary folk to write for the stage, but not with much success. Our playwrights are chiefly mechanics who know how to build plots, but there is hardly one of them who can write a play fit to read. In Europe the plays of the day are printed for general circulation and are read with as much avidity as any other form of fiction. Foreign-made plays have a large circulation in this country among general readers, but the plays of the few American playwrights who get into print are read only by students of the drama who have some interest in technique. The question is asked Why in a country abounding in writers of novels and short stories there are comparatively few playwrights? There are several answers that may be made to this question. The first is that it is easier to get a novel printed than to get a play played. If only such novels as were worth reading were printed we should have few novelists. Anybody can have a novel printed, but anybody cannot have a play produced. Another answer to the question is that it is harder to write a play than to write a novel. There are no technical difficulties to be mastered in the writing of a novel. We hear a great deal of the technique of the novel, but there are no invariable rules for the writing of a narrative. There is a technique of a school, but one may ignore it and tell a story. Novels are constructed on many and different plans. A novelist may manipulate events at his pleasure, and so we have novels so widely different in character and style of construction as *Don Quixote* and *Madame Bovary*, *Gil Blas* and *Great Expectations*, *The Satyricon* and *Ivanhoe*. In the writing of a play there are hard and fast rules, and if they are not heeded the result is only so much written weariness. A novelist may employ any number of words in the telling of his story. A playwright can never afford to be loquacious. And while a novelist may give you but a vision of life, a dramatist must give you a photograph. The novelist who tries to write a play finds that he has to give up valued liberties; he must forego much motion for his characters and at the same time he must induce them to reveal themselves in few words and pertinent ones. It has been said that the two forms—the drama and the novel—are so vastly different that it is hardly natural for a person who instinctively finds one the preferable mode

of expression to develop an aptitude for the other. This explanation is not borne out by the history of fiction. There are many writers who have shown equal facility in both forms. In all the countries of Europe today there are successful playwrights who first achieved fame as novelists, and there are novelists whose first messages were in the form of dramas. Perhaps a better guess at the failure of our novelists who have

tried to write plays, (such persons as Mrs. Atherton, Jack London and Mary Austin) is their self-confidence and lack of concentration. A play is not to be dashed off with small regard to technical difficulties as was the case with the play Mrs. Atherton tried to write. To articulate the crises of life and poignant states of soul on a small canvas while trying to produce the effect of reality one must have those by no

means minor essentials of genius—infinite painstaking, continuous attention, supreme patience. These qualities were no more conspicuous in American life when Ada Rehan was young than they are now. The American habit of rush, which is best typified by the general in bolting its food, is probably what is principally the matter with the writers of literary ability who have tried to write plays.

Perspective Impressions

Look on the bright side! After abstaining from two till six what a thirst you'll have!

The British suffragette may be defined as a woman who wants something and thinks it's a vote.

Death is not particular. He rides on the pillion of the motorcycle as well as in the tonneau of the motor car.

Harper's Weekly discussing the Japanese school-boy imbroglio of other days speaks of Mayor Rudolph Schmitz. Editor Harvey was probably thinking of Mayor Eugene Spreckels.

Why should President Wilson devote all his spare moments to the business of reforming the jury system of New Jersey when he knows very well that we have a police scandal in San Francisco?

Hiram's Ten Commandments all have their appropriation clauses.

Clarence Darrow put it well when he said the Legislature was attending to the things that God forgot.

Governor Johnson congratulating the Legislature and acquitting it of freakishness is a plain case of self-felicitation and auto-vindication.

The Examiner's idea of keeping within the bonded debt limit is the raising of the assessed valuation of everybody's property. The mathematical proposition is not to be disputed.

Solve the problem of control of smelter fumes, says the Chronicle, and California will develop a great copper industry. Aren't there other problems to be solved before any of California's industries can attain full development? The problems of organized labor and political busyness, for instance.

Thank heaven, the Legislature has abated itself.

The Legislature amplified Hiram's famous dictum by specifying pie as the food to be eaten and the public crib as the place to eat it.

We'd not find it so hard to pay taxes if we didn't know how easy it was for cheap politicians to spend the money on themselves.

The only objection to the minimum wage law for women is that its advocates imply that women do not lose their virtue but sell it.

"If the people are steadfast in their convictions and are not misled by the innumerable tricks which will be devised to fool them."—The Examiner.

And also, let us add, if they can be induced to take advice once more from the personal organ of His Satanic Majesty William Randolph Hearst.

The People's Forum

One Angle of the Jap Problem

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: Near where I live a Japanese cobbler plies his trade. Two or three blocks distant there is a white cobbler. The white cobbler has many idle hours, but the Jap is tapping away at soles and heels at all hours of the day and night. Because why? Because his prices are lower than the prices charged by the white cobbler. There are many union men in our neighborhood, and they all seem to patronize the Jap. They don't often go into his shop themselves with shoes that need cobbling, but they send their children. Still, I've seen union men go there several times. They always look up and down the street to see if they are watched before they go in. Now what are you going to do in a case like this? These very union men are loudest in their denunciation of the Japs. But when it comes to saving a few nickels they patronize the Jap and let the white cobbler whistle for work. Doesn't it look as if consistency always breaks down when there is money to be saved? It looks to me as if the opponents of the Japs in California are bucking against an economic law.

Respectfully,
—C. E. T.

The Bamboo in Bloom

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: The bamboo is in flower. I saw it blooming over near Niles the other day. For those who believe in portents there is a sinister meaning here. The bamboo blooms very rarely. Some species effloresce only once in thirty-two years. And after it blooms

the bamboo stalk dies. Perhaps that is why the Japanese attach an evil significance to the flowering of the bamboo. For centuries the blooming of the bamboo has been regarded in Japan as the sign of an approaching national catastrophe. I do not know whether the bamboo is flowering in Japan, but probably it is, as the plant does not change its habits with change of latitude. The trouble we are having over alien land legislation prompts the question: Does the flowering of the bamboo mean catastrophe for California or for Japan or both?

Yours truly,

—A Believer in Signs.

A Pertinent Query

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: Do you ever read the Los Angeles papers? I do, and occasionally I find very important news in them which the San Francisco papers ignore. For instance: Edward Adams Cantrell, former State organizer of the Socialist party and Socialist candidate for Secretary of State, having broken with the Socialists of Los Angeles, has been writing a series of articles for the Times showing how the Socialist party in Los Angeles was betrayed into the hands of dynamiters and grafters. In the last article Cantrell quoted from his evidence given to the Grand Jury which investigated the Times explosion. He told of a conversation he had with Job Harriman following the Times explosion. In that conversation Harriman said to him: "If the worst comes to the worst, I fear they (meaning the union men on strike in Los

Angeles) will dynamite the water mains and set the city on fire. They threaten to make Los Angeles what San Francisco was after the earthquake and fire." Cantrell stated further that during the Indianapolis trial one witness testified that some of the conspirators had talked of dynamiting and firing Los Angeles. I haven't seen a word of this in the San Francisco papers. Why don't they publish it?

Inquiringly,

—V. H. O'L.

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Varied Types

CXXVI—LIEUTENANT THOMAS TOBIN

By Edward F. O'Day

A Commissioner of Prisons for the State of New York was in San Francisco not long ago, and he inspected the City Prison in the Hall of Justice. When he had seen everything he said:

"The best prison we have in the East is the Tombs in New York City. But the Tombs can't compare with this prison. This is the best prison in the country."

Whereat the breast of Lieutenant Thomas Tobin swelled with justifiable pride. The words were addressed to Lieutenant Tobin, and the compliment they contained was meant for him. Lieutenant Tobin is the keeper of the City Prison, and it is due to him that our City Prison is the model City Prison of the United States. Taking advantage of the sympathetic co-operation of his superior, Chief of Police White, Lieutenant Tobin has given San Francisco an institution of which it has good reason to be proud.

We are apt to be cynical about our policemen, especially at a time like this when guardians of the law are accused of criminal dealings with law-breakers. It is very easy to suspect all policemen of the evil things alleged of a few. Let us consider Lieutenant Thomas Tobin and his accomplishment. The consideration may purge our minds of some of their anti-police prejudice.

When any unfortunate, man or woman, boy or girl, is taken by a bluecoat to the top floor of the Hall of Justice and is charged on the police blotter with some violation of the law, that unfortunate immediately goes into the keeping of Lieutenant Thomas Tobin. Some prison keepers may be callous and unsympathetic, but Lieutenant Tobin has a heart as big as a blue helmet and that heart beats warmly for weakness and distress.

"I have been in the police department for thirty-three years," says Lieutenant Tobin, "and I have yet to discover that an arrested person ceases to be a human being. In my long experience I have known many innocent persons arrested through malice or mistake; so I never assume that the poor people placed in my charge are deep-dyed criminals. Besides, the guiltiest wretch is not made any better by unnecessary degradation."

When the ordinary person thinks of a prison the picture of a damp and gloomy subterranean dungeon forms itself to the mind's eye. There was such a subterranean prison in the old City Hall. Its steel-lined cells cost a fortune, but it was never used as a City Prison. The City Prison in the new Hall of Justice is as unlike that old network of oubliettes as day is unlike night.

Lieutenant Tobin takes you into the City Prison across the Bridge of Sighs. This is a sunlit passage more like a garden pergola or belvedere than the entrance to a prison. The

sun streams into this Bridge of Sighs through a skylight and through lattices on either side. It is made gay with potted plants and shrubs that fill the eye with soothing green. This bowery passage prepares you for other and more surprising innovations conceived by Lieutenant Tobin. But before we cross let us recall the saying, (good but not ripping), of one of our distinguished criminal lawyers:

"Lieutenant Tobin has taken the weeping eye out of the Bridge of Sighs."

The Bridge of Sighs opens into the women's section of the City Prison. It is hard at first for the untutored mind to realize that this is a place of incarceration. It is roofed in glass and bathed all day in light. By an ingenious system



LIEUTENANT THOMAS TOBIN

of ventilation the temperature is kept always comfortable. Every inch of wall and floor is spotlessly clean. Along the tops of the cell tiers are potted plants that make it look like a greenhouse.

"Look at that thorn bush," said Lieutenant Tobin, indicating one of these flower pots. "It is said that the crown of thorns pressed on Our Savior's brow was of that species. And over there is Luther Burbank's spineless cactus."

"All the prisoners, men and women," continued Lieutenant Tobin as we passed down the spotless passage in front of the cells, "used to be fed from tin basins. All their food, meat, vegetables and bread, was served in these tin basins and they ate as best they could with spoons and their fingers. Now this is the way I feed the women."

We paused before a cell which had been transformed into a cosy dining room. Comfortable chairs were drawn up to a table covered with a white cloth and set for a meal with plates, cups and saucers of white crockery, knives, forks and spoons. The back of this cell was hidden by two pretty Chinese folding screens. There was nothing to suggest a cell but the grated steel door.

"The women come here in charge of the matron to take their meals," explained Lieutenant Tobin, "and they eat without feeling unnecessarily humiliated and degraded."

"Sometimes," continued the Lieutenant, un-

locking a door, "women are sent here with nursing babies. It is horrible to put a mother into a cell when she has a child in her arms. And sometimes young girls are sent here whom it would be a pity to confine in a cell all night. I have this room for such prisoners."

Lieutenant Tobin threw open the door of a bright and commodious apartment. There were three nice beds; on the walls were pictures tastefully framed; in the middle of the room was a table with a big Bible, books and magazines; and in the lavatory were bath and shower. The Lieutenant pointed with particular pride to a sewing machine.

"One night Chief White came here with his wife," he explained. "There was a young girl in here, and she was doing needle work. Mrs. White examined her work and praised it. The girl remarked that she could do much better if she had a machine. The next morning Mrs. White sent me this sewing machine."

In passing I may remark that Lieutenant Tobin has been enabled to make the City Prison what it is because there are so many charitable people like Mrs. White. The potted plants, the Chinese screens, the pictures, the books, the clothes he gives to unfortunate women who come to the prison in rags or filthy garments, all these and other things he owes to the generosity of individuals and business houses to whom he has appealed in the name of the distressed.

Lieutenant Tobin next showed me his greatest triumph. This is a cell bed of his own invention. It is ingeniously made of iron and so hinged to the wall of the cell that it can be hooked up out of the way in the daytime and let down at night. There are two in each cell, one above the other, and I am quite sure they are as comfortable to sleep in as the ordinary steamer berth.

"Before I invented this bed," said the Lieutenant, "the prisoners slept on the floor. None of the women has to sleep on the floor now, and I am having the beds installed in the men's cells as fast as possible. I needed \$140 to install them on the women's side, and you can't imagine how hard it was to get the money from the Supervisors. 'Gentlemen,' I finally told them, 'you wouldn't want your dog to sleep the way the women prisoners have to sleep.' Then they gave me the appropriation."

From the women's side Lieutenant Tobin conducted me to the men's side of the prison. This too was bright, sunlit and perfectly clean. Everything is scrubbed down once a day. There are hot and cold showers where dirty prisoners take a compulsory bath before entering their cells.

The same remarkable ingenuity which led Lieutenant Tobin to invent his cell bed resulted in an improved way of feeding the men prisoners. First of all he did away with the tin basins, sub-

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Appreciation

By R. B. Cunninghame Graham

The supper room was full of Jews, of Rastas, of demi-mondaines, of company promoters and adventurers from the five quarters of the globe. The clash of tongues rose high, forcing the most unscientific to admit man's near descent from, and his close relationship to, monkeys and macaws. Obsequious and yet half-insolent Swiss and German waiters poured out champagne, the only wine the goodly company of internationalists thought good enough to drink. Palm trees, bred, as it were, to stand tobacco smoke and fumes of scent and perspiration, and to resist the artificial light, were stuck about at intervals in great gilt tubs, and their leaves when the draft stirred them were reflected in the enormous looking-glasses with which the walls were lined. Here sat an elderly financier, in his vast, white waistcoat, escorting a slight chorus girl; a little further on a lady "sur le retour," her gown cut open almost to her waist, her eyes touched up with kohl, and her hair dyed with henna, was seated with the lover of her pocket, a young man with his dark hair brushed back and plastered to his head. Americans sang like the bagpipes, if the nose, and Germans grunted; and over all the heady, false and artificial tones of the imperial race struck one as being used for fun.

Riches and vulgarity kissed one another, each recognizing the other's worth, and understanding that the whole world was theirs by right of conquest as long as they combined.

It seemed as one looked round, that the green fields, the sky, the trees, the songs of birds, the joy of horses, the dawn, the tides, the rhythmical and murmurous motion of the spheres, night, day, the twilight, and all the rest of the mere natural miracles, which nobody can imitate, so few appreciate, and none of us can alter, stay, quicken or retard, were but mere common things which the assembled company either had never seen or comprehended, or, if they had, imagined they could buy, or set on some inventive but unpractical poor man to counterfeit. None ate to gratify their hunger or drank because they thirsted, but merely for the sake of spending money, except perhaps one or two of the younger demi-mondaines, whose palates were not surfeited with gold. The guests looked meaner than the men who served them in appearance, and those who served them meaner still than they for serving any man, when there were stones to break, waste lands to plough, or even a good drain or two to cleanse and purify.

An air of self-contentment, spacious and quite impenetrable to pity or to sentiment, exuded from the pores of everyone. Their world was the best world their God could make, and on their seventh day, if they had thought about the matter, they would have called on him complacently to rest, for it was clear that He could do no more to satisfy their minds. Men slouched into the hall, their hands plunged into their trouser pockets, with the shamefaced and shambling gait that modern life seems to impart, and women swaggered or sailed in, conscious that wealth and luxury had done as much for them as it had failed to do for the male sex. Nothing in the whole place was human but the Hungarian band, which, though disguised like monkeys on an organ, in red coats and tight plush shorts, still played as carefully amongst the hum of talk—for music sets off people talking, just as talk starts canaries in a cage to sing—as they played in rags in their own villages at home.

Their pale, thin faces, peering through glasses at the music, and their concentrated air, the

quick glances which they shot at the first violin, who now and then ceased playing for a bar or two and beat the time with his bow hand, placed them in quite another world from the guests seated round the tables, one and all of whom were Semites either by adoption or by race. In fact, the real Semites were superior in type to those of other races, whose noses had grown high, cheeks reddened and stomachs swollen in pursuit of wealth. Few listened to the music, till food and drink had done their work and they sat dulled like vultures after a meal of carrion, and their tongues ceased to clatter for a while. Some of them deigned to listen and applaud, but in a patronizing way as if not only the mere music wage-slaves but the composers had been called into being by some subconscious action of their own.

Czrdas succeeded Czardas, the violinist playing like a man inspired, his face illuminated, his black, turned-up mustache twitching and separating like the whiskers of a cat, his agile fingers sliding up the diapason of his fiddle just as a skip-jack slips about the surface of a pool, in darts the eye can see, but never follow in their speed. Then, tapping on his music-stand, the leader with a gesture of his bow launched his musicians into the Barcarole of the "Les Contes d'Hoffman" with its dreamy rhythm and its air of holding in its notes, suspended betwixt earth and heaven, the soul of him who sacrificed fifteen whole years of life to the work which was to show that he had something better in him than the mere jingling melodies that linked his name to those of Schneider, Elsie Tautin and the rest of their compeers.

It floated through the hall, rising and falling just as a gondola sways at the mouth of a canal, then faded by degrees till it ceased imperceptibly, as does the whirring of the wings of some great insect passing overhead as it flies on beneath the trees. A qualified applause, such as the rich bestow on a mere fiddler, broke out fitfully. Heads

nodded, and fat, common hands that never in their lives had handled pick, spade, brush or pencil, or anything but gold, tapped on the tables with a fleshly sound.

"Beautiful thing, 'Le Comte der Hoffmann,'" an Englishman exclaimed. "The fellow was a count. Offenbach had it all from Hortense Schneider you know, the gurl who used to dance the Kanne-Kanne when Louey Napoleon was emperor. Paree was never really Paree since those days. Louey was just the man for the French. He understood them. If he had lived, my boy, we never should have had the republic, and all that kind of thing." The woman at his table admired his knowledge, and hummed the refrain a little out of tune, one of them who attended concerts remarking it was a little like, what she called, "Singe d'Amour," to which a friend rejoined: "How strange! Why, Offenbach died years ago, and yet his music is quite modern." Music of course began to be an art about the time electric light came into use.

A Frenchman drew his wit to the finest thread to make a point about the writer having been a little German "dans le fond," and then, when a stout German looked at him coldly and insolently, flushed up a little, pretending he had not quite understood what he had wished to say. For nearly half a minute the matter occupied the people in the supper room, and then, after someone or other had delivered himself to the effect that "music had a soothing sort of effect on the digestive organs," they all forgot about it, and turned to discuss the important things of life—adultery, divorce, the stock exchange and the last "aviator" dashed to pieces in his fall.

The writer, who in the coulisses of his theatres, for years had kept a bright spot in his soul, working and polishing at his ewe lamb that he was fated never to see born, at last had been appreciated. All had been done that man can do to wipe away a stain, and all the years of struggle

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Poems About San Francisco

XCIII—"AN UNUSUAL RAIN"

By Charlotte Perkins Gilman

(Charlotte Perkins Stetson Gilman, one of the sweetest of those who have sung San Francisco, is already represented in this series by five poems, as follows: "Powell Street," "Our San Francisco Climate," "From Russian Hill," "Beds of Fleur de Lys," and "The Hills." Mrs. Gilman spent a good deal of time here in the '90s, lecturing, writing for the papers and preparing her poems for publication. Her book of poems is called "In This Our World," and is from the press of Small, Maynard and Company, Boston.)

Again!
Another day of rain!
It has rained for years.
It never clears.
The clouds come down so low
They drag and drip
Across each hill-top's tip.
In progress slow
They blow in from the sea
Eternally;
Hang heavily and black,
And then roll back;
And rain and rain and rain,
Both drifting in and drifting out again.

They come down to the ground,
These clouds, where the ground is high;
And, lest the weather fiend forget
And leave one hidden spot unmet,
The fog comes up to the sky!
And all our pavement of planks and logs
Reeks with the rain and steeples in the fogs
Till the water rises and sinks and presses
Into your bonnets and shoes and dresses;

And every outdoor-going dunce
Is wet in forty ways at once.

Wet?
It's wetter than being drowned.
Dark?
Such darkness never was found
Since first the light was made. And cold?
O come to the land of grapes and gold,
Of fruit and flowers and sunshine gay,
When the rainy season's under way!

And they tell you calmly, evermore,
They never had such rain before!

What's that you say? Come out?
Why, see that sky!
Oh, what a world! so clear! so high!
So clean and lovely all about;
The sunlight burning through and through,
And everything just blazing blue.
And look! the whole world blossoms again
The minute the sunshine follows the rain.
Warm sky—earth basking under—
Did it ever rain, I wonder?

The Spectator

Rudolph and the Sugar Schedule

The Underwood Tariff Bill has passed the House and is now in the finance committee of the Senate. If it passes the Senate as it stands, and it may, the sugar schedule will destroy the beet sugar industry of the United States. That schedule makes a great immediate reduction in the tariff on sugar and provides that at the end of three years sugar shall come into the country duty free. The beet sugar men declare that without tariff protection they cannot compete with the cane sugar growers and that they will have to close their plants and devote the vast beet sugar acreage of the country to other purposes. In California alone there are from thirty to forty millions invested in beet sugar. That great Californian industry, we are assured by the men who conduct it, will be totally ruined. In the circumstances it is interesting to know who wrote the sugar schedule of the tariff bill. Who but the eminent Californian, Rudolph Spreckels!

He Advised the President

Rudolph Spreckels, the last time he was in Washington, had the privy ear of the President on this subject. He told the President that free sugar was imperative. He wanted free sugar right away. In answer to the statement that free sugar meant the end of the beet sugar industry he assured the President that it meant nothing of the sort. He told the President that such talk was poppycock. He said that the beet sugar men of the United States were making enormous profits and would continue to make them without tariff protection. Only reluctantly did he consent to the compromise which delayed

free sugar for three years. Meanwhile he succeeded in convincing the President that a heavy cut in the present tariff was the proper caper.

A Swat at His Brother

More than one member of the Spreckels family is engaged in the sugar business. John D. Spreckels is engaged in the beet sugar industry in this State. Gus Spreckels is engaged in the sugar refining business. Gus has one sugar refinery in Yonkers and another in Philadelphia. Free sugar will not interfere with Gus' business in the least, but it will destroy John D.'s. John D. cannot raise beet sugar and compete with the cane sugar which is cheaper to raise. But Gus will go on refining just the same. The circumstance that Rudolph Spreckels is very friendly with his brother Gus and extremely unfriendly with his brother John D. may indicate a reason for Rudolph's interest in the drawing of the sugar schedule. He drew that schedule as a weapon with which to swat John D. And so much interest is Rudolph taking in that sugar schedule that he will be in Washington while the tariff bill is before the finance committee of the Senate. After the bill has been disposed of and a crimp has been put in John D., Rudolph will go abroad for relaxation.

The Governor's Dread

In a fit of laughter the man who winds the ferry clock fell off a chair in the office of the Harbor Commission last Tuesday morning. Asked the cause of the spasm he said: "I was reading the great send-off the Governor gave the Legislature yesterday. He told them they were the greatest

statesmen that had ever got together anywhere on earth."

"Nothing funny about that," said Harbor Commissioner Dwyer.

"No," observed the Ferry philosopher, "not unless you know what the Governor really thinks of them. I was up in Sacramento the other day, and I heard him tell Senator Thompson he was very eager for 'that bunch of lunatics to adjourn.' 'I'd rather risk the failure of every Administration measure,' he said, 'than take a chance on the things they may do if they're not sent home.'"

His Wonderful Self-Sacrifice

Dwyer left the room, and then the Ferry philosopher turned to me confidentially. "There was one bill," he said, "the Governor was very anxious about. He'd have kept them there all summer if necessary rather than see it die."

"What bill was that?" I asked.

"The bill that enables the Governor to run for the Senate. But it passed all right, all right. He's a great man, isn't he—always working for the dear people, and never doing politics."

"What about that bill fixing up the Senatorial fences?" I asked.

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"That's one of the people's bills," said the clock winder with a smile. "It was the most important measure passed during the whole session, being wholly in the interest of the people. For what could be more important to the people than to have the Grand Young Man of Armageddon running for the Senate? California can never be fully redeemed until our far-famed Governor lands in the Senate of the country. The people know that. All over the State men are clamoring for him, women are shrieking for him and babies are crying for him. He knows it, and he drew that bill with his own lily white hand. And it's purely a case of self-sacrifice. You remember he didn't want to run for Governor because he was going blind, don't you?"

I remembered.

"Well," said the clock winder, "it's worse than that now. He's going deaf and dumb too. And he's been working so hard for the people that his whole constitution is breaking down, and you can't amend it with the referendum or anything else. It's really worse than the State Constitution, but the Grand Young Man will continue to hold the fort. He'll run for the Senate even at the risk of not eating."

A Comic Professor

An idea of the sense of humor as it is developed at our State University has been given by Professor Hume of the department of pathology. Professor Hume gave a dinner at the Hotel Oakland last Saturday night. His guests were some of his confreres and some young doctors just graduated. For the occasion the dining room was made to resemble a graveyard. There were tombstones in the room and there were odors calculated to stir thoughts of death. There were also waiters dressed as internes to remind the young doctors of the genial relationship existing between the hospital and the grave. Food was served in miniature skulls and coffins, and potatoes were sculptured to resemble skulls. Oh, but it was a gruesome feast! And so funny that everybody laughed consumedly, and doubtless Professor Hume was much elated at the success

of his capital jest, the triumph of his genius for achieving the comic by means of the incongruous and extravagant. Professor Hume has the preternatural wit of the village cut-up. But there is little originality in the idea of a dinner that serves as a means of reminding the guests of the state of "cold obstruction," and of enabling them to affect a glad indifference to grave-worms, winding-sheets and sepulchres. There has long been a taste for that sort of thing among decadents in Paris. It was the sort of thing that could be reveled in by Charles Baudelaire who affirmed all life to be a hospital in which every patient is possessed by the desire of changing his bed. However, it may be a good thing for young doctors to think lightly of death, to play the "carrion monster" and grin at death. Doctors of this type may not scruple at cutting open a patient who needs only a pill.

A Rival to Daly

We have a rival of Tom Daly in town. Daly is the eastern poet who sings the joys and sorrows of the Italian workmen in perfect dialect. Daly should look to his laurels, for Bert Waterman is his rival. Bert Waterman used to be one of the most popular jewelry salesmen in town; now he is the private secretary of Jack Spreckels and finds time to dally with the muse. Here is one of his efforts in celebration of Dr. Louis Bacigalupi, former autopsy surgeon:

Once there be young Italiano boy, a vera fresha kida,

Tinka he know so mucha—well, maybe he dida.

Takea da boat an' sail away, out to da Faralon
For getta da sea gull egg, makea da mon by macaron.

Den he cruise by Duxbury Reef, catcha da plenty feesh,

Savea da mon—go to schoola—learn to be a physeech.

Sail upa da Sacrament, catcha da salmon and sturgeon,

Then learna some more, now be one big Wop surgeon.

He getta so much beesness, he don' know what to do.

A Wop he getta da stomach ache, send queeka for Doctor Lou—

Da kida havea da meas', da scarlet fev' or da whoop,

Tiea da boat by North Beach float—run for Bacigalup.

Da ol' man have somating da mat', "Qh Doctor, savea ma life!

Sure, I know I gonna die; please, Doc, tella ma wife."

He's there if da ol' man catcha da cold or da kida catcha da croup.

Viva Louis da Wop! Viva la Bacigalup!

Jack's Junket

"Jack" Dunnigan, clerk of the Board of Supervisors, has gone to Washington to attend to some Hetch-Hetchy business. At least that is the reason given for his going at the city's expense. What business Dunnigan can do that cannot be done by mail it is not easy to guess. He might be able to do something for his friend Judge Lawlor who has wires out in all directions with the hope of landing on the Federal bench, but boosting the judge is hardly to be considered as Hetch-Hetchy business. However my guess is that Dunnigan has gone on for Lawlor, and that the taxpayers are putting up for that business and nothing else. But if so it is nothing to complain of. When the treasury is full why not give the politicians a good time? The Hetch-Hetchy junkets to Washington have already cost as much as a pipe line half way to Merced from Lake Eleanor, but Dunnigan is a good fellow, and he needs the trip and Lawlor needs the job and when we run short we can hold another bond election and raise the assessment roll (according to the Examiner's suggestion) in order to keep within the limit.

The Lid on Taft

The little town of Taft down at the bottom of the San Joaquin Valley is usually wide open. Most things in the way of gambling games are tolerated in Taft at ordinary times. But when the trade boosters of our Chamber of Commerce made a tour of the Valley last week Taft felt that it would be proper to set its house in order during the visit of the big men from the metropolis. So the lid was clamped down hard on the gambling games. When the San Franciscans arrived in Taft they noticed that certain citizens with no visible means of support did not wear the almost universal smile of welcome. These citizens went around with all the external evidences of a grouch. They were the gamblers whose occupation was gone for the nonce. Gloomily they watched our millionaire trade boosters spending their money over the bars and in the shooting galleries. They sighed when they thought of the choice pickings denied them. And as for our trade boosters—well, let it be whispered that not a few of them like to "take a chance," so they were just a bit disappointed too.

The New "De Profundis"

The suit for libel which Lord Alfred Douglas brought recently against Arthur Ransome served one good purpose. It brought to light the unpublished portion of Wilde's "De Profundis" which otherwise the world would not have had an opportunity to read until 1960 or later. I know of no document like this in all literature, and suppose that all who read it in last week's Town Talk will agree with me that it is unique. The style is equal in its beauty of impassioned expression to the other portions of Wilde's great

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essay in self-revelation. Its chief interest, however, lies not its literary excellence but in its terrific indictment of the degenerate lord whom Wilde rightly or wrongly blamed for his downfall. None can write about Wilde henceforth without taking this document into consideration, though it is not to be expected that all will accept its statements at their face value. Some will find in it reasons for mitigating the severity of the censure they pass upon Wilde's conduct; others will regard it as a cowardly posthumous attack upon a man who is debarred from returning adequate answer to the charges. Justly or unjustly it increases the load of contumely which Lord Alfred Douglas has borne ever since the Wilde debacle.

Lord Alfred's Demeanor

The reading in court of this unpublished document wrought Lord Alfred Douglas to a frenzy. On the first day of the reading he asked the judge to allow him to retire. "Do you feel unwell?" asked the judge. "No," replied Douglas. "Then sit down," said the judge sternly. On the second day of the reading the judge noticed that Douglas had slipped away. "Let somebody fetch him," ordered the judge. When he was brought back the following colloquy took place:

His Lordship: Lord Alfred Douglas, it is upon your instructions that your counsel desired that the whole of this document written by Oscar Wilde should be read.

Plaintiff: Yes, my lord.

His Lordship: Why did you absent yourself while it was being done?

Plaintiff: I requested my advisers to ask if I might go out, and was told it was not necessary to ask permission to go out. As I did not wish to hear the document read I asked yesterday if I might go out. Your lordship replied, "No." But after a portion of the document had been read your lordship observed that you were not surprised at my wanting to go out.

His Lordship: No, I did not. I said I was not surprised at your asking leave to sit down. You are plaintiff in this case, and if you absent yourself again when your presence is necessary I will immediately give judgment against you.

Plaintiff: I should not think of doing so. If I had had the slightest idea that there was any objection I should never have thought of absenting myself. I offer my apologies.

His Lordship: You might at least have asked my permission.

The demeanor of Douglas throughout the trial exasperated Judge Darling, ordinarily a kindly, jovial man. Here is one instance:

Plaintiff: You must allow me to finish my answer if you want the truth. I don't know whether that is what you want or not.

His Lordship: Will you not be impertinent.

Plaintiff: I am not impertinent.

His Lordship: You are impertinent, whether you wish it or not.

Plaintiff: I accept your lordship's rebuke, but I thought I was entitled—

His Lordship: Don't you merely accept my ruling?

Plaintiff: I said I accept your rebuke.

His Lordship: You will act upon it.

Plaintiff: I shall do so. I thought I might explain—

His Lordship: Will you be silent until you are asked another question.

When Douglas interrupted one of the attorneys this interchange took place:

His Lordship: Will you please not interpolate?

When I am asking counsel a question, you are not allowed to interpolate anything. I shall not warn you again. Will you understand once for all—

Plaintiff: My lord—

His Lordship: Attend to me. Understand that nothing in your position entitles you to treat the court differently from any other person.

Plaintiff: I should be the last to wish to do it.

His Lordship: You are entitled to answer questions from your counsel. You are not entitled from that position to insult counsel when he speaks to the other counsel.

When the reading of the document was finished Douglas relieved himself with this outburst:

"It is the most horrible document I ever read in my life. It is the case of a man deliberately sitting down in prison writing a letter imputing low motives to another man. It is the most horrible, meanest, and most disgusting document I have ever read in my life. Here am I ruined and hunted down by all sorts of brutes. This is the height and depth of treachery; and meanness, and vileness, after I had made all these sacrifices for him."

The Viciousness of Douglas

A great deal of the testimony given at the trial was not published in the newspapers. Letters and poems of Douglas were read which it was deemed fitting to ignore in print, and an infamous article which he contributed to a French periodical was not quoted, though it was read into the record. One newspaper says that a quoted blasphemy of Douglas against the Deity "caused a shudder to pass through even the most hardened of listeners." The testimony all bore out the quoted statement of Labouchere in Truth that Douglas was "an exceptional young scoundrel." The dilletantism of the man was in evidence despite his awful predicament, for when an attorney read one of his sonnets he complained that the insertion of a word had spoiled the metre. It was brought out that Douglas had written an article comparing his father, the Marquis of Queensbury, to Jack the Ripper. The following which he addressed to his father was also read:

"As you return my letters unopened I am obliged to write on a postcard. I write to inform you that I treat your absurd threats with absolute indifference. Ever since your exhibition

at Oscar Wilde's house I have made a point of appearing with him at many public restaurants, and I shall continue to go to any of these places whenever I choose and with whom I choose. I am of age and my own master. You have disowned me at least a dozen times, and you meanly deprive me of money. You have, therefore, no right over me legally or morally. If Oscar Wilde were to prosecute you for criminal libel you would get seven years' penal servitude for your outrageous libel. Much as I detest you, I am anxious to avoid this for the sake of the family; but if you try to assault me I shall defend myself with the loaded revolver which I always carry, and if I shoot you, or if he shoot you, we shall be completely justified, as we shall be acting in self-defence against a violent and dangerous rough, and I think if you are dead many people would not miss you."

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It will be recalled that Wilde did sue the Marquis for libel, with results disastrous to himself. Douglass made the same mistake when he sued Arthur Ransome.

"Sweet Humiliation"

Counsel for Douglas sought to show that Douglas had given Wilde money after the latter's release from prison and that therefore the statement in Ransome's book that Douglas had deserted Wilde when Wilde's money was gone constituted a wicked defamation. Douglas testified that it was "rubbish" for Wilde to say that he had spent £5,000 on him and denied that he had ever lived at Wilde's expense. Yet it was shown that Douglas had written to Robert Ross:

I had nothing to contribute and Oscar contributed everything. What difference does it make? Everything that I had and was going to have in the future was and always will be his. I remember very well the sweetness of asking Oscar for money. It was a sweet humiliation and exquisite pleasure to both of us.

Money matters were always worrying them, and once Wilde wrote to Douglas:

Dearest of all boys—Your letter was delightful red and yellow wine to me, but I am sad and out of sorts. Bosie, you must not make scenes with me. They wreck the loveliness. . . . Shall I go to Salisbury? My bill here is £49 for a week. I have also got a new sitting-room. . . . I fear I must leave. No money, no credit, and a heart of lead.—Your own Oscar.

This is the other side of that glittering picture of estheticism which Wilde painted for the world during his heyday, a picture which is darkened forever by the shadows cast upon it not only by the additions to De Profundis but also by the testimony of this recent trial.

It's Not Chemically Pure

A friend who knows informs me that there need be no doubt about the quality of the water which the people of Los Angeles paid \$30,000,000 to pipe from the mountains of Inyo. "All one has to do," he says, "is taste it." He assures me that it will solve the problem of the Los Angeles Athletic Club since it will supply the members with the exhilaration of a salt water plunge. The fact is that this water is undrinkable. The men who are working on the Owens River aqueduct, says my informant, do not drink the water which is to be supplied to the people of Los Angeles. Water is transported a distance of four miles for the workmen. Furthermore the alkali in the water is already eating away the coating of the aqueduct. Nevertheless there has been no abatement of the zeal for municipal ownership that distinguishes the Hon. William Randolph Hearst who was just as enthusiastic for a municipal water system in Los Angeles as he is for a municipal railway system in San Francisco.

"Borax" Smith's Affairs

"Borax" Smith having been taken in hand by his creditors we are told that he is to be ad-

justed by certain eminent financiers who have kindly assumed the task of keeping his liabilities from exceeding his assets. What the exact state of the Smith affairs is we have not been told. All that is known is that the United Properties is involved in complications, and that it became urgently necessary to call a halt and take hold of Smith's business interests and straighten out the tangle. The United Properties Company was organized by R. G. Hanford, the well known promoter, who was going to do great things with properties belonging to "Borax" Smith and that other wonderful financier Will Tevis. Apparently little was done beyond issuing securities. Months ago it was known that the company did not have a very high standing in the financial world. It was rumored that H. E. Huntington came up from Los Angeles to look it over and that he went back again with no intention of getting in on the ground floor.



MR. OSCAR EMS
Of the Ems-Hall Tours Company.

Dr. Caglieri's Plight

Doctor Guido Caglieri is regarded by beauty experts as the second handsomest man on the Board of Supervisors, the first being of course Supervisor Will McCarthy. But Doctor Caglieri has other distinctions. He by no means relies for his fame on mere physical loveliness. Doctor Caglieri is the author of many ordinances, the most celebrated being that which provided for the muzzling of dogs. Now Doctor Caglieri is a dog fancier himself. He has a blooded English bull of which he is extremely proud. In the neighborhood of Doctor Caglieri's home on Russian Hill that bull dog is well known and deeply respected. But the hard-hearted hunters of the Pound reck not of pedigree or renown. When a dog is without a license or a muzzle they scoop him into their net. They raided over Russian Hill the other day and one of the dogs they caught was

Doctor Caglieri's. He was found on the street without a muzzle! Doctor Caglieri had forgotten to comply with his own ordinance. He was hoist with his own petard!

Purely Personal

Senator Francis G. Newlands of Nevada who is one of the owners of the Palace Hotel, was the first president of the Chevy Chase Club of the District of Columbia, known as the "Queen of Clubs." Senator Newlands in the early '90s purchased a tract of land at Chevy Chase and developed it for residential purposes, connecting it with Washington by a trolley line. The foundation of the club followed.

Henry E. Huntington of Los Angeles was one of the Founder Patrons of the Lotus, a magazine which circulates exclusively among multimillionaires. J. Pierpont Morgan was the original Founder Patron.

"A man who had a hat store in San Francisco is the proud Lord of Franquinotte on the Gironde," according to the New York Sun. Franquinotte is one of the great old chateaux of France. Who is the hatter, I wonder?

During the Summer season "TOWN TALK" subscribers are requested to send in promptly any change of address that they may contemplate making, so that the paper will reach them regularly.

The Ems-Hall Tours

Foremost among tourist directors who have come to the front during the last twenty years is Mr. Oscar Ems who has forged his way to a premier position by catering to the traveler who wants to see not only all the historic sites and far famed beauty spots, but the things that lie outside the beaten track. Oscar Ems began in the tourist business about twenty years ago and now owns a fleet of steamers built to his order for service on the River Nile, Egypt. He has taken a great many tourists to all parts of the world, amongst them the late Queen of Portugal, the Crown Prince of Germany and his brother on a trip to Upper Egypt. Burton Holmes, the world renowned lecturer and author of the Travelogues, chartered Mr. Ems' private yacht for a trip to the second cataract on the Nile and most of the pictures taken by Mr. Holmes when aboard that yacht are those shown by him in his travelogues of the Nile. Mr. Ems is corresponding with several of the prominent Courts of Europe for trips to California and has already closed touring contracts with many European parties coming here for the 1915 Exposition. The business has been incorporated under the style of Ems-Hall Tours Company. Mr. Philip C. Hall of Hawaii is secretary and T. Seymour Hall of the same family is president of the corporation. The Student Parties of the California and Stanford Universities will leave San

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Francisco on May 26 by specially chartered train to New York whence they will set out on a tour covering France, England, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, Italy and Sicily. The grand tour will take 66 days and cost \$550. Arrangements have been made by the Ems-Hall Co. for the delivery of lectures at every important city of the itinerary.

The Bromo Magician

I notice in the papers that the Baltimore courts insist that Captain Emerson, the bromo seltzer baron, must keep on paying his former wife \$28,000 a year in alimony, although she has remarried. Captain Emerson has many distinctions. Among others is that of being the father-in-law of Alfred Vanderbilt. Alfred married Captain Emerson's daughter Mrs. Hollis McKim after she got her Reno divorce. But I am reminded of a little story. They are very proud of Captain Emerson in Baltimore. He started life there as a young man with no money but a perfectly good recipe for making bromo seltzer. He began in a little hole in the wall in Charles street, where he used to put up bromo by hand and now the inescapable evidence of his golden prosperity is a lofty tower with an immense bromo bottle on top which is illuminated at night and can be seen from all sections of the city. During the last Democratic national convention Charley White, the sergeant-at-arms of the Tammany delegation who knows Baltimore almost as well as he knows New York, was showing some Westerners the sights. They walked down

Charles street past the skyscraper which adorns the spot where the boy Emerson used to wrap up bottles of bromo seltzer. "See the corner of that building?" said Charley. "That's where Captain Emerson ran a headache up to a million dollars!"

Looking for a Museum

Old timers are recalling stories about Sir Tatton Sykes, the famous racing man who died recently. On one of his periodical visits to this city he went to an attendant at the Mechanics Library and inquired his way to the City Museum. He was directed to the Academy of Sciences. "I am very anxious to see your City Museum," he explained after thanking the attendant. "I awsked for it of a stranger in upper Market street and the feller directed me to an odd sort of place, full of skeletons and horrors. I think they call it Doctor Jordan's Museum. I thought it could not be your City Museum."

Stars at the Tavern

Miss Le Roy, the prima donna who made such a favorable impression at Techau Tavern, has, at the request of many patrons, been re-engaged by manager Morrison, notwithstanding many flattering offers which Miss Le Roy has received from operatic managers. Miss Helen Hasselena, an ingenue of remarkable talent, and Miss Llewellyn Hughes, the well known coloratura soprano, may also be heard at the Tavern every evening. These three ladies are singers of ability far superior to those usually heard in cafes, and ably

uphold the reputation of the Tavern for offering the best at all times and in all departments. Hanson-Jenks Company's Halcyon Rose Perfume will be presented to each lady patron.

Beautiful Witter Springs

The increasing appreciation of the natural beauty of Lake County has impelled Mrs. W. F. Morris to keep Witter Springs Hotel open all the year round. So widespread is the fame of this splendid hostelry that the announcement will be gratefully received by the traveling public. And the success which Mrs. Morris has had in the conduct of the Hotel Victoria in this city is assurance that Witter will be run in first class style. Witter Springs Hotel is superbly situated amid towering mountains with a commanding view of rolling hills, sparkling lakes and a beautiful valley. The trip by railroad or automobile, following the banks of the beautiful Russian River which winds its way among the Coast Range Mountains, is one of rare scenic beauty. There is a wonderful view at every turn. The traveler is agreeably surprised when he reaches the hotel. He steps from the stage or motor car to a broad sheltered veranda where tea is served every afternoon from four to five. The guest rooms he finds large, light,

VARIED SWEETS—our latest package—a handsome hinged box tinted in green and pink. It is divided into little compartments each containing a different variety of candy—everything from a mellow chocolate cream to a luscious gum drop. There is something in it for every one. Geo. Haas & Sons Four Candy Stores.

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airy and steam heated, with bath attached and every other modern convenience, including telephones in every room. There are cottages for guests who desire more privacy. The amusements are billiards, pool, bowling, tennis, croquet, dancing and horseback riding. There is a post-office at the hotel. Witter Springs is only a few miles from glorious Clear Lake where there are boating, fishing and swimming. The famous Witter Springs are only a few feet from the hotel, and the water is free to the guests. This water, is well known for its medicinal properties and has effected some remarkable cures in cases of rheumatism, kidney, liver and stomach trouble. Witter will be run by Mrs. Morris in conjunction with the Victoria in this city as winter and summer hotels. Special rates are made at Witter over all holidays. It is indeed an ideal place for automobilists on week-end trips, only six hours from this city. Mrs. Morris is to present to the motorist who makes the fastest run up the Witter grade on the Fourth of July a handsome silver cup. This announcement has created great interest, and there will be keen competition among some of our classiest motor fans.

The Santa Fe Railway Exhibit

The Santa Fe was the first railway to signify its willingness to spend good hard cash—and lots of it—in co-operating with the promoters of the Panama-Pacific Exposition in making the fair a great success. To that end upward of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars will be invested in a concession covering five acres of ground, with features which will make it one of the greatest exhibits of the show. Pueblo and Navajo Indian villages in their entirety will be shown, with the natives at work as if at home, fashioning jewelry, weaving blankets and making baskets, while Fred Harvey will have an exhibit which only Fred Harvey could have. But the piece de resistance will be a mammoth artificial Grand Canyon of Arizona, the most magnificent work of its kind ever attempted. From eight different points will the Grand Canyon be reproduced by building and modeling in perspective, carrying the great distances by painting. By this method the vast dimensions of the canyon can be reproduced in the most effective way. The great depths, lofty peaks, vast mesas and wonderful formations of the canyon will be developed in a truly realistic manner. The most striking features of over fifty miles of the real chasm will be shown. Three points from the trails will be reproduced, showing the great gorges and domes. The observer will ride in comfortable electric cars and view nature's masterpiece from the rim and from the trail. Up and down the trails one will see the tourists making their way, while floating clouds drift through the canyon and the varying shades are shown to the greatest possible degree of perfection. Walter Burridge, the well-known scenic artist, will portray the grandeurs of this marvel of the ages, and in every detail the best talent will be employed. By a most ingenious system of illumina-

tion the varying shades of color throughout the chasms and turrets of the canyon will be depicted with wonderful beauty. At the entrance to the concession will be an attractive building constructed along the lines of mission architecture which the Santa Fe, through its stations and its system of hotels, has helped to make popular. In this mission section will be the priceless Harvey collection, while above it, forming a second story, will be real Indian villages—Pueblo houses and Navajo hogans—built by the Indians themselves for the use of the large number of their tribes who will make this their home. Various Indian religious ceremonies and dances will be carried through, and the public will be afforded an opportunity to study Indians and their habits at their convenience. The entire exhibit will be in keeping with Santa Fe standards and the road's spirit of progressiveness—there will be none better on the grounds of the magnificent exhibition which it will be the privilege of the world to enjoy in 1915.

Tabloid Philosophy

No woman is happy unless she has a few

friends who can't afford to dress quite as well as she can.

A pessimist is a man whose warm friends are all dead.

After all, life would be mighty monotonous without its illusions.

It's a good plan to forgive your enemy, especially if he has you down.

The opportunities we are all most eager to embrace are naturally the good-looking ones.

A peanut politician must be the kind that is always looking for somebody to shell out.

When a man has money to burn, there is generally a woman to apply the torch.

Tomorrow only exists in the imagination.

Money can get a man into almost as much trouble as it can get him out.

It really seems as though a woman can get sick every time the doctor needs the money.

The girl who says she wouldn't marry one man in a million wouldn't hesitate to marry one million in a man.

The difference between a luxury and a necessity is much the same as that between a character and a reputation.



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SAN FRANCISCO

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

The Grant-Cronan Romance

Cards will be out next week for the marriage of Miss Nell Grant and Captain Cronan, U. S. N., who since the latter's arrival last Wednesday have been getting acquainted with each other all over again. For there is more than the usual flavor of romance in their engagement. Miss Grant and her fiancé had not met in five years and had parted merely formal friends at the Eastern navy station where they first knew each other. Captain Cronan had been impressed with the stately beauty of General Grant's grand-daughter and had asked permission to write to her from South America when he sailed away. A desultory correspondence developed into one more significant, and the young officer finally proposed and was accepted by letter. When he greeted his fiancée at the Oakland mole it must have been a moment such as story writers like to describe. Miss Grant by the way as Mrs. Cronan will be another fair Californienne to shine at Newport this season. Captain Cronan's ship the Jewett now at Norfolk has been ordered to Newport and the young couple will be established in Bellevue avenue for the summer. The bride's cousin, Princess Cantacuzene who spends her summers at Newport will entertain for them. Mrs. Cronan to be will have a generous dowry, I am told. She is an only daughter and heiress to her mother's fortune rated at nearly two millions. Mrs. Jesse Grant was a Miss Chapman, daughter of William F. Chapman who amassed a fortune here in early days. She owns among other valuable properties a ranch in the San Joaquin Valley that brings an enormous income. The Grants lived in the East until three years ago when they came to San Francisco to make their home and Mrs. Eleanor Martin introduced them to the right people. Miss Grant is a beauty who goes in for serious study and intellectual interests rather than the frivolities, while

her fiancé is noted as one of the keenest humorists in the navy, ranking with Captain Gorgas as a raconteur, so they should be very happy together.

The Arrival of Mrs. French

The arrival of Mrs. Willard French, wife of Colonel French, U. S. A., from Washington has revived memories of the romance of her first marriage that was a sensation in society a few years ago. Mrs. French is the former Louise Dutton, grand-daughter of James King of William. Her mother is a sister of Mrs. Russell Wilson, consequently she is a cousin of Mrs. Orville Pratt and Mrs. George Cadwallader as well as of Mrs. Larry Harris who was Lucy King. The Duttons were prominent in the parish smart set before they moved to New York a few years ago. Mrs. French was formerly Mrs. Leland, widow of a chaplain in the army whom she married after a two weeks' acquaintance to sail with him for Manila during the Spanish war excitement. Leland was a handsome and decidedly gallant Southerner when he came to California with his Tennessee regiment on its way to the front. He brought letters to several prominent San Franciscans. At a dinner he met Miss Dutton and it was a case of love at first sight. The engagement and marriage announcements came together and the couple sailed for the Philippines where romance ended in tragedy. Leland who was conceded to be the most popular chaplain in the army, fell a victim to small-box and died in a Manila hospital soon after their arrival. His young widow returned broken hearted, her romance lived and ended in a few months' time. Her marriage to Colonel French took place in Washington two years ago.

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"Mrs. Neal Hobart"

To the surprise of society "Mrs. Neal Hobart" and not "Mrs. Hannah Williams Hobart" is engraved on the new cards of the former Mrs. Walter. It is a more euphonious combination of syllables and rather more distinguished sounding too than Mrs. H. W. but a departure from convention that caused comment in the set. Mrs. Hobart's mother was a Miss Neal and it was supposed she had gone back into family patronymics for her new name. But Mrs. Hobart has as well the individual right to engrave "Neal" on her cards. She was christened Hannah Neal Williams so she is merely dropping Hannah and using her maiden name after all. Mrs. Hobart is at present touring Japan with her devoted friend Mary Eyre and may continue on to Paris without returning again to San Francisco. She has an enviable position in the American colony at the French capital where her beauty is greatly admired.

The Death of Mrs. Luke Robinson

An old romance recalled by society this week was that of Mrs. Luke Robinson whose death occurred in Rome. The life of Mrs. Robinson who was the widow of one of San Francisco's most

prominent physicians of twenty years ago, would be melodrama on the stage though her quiet gracious personality had little about it to suggest the thrilling episodes of her youth. Mrs. Robinson was a novice in the convent of Notre Dame at San Jose, when she returned to the world that she had dreamed of renouncing. She was Geneva Brooks, daughter of a wealthy New Orleans family. From her mother she inherited a fortune and this she dedicated to the church when she took the white veil in San Jose. It was supposed by their friends that the young nun left the convent to become the wife of Dr. Robinson. The true story was even more romantic. She had not met her fate when after remaining two years at Notre Dame she decided it was not her vocation and left the convent to visit at the home of Archbishop Montgomery in Oakland. There she met a man named Carr who was working on the building of a new Catholic church and two weeks from the time of their meeting became engaged to him. A month later he fell from a scaffolding on the church and was killed. The grief-stricken girl went to visit friends in Colusa, and there became ill as a result of her grief and shock. Dr. Luke Robinson, then in Colusa, was called to attend her. He promptly fell in love with his fair patient and six weeks later they were engaged, their marriage following within the year. The Robinsons had four children. One son, Dr. Luke Jr. is dead, but the other three survive. George Robinson is a successful actor in London. The two daughters now in Rome are Signora Trezzi (Bernadette Robinson), and Mrs. George Tallant who was a belle in society as Lita Robin-

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son. She married a younger brother of the late Fred Tallant and of Mrs. James Brice and Mrs. Brodie, the former Anne Tallant. After their marriage they built the residence now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Keyes in Devisadero street. Mrs. Robinson's entire fortune was returned to her when she left the convent and the three children are the heirs.

The Adams Divorce

The Lawson Adams divorce was no surprise to close friends of the couple though society at large in Belvedere where the Adams' live was keenly shocked and inclined to believe Mrs. Adams' denials of the suit she filed in San Rafael. Just why she so insistently denied it is a mystery. She told a reporter in proof of her statement that her husband was at home planning with her a trip to their Mendocino ranch which was truly a queer position for a defendant in a divorce suit to occupy. Mrs. Adams was Hazel Curtiss of

Oakland who since her marriage has been called one of the most beautiful women in San Francisco where she has been a conspicuous figure in winter gayeties. She bears a striking likeness to Ethel Barrymore and more than once has been taken for the actress. "Laurie" Adams has likewise a reputation for pulchritude. He is wealthy, having inherited a fortune from his father, and before his marriage was considered one of the "catches" of society. Like Mrs. Adams he is an enthusiastic motorist. Pending the settlement of their difficulties in court Mrs. Adams is at the Belvedere home while "Laurie" has been at his club in town.

Unwelcome Civilians

There was quite a bit of talk out at Fort Scott over the appearance at a recent hop of three people seemingly uninvited. The officer whose guests they were had neglected handing in their names to the committee, and the wonderful antics in ragging of one of the men in the party instantly called attention to them. The older members of the committee busied themselves in making inquiries as to who these people were and how they had gotten there, and their indignation was not lessened when the other man of the party was discovered later on down stairs drinking beer and eating sandwiches with the band.

The Hollanders Stood Up

At the last evening concert of Mme. Julie Culp, after she had sung in English, German, French and Italian she sang a joyous Dutch song. Here and there her countrymen and women stood up in acknowledgment. Always a concert audience takes on the nationality of the singer. This was the first time the Dutch had an opportunity to turn out en masse and a fine looking lot they were. Conspicuous among them was that radiant Hollander, Mrs. E. N. Crellin (Camille D'Arville). She looked very beautiful and was very enthusiastic over her countrywoman. The Crellins have just bought a large ranch near San Jose. They expect soon to leave for a European tour.

Notes from Del Monte

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Brownell of San Francisco are guests at the hotel for a few days. Mr. and Mrs. Brownell have engaged apartments for the summer when they will return with their children. Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Cook and Miss Lucy Cook of San Rafael are spending a few days at Del Monte. Capt. and Mrs. Peter Davison, U. S. A., who have been here a week or more have been extensively entertained by their friends at the Presidio. They are a charming couple on their honeymoon. Capt. Davison was stationed here a few years ago and when in San Francisco he never fails to run down for a few days. After a short trip East Capt. and Mrs. Davison will return here for a week before they sail for China where they are to be stationed. Mr. Rollin M. Kelly of San Francisco who frequently comes down to play golf, is here for the week-end. Mr. and Mrs. S. Brinckerhoff Thorne of New York who have been here for a week or ten days, are enthusiastic golfers and spend the greater part of each day on the links. Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Hart of Los Angeles and Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Botsford of San Diego stopped off for a visit while on their way home from San Francisco in their car. Mr. Hart is the manager of the Hotel Roslin in Los Angeles and is a frequent visitor

Lady wishes summer position, as traveling companion preferred; experienced traveler; speaks German; well educated; good pianist; capable and adaptive; references exchanged. Address Box 5, care of TOWN TALK, 88 First St., San Francisco. (Advertisement)

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at Del Monte. Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Lewis and Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Foutron of Hutchinson, Kansas, have joined Mrs. Lewis' and Mrs. Foutron's parents Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Bigger who have been here for some time.

A Renunion of the Girls

One of the most interesting luncheons of the season was given recently at the Hotel Peninsula to bring the old pupils of the Napa Seminary together. Many of the old pupils had not seen one another for years, so to avoid awkward complications each guest was tagged with her maiden name, a novelty which afforded a good deal of merriment. The old pupils of the Napa Seminary contribute toward a scholarship fund at the University of California and do a great deal of good to poor and deserving students. Among those at the reunion were Mrs. Owen Moran, formerly Miss Julia Benjamin, Mrs. Fannie C. Smith (Fannie Cornwall), Mrs. L. B. Hazeltine (Kate Coghlan), Mrs. Eleanor Miller (Eleanor Diggs), Mrs. B. S. Wilkins (Susie Earl), Mrs. James Lannigan (Clara Earl), Mrs. J. H. Mallett (Harriett Fowler), Mrs. A. Gardener (Eva Green), Mrs. Frederick Button (Emma Howland), Mrs. L. C. Frisbie (Fannie Jacks), Mrs. James Doolittle (Susie Kelley), Mrs. M. Jennings (Mary Knox), Mrs. H. S. Welch (Susie Mowry), Mrs. William Cowley (Cereta Park), Mrs. Wm. Coombs (Kate Rainey), Mrs. Charles C. Trowbridge (Edith Sharp), Mrs. J. Bicker Chown (Jessie Stilwell), Mrs. I. H. Morse (Mary Tournellotte) and Mrs. Thos. B. Dozier (Maud Watson).

Young Vocalist at Kohler and Chase

The program at this Saturday afternoon's Music Matinee under the auspices of Kohler & Chase will be quite interesting because of its mixture of the romantic and operatic. The soloist will be Miss Cecil Treanor, a very apt and successful young vocalist. Miss Treanor possesses a beautiful voice that is remarkable for its range as well as its quality. It possesses the depth of a contralto and the height of a soprano. Miss Treanor is a disciple of Mme. Isabelle Marks, and her training was such as to include adequate artistic phrasing. Miss Treanor will sing songs by Nevil and Lohr and the well known aria from Saint-Saens' Samson and Delilah. There will also be several instrumental selections to be interpreted on the Knabe Player Piano and the Pipe Organ.

Comic Opera in Cafe

Tait-Zinkand Cafe, ever alive to the new, the unusual and the attractive, began last week the introduction of the most striking form of entertainment ever put over by a cafe in San Francisco, starting a series of comic operas, sung during luncheon, dinner and supper. Last week's H. M. S. Pinafore was most creditable, and judging by the crowds that packed this popular cafe every dining hour the novelty was an enjoyable feature to their thousands of patrons.

In the Social Spotlight

The Hotel Oakland bulletin for this week included: Wednesday—Monthly luncheon of the Oakland Commercial Club in South banquet room. Thursday—Piano Recital by Audrey Beer in the Ivory ball room. Patronesses: Mesdames Harry East Miller, Isaac Requa, William Griffith Henshaw, Phillip Tuttle Clay, Alexander Allen, T. B. Coghill, Edward Barry, Clifton Kroll, Clarence J. Wetmore, Harrison Clay, S. P. Hall, E. C. Farnham, Olive Reed Cushman, John McGraw, Robert Bain and Wickham Havens. Friday—Annual convention of the California State Building and Loan Associations, representing \$25,000,000 of investments, opened in Oakland with headquarters at the Hotel Oakland. There were from 70 to 80 delegates. Saturday—Second day's session of California State Building and Loan Associations. Banquet in the evening at the Hotel Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred A. Tobin of San Francisco are guests at Hotel Coronado. Among the other arrivals at Coronado are Mr. and Mrs. A. de Bretteville, brother and sister-in-law of Mrs. A. B. Spreckels. Mr. J. D. Spreckels sailed from Coronado for San Francisco on his yacht "Venetia" on Monday, and had on board as his guests Mr. and Mrs. Harry Holbrook, Mrs. Sands Forman, Mr. A. B. Spreckels and Mr. M. F. Tarpey who will return with Mr. Spreckels in about a week's time. Another arrival at Coronado is Mrs. Edwin Danforth who is the guest of Mrs. Frank Godfrey.

Mayor Rolph with Mrs. Rolph and their three children are enjoying an outing at Paso Robles Hot Springs.

At the Theodore Vogt testimonial concert to be given next Thursday night in the German Auditorium, some of Mr. Vogt's best compositions will be rendered, including a number of charming songs which he has set to music. The solo-

ists will be Clarence Oliver and Charles Bulotti, and Hother Wismer will also be heard. Members of the Bohemian Club will render a pantomime.

"TOWN TALK" will be pleased to mail sample copies anywhere upon request.

Toothsome

Her head lay pillowed upon his broad shoulder, and her face was so near his that a lock of her hair swept his cheek. She spoke not a word, but her eyes gazed tearfully and appealingly into those dark orbs of his, now filled with a smiling sort of pity.

Suddenly he spoke, and at his words the girl shuddered.

"There are two cavities to be filled with gold," he said, and he drew up his wicked little drill.

"Say, pa."

"Well, my son?"

"I took a walk through the cemetery today and read the inscriptions on the tombstones."

"Well, what about it?"

"Where are all the wicked people buried?"

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94 Days—\$895. Leave San Francisco **Sept. 20.** This comprehensive tour will include a visit to Honolulu, Yokohama, Kamakura, Nikko, Lake Chuzenji, Kegon Water Fall, Tokyo, Miyanoshta, Lake Hakone, Sengeniyama, Nagoya, Kyoto, Nara, Kobe, Nagasaki, Manila, Hong Kong, Canton, Macao and Shanghai.

200 Days—\$2850. Leave San Francisco **Sept. 20,** Honolulu, Japan, China, Java, Burmah, India, Ceylon, Egypt, Palestine.

A Realistic Drama

By Theodore Bonnet

"The Case of Becky" in which Frances Starr came to the Columbia this week is a case of Ibsen minus a moral. In other words Edward Locke, the author of the play, has given us realism in the raw, apparently with no other purpose than that of providing entertainment. It may not be an agreeable form of entertainment, but it is good drama nevertheless. Years ago the word "Realism" was the last word of condemnation for any work of art. It meant a description of revolting scenes with minute particularity. Zola disgusted us with it, but on discovering Ibsen some of us came to like it. There is this difference between Ibsen and Locke,—Ibsen applied himself to the examination of life with a view to presenting pictures from which a moral could be drawn, while Locke applies himself to the examination of the abnormal that he may find material for a story. His play is a frightfully interesting show of puppets. He takes us into the sanitarium of an alienist whose star subject is a victim of hypnotism and pre-natal influences. She has the disagreeable habit of losing her better self and becoming a pathomaniac. The transitions are the stern realities of the drama. The professional treatment of the patient is part of the

action of the play. The dramatic interest is roused by the mystery of the heroine's antecedents, in the clearing up of which you learn that she was the victim of the machinations of a breezy charlatanical hypnotist, and that something of romantic interest attaches not only to herself but to the doctor who is trying to cure her. It is really tense drama, but the wholesomist critic will say that it produces insanitary thoughts, that it is a disturbing study in pathology, that it is all very ugly, etc., etc. All of which is quite true. There is none of the beauty in this play that you can revel in on the top of a Presidio hill at dawn when the salt breeze flushes your face, but if you have a taste for another kind of realism, the realism that has the sting of veracity in it, the realism that caused sudden deaths in the theatre when Ibsen's Ghosts was first played, take to a seat at the Columbia and you will get it at the hands of a company that must have been specially selected as much for the purpose of physical verisimilitude as for anything else. I'm not a wholesomist critic, and therefore I like "The Case of Becky." It doesn't disturb me to witness the dissection of diseased minds. The tragedies of pathology have no terrors for me.

I like Hamlet, and I don't mind seeing Ophelia go crazy, and therefore I can stand for Dorothy when the screw turns, though I must admit that the poetry with which Shakespeare sugars his pills makes them somewhat more palatable than the ones I swallowed at the Columbia in the unromantic atmosphere of the consulting room of a bug-house. The play is one that may be heartily recommended for its craftsmanship if not for its theme, and if that be objected to it should be remembered that the drama is getting off the main roads of life. From morbid psychology and curious pathology the playwrights are getting a good deal of inspiration. Of the performance at the Columbia it must be said to be of uniform excellence. David Belasco has not only imparted a few of his magic touches to the play, he has trained the cast to the nth power of realism. It is a fine play for Frances Starr as it gives her a very broad field for sheer histrionics which she covers in all its dimensions. It is also a fine play for Charles Dalton as it provides him with an actor-proof part. A very good specimen of restraint in acting is given by Albert Bruning as the specialist in nervous disorders.

The Foy Family

By Edward F. O'Day

For those who compute their pleasure by arithmetic "Over the River" is eight times as enjoyable as any other Foy offering that has come this way. There's a flock of Foys in "Over the River." Eddie of the twisted smile no longer lords it alone. Eddie has taken to heart Benedict's arresting statement that "the world must be peopled." With commendable energy Eddie has peopled the world with five little Foy boys and two little Foy girls. The seven of 'em are on exhibition in "Over the River." The purpose of the exhibition is a matter for speculation. It may be that Eddie thinks the public can't get enough of Foy. If so he is not the first mummer who has felt that way, though he is probably the first who has depopulated the nursery in order to give the public what he thinks the public wants. Or it may be that Eddie is too proud of the junior Foys to keep them in seclusion. The pride of paternity is upon all paters. It takes various forms. Some paters make their offspring the one and only subject of their conversation. Eddie goes just a bit further. He trots his Foyicles out and delivers an illustrated lecture with 'em. He lines 'em up and puts 'em through their paces. Could the pride of paternity any further go? Echo answers, It could not! Then again, it may be that the buds on the Foy branch insist on blossoming into footlight ornaments. The artistic temperament may be so strong in 'em that Eddie can't bottle it up. The passion for sheer artistry which has informed Eddie's career may be beyond control in the second generation. It may be, but I don't think so. These miniature Foys look as though they might be amenable to discipline. Eddie could scoop 'em off the stage in two armfuls if he were a stern, unbending parent. But he's not. He's tickled to have 'em appear. They are a seven-branched tribute to Eddie's progenitiveness and he's not going to hide 'em under a bushel. The truckle bed, the cradle, the layette yield their burden that Eddie may pose as an eminently successful begetter.

Question: Do these Foylets elevate the stage? Of course they do. A brace of Foys do an infantile Texas Tommy. Another Foy kid kids his popper. The youngest Foylet interrupts his dad's speech to the audience and leads him to



JESSIE BUSLEY

The favorite legitimate actress who will appear this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum.

the wings, thereby conveying to the audience that the Foy family agrees with the public in considering Eddie Sr. a bum orator. If this is not elevating the stage what is it? Some killjoys there may be who object to this parading of seven proofs that Eddie Foy is the American theatre's most prolific progenitor. They may remain cold in the presence of the septet's pantomimic rendition of that touching ballad, "We Are Seven." They may not care a rattle whether the Foy replicas number seven or seventeen. But these are surely outvoted by the throngs who rejoice in this foison of Foys. When the Foy junior republic was put in evidence at the Cort Sunday night the applause was almost unanimous. If the family group had been made up of five Edwin Booths and two Mary Andersons instead of five Foys and two Foyae the house couldn't have come down more noisily. Tired business men with no heirs or heiresses of their own swatted palm on palm in lusty congratulation of paterfamilias. Blase queens who never rocked a cradle or crooned a lullaby patted glove on glove till their plumes danced in sympathetic ecstasy. It was a field night for paternity. It was as though the audience said: "The mother of the Gracchi has ladied it long enough; let the father of the Foys lord it for a change." It put the kindergarten on the stage to stay. It pointed to the day when the nursing bottle will stand on every make-up shelf in every dressing room behind the scenes; when the cradle will be robbed to swell the box office receipts. After thirty-eight years of mere clowning Eddie Foy has started a theatrical revolution. He sees Maude Adams and raises her four Peter Pans and two Wendys. He is the propagandist of stage eugenics. His anti-race-suicide club brings domesticity to the playhouse. He's a modern improvement on Cornelia for he says: "These are my jewels," and promptly realizes on them. He can never make a greater hit or draw bigger crowds until he comes back with seven Foys and a perambulator.

Gossip of the Theatre

The Great Ysaye

Even the sunshine of a glorious Sunday afternoon is not to be preferred to the delight and exhilaration that Eugene Ysaye can give you with his violin. In the harmonies that he pours out one may luxuriate as in the invigorating beauties of Nature at her best. There was a great throng of music lovers at the Ysaye concert last Sunday afternoon. There were many musicians in the audience, kindred souls on whom the music had galvanic effects as though volts of magnetism were shot through the auditorium. At the concert of an instrumentalist there are more people who listen understandingly than at the concert of a vocalist. Most people that go to hear a singer do so on account of the artist's nationality or personality or reputation; few because of the joy they may take in pure artistry. The majority like the singing or they don't like it according as it appeals to their untutored minds through their tone-loving ears. At the Ysaye concert there were numerous musicians' and students of music, men and women who gloried in the art of a great master, and how they did let themselves go in their transports of rapture and enthusiasm! And I was sure that Ysaye was

as appreciative of their applause as they were of his playing, because Ysaye is a believer in applause and generous in bestowing it, as I know having seen him once rise by the side of the soulful eyed 'cellist Gerardy in a stage box to acclaim a singer and waft her kisses as she finished her song. Ysaye began his concert Sunday from the heights of Mozart bringing forth vividly every sound expressed and suggested by that essentially romantic composer. The Mendelssohn concerto he played in the true spirit of that wayward poetic composer who drew inspiration from "the valleys of asphodel." It is such music, the music of Mendelssohn, that Ysaye I am sure loves to play. For it is music sensuous and human and it might have been made for his instrument. So also was the music of the Wagner—Wilhelmj number. Ysaye revels in the passionate. A musician of moods, the magic goes out of his violin when rendering the abstract, but inspiration quickens the bow in the romantic, passionate and picturesque, and in themes having those qualities he treats sound as a living thing, gives it his own coloring, putting into it the qualities that are inherent in himself. Great is Ysaye! Other masters may cause wonder; he causes delight. One never thinks of technique when listening to Ysaye. He seems to use music as a medium for the expression of himself and in a manner of his own. He towers so high above all others that the least critical cannot fail to perceive the greatness of him.

—Helen M. Bonnet.

"Fun in a Bakehouse" at Empress

Joe Boganny's Royal Lunatic Bakers, an English comedy acrobatic act will headline the bill at the Empress with an original creation called "Fun In a Bakehouse." Six athletes ranging in height from a dwarf to a giant make up this aggregation. The added feature attraction is Roland West's tabloid drama "Trapping Santa Claus," with Caddie Hayes, a juvenile actress and a supporting company including Carl Jackson, Miss Anna Jordan and Bert S. Franks. Fred Holmes and Lulu Wells, a duo of musical comedy farceurs who were in support of Fritzie Scheff and in the cast of Lew Fields' "Never Homes" promise to be another pleasing feature. The title of their dainty contribution is "Just Because." Joe Kelsey, a character singing comedian, will offer his latest material in songs and comic impersonations. Swaine-LePlatt & Swaine, a trio of musical artists, will offer a delightful musical. "Signa," "The Girl from Norway," will contribute some clever character work. Photo-plays complete the bill.

"Heart Throbs" at Pantages

Walter Montague's biggest vaudeville attempt "Heart Throbs of a Great City" will have its premiere at Pantages Sunday afternoon. Montague has taken for his theme actual incidents from a local police court calendar. Dramatic and humorous episodes which are witnessed daily in the courts have been woven into a powerful and virile tabloid vaudeville "thriller." Bob Albright, the male Melba, will be the added attraction on the new bill. He has an operatic repertoire and a voice ranging from deep masculine bass to the clear liquid tones of a prima donna. Madie De Long is a fascinating little soubrette known as a "girl base ball bug." Joseph Callahan, the American actor, will present his artistic offering. "Leaves from the Pages of History," in which he introduces speaking likenesses of world famous men including Lincoln, Lee, McKinley, Pope Leo, etc. A novelty comedy musical duo are Harlen

and Rollison who have just returned from a trip to the Orient. Elsie Cramer and Co. will present a European gymnastic aerial act. The Ellison sisters have a dainty offering of singing and dancing, elaborately costumed. Comedy motion pictures complete the bill.

Jessie Busley at the Orpheum

There will be six entirely new acts in next week's Orpheum bill. Jessie Busley who scored such a hit in this city as Nance Olden in "The Bishop's Carriage" will appear in a comedy entitled "Miss 318." Miss Busley has the distinction of having been for two seasons one of the original New Theatre Company. A typical cross section of a department store on a bargain day is the locale of "Miss 318" and every one of its characters is a distinct type. The piece is replete with brilliant lines and keen bits of comedy. As Lisette Mooney Miss Busley adds another to the list of those life portraits she appears to have the power to create at will. She will be supported by an excellent company which includes Julia Grignan, Mollie McDona, Dorothy Winston, Julia Earle, Adeline McCullough and Harry Day.

(Continued on Page 23)



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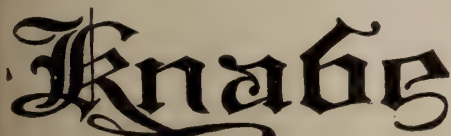
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Empress Theatre

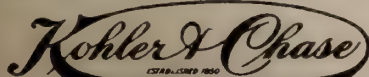
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Walter Montague's Vaudeville Triumph "HEART THROBS OF A GREAT CITY," Episodes of a San Francisco Police Court; BOB ALBRIGHT, the Male Melba; JOSEPH CALLAHAN, "Leaves from the Pages of History"; HARLAN AND ROLLISON, Comedy English Musicians; THE GREAT CRAMER TRIO, Novelty Aerial Artists; MADIE DE LONG, "The Girl Base Ball Fan"; ELLISON SISTERS, "A Study in White."

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In the Smashing Musical Success
"OVER THE RIVER"

Nights and Sat. Mats., 50c to \$2. "POP" Wed. Mats.
Com. Sun., May 25th—Lew Fields' "HANKY PANKY"

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—New low records for two years, in some cases for ten years and in one important instance for fifty years, were scored last week. The decline was logical and inevitable. With war clouds lowering in Europe and a startling disclosure of weak spots in the management of New England's premier railroad accompanied by a general scaling down of the prices of the best investment bonds and stocks to meet new conditions in the money markets, nothing but manipulation and artificial support by a bull trader could have saved the day. The chief cause of weakness later in the week which culminated in the break Friday morning was the pessimism of New England investors. For half a century they have pinned their faith on New York, New Haven & Hartford. Reckless waste and ill-advised expenditures involving far more than \$100,000,000 have been exposed and its president failed to testify under oath or submit to fair cross-examination when he made his statement to the Interstate Commerce Commission. The stock sold as low as 102 3-4 last Thursday and a serious reduction in the dividend is now taken for granted. The disclosure of New Haven's mismanagement is a blow to confidence in other railroad directorates, and, worst of all, it is a signal vindication of and victory for two Boston men whose names are anathema in Wall street. Professional operators have been on the short side of the market for more than six months and have inflicted sickening losses on the little group of strong speculators who tried to bull the market with American Can as a leader. The outstanding short interest is undoubtedly large and too much company has made it valuable, as was proved by the little flutter late in the week when some of the bears tried to take profits quietly at the expense of the rest. The public is completely out of it as far as speculation in broad lots is concerned, but odd lot houses have been quite busy taking out small blocks of stocks for investors who find railroad stocks yielding more than 6 per cent and industrials like Steel common on a basis of 8 per cent or more to their liking. In a large way the market is without leadership and has no definite trend. The low levels of the week did not stimulate buying except as already noted. Some bears have taken profits and those who are still standing by their commitments have all they can carry and are not adding to their loads. This leaves the market in the hands of the floor traders who always try to go home with clean slates and whose operations have no effect on prices. Daily swings have been wide and fast enough to give these scalpers plenty of opportunity to make money.

Wheat—It is needless to say that the predominating factor in the wheat situation is the flattering promise of a bountiful crop of winter

wheat which the Government estimate confirmed. It is usual at this time of year for the trade to abandon its stand on the commercial situation of the old crop and turn its attention entirely to the new one. A year ago excitement was running high on the disaster of the soft winter wheat crop, and values of wheat in this country were nearly as high as those on the other side of the Atlantic, while this year the situation is exactly reversed, trade is depressed, prices are declining and the markets of this country are 22 cents to 25 cents lower than they were a year ago, while prices in Europe are very nearly the same as they were the previous year. Whether the depression in this country is being carried too far this year, as was the inflation last year, is a question which only the future can determine. The commercial situation presents some puzzling conditions which are not easy to explain. There is, for instance, the Winnipeg market which a few months ago was 7 cents per bushel below the price here, while now it is 3 cents above this market, and at Buenos Aires the price of May wheat since January 31 has advanced from 1 cent below the price in Chicago to 17 cents above this market, which suggests the query, Why does not Europe sell its holdings at the high price in Argentina and replace them at the lower price here? As far as the commercial situation is concerned it appears to be on a healthy basis. The European markets, to be sure, have declined somewhat, but it seems to be only in conformity with the markets in this country, as the parity of values between two continents remains about the same as it has been, and, according to Broomhall, the European requirements will be large throughout the crop year because stocks there are decreasing and are considerably less than the small supplies of a year ago. The European political situation appears to show some improvement, but as an active, victorious people has supplanted the passive Turkish rule, the opportunity for complications has greatly enlarged and indicates no permanent solution, although affairs may remain in a quiescent state for a time. The tariff agitation and the uncertainty of what will be done regarding the import duty on wheat and flour into this country is a very disturbing factor at the present time. It naturally frightens the farmer into marketing every bushel of his old crop, and at the same time it restricts the purchase of the miller and the jobber of flour, and the general effect is to unsettle trade and minimize commercial operations.

Corn—The corn market, while dull, does not have to contend with some of the distributing influences that affect wheat. It is a long time before the new crop is harvested, and but a small per cent of the production ever leaves the farm. Prices appear to be on a healthy com-

mercial basis and favorable to the consumer and the investor.

Cotton—Fears that the Liverpool clique may make a "big hole" in the local stock by heavy shipments and cause a squeeze in July, and complaints that rain is badly needed in certain sections of Alabama, Georgia and the Carolinas, have been the chief steadying features, while the



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continued tendency toward pessimism in Wall street has checked bullish enthusiasm generally. It is as yet an open question how much cotton will go out of this market, but the fact remains that trade interests contend that July contracts are nearing a point where spotted, tinged and stained cotton (not in demand by spinners) can come here for delivery, and despite the extensive covering in that option the parity between this market and Liverpool remains wide. The Eastern States have received fairly good scattered showers and rains in the past few days, though it must be admitted that they have not been sufficiently general or heavy to stop complaint during the past three weeks, as in 1911, the big crop year. Giving due credit to the scattered unfavorable advices (which come every year) and also to the well recognized maxim that a dry May is always to be desired, a fair summing up would seem to be: That this crop has started favorably, and is well up to normal as a whole. The open weather favors acreage increase and the absence of washing rains in the Eastern States leaves the increased use of fertilizers all available. The practical adjustment of the Balkan affairs makes for a more confident tone abroad, and this country is still contending with tariff and possible financial legislation as well as an uncomfortable Japanese situation and hesitation is in evidence in all lines. Looking at the situation broadly, it is just as unconservative to assume an eventual big yield from a favorable outlook at this time, as to undertake to kill a crop with a dry May; therefore, it would appear unwise to become too strongly committed to either side of the market at the moment. The bulk of sentiment, however, leans to the bearish view, and barring unfavorable weather looks to have the best of the argument.

Varied Types

(Continued from Page 7.)

stituting enamelled ware. Then he devised a means of getting the food to the men piping hot. To accomplish this he had a three-story truck built on which the food is trundled from the kitchen, (an inviting kitchen it is, by the way), to the cell tiers. He also invented a long table which is suspended by iron rods and hooks from the tops of the tiers and let down at meal time until it is just waist-high. The cells are opened and the men eat their food, standing at these long tables. This is a great improvement on the old way which consisted in shoving a basin of food through the wicket into the hands of the prisoner.

Last of all Lieutenant Tobin showed me his chapel. Yes, there is a chapel in the City Prison. I suppose our City Prison is the only one in the United States which has a chapel.

"The time to give the unfortunate religious instruction and consolation is when they are bowed down by trouble," explained the Lieutenant. "So I had this chapel fitted up."

We entered a little room fitted up with benches, holy pictures and a Roman Catholic altar with tabernacle, wax candles and missal.

"After the fire," explained Lieutenant Tobin, "the Jesuits used the home of Mrs. Welch in Eddy street as a church. This was the altar at which they said Mass. These pictures were sent to me by Supervisor George Gallagher.

"Father Stark of Old St. Mary's comes here twice a week to say Mass and give the prisoners instruction. The other day he heard the confessions of seven prisoners and gave them Holy Communion. He has asked me to put two more benches in as the little congregation is growing."

"What other clergymen come here to use this chapel?" I inquired.

"Only Catholic priests," answered the Lieutenant. "When I fitted up this room I was very careful to send word to clergymen of all denominations that it was at their disposal and inviting them to make use of it. Father Latrop was one of those I notified. But the Catholics were the only ones to come. Occasionally women come to the prison and distribute tracts, but Protestant ministers do not come."

"Hasn't Doctor Aked ever been here?" I asked.

"No, Doctor Aked has never held services here," said the Lieutenant.

That struck me as rather peculiar. Where in all the city they consider so invincibly wicked could Doctor Aked and others find such a promising field for their missionary work as the City Prison? Where else could they look for so many brands ready to be snatched from the burning?

Doctor Aked and the rest, why do you let the Catholics monopolize that little chapel? It was fitted up for you as well as for them. Why not go there and minister to the unfortunates of your faith?

That completed our rounds of the City Prison. I left with a lively admiration for Lieutenant Tobin. All the things which I have described are due to his energetic activity. They are innovations; you will find them in no other City Prison up and down the land. Lieutenant Tobin didn't have to do these things. He did them because he is trying to better his fellow man in distress, to ameliorate the condition of the unfortunate. In doing them he has set a new mark in prison-keeping. His work has been watched by the police of other cities, and that is a gratifying circumstance, for where he has led others are bound to follow. San Francisco should be proud of Lieutenant Tobin. The Police Department is proud of him already.

Letters

"The Quarry" by John A. Moroso

Writers of fiction are seldom dull when they put their heroes into prison; never do they more surely arouse our interest than when they permit their heroes to escape from prison. Look back over the books you have read and recall the thrills such scenes yielded. Could anything be more exciting than Edmond Dantes' marvelous escape from the Chateau d'If? Will you ever forget Peter Simple's escape from a French fortress? Or Baron Trenck's escape from Glatz? Or Jack Sheppard's escape from Newgate? Equally exciting is the pursuit of an escaped convict and the relation of his turnings and twistings to elude the hounds of the law. The genius of

Hugo is at its best when he narrates the fight for liberty made by Jean Valjean. Balzac was never greater than when he showed us Vautrin battling with his keen-witted pursuers. We have all thrilled as Dickens told of the flight of Provis otherwise Magwitch in Great Expectations. "Alias Jimmy Valentine" is an irresistible play because it shows a released crook matching shrewdness successfully with an inexorable man-hunter. The same elements go to make "The Quarry," a story by John A. Moroso just issued by Little, Brown and Company of Boston an absorbing book. You are sure to read it at one sitting, for once taken up it cannot be put down until the last chapter is finished. John A. Moroso is a new man in the field of fiction. If this is his first book he is to be congratulated on his happy start in story telling. If he has written other books they are probably well worth reading. Certainly his future work will be followed eagerly by those who read "The Quarry." The hero of "The Quarry" is an honest, God-fearing country boy. He is arrested for killing the night watchman of a New York bank and, although innocent, is sent to Sing Sing for life on circumstantial evidence. After serving five years he escapes. How he escapes every reader will prefer to find out for himself. The most remorseless man-hunter of the New York Police Department takes up his trial. How the trail is followed and what the escaped convict does to bury himself from the pursuer it would be wrong to hint at here. The interest of the story is cumulative, and there is no letting-down in the intensity of the flight and the pursuit until the end. There is a sweet love story in "The Quarry," and no reader of sympathetic mind will be disappointed in the way things turn out. John A. Moroso writes with a sure pen. He evidently knows well the field over which his action ranges. The story is knit together with the compactness of strong drama.

Unalterable

"I love you, my darling, although"—the light from his eyes was as tender as that of a June dawn, and his tones caused her heart to dance in a billowy ecstasy of joy—"you are a woman with a past."

And with a smile the theosophical bridegroom pressed another kiss upon the brow of the bride he had wooed and won long ago when the world was yet damp from the creation in the evenings and on the holidays after carrying hoo on King Solomon's temple.

"My new play," announced the author, "is destined to move the world."

"Yes," replied the critic. "I heard it called 'truck.'"

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ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of WILLIAM HALLECK DEMING, Deceased.

AZALENE E. GATES (formerly Azalene E. Deming), administratrix of the estate of William Halleck Deming, deceased, having filed herein her petition, duly verified by affidavit, praying for an order of this Court authorizing, empowering and directing her, as such administratrix, to mortgage the real property therein and hereinafter described, for the purpose set forth in said petition; and it appearing that it will be of advantage to said estate that said mortgage be made;

IT IS THEREFORE ORDERED BY THE COURT, that all persons interested in the estate of William Halleck Deming, deceased, do appear before this Court on Thursday, the twenty-ninth day of May, A. D. 1913, at ten o'clock a. m. of said day, at the Courtroom of Department number Nine Probate thereof, at the building situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, known as number 1231 Market Street, which building is also known as the City Hall, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why the real property of said estate hereinafter described, or some part thereof, should not be mortgaged for the sum of ten thousand dollars, as prayed for in said petition, or for such lesser amount as to this Court shall seem meet.

Reference is hereby made to said petition, on file herein, for further particulars.

The property to be mortgaged is situate in the town of Menlo Park, County of San Mateo, State of California, and more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

1. Being a portion of Rancho de las Pulgas, and also a portion of what is known as the Briceland Tract, and being more particularly known as lots numbers two hundred and forty-one (241), two hundred and twenty-nine (229) and two hundred and thirty (230), as laid down and designated on a certain map filed in the office of the County Recorder in and for the County of San Mateo, State of California, on September 14th, 1863, entitled "Map of the Menlo Park Villa Association."

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED, that this order to show cause be personally served on the persons interested in said estate, or be published once a week for four successive weeks before the day of hearing in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated this 23rd day of April, A. D. 1913.

J. V. COFFEY,

Judge of the Superior Court.

HARRY T. CRESWELL, Attorney for Administratrix,
1209 Head Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-26-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of KATE S. ISAACS, Deceased, No. 15,357, New Series, Dept. 10.

NOTICE is hereby given by the undersigned, Union Trust Company of San Francisco, executor of the last will and testament of Kate S. Isaacs, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executor at its office at the junction of Market and O'Farrell Streets and Grant Avenue, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as its place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Kate S. Isaacs, deceased.

UNION TRUST COMPANY OF SAN FRANCISCO,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Kate S. Isaacs, Deceased.

By H. VAN LUVEN, Secretary.

Dated: San Francisco, May 17, 1913.
HELLER, POWERS & EHRLMAN,
Attorneys for said Executor,
Nevada Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-17-5

SUMMONS AND COMPLAINT

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 47,232; Dept. No. 10.

LILLIAN E. LIVINGSTON, Plaintiff, vs. CHARLES LIVINGSTON, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: CHARLES LIVINGSTON, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilfully deserting and abandoning plaintiff for the period of one year, and over, next immediately preceding the commencement of this action and defendant's wilfully failing to provide for plaintiff the common necessities of life for one year, and over, next immediately preceding the commencement of this action, and also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising under contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 14th day of February, A. D. 1913.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.
ARTHUR E. NATHANSON, Atty. for Plaintiff,
1112 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 5-17-10

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ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON PETITION TO MORTGAGE REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 10,921; Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Person and Estate of CARRIE MADELINE COOK, an Incompetent. Morton L. Cook, as Guardian of the person and estate of Carrie Madeline Cook, an incompetent, having filed herein his petition in due form praying for an order of this Court authorizing and directing him to borrow the sum of Fourteen Thousand (14,000) Dollars, or such lesser sum as to the Court shall seem meet, for the purposes of paying the outstanding debts against said incompetent and the debts, charges and expenses of administration and to secure to the lender of such money the payment of the same, that he, as such guardian, mortgage to said lender certain real property of said incompetent situate in the City of Oakland, County of Alameda, State of California, and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

BEGINNING at a point on the Southerly line of 12th Street, distant thereon one hundred (100) feet Westerly from the Westerly line of Clay Street; running thence Westerly along the Southerly line of 12th Street fifty (50) feet; running thence at a right angle Southerly one hundred (100) feet; running thence at a right angle Easterly fifty (50) feet and running thence at right angles Northwesterly one hundred (100) feet to the said Southerly line of 12th Street and point of beginning.

Being Lots Nos. 12 and 13 in Block No. 156 as the same are designated and so designated on the map known as Kellersberger's Map of Oakland, on file in the office of the County Recorder of the said County of Alameda, State of California.

And it appearing that it would be and is for the advantage, benefit and best interests of the estate of said incompetent and those interested therein that said real estate should be mortgaged, and good cause appearing therefor,—

IT IS ORDERED that all persons interested in the estate of said Carrie Madeline Cook, an incompetent, appear before this Court, Department No. 10 thereof, in its Courtroom in the Temporary City Hall, No. 1231 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, at 10 o'clock a. m. on Monday, the 2nd day of June, 1913, then and there to show cause why said real estate hereinabove particularly described should not be mortgaged as prayed in said petition, and said petition granted; and

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation published in the City and County of San Francisco.

For all further particulars you are hereby referred to the petition now on file herein.

Dated, April 28, 1913.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,

Judge of the Superior Court.

HELLER, POWERS & EHRLMAN,
Attorneys for Guardian,
Nevada Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-3-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of REBECCA WEISS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executor of the estate of Rebecca Weiss, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executor at the office of James Raleigh Kelly, Room 604, 110 Sutter Street, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Rebecca Weiss, deceased.

JULIUS NEUMANN,

Executor of the Estate of Rebecca Weiss, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 3, 1913.
JAMES RALEIGH KELLY, Attorney for Executor,
Room 604, 110 Sutter Street,
San Francisco, Cal. 5-3-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LILLIAN MAY BROMFIELD, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of Lillian May Bromfield, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of Keogh & Olds, Room 524 Foxcroft Building, 68 Post Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Lillian May Bromfield, deceased.

BENJAMIN THOMAS BROMFIELD,

Administrator of the Estate of Lillian May Bromfield, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 3, 1913.
KEOGH & OLDS, Attorneys for Administrator,
Room 524, Foxcroft Building, 68 Post St.,
San Francisco, Cal. 5-3-5

HENRY P. TRICOU

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ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE AND PERSONAL PROPERTY SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 10,753, N. S.; Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ELIZABETH HANCOCK, Deceased.

Robert J. Hancock, the executor of the last will of Elizabeth Hancock, deceased, having on this day presented to the Court and filed in the above entitled matter his petition, duly verified, praying that the Court grant its order authorizing and directing him to sell a parcel of the real estate and the whole of the personal property belonging to the estate of said decedent, as described in said petition;

And it appearing from said petition to the satisfaction of the Court that it will be for the advantage, benefit and best interests of said estate, and those interested therein, to sell said parcel of said real estate and the whole of said personal property belonging to said estate for the reasons and purposes in said petition set forth;

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED, that all persons interested in said estate appear before this Court, in Department No. 10 thereof, on Wednesday, the twenty-eighth day of May, 1913, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at the Courtroom of said Court and Department, in the City Hall, No. 1231 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted authorizing and directing said executor and petitioner to sell said parcel of the real estate and the whole of the personal property belonging to said estate at public or private sale as prayed for in said petition.

AND IT IS FURTHER ORDERED, that a copy of this order be published once a week for four (4) successive weeks, prior to the hearing of said petition, in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco, State aforesaid.

Done in open Court this 18th day of April, 1913.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,

Judge of said Superior Court.

CHAS. W. SLACK and J. R. MOULTHROP,
Attorneys for Executor,
533-537 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-26-5

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS:—

THAT I, BEN J. SCHMIDT, DO HEREBY CERTIFY:—

That I am transacting and doing business, as an individual, under the designation of BEN J. SCHMIDT & COMPANY, at No. 35 Sansome Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California;

That I am the sole owner of, and the only person interested in, the aforesaid business, and that my name in full and place of residence are:—

BENJAMIN J. SCHMIDT, San Anselmo, Marin County, California.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand this 2d day of May, 1913.

BEN J. SCHMIDT.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 2d day of May, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Thirteen, before me, T. W. WITTOFT, a Notary Public in and for the said City and County of San Francisco, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared Ben J. Schmidt, known to me to be the same person whose name is subscribed to the within instrument and he duly acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my Official Seal, at my office, in the City and County of San Francisco, the day and year in this certificate first above written.

(Seal)

T. W. WITTOFT,

Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

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Stage

(Continued from Page 19.)

ton. Miss Busley's engagement is for one week only. Laddie Cliff, England's boy comedian who three years ago created an enormous hit in this city in "Don't He Look Like Father" and other songs will commence a brief engagement. He brings with him a new supply of songs and eccentric dances and there is every reason to believe he will duplicate his former success. The Five Melody Maids and Will J. Ward will present a skit entitled "Mirth, Melody, Maids and a Man." Will J. Ward "the man" is considered one of the finest ragtime players in this country and he is also fortunate in the possession of an excellent baritone voice. The girls are all attractive and they costume handsomely and tastefully. Margaret Ashton, a dashing young American girl who has recently returned from a triumphal tour of the British Isles will evidence her great talent as a singing comedienne. Her accompaniments are played by E. Arnold Johnson, a pianist of remarkable ability. Meehan's Canines including his celebrated leaping hounds will be a feature of next week's bill. Charles and Adeline Wilson will contribute a hodge-podge of melody and merriment which they call "The Messenger, the Maid and the Violin." There will be a new program of Edison Talking Moving Pictures. The only holdovers will be the "Top O' Th' World Dancers" and the great sensation, Don the Talking Dog.

Waldron in "The Prince Chap"

Charles Waldron's farewell week at the Alcazar begins Monday evening with an elaborate production of Edward Peple's beautiful play, "The Prince Chap," in which Waldron will have the title part. This offering will also be the medium of closing Justina Wayne's all too brief engagement in the O'Farrell-street home of drama. She will be seen in two distinct characters. Also in the cast are the regular stock company, and several specially engaged players, among the latter being two very clever children. Few plays possess a greater wealth of heart interest and delicious comedy than "The Prince Chap." There are three acts and each will have a picturesque setting.

The Tivoli Resumes

The big topic of conversation in amusement and musical circles is the opening of the Tivoli next Wednesday evening. Everybody loved the old Tivoli and this new and magnificent structure in which not a detail in front of or behind the scenes has been overlooked, is ready for the resumption of light opera. Manager W. H. Leahy has gone over the field thoroughly and secured a singing organization of rare quality, both as regards principals and chorus and "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," the Stanislaus Stange-Julian Edwards military spectacular comic opera chosen for the opening, bids fair to be given in better style than ever before in this country. Hans S. Linne, the musical director, and Edward Temple, in charge of the stage, are men famous in their line and are putting forth every endeavor to start things off in right royal style. Rena Vivienne who sang "Madam Butterfly" so suc-

cessfully here, will be Kate Pemberton, Stella De Mette, from the Metropolitan Opera Company, will make her initial appearance in this city as Robert Pemberton, Ilon Bergere of "Chocolate Soldier" renown, will have the jolly role of Cordelia Allen and Sarah Edwards, always a great local favorite, will return as Mrs. Pemberton. Henry Santrey, the renowned baritone from the New York Hippodrome, will be "Johnny," Charles Gallagher whose magnificent voice was last heard here in "The Girl of the Golden West," will be General Allen and Robert Pitkin who comes from New York covered with comedy honors, will dispense merriment as Jonathan Phoenix. Our old friend, Teddy Webb, comes back as Uncle Tom, which he played with such success in "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" at the Tivoli nine years ago and the rest of the cast will be in capable hands. The scenic effects will be beautiful while the costumes will be correct to the period, 1864, about the close of the Civil War, when hoop-skirts were in vogue. There will be twenty men in the orchestra, matinees will be given Saturdays and Sundays and the old Tivoli popular prices will prevail, from twenty-five to seventy-five cents. Seats are going with a rush at the theatre box office and the opening night will be one long to be remembered.

Second Week of Frances Starr

Frances Starr playing in "The Case of Becky" at the Columbia will be seen for a second and last week commencing Monday night. Matinees are given on Wednesday and Saturday. Raymond Hitchcock comes to the Columbia on Sunday night, May 25. Supported by Flora Zabelle and a big company of comedians, singers and dancers as well as pretty girls he will appear in the much praised production of "The Red Widow." It is the work of three clever men, Channing Pollock, Rennold Wolf and Charles J. Gebest; and Cohan and Harris have produced it on a very elaborate scale. Hitchcock is one of the genuine comedians now appearing on the American stage and as Cicero Hannibal Butts, the role he assumes in "The Red Widow" he won for himself new and greater fame. The first act of "The Red Widow" takes place in London and the others in St. Petersburg.

"Hanky Panky" Coming to Cort

Eddie Foy and his seven merry youngsters in "Over the River" start their last week Sunday evening. The whirlwind dancing of James Davis and Pearl Mathews is a feature. Werba and Luescher, Mr. Foy's producers, have spared neither time nor expense in surrounding their favorite star with the best possible support including such familiar names as Eleanor Kent, Nellie Daly, Marie Horgan, David Andrada, Charles Swickard, William Sellery, Harry Meyer, J. S. Kinslow, Cecelia Hoffman and the Eight Berlin Madcaps. Lew Fields' all-star company will be seen in merry "Hanky Panky" beginning Sunday night, May 25.

Appreciation

(Continued from Page 8.)

and neglect, today were as they never had been; for, after all, applause is what men work for, and not gold, and so that the applause be given, it does not matter in the least from whence it comes. The public crowns the artist, and if occasionally it puts the crown on just a little bit awry, no one need hold himself offended, for its great heart is sound.

Replete with food at last, the suppers slowly began to leave their seats, and as the function of a band is to add noise to noise, the leader tapped sharply on his music-stand, and as by inspiration recommenced just where he had left off. Once more the cadence of the Barcarole quavered and floated through the hall, rose, fell and finally melted away like the faint threnody of a dragon fly heard in imagination by a mad musician, and then the company definitely rose, exhaling fumes of scent and perspiration, whilst through the windows came the first flush of dawn, but smoke-ridden and grey, and the air sullied by the exhalations of a million pairs of lungs.

Clara—Did you and Jack count kisses?

Bella—Yes; then we both favored a recount.

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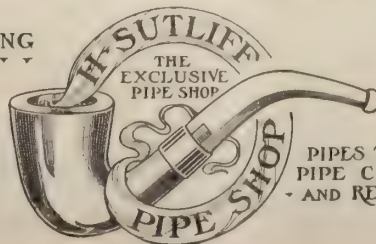
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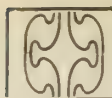
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A Political League for Bay Counties

The average representative of San Francisco in the Legislature owes his position wholly to the inattention of the people. If the character of San Francisco were to be inferred from the character of its statesmen it would be pronounced a city bereft of intelligence and wallowing in ignorance. Even in a Legislature remarkable for its incompetency, the San Francisco delegation is regarded with contempt not only by the half-baked statesmen and pothouse politicians from other cities but also by the dull-witted yokels from the foothills and cow-paths. It is no wonder therefore that the interests of this city are neglected in Sacramento; no wonder that the narrow minds from all sections of the State spend most of their time legislating to the injury of this city. In almost every State the metropolis is an object of the envy and hostility of the rural citizenry whose legislative representatives deem it their duty to regulate urbanites with parochial severity, but nowhere is this curious perversity more deeply felt than in San Francisco. And doubtless we shall continue to feel it and to suffer from it to the detriment of the whole State unless we arm ourselves against it. This it occurs to us we may do by availing ourselves of the sentiment that served as the motive of the "Hands Around the Harbor" banquet at the Hotel Oakland. At that banquet it was resolved to organize a permanent civic body to promote the interests of all the counties that border on the waters of the bay. Now there is no better way of promoting those interests than to protect them from the kind of legislation that is enacted at Sacramento every two years in a spirit either of envy or sublimated cussedness. This may be done by any central body of citizens representative of all the bay counties that will devote itself to the business of assisting in the election of a united delegation to the Legislature.

The Wizardry of Nicknames

In one of his essays Hazlitt tells us the world is governed by nicknames and that

it was by nicknames, the talismans and spells by which men's passions and prejudices are aroused, that half the convulsions of the civilized world were precipitated. Woven into the history of the feuds of the Vitelli and Orsini, the Guelphs and the Ghibellines, the civil wars of England, the commotions of cabinets and all religious wars is the history of nicknames. There may be nothing in a name, but in a nickname there is everything. A nickname is more eloquent than the greatest oration ever uttered. A nickname creates a world of inferences; it conquers the imagination; it take the place of evidence; it implies an imperative conclusion; without proof it stands for innumerable ideas. In times of political excitement nothing more than a nickname is needed to win an election. But a short time ago to call a man "a reactionary" was enough to refute every argument that could be brought to bear in support of common sense. "Standpatter" was almost as potent a word as the nickname that fanned the fires of Smithfield. There is no better instrument of coercion than a nickname. Consider for instance the word "scab"—how it wins strikes by filling able-bodied men with dread. Consider also the word "strikebreaker." Here is a word that acts by mechanical sympathy on the nerves of the unthinking. A strikebreaker may be nothing more than a poor man with a starving family who has obtained work by reason of the cowardice of some man led by the nose by an unscrupulous labor leader. Yet "strikebreaker" is a word of reproach and opprobrium and the newspapers speak of the employment of "strikebreakers" as though it were conclusive proof that unfair means had been resorted to for the oppression of honest men. When the men who are employed to take the place of strikers have the stigma "strikebreakers" put upon them, it is assumed that the strikers have won a moral victory and are entitled to public sympathy. Which shows how effective is a nickname, how it causes everything to be taken for granted, serving at once as a conclusion, a swat and a stimulant for the spleen.

Miss Brown of London

The case of Miss Jessie Brown is one on which we would focus the interest of our readers. It is a case that should interest the people of San Francisco in view of what is soon to happen to women of the under-world in this city. It is a case that has provoked much discussion in England. It has provoked storms in Parliament, and it has caused uneasiness in the Cabinet. The case has been hanging fire since December, 1907. One evening in that month Miss Brown, a woman of irreproachable character, was arrested by two plain clothes constables for solicitation in the street. She

was kept all night in a cell, brought up before a magistrate next morning in a dazed condition, and convicted. On her release she proceeded to clear her character. She prosecuted the constables for "wrongful arrest," but the proceedings had been taken too late and were barred by statute. Finally, after years of incessant agitation, great expense, heartbreaking delays, the Justiciary Appeal Court quashed the conviction and censured the magistrate and constables. The innocence of the woman was established beyond doubt, and it was subsequently learned that the constables were scoundrels who had wrongfully arrested more than one person. After her vindication Miss Brown took her case to Parliament to obtain compensation, and though many members voted for an award she is still fighting for it. Now this case is deserving of consideration for the obvious moral it points. San Francisco is one of the few large cities of the world where a woman may go out alone at night without risk. There are no police here looking for street walkers. Solicitation in the streets being unknown there is no vigilance against it. But this benign state of affairs is not to last long. As a result of the zeal of Dr. Aked and other academic sociologists for the purification of the city by statute, prostitution will be scattered and its practitioners will mingle with the throng in quest of business, and with the police exercising a most dangerous power innocent women will be exposed to the cruellest of risks. The case of Miss Jessie Brown is not without parallels in American cities, and before long it may be paralleled in San Francisco. At any rate the women of San Francisco who have yielded to the persuasions of the preacher from Liverpool will soon perceive how the universal law of compensation off-sets and requites. If they have driven the prostitute from the byways to the highways they have made it inexpedient for themselves to venture alone after nightfall any distance beyond their own doorstep.

A Vanishing Figure

A citizen of Palo Alto declined the other day to serve as a public official, giving as his reason for abstaining from the distinction that his views of morality were out of harmony with those of the community. Frankly he confessed that he was given to certain practices for which the university town has a deep-rooted aversion. It appears that he smokes and drinks and otherwise behaves himself after the manner of the sons of Belial. A wicked man, this, according to the code of morality professed by the electorate of Palo Alto, and a vanishing figure in the public life of the United States. With all his terrible vices this humble citizen of Palo Alto has the redeeming virtues of sincerity and self-respect, and

these are virtues which are becoming rarer under the new scheme of things political. It is not hard to understand why this should be so. Even in the early days of the Republic, that is, in the latter part of the first half of the last century, though there was still alive much of the original sentiment of patriotism that fired the hearts of the Founders, it was remarked that not always did the people elect to office the ablest men to be found. When De Tocqueville visited the country to study the growth of democracy he observed that second-rate men were more eager than the most capable men to fill public office, and that even the highest offices were not filled by the men best qualified for public service. This he recognized as an inevitable consequence of democracy. The patriots who gave the inspiration and original impulse to the nation had long since passed away. With them had passed the feelings and convictions in which the nation originated. Gradually the art of administration had degenerated into the trickery of the professional politician. But even in those days there was some call for lofty ambition, and there were offices a man could hold without forfeiting his self-respect behind the mask of dissimulation. It is no longer so. This is the golden hour of the job-chaser of easy conscience who is ever ready to trim his sail to the popular breeze. To achieve success in politics a man must compete with the least scrupulous of pretenders and be alert for every whim of the people. According to the fundamental principle of the moment the man in office must put his honest opinions in cold storage. The proper guide of behavior is respect for oneself, but to succeed in politics a man must respect the gang that pulls the strings of an improvement club or the ladies of the Recall League; he must get down on his marrow bones to the editor of the paper with the largest circulation. What in other days the boss demanded of him is nothing compared to what scores of bosses require of him now. And though there were ways of circumventing the boss, ways of placating him without loss of self-respect, to prosper in politics now a man cannot afford to call his soul his own. To improve their government the people have abolished sincerity and put a premium on Pharisaism. The indispensable ground of conscientiousness has been taken from under the feet of the statesman, and possession of public office has become the badge either of imbecility or cunning. And that is why the man of the type of the unaspiring citizen of Palo Alto, the man who speaks as he thinks, who does as he pretends and performs what he promises is seldom eager for public office.

The Indictment of Illegality

Though our Progressive politicians are impatient of all the original checks devised by the Founders and partial toward the primitive systems of democracy, there is one contrivance that was in vogue in ancient times for which they have never clamored. Yet this contrivance was really the most important ever invented in a Democracy. It is the one contrivance essential to honesty of government in a Democracy. We refer

to what is known as the "indictment of illegality" which was invented in Athens after a long experience of the kind of government our Progressives are giving us, and therefore it may be justly regarded as an expression of the ripest wisdom of the ancient Democrats. The object of the indictment of illegality was to protect the people from their politicians. And assuredly after the experience we have had of the bird-cage, political machine builders recently adjourned at Sacramento we can perceive the high merit of the salutary instrument invented by the wise men of Athens. The principle of this venerable indictment is very simple. It applies only to legislators. In Athens whenever the people had one of their periodical awakenings, when it suddenly dawned on them that a law, which perhaps they had once acclaimed, was a very bad law, the records were searched to find the name of the author and promptly he was prosecuted under the indictment of illegality. Speaking of this law Hume says that the Athenians were such ardent Democrats that despite the mischiefs that resulted from their form of government "they were averse to checking themselves by any rule or restriction," and therefore they resolved to check their demagogues by the fear of future punishment and inquiry. "They accordingly," says Hume, "instituted this remarkable law, a law esteemed so essential to their form of government, that Eschines insisted on it as a known truth that were it abolished or neglected it were impossible for the Democracy to subsist." Hume further says that the people of Athens were wise enough to realize that they were in a "state of perpetual pupillage where they had an authority after they came to the use of reason not only to retract and control whatever had been determined, but to punish any guardian for measures which they had embraced by his persuasion." A sagacious people were the Athenians. If we had followed their whole example when we began adopting those principles of theirs by which demagogues are fostered, how tame Governor Johnson's puppets would have been at the late session! And if we had the indictment of illegality think you that Mayor Rolph and the Supervisors would now be campaigning for another bond issue? Think you that they would have projected car lines on certain streets for no other purpose than to get the support of certain improvement clubs? But it is never too late to mend. And it is certainly high time to give our demagogic politicians pause.

The Honoring of a University

We were reminded of the indictment of illegality by a little ceremony that occurred at the University of California Wednesday of last week. The occasion was the bestowal of honorary degrees on eminent citizens. First among them was that most respected of men Chief Justice Beatty of our Supreme Court. President Wheeler in bestowing the degree of doctor of laws on the venerable Chief Justice referred to him as the man who in person and position is "the firm and central pillar in the structure of

the State." Now we wish to remind our readers that President Wheeler's opinion has somewhat changed. Not by way of disparagement do we wish to do this, for it is not to a man's discredit that his opinions change; but it is because it serves to show how even the most learned unit of the mob is not always to be trusted in great crises of State. A few years ago when the rabble was barking at the heels of Chief Justice Beatty, when a powerful cabal to further its political interests was manufacturing sentiment for the intimidation of the courts, President Benjamin Ide Wheeler joined the mob and encouraged its leaders. Those were melancholy days for the Chief Justice. Were he to live a hundred years longer he would look back on them as the most melancholy in all his long career. For to him justice is a sacred thing, and he takes a just pride in his profession and in his record of unswerving devotion to duty. As a magistrate Justice Beatty has enjoyed the love and confidence of the peoples of two States. A man of large judicial experience, natural judicial qualities, a strong sense of justice and moral courage invincible, he has studied the whole range and fabric of the law from its earliest foundations, and he has brought to bear in the administration of it the nobility of character and purity of motive that were born in him. What must have been the feelings of this man at a time when the courts were being traduced in the hope of intimidating them and being held up to execration for being unmoved,—what must have been his feelings when the fictitious learning that finds its way into a university was employed to give color to the libels of an unscrupulous press! The university presided over by Benjamin Ide Wheeler was the hotbed in those days of a sentiment prejudicial to the courts of justice and Benjamin Ide Wheeler himself who was not then aware that Chief Justice Beatty was the central pillar of the State took occasion to express himself for publication to the effect that it was unfortunate that the Supreme Court administered the law as it was written instead of in accordance with a principle laid down by the cabal. The University of California will have to have a great many honorary degrees accepted by honorable men before it will have got entirely rid of the odium brought upon it by the Bokes and the Wheelers.

The Liberally Educated Aked

The Rev. Charles F. Aked in his lecture last Sunday on "The Pretense of Knowledge" complained of the ignorance that pompously sets itself up as an authority. He alluded especially to those persons who, though they have never studied the Old Testament, indulge in criticism as though they were experts in Theology; and he cited the case of "Billy" Sunday who has no theology, but who nevertheless presumes to denounce persons for holding, said Dr. Aked, "such views as yours and mine, the views of all decently educated people throughout the world." We are glad to know that Doctor Aked knows that his theological views are the views "of all decently educated people throughout the world," and we hope

we do him no injustice when we infer that he would imply that to dissent from his views is to argue oneself beyond the pale of the elect and the esoteric. On the general proposition enunciated by Doctor Aked we heartily agree. Long ago we adopted for our very own the homely maxim that the cobbler should stick to his last, and like Doctor Aked we have been pained at times by the presumption of men who having won distinction as specialists set themselves up as authorities in matters about which they are profoundly ignorant. The plant wizard of Sonoma, for instance, has given us pain by posing as a literary critic, and Andrew Carnegie has afflicted us with that tired feeling by taking the alphabet in hand as though it were a piece of armor plate to be filled with blow holes. And Doctor Aked, too, has played upon our feelings with most poignant results by discussing the mundane tribunals of justice with the air of an acknowledged leader of the bar. It is really a very common proclivity, that of men of some education, to act on the assumption that success in one pursuit qualifies a man to judge of all pursuits and all lines of thought. We believe we have detected signs of this weakness in the gentleman who was educated with a view to becoming an expert in theology and who does not hesitate to pose as an expert in the science of government. With all his very liberal and decent education Doctor Aked has not been restrained from that feeling of contempt to which some men give rein when they survey something

in another world than theirs that is not in accordance with their way of thinking; men who have in them something of the vein of Touchstone; who plume themselves on their want of sympathy as a sort of distinction, as though they find it "meat and drink to see a fool." Consider by way of illustration the remarks of Doctor Aked quoted on another page with reference to the creeds of other clergymen. He would have us know that being a superior person he has something of contempt for men who submit themselves to the "impertinence" of being ordained. A poet tells us,

"He who feels contempt
For any living thing, hath faculties
Which he has never used;"—

Our idea of the matter is that he who hath contempt for anything he doesn't understand, however decent his education, lacks that without which education is worse than none at all,—common sense.

The Irrationality of Violence

There is much sober discussion these days of the irrationality of the militant suffragettes of England. Most men agree that the women are extremely irrational in destroying private property in the hope of intimidating the Government and compelling public sympathy. This may be so, but there is this to be said for the suffragettes,—that according to certain processes of reasoning which have received somewhat wide-

spread approval in academic and other circles their violence is not exactly criminal nor wholly heterodox. They are fighting for what they deem to be their right, and though they are wrong in thinking that suffrage is a right, nevertheless it is a great principle they are fighting for and therefore they are not to be classed with ordinary criminals. Their conduct in other words is akin to the conduct of the McNamaras and of the gallant I. W. W. under the leadership of "Big Bill" Heywood. Singularly enough some of the apologists of the McNamaras and the I. W. W. are among the critics of the militant suffragettes. Evidently they cannot see that the principle has more than one application. The violence of the British suffragettes is the rational outcome of a creed that half-baked unimaginative philosophers all over the world have been preaching. The fundamental principle of the creed is that the only object of society is the satisfaction of the individual. It is the Godless creed of the materialist that conceives social perfection to be a kind of universal mediocrity, holding that society has nothing of a sacred or religious character; that it is established not by Providence but by man. It is an easy step from denial of the authority of God to denial of all authority. The egoism of whole classes is not to be cultivated without plunging all into something akin to anarchy.

Perspective Impressions

In the excitement of our upward scramble we haven't thought of the way back.

When we get through with the ideals of the present the ideals of the past will look pretty good to us.

Putting it figuratively, progressive government makes us all bathe in a common pool but insists that we dry with separate towels.

Perhaps God didn't give us the power of seeing ourselves as others see us because he knew how embarrassing it would be for many a man to look himself squarely in the face.

"Every woman who has a brain craves expression," says the esteemed Lady Teazle. Hence the incessant babble at teas and women's clubs and the talk over the back fence what time the clothes are being hung out to dry.

The district attorney of Sacramento objects to the picketing of a home by detectives employed by a woman who hopes to prevent the kidnaping of her children. But of course the distinguished functionary has not the slightest objection to the picketing of a place of business by strikers intent on putting inoffensive citizens in a state of terror. The mother has but one vote.

President Wilson's cabinet seems to be a what-not full of curiosities.

President Wilson says he will stand for no compromise on the tariff bill. Congress is dead; long live the king!

The Governor of Kansas in suggesting that the Legislature adjourn for ten years shows that he realizes the advisability of a closed season for the people.

President Tveitmoe of the Asiatic Exclusion League is dissatisfied with the anti-alien bill. But it's hard to satisfy Olaf. He is still dissenting from the Indianapolis verdict.

Now that women are increasing our knowledge of them it occurs to us that it would be better for the world if some of them would consider the bearing of children a privilege, not a duty and be content with the ballot.

"Washington, May 18.—Tension over the Japanese situation continues to excite attention in official and diplomatic quarters." . . . "Washington, May 18.—Secretary Garrison, in a prepared statement today discussed the preparedness of seaboard cities to defend themselves against land attack."—Daily newspapers.

Is the loquacity of Secretary Bryan infectious?

Every time the Chronicle says "the Governor appoints 'em" Hiram throws a cat fit.

"Nothing is simpler than to breed for intelligence," says a Harvard don, talking eugenics. Meaning of course college-professor-intelligence.

Governor Johnson has answered all objections to the anti-Japanese bill with the exception of the one that really matters—the objection that it was untimely.

The more we see of Vice-President Marshall the more we become reconciled to President Wilson and the more fervent becomes the hope that the Administration may remain intact to the end.

Now it appears that by the Constitutional amendment providing for free text-books the Book Trust is enabled to gouge us more than ever. But there's nothing to prevent us from amending the amendment, for the Government, mark you, has been brought back to us.

If wages should be reduced on account of the tariff the President will know the reason why and won't accept either ineffective management or insufficient capital as an excuse! Well why not? If paternalism is what we want why shouldn't the President give it to us? And besides what rights has private business that genuine Progressive government is bound to respect?

Varied Types

CXXVII—SENATOR CAMINETTI

By Edward F. O'Day

Let us attempt a little combination in restraint of language. We have the old saw about knowing a man by the company he keeps. And we have the equally ancient adage about politics making strange bedfellows. Why should we not say in the interest of brevity that you may know a politician by his bedfellows? The two aphorisms fit together like tongue and groove.

Of course there are lots of politicians who will object to being judged by the ragtag and bobtail of heelerdom who are, in the figurative language of the aphorism, their bedfellows. We have plenty of dainty statesmen who would shudder to be shut into the same room with the unwashed roughnecks they use in their lucrative business of handling the voters. But politics is a dirty game at best, and some of these dainty fellows are not nearly as sweet as they smell.

It may seem something like *laesa majestas* to apply these general observations to our premier politician, the President of the United States. But why? Haven't we in this free republic the same right to judge President Wilson by his bedfellows as any other politician? We have. So let us look Senator Caminetti over.

For Caminetti is one of President Wilson's political bedfellows. When President Wilson turns down the coverlet Caminetti smooths out the pillow. When President Wilson lies on his back Caminetti snores. When President Wilson has a nightmare Caminetti talks in his sleep.

If you are sceptical about this intimate political fellowship between President Wilson and the man he has just made Commissioner of Immigration, try to be appointed Postmaster in any of the eight districts of California which are not represented by Democratic congressmen. Just see how far you get with the President if Caminetti is not on your side. In the districts which have Republican congressmen, and that means eight out of the eleven, the Caminetti vise must be on all applications for postmasterships. President Wilson has so ordained, and Postmaster General Burleson is seeing to it that President Wilson's order is being observed.

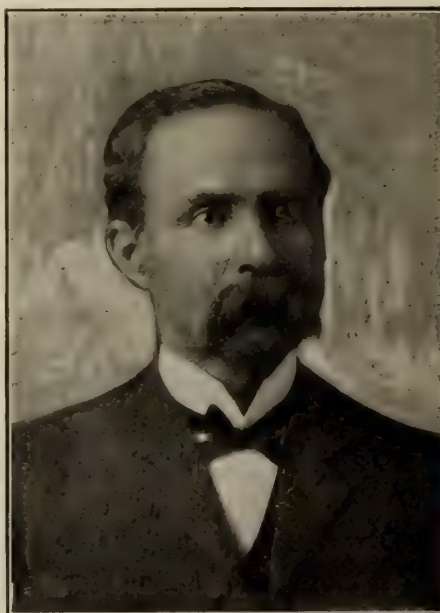
How did this come about? You must know Caminetti to get the answer.

Caminetti is one of those statesmen who sacrifice themselves for the public good and their own aggrandizement by doing politics twenty-four hours a day. In the course of a good many years Caminetti has found little time for anything except politics. Caminetti is a lawyer by profession, but it is not an exaggeration to state that the California Reports have never been overlaid with his cases. Caminetti has practised law principally in the State Legislature and at Democratic conventions. When the Legislature is not in session and there is no convention to go to Caminetti secludes himself at Jackson, Amador

County, and writes platforms, bills and concurrent resolutions.

Caminetti is the statesman of the untiring wrist; his inkpot sweats for the toiling masses. He loves to sponsor those nice little bills that spread salve on the trampled fingers of the workingman, incidentally reminding the workingman that Caminetti is still on the job. In the Legislature that recently pleased us by adjourning Caminetti was the sponsor of such a bill—the anti-injunction bill. It was beaten, but what of that? Caminetti was on the job.

Caminetti is very much of a Democrat. He loves the party and with reason, for the party has been very good to him. When he was twenty-four he sacrificed himself on the altar of the party by getting himself elected District Attorney of Amador. He held that job for four years. For the two following years he served his



SENATOR CAMINETTI

dear people as an Assemblyman. The next four years he spent in the State Senate. Then he went to Congress for two terms. The campaigns cost money, but Caminetti was a thrifty public servant, as his friends learned with surprise, when the Pacific Bank busted and Caminetti was loser several thousands. On his return there were two lean years, and then behold! we find Caminetti once more adorning the Assembly for two terms, holding down the office of Code Commissioner at the same time. From 1900 to 1906 he made ineffectual attempts on the Legislature and on Congress, and finding the people ungrateful, was forced to hibernate at Jackson. But in 1907 he once more took his seat in the State Senate, and there he is still. And now he will go to Washington for four years. Take it all in all, it's not a bad record of tax-eating for a country town Democrat.

Of course Caminetti hates the Republican party. No man has made more speeches in the Legislature and in conventions about the iniquity of the Father of the Tariff and the Mother of the Trusts. But this hatred is an abstract hatred. It does not extend to the individual Republican. With the true Christian spirit Caminetti loves his Republican neighbor as himself. And so we find

that he was the only Democrat in the Legislature who voted for Senator Perkins the last time that Republican was returned to Washington. There were ever so many reasons why Caminetti did that, and he set them all out in a voluminous statement contributed to the Senate Journal at the time. But none of the reasons convinced Caminetti's fellow Democrats that it was anything but politics which prompted him.

Equally of course Caminetti hates the Progressive party. But again, he doesn't hate the Progressives. He has only the kindest feeling for Governor Johnson. When all the other Democrats in the Legislature were firm in their opposition to an Administration measure you could count on Caminetti to bob up in its defense. Always he would explain himself exhaustively in the Senate Journal. And how the other Democrats—suspicious, motive-doubting men—how they did chortle when they discovered that Governor Johnson had very quietly put Caminetti's son on the payroll!

Time was when Caminetti was the fiercest of Jap-baiters. He roared up and down the Senate aisles, spitting defiance of Nippon through his mustache and ruffling the calm air with his tempestuous denunciations of cheap alien labor. But did we hear Caminetti splitting the Senate ceiling during the recent agitation? Not on your life! Caminetti let the other Democrats attend to the Japanese this session. Far be it from him to interfere with the program of his political bedfellow the President and his old time friend Secretary of State Bryan.

The reason? There was a very comfortable job in prospect for Caminetti, so the Japanese were safe. He'll attend to the Japanese when he becomes Immigration Commissioner, not before. And it's a safe bet he'll attend to them the way the President wants him to.

The chances are Caminetti will purr over the Japs and pat them on the back the way he did with the Italians during the late presidential campaign. You see, President Wilson was in an awkward position with our Italian voters. He had said in his history that Italian immigration was undesirable immigration. It was up to Wilson to have that statement explained away. Caminetti was the man to do it. Being a champion explainer and master of the Italian language he wrote an article which showed conclusively that what Wilson meant in his history was that Italian immigrants were the most desirable immigrants of all; that the glory of these United States would be seriously diminished if the Italians turned their immigrant footsteps elsewhere; and so on and so on. The article was published in all the Italian papers throughout the country. It made a great hit with Wilson, and it buttered Caminetti's parsnips.

(Continued on Page 23.)

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About San Luis Rey

San Francisco, May 17, 1913

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: To many of your readers no doubt it will be a surprise and to those who love the historic relics and landmarks of a noble past it will come as a distinct shock to know that the finest of California's old missions, San Luis Rey, has just been completely effaced by a copious treatment of plaster and painted a bright yellow with a red bordering. The expectant visitor upon stopping off at San Luis Rey will not only be sadly disappointed but indignantly amazed when he sees before him not a grand monument testifying to the wonderful patience and perseverance of the pioneers who lived a hundred years ago, but a modernly restored building resembling a casino at a seaside resort. It is futile to question at this time who are the perpetrators of this sacrilegious mockery or what their motive in tampering with the works of those who have gone before, but we may well ask why their ignoble plans were allowed to reach maturity. The past generations have lived and labored for the present just as this generation is living and laboring for the future and it is the inherent duty

of those for whom their forefathers built to protest against this depredation of the old missions which are an inalienable birth-right of the people of this State. The fallacy that to patch up and redecorate a ruin is to restore its former worth and splendor has reigned too long in our midst. Let us fervently hope that there is still sufficient common sense in the community to repudiate it, or very soon everything that has been bequeathed to us out of the past will share the same ignominious fate. We can preserve but we cannot restore ancient monuments. Restoration is destruction; old age can never be restored to youth; by restoring a ruin we are absolutely destroying its historic significance and the sooner this fact is grasped by patriotic Californians the sooner we may be assured will the activities of these restoration vandals cease.

Respectfully,

—E. F. Atkinson.

What About the Streets

Editor Town Talk, Sir: I hate to be censorious, but I also hate to see our city far behind other

cities of the Coast in externals visible to the naked eye of the visitor. I have just returned from the North. I have been to Seattle and other towns. On my return home the first thing that struck me was the shameful condition of our streets. They are unclean and they appear to be always in need of repair. Whoever has charge of the streets seems to think it all right to repair them in sections. And they are allowed to get well worn out before the need of repair is recognized. This is not right. Nowhere else in the world are streets so terribly neglected. On my return home the first thing I read was that the Mayor was taking a hand in the bunko investigation. Will this sort of thing never cease? Is criminal prosecution always to be the paramount duty? Can't the police commissioners take care of their own department? Or is it the principal duty of the Mayor to furnish sensations for the press? Will they not write him up if he decides to know the reason why the streets are not made decent?

Yours sincerely,

—Thomas L. Slocum.

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over
By Robert McTavish

Birth Rate of Paris

The annual report on the birth rate of Paris has just been issued by Dr. Bertillon and is the most alarming thus far recorded. The most significant passage, which also sums up the statistics of the report, reads as follows: "The natality is very feeble; the births are rarer and rarer. Never has their number been so few for over half a century. In 1861, when there were 1,696,141 inhabitants, 53,570 births were registered, whereas, for 1912, with a population of 2,870,000, only 48,230 births were registered." In commenting on the foregoing passage, L'Intransigeant says: "Thus it will be seen that while the population of Paris has nearly doubled in half a century, the number of births is even less. If the progression on this basis continues, the situation will soon become disastrous. Averaging the last fifty years, only one birth was registered in Paris per annum for every sixty-two inhabitants, which works out practically at one for every thirty households."

The Belgian Strike

"One man one vote" was the cry of the Socialists who precipitated the Belgian strike. The Belgian suffrage is based on the idea that property owners and the better educated should have a predominating influence at the polls, and voting is made compulsory. No one can vote before reaching the age of twenty-five. If the citizen pays a house tax of five francs or more a year, or owns property valued at 2,000 francs, or derives 100 francs a year from the Belgian funds, he has two votes; if he has received a certificate of higher secondary instruction, or is an officeholder or a professional man, he has three votes. While Belgium is well governed and prospers under plural voting, it has long been evident that ballot reform agitation would not cease until all the voters were put on the same footing. The "one man one vote" advocates found justifica-

tion for a coercive strike in the hopelessness of referring their demand to the two and three vote suffragists who could cast about 1,800,000 votes to less than a million which the numerically greater one-vote suffragists could command.

Snoke Nuisance in London

Experiments undertaken in London with the aim of collecting data about the black smoke nuisance have yielded interesting results. Deposits were taken for twelve months consecutively. It was found that in the city of London the fall of dirt is at the rate of about 73,000 tons a year on an area of a square mile; in Westminster it is about 56,000 tons, while in suburban Sutton it is only 27,000 tons. It is said that it is impossible to escape London smoke entirely until sixty miles away from its boundaries.

The Krupp Scandal

Germany's excitement over the Krupp scandal is not due alone to the rarity of graft cases in that country, or to the fact that it touches her in her most sensitive place—the army. It is due partly to the fact that the Krupp establishment has come to be looked upon as a national institution, and that every German has been immensely proud of it as one of the glories of the Fatherland. And now to discover that this great industry has stooped to the bribing of officials—a fact admitted by the Krupp firm, after the charge had been made in the Reichstag—and that it had been supplying French newspapers with material for war-scare articles, so as to induce the German Government to buy more armament from the Krupps, is more to Germany than a scandal. It is a catastrophe. The charges were made in the Reichstag by Dr. Liebknecht, the Socialist Deputy, and in the columns of the Vorwaerts, the Socialist newspaper. It is a coincidence that

it was that newspaper which ten years ago printed another scandalous story about the Krupps, which caused the death of the then head of the works, Friedrich Alfred Krupp.

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A Japanese Gioconda

By Carl R. Fallas

On moonlight nights Grier used to sit on the upper verandah of the large pavilion of wood and glass where he lived, watching the geisha boats on the canal outside. Sometimes he did not stir away until the fading lantern lights and waning music told him canal life was falling asleep.

These scenes nourished in him a certain dangerous romance.

As it was but a step from his door to the little landing stage, he went to work each morning by barge. The skipper, an old, shrivelled waterman, who knew a little English, often asked him: "You not take Japanese wife yet?"

"No," Grier answered.

"Why not?"

"I go to my country next year."

"Ha! ha! That is a long time more," the old fellow laughed.

And Grier, who secretly longed for such a romance, reflected: "It is a long time."

After Fuji San's arrival, he wondered why he had hesitated so long. His rooms assumed a new aspect: his comfort was doubled. In those early days he sent for an interpreter twice a week to assist them to talk.

"Ask her what she thinks of me," said Grier, who knew that even were she quite discontented, she would still wear the eternal smile of the women of her race.

"She says she likes you very much."

"Ah!" said Grier.

"Yes, she say you number one all right," Sakagami continued.

"Indeed."

"Yes, she say you have a very kind heart. She will be very unhappy if you do not stay with her forever."

"H'm."

"Yes. She want you to take a little house. She already can cook one English dish, and you shall teach her many others."

"What can she cook?"

"Rice cake."

Grier almost laughed. But Fuji San's face was still and demure as she sat on her crossed ankles on the spotless matting. How pretty she looked in her bright kimono embroidered with storks, with her high coiffure of rich jet hair, and the soft pink tints of her small oval face contrasting against Sakagami's parchment visage! Two slim fingers toyed nervously with her sash.

But Grier did not want a house. That would have rooted him down too firmly. To please Fuji, he went with her one hot day on the tramcar into the the pretty localities along the canal banks, and they looked into many small domiciles of wood and paper, which moved her to ecstasy. When she showed him a green nook where a house might be built, he stood meditating as if it might be done, then decided solemnly—

"Impossible."

"Gomen-asei (Excuse me)," she said with a graceful bow.

He began to notice new pretty ornaments and

floor mats dotted about his rooms, and still others which Fuji stowed away.

"For house," she told him.

And Sakagami arrived to add the explanation: "They are for the house that you will take bye-and-bye. O Fuji San buys them with the pocket money you give her."

This moved Grier to present her with two beautiful kimonos of rich silk. At least she should have happy memories of him.

One day she learned two new words from her pocket dictionary, and as they were sitting on soft mats before their charcoal stove after tea, she put her hand on his sleeve, and looking up at him, said—

"Husband!"

He smiled and nodded his head. But she still looked inquiringly, and parting her lips, she pointed her finger in her mouth, thus indicating herself.

He did not at once speak, and her face fell.

"Wife!" he exclaimed at last, caressing her hand, which brought back her smile.

How Grier revelled in their visits to the native theatres, where Fuji laughed and grew sad in turn as she was moved by the characters in the endless plays; and to the quaint little curio shops, where she was careful that the dealer did not cheat them; and, lastly, the tea houses for supper and ice-cream in the cool of the late evening! Her excitement on these occasions pleased him. It differed so much from her puzzling domestic calm.

"I do not understand her," he cried to Sakagami.

"I fear she is fond of me only for what I give her."

The interpreter talked to her lengthily, and then said to Grier: "She love you."

"And if I go to my country?" he asked.

"She will die," was the answer.

One day Fuji told him that the little god O Shaka San had appeared to her in a dream to tell her she must visit her home at Odawara. He laughed at the idea and said, "You had ice-cream for supper that evening, I believe?"

"Hi (yes)," she admitted, but could not associate that delicacy with O Shaka San.

She departed smiling, her purse filled handsomely with silver yen. Then Grier summoned the interpreter.

"I go to my country," he told him.

"When?"

"At once."

"Ah!" Sakagami uttered gravely, and he paused to listen unmoved to Grier's explanation why, which he promised to translate faithfully on Fuji's return.

Grier was listening in an adjoining room when she was told, and through the paper-panelled wall he heard her tremulous thanks to her countryman as he departed, for deigning to trouble about so humble a person as herself.

When Grier went in to her she was smiling, but a pallor fought with the pink of her cheeks. Then the gladness at seeing him fled as she realized afresh what had happened.

"Grier San, you go—England?" she said.

"Fuji," he murmured.

Putting down her bulky string bag, she went to the open window and sat on a chair to breathe more easily the cool night air. When he knelt beside her and wept, she drew out her cambric handkerchief, and dried first his tears and then her own.

"E-yeh (no), not cry," she said, gathering courage at having to comfort him.

"I am very bad," he told her.

"E-yeh. Ichiban! (You are first class)," she said.

"Forgive me!" he implored.

"Hi, hi! (yes, yes)," she said, not knowing what he meant.

She went to her bag and took out some little presents she had brought from Odawara—a small image of the god O Shaka San, some post-cards of her native village, some rosy home-grown peaches. "You like?" she asked.

"Oh, thank you, yes!" he said, and her eyes beamed gladness.

The task of packing Grier's things, which took several days, had for Fuji its own absorbing interest. It left her smaller, and Grier thought he had to bend lower than ever to give—and take—the final kiss in their rooms. She was trembling as she turned her face up to his, and said, slowly:

"Anata wakarimas my heart? (Do you understand my grief?)"

"Yes, oh yes!"

"My house—Odawara—you will not forget?"

"No, impossible!" he vowed.

"My name—Okada Fuji?"

"I will never—never forget it!" he said.

"Morning and evening—I shall pray Kama Sama (one of the chief gods of the Japanese)—you will come back to Japan."

But Grier could not speak.

On the launch going out to the liner in the bay they almost laughed—in the golden sunshine it was like a pretty holiday trip.

"Sayonara (Good-bye)," she said, at the last, on the gangway, as the siren shrilled for the departure. And then she used her latest English phrase, which he had not heard before—"Never fear!" But Grier could only give her his hand.

They were separated by the bustling shore folks, and not until she was in the launch did he catch sight of her small figure again—face still upturned, receding from view.

Presently he was watching from the deck the wonderful transformation scenes in the distance, as the snow-capped peak of Japan's sacred mountain vanished in the mists of sunset, while at the back of his mind he murmured—

"You named me husband, and I called you wife. And so we are forever. Such grief as yours!"

As for Fuji, when she steps ashore, she has regained her smile. The interpreter is awaiting her, and she greets him charmingly. They go in rickshas to the station, and journey south in the train, far, far from Odawara. And the purse containing Grier's final gift is in the interpreter's keeping. For Fuji has promised to become Madame Sakagami, and to help make a home with the many pretty things intended for the house Grier did not give her. And Sakagami, who had long been saving cents to form a school, will not seek to fathom Fuji's heart.

As a true Japanese he will be content with her smile.

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Poems About San Francisco

XCIV—AT THE PRESIDIO

By Edward Robeson Taylor

(Dr. Taylor loves to write sonnets. It is his favorite form of versification. When he isn't writing them he is translating them; witness his version of Heredia. The following is a good example of his work. Wandering through the Presidio Dr. Taylor sighs to think that there are guns as well as flowers in the military reservation. Then he bursts into song.)

The rose and honeysuckle intertwine
Their fond arms here in beauty's own sweet way;
Here loveliest grasses never know decay,
And every wall is eloquent with vine;
Far-reaching avenues make beckoning sign,
Where, as we stroll in lingering, glad delay,
The trilling songster glorifies the sway

That gives to him inviolable shrine.
And yet, within this beauty-haunted place
War keeps his dreadful engines at command,
With frowning brow and unrelaxing hand;
And as we saunter on in pensive pace,
We start to see 'mid these so lovely bowers,
A tiger sleeping on a bed of flowers.

The Spectator

Professional Jurors

One day last week a jury in Judge Trabucco's court found James E. Hunt guilty of forgery. The verdict astounded everybody in the courtroom including the judge and the assistant district attorney. It had been taken for granted that the jury would acquit Hunt without leaving the box. For the actual forger had taken the stand to exonerate Hunt. William Brumly alias Anderson, described by the police as one of the cleverest forgers in the country, was the guilty man and he had no desire to see an innocent man suffer for his crime. To set aside the last doubt in the matter Brumly even offered to repeat the forgery for the benefit of the jury. In the face of this the jury found Hunt guilty. I asked a lawyer skilled in the psychology of juries how this remarkable verdict was to be explained. "Easy," he answered. "They were professional jurors, two dollar a day boys. They find that some judges prefer convictions, and their bread and butter being at stake they are anxious to deliver the goods. They want to avoid the mistake a jury made in Judge Dunne's court the other day. A man named Reinecker was charged with burglary. There was no case against him as far as I could see, and yet it looked as if Judge Dunne expected a verdict of guilty. The jury acquitted Reinecker, as they should have done. But Judge Dunne was displeased with the verdict and discharged the twelve from the panel. So the other professional jurors are taking no chances."

A Dry Grand Parlor

The Natives came back from Oroville with an awful peeve. The Grand Parlor was not the usual success. Most of the ordinary features that lend excitement to Grand Parlors were present, yet it was an unsatisfactory gathering just the same. There were the usual contests for grand exalted offices, the usual playing of deep politics, the usual social functions, the usual speeches, the usual triumphs and the usual heart aches; but one thing was missing. What was it? I hesitate to say. And yet I must not conceal the truth. The thing lacking, the desideratum, the ingredient that should have spiced the whole dish but did not was—booze! 'Tis a good word, booze, used of Shakespeare and other bards, so I do not hesitate to set it down. Yes, the booze was not at Oroville during the Grand Parlor. And why? Because Oroville has gone dry. The ancient town of Oroville has subdued the Demon. There is a tightly clamped lid on the saloons of

Oroville. And strange to say, there appear to be no blind pigs in Oroville. Thirsty Natives who went on a still hunt for them (pun not intended) found never a sightless porcine in the town. It was a drouthy Grand Parlor; therefore an unsuccessful one.

The Natives Are "Wets"

Let it not be inferred that I charge the Natives with intemperance; that I seek to convict them of over-fondness for the liquor that is red and raging. Nothing of the sort. The Natives are temperate men, most of them. But they are not prohibitionists, praise be! They do not consider wine a mocker if moderately poured out. They are wont to irrigate the dusty alimentary region with fermented drinks what time they sit down to table. They do not blush to pass the swinging door of a saloon. They know a gin rickey from grape juice and can discriminate between a dubonnet cocktail and a grenadine punch. They drink to assuage thirst and to promote sociability. Always at Grand Parlors they have been wont to tip tumbler over tongue and make the beaker foam. But this year they were fooled. Oroville was wet when it was awarded the Grand Parlor. Alas! before the Grand Parlor convened Oroville went dry. Hence the tears the Natives mingled with their chocolate sundaes and their banana specials as they thronged the ice cream emporia of the pretty little meeting place up the Sacramento Valley.

It Won't Happen Again

But the Natives learn by experience. They vow the like shall never happen again. No dry town for the next Grand Parlor! Modesto wanted the Grand Parlor of 1914. Did Modesto get it? Modesto got it in the neck! Modesto is wet just now. But it is not so long since Modesto was dry. At the last election Modesto declared by rather a close vote for saloons limited in number, high in license and rigidly regulated. But when Modesto's citizens appeared before the Grand Parlor and pleaded that the Natives favor the garden spot of the San Joaquin next year, Modesto's citizens were asked whether they could guarantee that Modesto would still be wet when the spring of 1914 rolled around. Sadly but honestly the Modestans admitted that they could furnish no such guaranty. Modesto may still be wet next year, and then again it may be dry. The electorate is so uncertain! Whereupon Modesto was turned down cold and hard. The thirsty Natives shuddered at the thought of another

drought in Grand Parlor week. So they awarded the next Grand Parlor to Los Angeles which is chemically pure but not dry.

"White Logic" at Oroville

Let me not paint the picture of the Grand Parlor at Oroville more blackly than the truth. What Jack London calls the "white logic" of John Barleycorn was not utterly lacking among the assembled Natives. Some of the Natives did find means of getting themselves pleasantly jingled. They overcame the obstacle of Oroville's dryness. Men are strange animals when it comes to the psychology of drinking, as Jack London has abundantly informed us. Tell 'em they can't drink, and they'll move heaven and earth to accumulate a jag. And so it was that scouting parties made the hot journey to Chico and Marysville to procure liquor. Many Natives had it shipped to them by express from San Francisco and Oakland. But of course in a large assemblage such as the Grand Parlor these isolated attempts made but little impression on the general thirst. The proportion of Natives with lolling tongues and arid wind pipes remained very great. And those who procured the interdicted liquor drank more of it than they would have drunk had there been no prohibition. Such is always the way. That story is a chestnut which tells how men tried vainly to get themselves bitten by a snake to procure liquor in Kansas; a chestnut but with a deal of truth in it. So in Oroville.

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The Natives, some of them but not many, got drunk just as a protest against the dryness of Oroville.

The State of Oroville

Oroville, so an observing Native informs me, is not too much in love with its dry condition. There are no more cakes and ale in Oroville, but the access of virtue has not helped the town. Rather it has hurt the place of early oranges. The saloon keepers used to yield Oroville a revenue of some \$12,000 a year. That money came in handy. It enabled Oroville to build levees, to install a new sewer system, to improve its sidewalks. Now that there are no saloons this good work cannot be continued. Out of the money paid for saloon licenses Oroville also got the funds to light its business streets. Now the merchants have to assess themselves for this purpose. The town has been hurt in other ways. Drummers won't stop there overnight if they can possibly avoid doing so, for your drummer likes a bottle of beer off the ice once in a while. And rents have dropped. A very few of the premises formerly occupied by saloons are now occupied by dispensaries of soft drinks. The rest are idle. In order to lure tenants the landlords had to reduce the rents, and of course this meant that the rents of adjoining stores went down automatically. Altogether Oroville sympathizes with the Natives in their peeve against the dryness of the town.

The Reticent Clock Winder's Story

The man that winds the ferry clock was surprisingly reticent when I met him on the water front the other day. I wanted to discuss affairs of State with him, but he looked at me blandly and shook his head. The most loquacious of philosophers had been struck as dumb as a little neck clam. He wouldn't even repeat for me the story of his meeting with Harbor Commissioner Dwyer near Sausalito last Sunday. The story was a fine contribution to the gaiety of the water front. A boatman told it to me, but I hoped to hear it from the clock winder's lips. It was no use. I perceived that he had grown timid. He charged me with having put him

"in wrong" with the "powers that be." It appears that last Sunday the clock winder was on a train bound for Fairfax. The train was flagged by Harbor Commissioner Dwyer at a point in the swamps about a mile from the Sausalito ferry slip. When the train pulled up Dwyer wanted to know if it was going to Sausalito, and he appeared both astonished and disappointed when he learned that it was going in the opposite direction. "Which shows," the clock winder is reported to have said, "how easy it would be to make a hole in the Administration, as it is evident that you cannot get the President of the Harbor Commission a mile from the water's edge without incurring the danger of losing him."

He Expounds the Bond Campaign

Though the clock winder was too timid to discuss State affairs I found him quite willing to shed the light of his superior intelligence on the affairs of the municipality. "Nobody," he remarked, "appears to see the humor of this campaign for another bond issue. I think it's the funniest thing that ever happened." As he pulled at his pipe I asked him what was funny about the campaign. He gave me a look of commiseration. "It's funny for two reasons," he said; "first, it's funny to see the Mayor and Oscar Hocks and Reservoir Koshland fetching and carrying for the Examiner and pretending to believe they are working for the dear people; secondly, it's funny because they are all taxeaters and what they are really asking the people to do is to put up more money for the taxeaters to spend like drunken sailors. If a bar-keeper who was tapping the cash register asked the boss to put more money in the drawer he wouldn't be half as funny as these nerry politicians. Of course it's all right for Andy Gallagher and Tom Finn to be advising the dear people to come through with more stuff. They represent organized labor and organized labor prefers the city to a private corporation for an employer. The Supervisors can always be depended upon to pay high wages with the taxpayers' money. And of course it's all right for Hearst to want more municipal ownership, for the more men there are on the

city's payroll the bigger the political machine, and if you think it over you'll see that the real boss is Hearst. Just see how he's bossing Rolph. As World's Fair director Rolph voted one way, but as Mayor he heard the crack of the Hearst whip and voted dead against himself. Say, when the sucker public crowds into one of those bond meetings somebody ought to whistle 'Strike Up the Band Here Comes the Sailor.'"

The Water Situation Expounded

As I was walking away from the clock winder he called me back. "What do you think of the meter joker?" he asked. I had no idea of what he was alluding to. "Aren't you on to the Spring Valley Company's confession of defeat," he asked in astonishment. No, I confessed, I wasn't on. Once more he compassionated me with his eyes. "It's like this," he said, "Bourn has thrown up the sponge." And the clock winder winked. He probably expected me to see the point, but I was mystified. He went on. "The Examiner of Tuesday has the whole story. Bourn says it's no use to fight the city. He's willing to give the city all the water it needs till it has its own system. Then comes Engineer Shaughnessy. He says seventy million gallons of water are going to waste every day. Something must be done or there'll be a famine. How to stop it? that's the problem. Solution very simple: put in meters. Result? Water bills will begin jumping—no blue-sky law to prevent. Everybody kicking. Only way to get relief buy Spring Valley. Can you beat it? Say, the people of this city are easy. Biggest lot of dampfools in the whole country. The Supervisors cinch Spring Valley. People applaud. Spring Valley puts in no pipes to bring in water to meet increasing demand. Then what happens? Threat of water famine. Then what? Meters recommended. Instead of campaign meetings for more bonds, there'll be a demand pretty soon for indignation meetings and a few bombs." Which shows that my friend the clock winder is losing his temper and becoming as dangerous as Hearst.

During the Summer season "TOWN TALK" subscribers are requested to send in promptly any change of address that they may contemplate making, so that the paper will reach them regularly.

The Convent With Tunnels

In last Sunday's Examiner there appeared an article a half-column in length beneath headlines to the effect that on the site of a convent that had been demolished in Montreal excavators had discovered a great network of tunnels and subterranean passages. Here appeared to be corroboration of the familiar story that tunnels and secret passages are usually deemed an essential part of the equipment of a convent. In the tunnels were found coins of France bearing date of 1732, which, in all probability was about a century before any nuns appeared in Montreal, but the author of the article made no such conjecture. One had to read down to the last five or six lines of the article to learn that the tunnels were part of the early defences of the settlement of Montreal and had been used "to supplement

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The water consumption in San Francisco now exceeds the safe, dependable supply available for distribution. Until the city or the company can increase the development of sources now owned and install more aqueducts to San Francisco, extreme care must be exercised in the use of water,

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the fortifications." This being all there was to the story it was not of the slightest interest to anybody. The circumstance that made the story worth telling was that tunnels had been found under a convent, and it was to this circumstance that general attention was directed obviously with a view to exciting the imagination of folks who have gooseflesh whenever they hear the Pope mentioned. One cannot but wonder whether a press agent of the League of Freedom has been admitted to the Hearst syndicate.

The Aked in His Church

Noticing among the amusement ads in the Chronicle the announcement of a "lecturette" by Doctor Aked and my curiosity being excited by his subject, "The Message of the Magazines," I repaired to the First Congregational Church a week ago. I wondered as I took my seat why Doctor Aked wants a bigger and better church. The First Congregational is a roomy edifice with a pleasant interior, large and nice enough for any preacher, I should think. Miss Beatrice Michelena was finishing a solo when I entered the pew and as she retired there was generous applause from the congregation, or should I say from the audience? Doctor Aked joined in it, patting his palms and smiling most graciously. After Miss Michelena had given two encores the choir sang. They did not sing so awfully well, and Doctor Aked was plainly amused at their mediocre efforts. Then a collection was announced, Doctor Aked requesting that nobody contribute more than five cents. Just to show that I was no piker I yielded ten cents to the good cause, but it saddened me to notice pennies in the plate.

"The Message of the Magazines"

Then Doctor Aked announced the subject of his next sermon, "The Evolution of the Woman and the Development of the Lady," a sermon I should go to hear were not one Aked lecturette enough to do me for a long time. Still, Doctor Aked proved an interesting if discursive lecturer. He picked out a few articles from current magazines and commented on them, wandering pretty far afield as he did so. The first article that engaged his attention was one dealing with the early lives of Californian literati. Doctor Aked summarized it for his audience. He told of Kate Douglas Wiggin starting life in a Silver street kindergarten. He told of Gertrude Atherton carrying her stories to editors and startling them with her frankness. "Anybody who can startle a San Francisco editor is a wonderful person," said Dr. Aked whereat the audience guffawed loudly. He told of Dave Belasco's start, and of Bret Harte setting type on "Charles William Stoddard's inferior poems." Of course he meant Charles Warren Stoddard. He told of Edwin Markham refusing to be a road agent, and of Joaquin Miller digging the grave for a thief condemned to death. The moral he drew was a bit vague. "Strive," he exhorted his audience, "strive

hard and disregard results." He thought that was a good plan for all, including preachers, though it struck me as rather a hit or miss policy.

"Overdone Sentimentalism"

Doctor Aked passed on to an article by Agnes Repplier. He found Miss Repplier hard and unsympathetic, and made a point of her being fifty-five years old. "She is our supreme feminine stand-patter," he said. But he approved her protest against "overdone sentimentalism." He agreed with her that there was too much maudlin sympathy for white slaves. A lot of them are not slaves at all, he said; they enter the life because they like it. To prove this he told of the efforts made to give unfortunate women good homes in Chicago. In two months, he said, not one woman of the tenderloin was found who wanted to reform. And he thought that a lot of unnecessary tears were shed for factory girls. He pointed out that if given the chance they wouldn't leave the factories or the canneries to enter domestic service. Then he swatted Fremont Older for sympathizing with murderers. "I don't know how many convicts there are on the Bulletin staff," he declared. There was a loud laugh from the audience, and one man was so tickled that he nearly fell out of the pew. We learned incidentally that Doctor Aked is a close friend of Keir Hardie and Phil Snowden and Will Crooks in the British Parliament, a very impressive fact. Also that he has friends in New York who can contribute fifty thousand to a good cause without turning a hair. Doctor Aked is plainly proud of knowing rich men and members of Parliament.

A Swat for Bishop Nichols

Next Dr. Aked turned to an article on the subject of church union. This subject had been debated the previous Sunday in the First Congregational by Doctor Aked and Bishops Nichols and Hughes. It seems that Bishop Nichols had ruffled Doctor Aked by saying that he was simply "reading the minutes of the previous meeting." Doctor Aked cannot bear the accusation of being behind the times. So he swatted Bishop Nichols. He told how Bishop Nichols stood on the subject. "But there are other bishops besides Bishop Nichols," he said. "And there are bishops better known than Bishop Nichols. There is Bishop Spalding for instance." He went on to show that Bishop Spalding, the author of the article he was commenting on, was a liar and a libeler, which tickled his audience once more. Finally he said he knew what these Episcopalians were up to. They wanted to absorb the Congregationalists. "But they shan't absorb me," said Dr. Aked. "I don't want to be absorbed." Loud applause. "They'll ask me to subscribe to the Nicene and Apostles' Creed and accept orders," he explained further. None of that for Dr. Aked. "I should regard it as an im-

pertinence to have any man lay his hands on me in ordination," was another defiant statement. Altogether it was great stuff. An Aked lecturette is dull in spots but it interests on the rare occasions when the Orpheum falls.

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Jordan the Great

Doubtless we should all join in felicitations not only to David Starr Jordan but to the whole world on the appointment of that eminent scholar to the position of Chancellor of the Stanford University. I am frank enough to confess that I am not sensible of the benefits to be derived by the world from the little change that has been made in the administration of affairs down at Palo Alto, but that I have been profoundly im-

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pressed with the prospect as vaguely outlined in the speeches made there the other day, goes without saying. Who could read those speeches and not feel that something tremendous had happened? There was the solemn speech of Dr. Jordan himself, the speech of a man who well knew that he had been commissioned to carry high the ideal ideals and to purge away the dross and iniquity of the world. One reads and pauses to reflect whether the Trojan war was before or after David Starr Jordan. He wished to be relieved of the routine duties of president, he said, because of "larger duties toward the public." Now, when a man is moved by consciousness of "larger duties toward the public," you can depend upon it that he is on a plane apart. It was something like that that happened to Moses and Joan of Arc—few others.

He Is and He Isn't

But let it not be supposed by the cynical that Jordan has been shelved. The great man took occasion to anticipate suspicion. He tells us that Dr. Branner who was chosen his successor was "my intimate friend for forty-three years, my academic colleague for twenty-nine years" and for fifteen years the closest of his administrative associates. And besides it is only the routine duties Dr. Jordan is to be relieved of. When he sat down the audience applauded, but of course the applause must have been for the new president. Then spoke Dr. John Stillman who explained the pregnant matter more fully. It appears that the university will continue to "profit by his wisdom"; that he ceases to be actively president because "the world at large has a claim upon his abilities," but that nevertheless "the administrative functions will continue as for the past twenty-nine years to be divided between Dr. Branner and Dr. Jordan." After digesting all the speeches I perceived that it's a case of "he is and he isn't." Either there has been no change except in the titles of two men or there has been a complete change by which the man who lives by ideals for ideals is to continue to draw pay for doing nothing and thus be able to get a pension from the Carnegie Foundation. Boiled down and in the final analysis the metamorphosis has nothing but a pecuniary flavor with ideals for trimmings and large duties to mankind on the side.

Phelan and the Senate

Now come those who profess to know and say that if James D. Phelan is appointed Ambassador to Vienna he will not tarry long by the beautiful blue Danube but will speedily forsake the court of Franz Joseph and come home to make the race for United States Senator. It is said that the determination to try for a seat in the "most exclusive club in the world" has about formed itself in Phelan's mind and that he is shaping his plans political toward that end. I am pretty certain that he will not have the Democratic field to himself. I hear that Theodore Bell is thinking seriously of making a try for the job. There is a bitter feud between Phelan and Bell, and Theo-

dore, being an enthusiastic fighter, would ask nothing better than to try conclusions on the stump with James D. Despite his previous defeats Bell is still a strong man with the Democracy. Defeats don't mean so much in Bourbon politics. Think of William J. Bryan and Franklin K. Lane! A good while ago Frank Drew had a set-to with Phelan, and announced that he might shy his hat into the senatorial ring if James D. decided to run. So Phelan's work will probably be cut out for him. It is significant that both Bell and Drew, if they are candidates, will be impelled to run more because they are opposed to Phelan than because they are burning for the position.

James D. and Fay

There has been a good deal of wonderment about Phelan's attitude toward his friend Charley Fay in the matter of Fay's candidacy for Collector of the Port. When Charley first entered the race it was taken for granted that Phelan would be a tower of strength to his cause. But there are few if any signs to show that Phelan has gone to the front for Charley. It looks as though Charley has been left to make his fight alone. Possibly I can suggest an explanation for this. One of the strongest candidates for the place which Charley wants is J. O. Davis. In fact a great many seem to think that Davis' commission will be on its way out here before long. Now Davis is chairman of the State Central Committee. That is a position of importance. It will be most important strategically for Phelan to have the State chairman on his side if he runs for the Senate. And so the politicians are guessing that Phelan is refraining from helping his friend Fay because he fears to alienate Davis.

Candidates for Governor

My, but there are a lot of Democrats willing to serve California in the Governor's chair! At this early day I hear the names of ten mentioned, and of course there is plenty of time for more entrants. Flushed with their success in electing a Democratic President the unterrified seem to think that it will be easy to elect a Governor in this State, especially since the Progressive Legislature has disgusted so many people. So the candidates are swarming out into the open. State Senator John B. Curtin is an avowed candidate. "Constitutional John" bade a last farewell to the Legislature when it adjourned, and everybody who heard his valedictory knew that he hoped in his heart to return to Sacramento to sit in Hiram's chair. Then there is Senator Archie Campbell of San Luis. Also Senator Thad Shanahan of Shasta, the champion of free text-books. And to make a quartet of candidates from the State Senate we may add

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Senator Juilliard of San Rafael who is put forward by the Indoor Yacht Club because he led and won the fight for prizefights. The lower house yields Assemblyman Stuckenbruck, the honest blacksmith of Acampo who swings his sledge on the foes of the meadow lark. Bakersfield offers two candidates. One is Charles A. Barlow, a very rich man who was once a Populist-Democratic Congressman and who was a delegate at Baltimore. The other is Fred Hall, an oil man worth half a million who has decided ideas about conservation and hates Pinchotism. Then there is Tom Griffin of Modesto, an assemblyman of two years ago who championed the eight-hour law and other progressive policies supposed to make a hit with the laboring man. He was a Democratic elector last year. And right here in our midst we have Sidney Van Wyck, whose soft voice is never raised in anger even in the most turbulent convention. And from Los Angeles comes the suggestion that Joe Call should run. They always suggest Joe Call down that way. He won fame by making the fight for the fruitgrowers before the Interstate Commerce Commission. I wonder which of these Hiram would fear most?

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Morse Stephens Warned Him

Professor Morse Stephens of Berkeley has been telling his friends of a curious incident in his life, having been reminded of it by the recent publication in Town Talk of the suppressed part of Wilde's "De Profundis." When it became known in London that Oscar Wilde's engagement to a beautiful woman was about to be announced, a committee of three men was appointed to wait on Wilde's father-in-law-to-be and explain to him as tactfully as possible that Oscar Wilde's career at Oxford had been such as to make him undesirable as a son-in-law. Morse Stephens was a member of this committee. It was a difficult task they had, but they went through with it as gracefully as possible, spurred on by the desire to save a charming young woman from an unhappy marriage. The father of the young woman heard what they had to say. "What happened then?" asked one to whom Stephens told the story. "He kicked us out of the house," said Stephens. The marriage took place.

Cubist Exhibition at the Bohemian

There is to be an exhibition of cubist, futurist and orphist pictures at the Bohemian Club. This is President Field's idea for a Spring picture show at the club, and the idea has been taken up with enthusiasm by all except the painting members. For the painters are to be barred from this exhibition. The exhibitors are to be members who never handled brush and paints before, the idea being to show just how easy it is for tyros to emulate Matisse and his crazy followers. Frank Unger has charge of the exhibition and has provided canvases, paints and brushes for all who care to exhibit. There will be fifty pictures and more than half of these have been dashed off already. Dr. "Jack" Shiels, Jack Leighton, Bush Finnell, Courtenay Ford and Dr. Phil Jones are among those who have put their cubist, futurist or orphist fancies on canvas so far. On the first night of the exhibition there is to be a big jinks as unconventional as the pictures.

A San Franciscan Honored

B. J. S. Cahill, the talented architect, is receiving the felicitations of his friends on a distinction that has come to him from London, having been elected a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society in recognition of a valuable contribution made by him to geographical science. Some time ago Mr. Cahill invented a rubber model globe which can be laid flat like a map

and resume the spherical form at will, and on which appears all the land of the world in one comprehensive map without exaggeration or distortion. The principle is so simple that it is perfectly clear to children, and it has been universally commended. Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace, the dean of the world's scientists, has pronounced it "more accurate than any other yet attempted." Mr. Cahill, by the way, was the man who conceived the civic center idea. He planned the civic center in 1904, and his scheme was adopted in nearly every detail by the late Daniel Burnham. The scheme now being carried out is as Mr. Cahill planned it, except that owing to the destruction of the City Hall the buildings east and west have been reversed.

Paul Elder's Catalogue

Paul Elder has just issued a catalogue of rare books which will warm the cockles of every bibliophile's heart. It is a beautiful piece of work worthy to be compared with the great catalogues Tregaskis of London issues. And those who scan its pages will want to acquire some of the treasures it tabulates. Here is a folio Cowley printed "at the Sign of the Blue Anchor in the Lower Walk of the New Exchange, 1680." Here too is the great Baskerville Addison; the complete Ainsworth with the fine Cruikshank plates dear to every collector; an Ingoldsby Legends, the first edition with the plates by Cruikshank Leech and Tenniel; the Comic Almanac and many other rare Cruikshank items; a twelve volume Dodsley's Old Plays; the Percy Anecdotes in forty-one full morocco decimos; Scott's supreme edition of Swift in nineteen volumes; and ever so many other desirable things. Books from a gentleman's private library recently dispersed; recent publications; and an art catalogue are included.

Exceptional Music at Techau's

It is a rare treat to visit Techau Tavern of an evening and listen to the exceptional musical program. One seldom hears, off the operatic stage, singers of such talent as those engaged by the

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200 Days—\$2850. Leave San Francisco Sept. 20. Honolulu, Japan, China, Java, Burmah, India, Ceylon, Egypt, Palestine.

management of the Tavern. Miss Le Roy is back again in response to the requests of numerous patrons. Miss Llewellyn Hughes and Miss Helen Hasselena, the former a coloratura soprano, the latter an attractive ingenue, are also to be heard at the Tavern every evening. The orchestra, under the able leadership of Signor Gino Severi, is equal to those heard in the best theatres. What with the superior menu, the perfect service, the lofty, softly lighted room and the pleasure of listening to music that would do credit to any concert, an evening at Techau Tavern is indeed a delight.

THE SAGE OF SACRAMENTO

Governor Fourflush Issues a Manifesto on Himself

When the native sons with bears on their ample chests had assembled, Governor Fourflush led them from Sacramento to the Yosemite Valley that he might mount the peak of El Capitan and address himself to "modern times." Not since Bret Harte wrote of Colonel Starbottle among the serried ranks of pines and the mariposas has there been a more imposing spectacle. The big redwood trees stood at attention and the quaking aspens stood still while the Governor made himself "historical."

"Much has been said about the dignity of Japan, but what shall be said of the dignity of a great Governor? Is he to be halted right at the threshold of the band stand from the mere consideration of international treaties? Shall he, I ask, an empire of possibilities in himself greater than those of most native sons, be declared ineligible for declamation when the chance of a lifetime is in his grasp?"

The serried ranks moaned approval.

"The position that I occupy at this moment is too pleasant to contemplate. Let the Federal Government, the United States and California herself protest as they may, they cannot enact a law that will deprive me of both my legal power and moral right to bask in the warm rays of the calcium. The effete East may train her verbal guns upon me until she is black in the face, but this will not deter me from calmly and dispassionately discussing my intellectual powers. I am merely defending the right of California to consider me as a statesman. What a monstrous proposition for a great State, a great people and a great Governor, to say that because Japan makes objection I must forthwith cease to sun myself before the galleries. I protest, you protest, we all protest. It is unfair to discriminate against me, to single me out, and let pass precedents of at least two States. Doesn't Ollie James do this in Kentucky? And the United States Government never threatened the odium of financial disaster nor raised all this hysteria when Beveridge did it in Indiana."

The bell on every Bull Moose present rang with acclamation as these Golden Gate dewdrops rolled down the echoing valleys and every native son was forced to admit that "the Atlantic seaboard" could still see that California had not fallen off one jot or tittle in oratorical strength since Delmas enraptured them during the Thaw trial. Naturally there was more or less professional jealousy among them as to which was

the most fit personage to explain to the Secretary of State the true situation, that Governor Fourflush was not a man to be trifled with and that he would brook no interference with his official opportunity to spout.—New York Sun.

IN THE SOCIAL SPOTLIGHT

Mrs. L. B. Doe and her daughter Miss Dorothy Doe will leave for Europe per steamship "Kronprinz Wilhelm," North German Lloyd, leaving New York on June 3. Mrs. Doe and her daughter will make an extensive trip through Europe. All arrangements were made by the Ems-Hall Tours Co. of San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Miller and Mr. and Mrs. J. J. McClellan of San Francisco were recent guests at Coronado. Mr. and Mrs. Chas. R. McCormick, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Polhemus and Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Oddie arrived by motor from San Francisco. Spending several days are Mr. and Mrs. Lansing Kellog.

There were many motorists from adjoining

States registered at Del Monte this week, but those from the bay cities were Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Dunn, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Carroll, Paul T. Carroll and C. W. Martin, Jr. Among their many diversions they crowded in several good games over the eighteen hole championship course.

Arrivals at Paso Robles Hot Springs include: Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Harold, Oakland; Mrs. J. Samuels, Mr. and Mrs. Warren D. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Vance, Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Morgan and child, Mrs. H. J. Firentyman, A. Hillefeld, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Bancroft, Miss Vance, H. H. Bancroft, W. E. Bates, San Francisco.

The Hotel Oakland Bulletin for this week included: Tuesday—Meeting of the Alameda County Medical Research Society in the English room. Wednesday—Piano recital in the Ivory and Rose reception room by the pupils of Mrs. Olive Reed Cushman. Friday—Mrs. William Griffith Henshaw entertained about 150 friends in the afternoon, followed by tea, in the North and South rooms.

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100 Rooms, with Bath	2.50	4.00
200 " " "	3.00	4.00 and \$5.00
100 " " "	4.00	5.00 " 6.00
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100 Rooms, with Bath, Ensuite, on which special summer rates will be made.

SPECIAL RATES BY THE MONTH

The Spring Weather is Lovely at Paso Robles Hot Springs

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A fare and a third for a 30-day round trip ticket, 10-day stopover privilege on all through rail and Pullman tickets.

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Kohls and Tevises Have Many Homes

The Fred Kohls will rival the record of the Will Tevises for owning homes when their new place in San Mateo is built. The Tevises own more homes than any other family of the parish set. There is the family fireside at Bakersfield, the summer home at Tahoe, the San Mateo place and a house in town, all of them used at different seasons of the year. It is the way they live on the other side. But in America two or three homes are usually all a plutocrat maintains. In California one is the rule, though the Joe Grants have three open all the time,—a ranch in Santa Clara, a place at Burlingame and their town house in Broadway,—and most of the set have two. But reverting to the Kohls—their new residence will be a show place of the country to share honors with Mrs. Carolan's French chateau. The house is to cost \$100,000 and its contents will be a priceless collection of art treasures and beautiful furnishings, some of them the property of the late Mrs. William Kohl whose entire fortune was bequeathed to her son. The grounds are partly improved and are to be in the hands of landscape gardeners for the next six months while the house is building. "Idlewild," the Kohl place at Tahoe, formerly the property of Amy Crocker-Ashe-Gillig-Gouraud, will be maintained for a summer home, and there are also the town house and a charming retreat at Montecito, once the property of Mary Kohl Pillsbury. Undoubtedly the present home in San Mateo will be abandoned, but it would still leave four family firesides to place beside the Tevis record for homes.

Mrs. Graham, Theatre Builder

Mrs. Billy Graham faithful to her passion for the drama has gone in for building theatres in

Santa Barbara. Not satisfied with carrying out her ideas of a play-house for art-for-art's-sake, to be conducted after the manner of Winthrop Ames' Little Theater in New York, Mrs. Billy has built a new theatre at Bellosguardo where native talent will be encouraged. There is a well equipped stage in the ball-room of Bellosguardo where plays and vaudeville that have made amateur dramatic history have been given with stars like the Newhall sisters and Kathleen De Young. But a ball-room is a ball-room after all and Mrs. Graham so longed for a theatre that she has built one in her garden. It is a perfectly appointed little play-house and there will be famous productions on its boards no doubt. Just at present Austin Strong, step-grandson of Robert Louis Stevenson and successful playwright of New York is planning an event for the new theatre. He is the guest of his mother Mrs. Isobel Strong and grandmother Stevenson and as co-author of "The Good Little Devil," a success of the season in New York is being lionized and rushed. Mrs. Graham gave a recent dinner for Mr. and Mrs. Strong at which plans for the little play-house were discussed. As for the new Santa Barbara theatre to be opened in September and for which, due to the graceful persuasions of Mrs. Billy, many of our parish smart set have generously subscribed, it promises to be seriously significant in the development of the drama in California, and this is Mrs. Graham's ambition for it. Not only will the best of the passing show be seen there, but plays of literary quality will be given by a company that will offer inducements to eastern players between seasons. One of the generous subscribers was Miss Marguerite Doe who seems definitely to have forsaken San Francisco society to cast her lot in the Montecito set. Rumor hints at romance. Earle Graham, the handsome young son of Mrs. Billy is a devoted admirer of the San Francisco heiress with whom he spends much time motoring and golfing, so it may be rumor is well founded.

Our Gentlemen Farmers

Young Frederick Johnson whose engagement to Miss Edna Hickox, a pretty Alameda belle, has just been announced is a "gentleman farmer," one of the new species that has appeared in California since the European idea has been introduced. Tevis Blanding was a gentleman farmer before he became a globe trotter and Arthur Foster who married one of the Calhouns is another. Charlie Mills, and Philip Lansdale, sons-in-law of Bishop Nichols, are successful gentlemen farmers and for lady farmers, if that is the proper term, there are the King girls, society belles and daughters of the Homer S. Kings who have studied horticulture and floriculture, and gone into farming seriously in an effort to prove their theories and make it pay. Young Johnson is the son of Mrs. James Ward whose second marriage startled society two years ago. She was one of the Gibbs girls and her children inherited a share of the Gibbs estate that was once very rich. The Johnson ranch is in Napa County, where, by the way, Horace Blanchard Chase, who may be called the pioneer gentleman farmer in California, has farmed at Stag's Leap for thirty years.

The dream of the best dressers is realized in our offerings.—Vogel's, Ladies Tailor—420 Sutter Street.

During the Summer season "TOWN TALK" subscribers are requested to send in promptly any change of address that they may contemplate making, so that the paper will reach them regularly.

Mrs. Schurman Coming

The return of Mrs. Carl Schurman who is coming west for the wedding of her brother Alex Wilson and Miss Marianne Mathieu, will be an interesting event in the smart set, and her old friends, the Hopkins sisters and the Preston girls who are Mesdames Taylor, McNear, Drown and Ames, will doubtless entertain her. Mrs. Schurman was beautiful Berenice Wilson, not of the Russell Wilson clan, but daughter of a successful restaurateur whose charm and grace made her a great belle. Her sister Bessie who was also a favorite in Greenway society married Claude Smith, son of the president of Cornell. The Schurmans who are now in New York lived in China after their marriage. Last year they passed through exciting adventures at their home near Pekin, and when they finally escaped

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Both houses under the management of

H. R. WARNER
Del Monte, Cal.

with their lives departed the Flowery Kingdom for good. The Schurmans were prisoners in their compound for weeks during an uprising against the "foreign devils." They could send no word to Pekin and the only food they could get was brought to them by faithful servants. The peril was very real for a time, but fortunately they withstood the siege and found their way to the capital. Mrs. Schurman's letters to her mother and brother in this city telling of the danger she had passed through brought the first news of it. Her experiences would make interesting "copy" if Mrs. Schurman could be persuaded to talk about them for publication.

As To the Wilsons

I notice that one of the papers chronicles the second marriage of Samuel Mountford Wilson, and in doing so falls into error about his first marriage and his social position. One statement is that Wilson's family "were not particularly enamored" of the first marriage because "the bride had no social standing in the fashionable set." Another statement is that "the Wilsons are social dictators in San Francisco, along with Ned Greenway and Mrs. Eleanor Martin." These statements are misleading, to say the least. A few years ago Sam Wilson married Miss Erminie Thompson, a beautiful and very cultured girl of a prominent Oregon family. The marriage was so pleasing to Wilson's family that they insisted on a large church wedding at old Grace Church. So it is altogether wrong to say that Wilson's family "were not particularly enamored" of the match. The union did not prove a happy one, and about two years ago Mrs. Erminie Wilson sued for and obtained a divorce. Thereupon Sam Wilson dropped entirely from social life, and immediately after the final decree married a Miss Da Paoli. As to the other statement about the Wilsons being "social dictators," it shows that the writer got his Wilsons mixed. The John Scott Wilsons, parents of Sam Wilson, are not of that branch of the Wilson family which has a prominent position in smart society. Their position has never been such that Sam Wilson mingled in what is known as the ultra smart set.

Wedded at San Rafael

One of the interesting weddings of the early summer was celebrated at San Rafael when Miss Adeline McClure became the bride of Mr. William Larsen of this city. The ceremony of the

Episcopal Church was performed by the Reverend Doctor Cutting. The bride is a young lady of great beauty and unusual cultivation who is popular among a large coterie in this city and across the bay. The groom is a successful contractor and builder.

An Interesting Engagement

The engagement is announced of Miss Rose Gordan, daughter of Mr. Rafael Gordan to Mr. Herman S. Cohen. Miss Gordan who formerly resided in Oakland is well known on both sides of the bay. Mr. Cohen, the groom-to-be, is a



MISS ROSE GORDAN

Whose engagement to Mr. Herman S. Cohen has been announced.

member of the well known Standard Millinery Co. of this city. Both young people have a large circle of friends on both sides of the bay. A reception will be held on Sunday, June 8, at 1708 Vallejo street from 2 to 5 p. m.

Fine Violinist at Kohler and Chase

The management of the Kohler and Chase Music Matinees announces a novel feature for this Saturday afternoon. This time it is the engagement of a distinguished violin virtuoso as soloist. Herman Martonne has won laurels on the concert stage of America and Europe. He acted as concert master for leading orchestras in this country and he is not unknown in the orchestras of the leading opera houses. He has recently located in San Francisco and in a short time has established an enviable reputation for himself. He is now concert master of the People's Philharmonic Orchestra of this city. He will play the well known Russian Airs by Wieniawski and the Prelude from the Bruch Concerto op. 26. The instrumental selections chosen for this occasion are of an exceptionally high class character.

"Surprise Days" at Tait's

These are "surprise days" at the Tait-Zinkand Cafe. And the surprise which "arrives" at 4 p. m. daily is a most pleasing one. That these unexpected gifts are greatly appreciated is evidenced by the large crowds which daily pack this comfy

Lady wishes summer position, as traveling companion preferred; experienced traveler; speaks German; well educated; good pianist; capable and adaptive; references exchanged. Address Box 5, care of TOWN TALK, 88 First St., San Francisco. (Advertisement)

and beautiful cafe. In addition to this innovation there are several very pleasing amusement features. And when it comes to the novel and pleasing in the way of summer decoration, the critical need look no further than Tait's. Within the reposeful confines of this O'Farrell street establishment one can inhale the fragrance of summer midst a setting that is the last word in pleasing and artistic interior decorating.

"That young lady doctor is making a dead set at De Millions."

"How do you know?"

"I heard her telling him that cigarettes are not injurious."

A SKIN OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM

OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER

Purifies as well as beautifies the Skin. No other cosmetic will do it.



Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test for 62 years; no other has, and it is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the last harmful of

I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the last harmful of all the skin preparations.

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GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL TOILET POWDER

For infants and adults. Exquisitely perfumed. Relieves Skin Irritation, cures Sunburn and renders an excellent complexion. Price 25 Cents, by Mail.

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I shop for Out of Town Patrons and send Goods Direct by Parcel Post. I can save you trouble and expense.



The Personal Equation

of PARIS, of LONDON, of NEW YORK

By Mrs. Frances Hardin Hess

Photograph by Courtesy of I. Magnin & Co.

"The Parisian lives to gratify his five senses" says the clever author of a new book entitled "Magnetic Paris." Just who is Adelaide Mack, the author, (we betray our ignorance) when we write we do not know. But that's irrelevant—the book's the thing that will interest you, charm you, entrance you, and start you off to dreaming how soon you can get back to Paris (if you've been there before). If not, more's the pity, but we are not going to drivel about our personal yearnings and desires, for persons are not quite sane after having once quaffed Gallic air.

"The Parisian lives to gratify his five senses," but the Parisienne lives to gratify but one emotion and that is to express her personal equation in her clothes.

Clothes—what a pity Carlyle in his Sartor Resartus was so abstract. If he had only concretely told about La belle Paris! If he had! If he had!!

As it is, lesser pens each week reel off—like a Hindu prayer-wheel—descriptions of the marvelous habillement that clothes the feminine world of France. It's just as well, as it furnishes a livelihood for some of us, and diversion for other of us, and ambition for many of us and so on, and so on—finish the phrases yourself and let us get to the pretty frock that graces this page.

The original was worn by a Russian Beauty at Longchamp. The coat was of white agaric or rough matelasse, while the skirt was of white and copper striped soft wool. The copy which is pictured here is in mastic tones. These combination suits have grown out of yachting in the Mediterranean, and their popularity knows no bounds.

The smartest combinations however are of gay brocaded coatees and plain skirts or vice-versa. These brocaded coatees makes it possible for one to convert an evening gown into an afternoon reception or carriage gown. Cities are so large and social functions so many, that a lady may dress in an evening gown with a coatee, go to an afternoon reception; then to an early dinner at a smart restaurant; then to the theater, and afterwards to a dance without returning to her home.

In San Francisco, this would not be necessary, but in great cities like Paris, London (especially), and New York, in order to make the social rounds one has many demands not dreamed of in our philosophy.

But there! You want to know what the new colors are to be. Copper and burnt orange are in the lead, with combinations of white and black always at hand.

* * * * *

The independence of the waist line is the most distinctive note in dressing. Madame La Mode says: "Have your waist as large as nature has made it and as high under the arms as is most comfortable."

* * * * *

"No more high collars! Cut your neck line as low as you like," says the Parisienne, "but if you go on the street wear a boa of tulle, lace, fur, or feathers."

* * * * *

Says a letter from our Paris office: "White evening cloaks divided honors with those of red brocade, or plain red velvet—a rich glowing geranium red."

* * * * *

Earrings again! As the hats are lifted on the coiffure, earrings are again the rage.

ORIGINAL OF THIS STUNNING COMBINATION SUIT WORN BY A RUSSIAN BEAUTY AT LONGCHAMP

Coat of matelasse or agaric, skirt of soft wool in stripes. Hand embroidered parasol after Bongard.
Hat after Susanne Talbot.

Common Sense Drama

By Theodore Bonnet

Having taken a short respite from the mechanical drama that comes hitherward at short intervals I indulge my fondest hope that some day in an adventurous hour that *rara avis*, the millionaire with a love at once of art and the people, will come to me and say "Let's start a theatre and educate the public surreptitiously." Now I do not wish to be understood as professing a consuming passion for the interests of the dear people. My crotchet is entirely selfish. It is not that I should like to see the people educated up to a taste for art either for art's sake or for their own sake, but rather for my sake. My notion is that once having become sophisticated through the medium of the common sense drama, having come to understand that there is really no need of theatricality on the stage, theatre-goers will abhor the "Fine Feathers" type of drama and thus make it expedient for managers to give them nothing but the genuine article. In the event of that divine consummation it wouldn't be at all like work for a critic to go to the theatre. I would suggest that the experiment be surreptitious because I believe the public would regard the idea of being educated in the theatre as distasteful. Once in the theatre they would never realize they were being educated, for the drama would give them the very best kind of entertainment, and in the course of time, when they became accustomed to honest drama, they would revolt at the spurious. That's all there is to it. And so patiently I look forward to the coming of the Samaritan with a bank-roll. Come to think of it he doesn't have to have millions; just enough to start the ball rolling. I will be told of course that others have tried and failed. My retort is that they didn't know their business. There have been highbrow theatres in this country, managed by highbrow young men, and they have gone in for highbrow dramas. They have failed. Naturally. There is a difference between the highbrow drama and the common sense drama. The highbrow drama is chiefly a tract by which somebody undertakes to prove syllogistically on the stage either that the world is all wrong, or merely that a wife isn't a piece of furniture, or that an incurable disease isn't an indispensable qualification for a bridegroom. Dramas of this kind are of absorbing interest not to you or me but to the college professor with a predisposition to confound the abnormal with the typical. The common sense drama is something quite different from the highbrow drama. It is not at all polemical. It may be neutral, but it is never colorless. It may be symbolism or it may be naturalism but all the while it is drama. If it is symbolism it is as

good as "The Blue Bird," which, it must be admitted, drew a few people to the Cort Theatre. If it is naturalism it seeks out those phases of life that reveal the greatest conflicts. It rejoices in the battle of elemental powers, whether of love or hatred, whether they be beautiful or ugly. The common sense drama is never a trumped-up play; that is it has never a far-fetched plot serving for the introduction of a group of familiar stage types—the old tools of the old workshop, the time-worn implements of the small diverting game of cross-purposes. I know of no better way of making my meaning clear as to the nature of the common sense drama than to mention the current drama of Ireland, whence, by the way, has emanated of late the best drama of the English-speaking world. The playwrights of England—notably Galsworthy, Bennett, Barker and the author of *Hindle Wakes*, whose name I forget, are turning out a superior quality of drama, but it is not to be compared with the plays to be found in the Abbey Theatre series of Dublin. Here is drama that reveals the immense power of reflective photography. It is drama of the highest craftsmanship, and apparently the simplest. Most of it deals with themes peculiar to Ireland, but being true art it is universal in its appeal, and much of it would draw in San Francisco as well as in Dublin. Years ago there were folk-dramas in this country, dealing with people (as in "Shore Acres") who seemed utterly

impossible to us. Assuredly they were not as human or as interesting as the folk that the late J. M. Synge wrote about, or that are to be found in the plays of St. John Ervine or of Lennox Robinson or of Padraic Colum. These men are literary artists who doubtless studied the technique of Ibsen and Schnitzler before writing for the theatre, and in some respects they have improved on it. I have never seen any of Synge's plays, but I have read them and can visualize them and I can well believe what was said of the tragedy "Riders to the Sea," when it was produced in London—that it thrills whole theatres to the kind of hush that comes when Othello approaches the sleeping Desdemona. The works of most of these Irish dramatists are plays that seem to tell themselves, so facile is the craftsmanship. Every touch is organic. There are no loose ends. Good observers, all of them, and consequently their scenes have that mysterious quality called atmosphere. When their characters come and go it would seem as though there was nothing else for them to do. With powerful though unseen strokes they give the outlines of the slowly evolved comedy and tragedy of life, and they make you feel that even manners have all the dramatic interest of the intensest emotions. Some day American managers will wake up and discover that there is more money in the dead Synge than in the live Chauncey Olcott.



GUS EDWARDS AND HIS COMPANY
In his Song Revue of 1912 "The Fountain of Youth" next week at the Orpheum.

Merle's Mission Play

By Edward F. O'Day

Reading the title, "The Mission Play of Santa Clara," you would naturally infer that the drama was one of gorgeous spectacular appeal. You would think of a stage crowded with brown-robed padres, half-naked Indians, dashing caballeros and flirtatious senoritas. You would conjure the glowing colors of those early days, the reds and yellows of gay costumes and adobe buildings splashed joyously against the greens and purples of foliage and fruits and flowers. And sure enough, you find these elements in Martin Merle's play—all except the senoritas, and they are most

ingeniously suggested. But you would scarcely expect careful character drawing. The people of the action would be types rather than individuals; they would be sketched rather than painted against the rich background. It is here that "The Mission Play of Santa Clara" agreeably disappoints your expectations. The action of this drama is built about the character of one man, and that man is drawn at full length, vividly, with a wealth of sympathy and knowledge. Merle chose for his hero Padre Jose Maria del Real who was the superior of the Franciscan Mission of

Santa Clara in 1846. That was a stirring time in California, for it was the year of the American occupation. No doubt Merle found from the books that this good Franciscan monk had his share in the exciting activities of the change. But the books could not have given him the humanity of the figure he has placed on the stage. As we meet him in the play Padre Jose is a most engaging character. He is not a pioneer like Padre Junipero, but a conserver and builder. He has taken up the mission work where his predecessors laid it down. He has extended the field of benefi-

cence, cultivating the souls of the Indians and his Mission gardens at one and the same time. The propagation of the faith and the welfare of the Mission are his holy passions. His big heart yearns to see his flock not only pious but also prosperous and happy. He is a very human man of God. Hospitality and gaiety he finds not incompatible with the creed of his Master. Standing by the Mission Cross at the Mission door he delights to see men and women go in to pray and come out to dance. And he has a heart full of charity and forgiveness. All the stirring action of the play serves but to place his character in stronger relief. The bluster and bravado, the indolence and irresponsibility of the Californians, the superstition and cunning of the Indians, the rascality of the gringos are all brought into play about this feeble old priest the better to indicate the nobility and loving kindness of his

nature. Yes, Don Jose lives and breathes. The playwright has blown the vital spark into his breast. That is Martin Merle's greatest achievement in "The Mission Play of Santa Clara." He had to conceive all that himself, for he couldn't find it anywhere in pedestrian histories or dusty documents. And so he has given the stage a real man, worthy the efforts of a real actor. An experienced histrion would do great things with this part of Padre Jose. But even an experienced histrion would doff his hat to young Dion Holm who interpreted Padre Jose in the production at the University of Santa Clara. Here is a lad with a genuine talent for acting. Never once did his youthful personality peep from the character of the gray-haired, bent old monk. He subdued his steps, dimmed the flame in his eye, halted in his quavering utterances (except when the good padre was wrought to indignation by

attempted wrong, and then he was fiery enough) and never once allowed the audience to think that he was aught but a very aged priest. Better amateur acting you would go far to see. The rest of the players were worthy of their parts too. It is a play of stirring incidents that unfold a story interesting from first to last, and it lost nothing in the hands of these college youngsters. I believe that we shall not see it in San Francisco. Merle has generously made over the copyright to his alma mater, and the annual performances are to become part of the institutional traditions of the university. But if we are not to see "The Mission Play of Santa Clara" on the city stage, at least we may hope for some other work by Merle, for the author of this drama has evidently learned his craft and will go steadily forward.

Gossip of the Theatre

Another Tivoli Opening

"There is no body of American people," says Clara Morris in one of her fascinating books of reminiscence, "who can enthuse with such utter abandon as a California crowd. They enjoy their own generosity. The California audience when aroused enjoys its own excitement." I thought of the words Wednesday night when much the same audience which packed the Tivoli for the opening of the Dippel season let loose the second installment of its enthusiasm. The audience hugely enjoyed its own generosity, revelled in its own excitement. And you cannot blame it. San Francisco returned on Wednesday night to where it was before the fire in the matter of theatres. The Columbia, the Orpheum, the Alcazar and the Tivoli are re-established. When the Tivoli had its first night of light opera we were back again in the old conditions. After the first act when the stage was embowered in flowers and Hans Linne, the leader of the orchestra and Edward Temple, the stage director had joined the principals who were bowing before the storm of applause, Doc Leahy came out and said that this was the "real opening." And he was right. It was an auspicious opening, full of promise for the future. The company assembled is rich in vocal excellence; the orchestra of twenty is worthy the old traditions of the theatre; the chorus is lively and good-looking; the stage management is of the best. "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" is full of sweet music which lost none of its sweetness at the hands of Leahy's songbirds. Henry Santrey's baritone was immediately approved. Rena Vivienne and Stella De Mette were received in a manner which showed that they are destined to become very popular. Sarah Edwards was welcomed back with a reception which must have surprised her, and she sang better than ever before. Ilon Bergere who is well known here as the mischievous Mascha of "The Chocolate Soldier" laid the foundation for a stable popularity. Teddy Webb was greeted effusively, and the other comedian, Robert Pitkin, made a hit from the start. Charles Gallagher, Oliver Le Noir and Richard Kipling measured up to the Tivoli requirements. But while all of these were given their deserts in the matter of applause, it was of the production as a whole that the greater part of the audience manifested its approval. There was such elaborate preparation denoted in the beautiful stage pictures and in the charming ensembles that everybody realized how much had been regained with the Tivoli making Eddy street a music centre once more.

—Edward F. O'Day.

"Hanky Panky" at the Cort

An interesting engagement will be that of Lew Fields' all-star "Hanky Panky" at the Cort, commencing Sunday with the usual matinees. "Hanky Panky" was given for two hundred nights in Chicago, one hundred and fifty nights in Boston and one hundred and fifty nights in New York. Edgar Smith, E. Ray Goetz and A. Baldwin Sloane wrote the book, lyrics and music. They also wrote "The Midnight Sons," "Jolly Bachelors" and "Tillie's Nightmare." There are fifty girls who have become known to Broadway as "sirenic beauties." Among the principals are

Max Rogers, the surviving member of the Rogers Brothers, Bobby North, Harry Cooper, Clay Smith, Arthur Carleton, Christine Nielsen, Myrtle Gilbert, Virginia Evans, Flora May, Wm. Montgomery and Florence Moore.

Hitchcock at the Columbia

At the Columbia Sunday night and for an engagement of two weeks Cohan and Harris will present Raymond Hitchcock in the musical comedy "The Red Widow," a work by Channing Pollock, Rennold Wolf, and Charles J. Gebest.

(Continued on Page 21.)



CHRISTINE NIELSEN

The San Francisco soprano who will be heard at the Cort as a member of the all-star cast of "Hanky Panky" Sunday night, May 25.

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Stock market movements during the past week were a great disappointment to the bull element. As far as foreign and domestic news was concerned, almost everything had changed for the better, but no material improvement in any direction followed and several important railroad issues were at the lowest points touched in years when the week closed. One or two unfavorable happenings of little importance seemed to offset good crops and everything else that made for higher prices and greater activity. Optimists have long been saying, wait till we have peace in the Balkans. The decline in prices became marked when the Balkan war broke out. If that was the cause of the depression in stocks, prices should go up for the war is over and a fresh outbreak of hostilities is very unlikely. But with peace assured, prices are lower than ever. This country ran into the panic of 1907 with all sails set to catch the wind of prosperity and the crash was sudden and complete when the ship went on the rocks. No such conditions exist today. Business men have been extremely conservative and trade has been on a hand-to-mouth basis for more than two years. Stocks have not been allowed to accumulate but the consumption has been good and business has been active though not speculative. Good crops and high prices for everything the farmer produces have kept the wheels turning and railroad traffic has been growing all the time until checked temporarily by the floods six weeks ago. It is again in full swing as it proved by the decrease in the number of idle cars reported last week. Railroads are handicapped by steadily increasing operating expenses due to higher wages and their net profits are dwindling in many cases. Were they making larger profits they would enjoy better credit and be able to make needed improvements and extensions. In that way the country is injured because the railroad business has become less profitable.

Wheat—The Government estimate of 513,000,000 bushels of winter wheat for the production of 1913 confirms the private reports of the brilliant prospects for the growing crop, and it is believed even this large promise will be further enlarged by the beneficial rains that have occurred over the wheat sections of the country the last two or three days. It is sincerely to be desired that the present brilliant prospects for an abundant harvest will be realized and that the growing wheat crop will not suffer the impairment from its maximum condition that it has sometimes experienced between the first of May and harvest time, but the trend of values the last few days indicates that the trade is very optimistic about the yield and very bearish in its ideas about the price. Not much interest is expressed about the tariff bill, because at the present time, even if the duty on wheat and flour were entirely removed, it could

have no immediate effect on values, because the markets in this country are 3 to 5 cents below the price in Canada, and are the lowest of any markets in the world, a condition which just now forbids any consideration of any wheat being imported into this country. But if the trade is apathetic about this matter, it is not so with the milling interests; and what particularly excites their antagonism is the clause in the bill which permits free flour from all countries that have no import duty on flour from this country. Canada has now a tax on flour of 40 to 60 cents per barrel, and it is a foregone conclusion that the Canadian Government would immediately grasp the opportunity to benefit its own people by removing its own import duty on flour should this country admit free flour. It is probable that with the careful consideration the Senate will give the matter a law will be enacted that will prove equitable to the farmer, the miller and the consumer, but pending legislative action the agitation and uncertainty of what will be done will work as a restraint on any extended trade enterprise. The producer will market every remnant of his wheat, while the miller and the jobber of flour will reduce their stock to meager proportions. This, we believe, fairly represents the condition of the wheat trade in the United States, and accounts in a great measure for our lifeless markets and poor business.

Corn—In the corn market the consumptive demand is a little too slow to encourage any particular speculative interest, and the receipts are expected to increase as soon as planting operations are over, but as the price is not high, considering the present values of cattle and hogs, the farmer naturally feels that his corn is worth more to feed than it is to market. Accordingly it seems fair to presume that any material setback in values would result in a decided curtailment of receipts, which would invite an increased cash and speculative demand.

Cotton—Weather developments during the past week, while very favorable for the western half of the cotton belt, were not quite as satisfactory in the eastern half as the trade would like to have them. West of the Mississippi splendid rains covered the entire cotton zone, Texas, Arkansas and Oklahoma having been favored with a generous general distribution of moisture and the precipitation in West Texas, where needed most for the making of a large crop, having been the heaviest for many years past. In the eastern half scattered rains were had in all districts, and while the rainfall was heavy at a number of stations, the precipitation as a rule was light. In the circumstances, the crop outlook in the Southwest, especially in Texas where the acreage represents about one-third of the total of the whole South, is undoubtedly the most favorable ever experienced at the opening of the planting sea-

son, and the same may be said of Oklahoma, and for Arkansas and Louisiana outside of the flooded river parishes, in which districts, however, the water is receding much earlier than last year, planting having started nearly one month earlier than one year ago in the recent overflowed sections. At the moment the situation is not so promising in the East Gulf and South Atlantic States, if one is to judge by the temper of the market, a slight advance having been established on the week-end owing to the claim of the need of a general heavy rain in the Southeast. Meanwhile, scattered beneficial rains have been falling the past several days east of the Mississippi River, which undoubtedly has improved the situation in many localities. It is also conceded that the soil has been carefully prepared, having been worked intensely, being free from grass and weeds, and in excellent condition to receive the rains which can hardly be delayed much longer since May is usually one of the wettest months of the year in Alabama and the South Atlantic States. Contrary to general expectations, or rather to the general idea, much cotton is already up to good stands and chopped out.

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Stage

(Continued from Page 19.)

The scenes are the foyer of a music hall in London, a drawing room in a St. Petersburg hotel, and the gardens of the Czar's winter palace. Hitchcock appears as a retired millionaire corset manufacturer who with his wife is making his first tour of Europe. There are all sorts of laughable complications. The role of the Red Widow will be impersonated by Flora Zabelle. The rest of the cast are Marie Richmond, Nan Brown, Minerva Coverdale, Gloria Gray, Theodore Martin, George E. Mack, George White, Edward Metcalf, Charles Prince, George Romain and Stanley Fields. There is a large chorus of singers and dancers, and it is further claimed that there isn't a dull moment during the entire three hours that it requires to tell the story. The action is of the swift Cohan brand.

A Mystery at the Empress

With four headliners the bill at the Empress next week should prove one of the best ever shown by Sullivan and Considine. Mystery surrounds Marguerite (?), a newcomer to western vaudeville who refuses to divulge her family name.

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KOHLER & CHASE BUILDING

She is a young girl who makes numerous costume changes and is at home in mimicking, dancing and singing. Waterbury Brothers and Tenny were a hit last season and are returning with their old success and new material. They are comedians and play any kind of wind instrument. Joe Fanton and His Awakening Athletes will be seen in a sensational flying-ring act. Hayden Stevenson, former leading man under Tyrone Powers and Constance Collier, will appear as the star of "The Love Specialist," an up-to-date comedy. Joseph B. Carey, known as the "Blind Music Master," assisted by Miss Estelle Roderick will be of interest here as this is his native city, and he has a host of friends, especially among the Elks who will give him a rousing welcome. Carey's song of Elkdome, "The Chimes of Eleven," enjoys the distinction of being considered the greatest of its kind. Leigh and La Grace have an act in which novel and fancy juggling are featured. Jere Sanford, comedian and yodeler, completes the bill.

"The Ne'er-Do-Well" at Alcazar

"The Ne'er-Do-Well," Charles Klein's dramatization of Rex Beach's tale of life in the Panama Canal zone, will be given next week at the Alcazar with an extra Memorial Day matinee. Alice Fleming and Kernan Cripps are specially engaged to lead a cast that embraces the complete stock company and a number of extra people. This play finely preserves the spirit of adventure and romance that made Rex Beach's novel so popular. If the author of "The Music Master" and "The Lion and the Mouse" had aimed at putting a "best seller" on the stage in such a way that it would convey just the feelings aroused by the book, his success could not have been more thorough. He knitted the stirring action of the story into four splendid acts, showing the exploits of Anthony Kirk, college athlete, on board a ship bound for Panama. Beach's narration of those exploits keeps the reader intensely interested from first to last page, and Klein's adaptation of them does the same.

Gus Edwards at the Orpheum

The Orpheum bill for next week has for headline attraction Gus Edwards and his Song Revue with Edwards himself, Lillian Boardman and a company of twenty-five who are his personally developed proteges, in a musical extravaganza, "The Fountain of Youth in Six Spouts." The scenes are "Sidewalk of New York," Plaza of Florence and Paul Armstrong's Residence. Among the characters Mr. Edwards impersonates are Jimmy the newsboys' chief, Romeo and Jimmy Valentine. Miss Boardman's roles are a news-girl and Juliet. One of the most popular features is a travesty "Jimmy Valentine." "Billy's Tombstones," a rollicking farce, will be presented by Edgar Atchison-Ely and his company. General Pisano, the famous Italian sharp shooter, will exhibit his wonderful skill. Dave Kramer and George Morton are two black-face comedians who keep the audience laughing for fifteen minutes. There will be new Edison Talking Moving Pictures. Next week will conclude the engagements of the Five Melody Maids and a Man; Meehan's Canines and Laddie Cliff.

The de Pasquali-Wolfskill Concert

On the evening of May 28, at Scottish Rite Hall Mme. Bernice de Pasquali, coloratura soprano of the Metropolitan Grand Opera Company who so graciously sang at Lotta's Fountain last Christmas Eve, and Miss Aldanita Wolfskill, our local contralto, will appear in a joint song recital. Miss Wolfskill is a Californian by birth, her grandfather having settled in this State in 1836. She is making her professional debut in the musical world with the kind assistance of Mme. de Pas-

quali who cancelled several important Eastern concerts in order to assist this talented young lady. The program shows that this concert will be a rare treat. Mme. de Pasquali predicts a great future for Miss Wolfskill, and is doing everything in her power to assist her in completing her musical education.

"The Serenade" Next

"When Johnny Comes Marching Home" continues at the Tivoli next week. It seems sure of a good run. "The Serenade" is in preparation.

Two Star Acts at Pantages

Two big features top the new bill at Pantages opening next week. Shaw's Comedy Circus is a troupe of wonderfully trained animal actors; and Punch Jones has a company that gives a rollicking musical skit "Follies in Coontown." Both should prove box office magnets. Dainty June Roberts and her company of four character actors will offer a fairy fantasy "The Dollmaker's Dream." A pair of happy chaps with good voices are Reeves and Warner. Expert hoop manipulating with a novelty finish is shown by Carl and Lillian Mueller. Clara Howard, well known locally, has a refined talking and singing specialty. The three Elliotts, operatic harpists, and comedy motion pictures round out the program.

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STARTING SUNDAY NIGHT, MAY 25th

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In the Melodious Jumble of Jollification

"HANKY PANKY"

Max Rogers, Bobby North, Harry Cooper, Clay Smith,
Christine Nielsen, Myrtle Gilbert, Virginia Evans,
Flora May, Montgomery & Moore

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of WILLIAM HALLECK DEMING, Deceased.

AZALENE E. GATES (formerly Azalene E. Deming), administratrix of the estate of William Halleck Deming, deceased, having filed herein her petition, duly verified by affidavit, praying for an order of this Court authorizing, empowering and directing her, as such administratrix, to mortgage the real property therein and hereinafter described, for the purpose set forth in said petition; and it appearing that it will be of advantage to said estate that said mortgage be made;

IT IS THEREFORE ORDERED BY THE COURT, that all persons interested in the estate of William Halleck Deming, deceased, do appear before this Court on Thursday, the twenty-ninth day of May, A. D. 1913, at ten o'clock a. m. of said day, at the Courtroom of Department number Nine Probate thereof, at the building situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, known as number 1231 Market Street, which building is also known as the City Hall, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why the real property of said estate herein-after described, or some part thereof, should not be mortgaged for the sum of ten thousand dollars, as prayed for in said petition, or for such lesser amount as to this Court shall seem meet.

Reference is hereby made to said petition, on file herein, for further particulars.

The property to be mortgaged is situate in the town of Menlo Park, County of San Mateo, State of California, and more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

1. Being a portion of Rancho de las Pulgas, and also a portion of what is known as the Bricefield Tract, and being more particularly known as lots numbers two hundred and forty-one (241), two hundred and twenty-nine (229) and two hundred and thirty (230), as laid down and designated on a certain map filed in the office of the County Recorder in and for the County of San Mateo, State of California, on September 14th, 1863, entitled "Map of the Menlo Park Villa Association."

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED, that this order to show cause be personally served on the persons interested in said estate, or be published once a week for four successive weeks before the day of hearing in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated this 23rd day of April, A. D. 1913.

J. V. COFFEY,

HARRY T. CRESWELL, Attorney for Administratrix,
1209 Head Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-26-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of KATE S. ISAACS, Deceased, No. 15,357, New Series, Dept. 10.

NOTICE is hereby given by the undersigned, Union Trust Company of San Francisco, executor of the last will and testament of Kate S. Isaacs, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executor at its office at the junction of Market and O'Farrell Streets and Grant Avenue, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as its place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Kate S. Isaacs, deceased.

UNION TRUST COMPANY OF SAN FRANCISCO,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Kate S. Isaacs, Deceased.

By H. VAN LUVEN, Secretary.

Dated: San Francisco, May 17, 1913.
HELLER, POWERS & EHRMAN,
Attorneys for said Executor,
Nevada Bank Bldg., San Francisco. 5-17-5

SUMMONS AND COMPLAINT

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 47,232; Dept. No. 10.

LILLIAN E. LIVINGSTON, Plaintiff, vs. CHARLES LIVINGSTON, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: CHARLES LIVINGSTON, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilfully deserting and abandoning plaintiff for the period of one year, and over, next immediately preceding the commencement of this action and defendant's wilfully failing to provide for plaintiff the common necessities of life for one year, and over, next immediately preceding the commencement of this action, and also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 14th day of February, A. D. 1913.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

ARTHUR E. NATHANSON, Atty. for Plaintiff,
1112 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 5-24-10

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ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON PETITION TO MORTGAGE REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 10,921; Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Person and Estate of CARRIE MADELINE COOK, an incompetent. Morton L. Cook, as Guardian of the person and estate of Carrie Madeline Cook, an incompetent, having filed herein his petition in due form praying for an order of this Court authorizing and directing him to borrow the sum of Fourteen Thousand (14,000) Dollars, or such lesser sum as to the Court shall seem meet, for the purposes of paying the outstanding debts against said incompetent and the debts, charges and expenses of administration and to secure to the lender of such money the payment of the same, that he, as such guardian, mortgage to said lender certain real property of said incompetent situate in the City of Oakland, County of Alameda, State of California, and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

BEGINNING at a point on the Southerly line of 12th Street, distant thereon one hundred (100) feet Westerly from the Westerly line of Clay Street; running thence Westerly along the Southerly line of 12th Street fifty (50) feet; running thence at a right angle Southerly one hundred (100) feet; running thence at a right angle Easterly fifty (50) feet and running thence at right angles Northerly one hundred (100) feet to the said Southerly line of 12th Street and point of beginning.

Being Lots Nos. 12 and 13 in Block No. 156 as the same are delineated and so designated on the map known as Kellersberger's Map of Oakland, on file in the office of the County Recorder of the said County of Alameda, State of California.

And it appearing that it would be and is for the advantage, benefit and best interests of the estate of said incompetent and those interested therein that said real estate should be mortgaged, and good cause appearing therefor,

IT IS ORDERED that all persons interested in the estate of said Carrie Madeline Cook, an incompetent, appear before this Court, Department No. 10 thereof, in its Courtroom in the Temporary City Hall, No. 1231 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, at 10 o'clock a. m. on Monday, the 2nd day of June, 1913, then and there to show cause why said real estate hereinabove particularly described should not be mortgaged as prayed in said petition, and said petition granted; and

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation published in the City and County of San Francisco.

For all further particulars you are hereby referred to the petition now on file herein.

Dated, April 28, 1913.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,

Judge of the Superior Court.
HELLER, POWERS & EHRMAN,
Attorneys for Guardian,
Nevada Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-3-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of REBECCA WEISS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executor of the estate of Rebecca Weiss, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executor at the office of James Raleigh Kelly, Room 604, 110 Sutter Street, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Rebecca Weiss, deceased.

JULIUS NEUMANN,

Executor of the Estate of Rebecca Weiss, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, May 3, 1913.
JAMES RALEIGH KELLY, Attorney for Executor,
Room 604, 110 Sutter Street,
San Francisco, Cal. 5-3-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LILLIAN MAY BROMFIELD, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of Lillian May Bromfield, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of Keogh & Olds, Room 524 Foxcroft Building, 68 Post Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Lillian May Bromfield, deceased.

BENJAMIN THOMAS BROMFIELD,

Administrator of the Estate of Lillian May Bromfield, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, May 3, 1913.
KEOGH & OLDS, Attorneys for Administrator,
Room 524, Foxcroft Building, 68 Post St.,
San Francisco, Cal. 5-3-5

HENRY P. TRICOU

NOTARY PUBLIC

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ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE AND PERSONAL PROPERTY SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 10,753, N. S.; Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ELIZABETH HANCOCK, Deceased.

Robert J. Hancock, the executor of the last will of Elizabeth Hancock, deceased, having on this day presented to the Court and filed in the above entitled matter his petition, duly verified, praying that the Court grant its order authorizing and directing him to sell a parcel of the real estate and the whole of the personal property belonging to the estate of said decedent, as described in said petition;

And it appearing from said petition to the satisfaction of the Court that it will be for the advantage, benefit and best interests of said estate, and those interested therein, to sell said parcel of said real estate and the whole of said personal property belonging to said estate for the reasons and purposes in said petition set forth;

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED, that all persons interested in said estate appear before this Court, in Department No. 10 thereof, on Wednesday, the twenty-eighth day of May, 1913, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at the Courtroom of said Court and Department, in the City Hall, No. 1231 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted authorizing and directing said executor and petitioner to sell said parcel of the real estate and the whole of the personal property belonging to said estate at public or private sale as prayed for in said petition.

AND IT IS FURTHER ORDERED, that a copy of this order be published once a week for four (4) successive weeks, prior to the hearing of said petition, in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco, State aforesaid.

Done in open Court this 18th day of April, 1913.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,

Judge of said Superior Court.

CHAS. W. SLACK and J. R. MOULTHROP,
Attorneys for Executor,
533-537 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-26-5

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS:—

THAT I, BEN J. SCHMIDT, DO HEREBY CERTIFY:—

That I am transacting and doing business, as an individual, under the designation of BEN J. SCHMIDT & COMPANY, at No. 35 Sansome Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California;

That I am the sole owner of, and the only person interested in, the aforesaid business, and that my name in full and place of residence are:—

BENJAMIN J. SCHMIDT, San Anselmo, Marin County, California.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand this 2d day of May, 1913.

BEN J. SCHMIDT.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,

City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 2d day of May, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Thirteen, before me, T. W. WITTOFT, a Notary Public in and for the said City and County of San Francisco, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared Ben J. Schmidt, known to me to be the same person whose name is subscribed to the within instrument and he duly acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my Official Seal, at my office, in the City and County of San Francisco, the day and year in this certificate first above written.

(Seal) T. W. WITTOFT,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

WISE, SAPIRO & O'CONNOR,

First National Bank Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 5-10-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of PHILIPP SCHLUCHTERER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator with the Will annexed of the Estate of Philipp Schluchterer, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator with the Will annexed at the office of Morrison, Dunne & Brobeck, Rooms 709-722 of the Crocker Building, located at the intersection of Market, Post and Montgomery Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Philipp Schluchterer, deceased.

SIGMUND BERNSTEIN,

Administrator with the Will annexed of the Estate of Philipp Schluchterer, Deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, May 24, 1913.
MORRISON, DUNNE & BROBECK,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Rooms 709-722 Crocker Building,
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Varied Types

(Continued from Page 6.)

From all of which it may be guessed that Caminetti is a canny politician. Yes, he is. He has made politics his life work. More than that. In a Republican State he has made Democratic politics yield him a living. Chiefly of course because he is such a close friend of the people. How he hates privilege! How he detests discrimination! How he roars when the people are threatened by their corporation foes!

There was that Napa Ferry incident in the recent session of the Legislature. The dear people as represented by certain employes at the Navy Yard had attempted to infringe the franchise rights of the Napa Ferry and the courts had turned them down. So they went to the Legislature, asking for special legislation to give them what the courts denied. There was a hearing on the bill, and Caminetti was strong for the rights of the people.

"What rights have these Napa Ferry capitalists?" he roared at the attorney who opposed the bill.

"They have a franchise which they have bought from the State," explained the lawyer.

"A franchise!" snorted Caminetti. "That's a mere subterfuge."

It was a sublime instance of his love for the

dear people and his burning indignation at any attempt to curtail their liberty. It sent the Caminetti stock soaring with all downtrodden workmen.

In the old days he used to lash himself to fury in the same fashion over the wickedness of the Southern Pacific. Which reminds me of a story. One day at Sacramento when politics was more rough and tumble than it is in these days of progressivism Tom Geary got into an altercation with Caminetti and knocked him down.

"Why did you hit him?" Geary was asked.

"Because," answered Tom, "he tried to deny that he was under obligations to the railroad."

He looks the part of a devoted friend of the people, does Caminetti. He's no dude. He can spare little time for personal adornment. His hair is ruffled, his mustache scraggled, his fingers inked with bill-writing. He wears the boiled shirt of yesteryear and a string tie that mounts the top of his collar and nestles near his ears. And when he goes to Washington as Commissioner of Immigration President Wilson will feast his eyes upon a political bedfellow who looks as though he sleeps in his clothes.

Mrs. Flint (the boarding mistress)—Mr. Brown, are you aware that you are putting butter in your coffee?

Boarder Brown—Yes, ma'am; you see, I believe in the strong helping the weak.

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Trying to Escape

"There!" said the young wife proudly, as she deposited the hot plate carefully on the table. "That's the first pie that I ever made without any help; all alone myself."

"So it is!" exclaimed her husband, looking it over critically meanwhile. "And as long as it is the very first, my dear, don't you think that, instead of cutting it, it would be nice to keep it for a souvenir? How would it do to have it framed?"

"Is Mrs. Newlywed a good housewife?"

"Well, when I called on her yesterday she was trying to make bread in a chafing dish."

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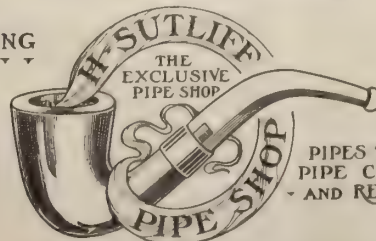
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SAN FRANCISCO

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXI. No. 1084

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 31, 1913

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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No. 1084

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

A Side Light on the President

Illustration of the corruption of good manners by evil communication is furnished by President Wilson. Hardly had Rudolph Spreckels emerged from the White House when the President delivered himself of a tirade against the representatives of the wool and sugar interests who are in Washington trying to prevent the destruction of their business. The President's purpose is obvious to everybody familiar with the methods of the political cabal with which Mr. Spreckels was long associated. The purpose is intimidation. In spreading the report that powerful interests are operating in Washington in opposition to free trade, the President can have but one object—that of restraining Senators from voting against his tariff measure through fear of having their honor impugned. This is a stratagem that pothouse politicians have no scruple against employing, but it has always been deemed repugnant to men who care anything about a reputation for intellectual honesty. A man of refined sensibilities in the high place occupied by Mr. Wilson, even though he had reason to believe that he was being opposed by corrupt interests, would scorn to embarrass his associates of the Government by such mean imputations and intimations as have come from the White House. Of course there is nothing inherently wrong in the organization of opposition against the tariff measure. There is no reason why Senators should not listen to the beet sugar and wool interests. The motive of the men who are opposing free sugar and free wool is probably far more honorable than the one that impelled Rudolph Spreckels to seize the Presidential ear in the seclusion of the White House. And if the propriety of the lobby is to be questioned, why not the propriety of the alliance with Rudolph, who, we believe, was a generous contributor to the Wilson campaign fund? If there is to be no reluctance to scatter imputations, may not the sugar and wool interests be justified in wondering to what extent Mr. Spreckels understood Mr. Wilson before the contribution was made? In

view of the reputation of Rudolph Spreckels for discreditable intrigue how unfortunate for the President of the United States that he should be so careless with his ear.

A Suggestion to the Mayor

The Chronicle has published a complete tabulated statement of the income and expenses of the Geary street road for the four months ending April 30, 1913. This statement bears out the oft-repeated assertion of Town Talk—that the municipal railroad is costing the taxpayers of this city a lot of money. During the four months of its existence it has cost the taxpayers exactly \$17,380.63. Yet the owners of the ramshackle railroad that was formerly operated in Geary street paid into the city treasury eight hundred dollars a month, which was a small percentage of their profits, and they were eager for the renewal of their franchise. If the Geary street road, which is a trunk road, is losing money, surely the street railroad business is not to be made profitable to the city by extending branch lines into sparsely settled districts. Nevertheless Mayor Rolph is going about in deference to the wishes of his tyrannical mentor, the Examiner, urging taxpayers to plunge over head and heels into debt that they may experiment on a larger scale in the losing business of municipal ownership. In the circumstances does it not seem somewhat odd that the Mayor should have devoted much of his valuable time to an examination of the details of the bunko scandal in the police department? We sincerely submit that the Mayor should take a day off and commune with the Executive of the city in executive session with a view to familiarizing himself with all the dips, spurs and angles of the propaganda for increasing the bonded debt of a tormented municipality.

Another Epochal Discovery

Now comes Professor Edward T. Reichert of the University of Pennsylvania with the world-astonishing discovery of "the underlying methods of the formation of the protoplasm." "The professor's report," says his press celebrant, "is one of the most epochal works in botany since the time of Linneus." This is a pregnant age. The process of fecundation is continuous and "most epochal works" are of weekly delivery. So we are not astonished that the fundamental mystery of the protoplasm has been solved. Nevertheless we hail the solution with delight. We regard it as heartening. We believe it to be second in importance only to the highest reach of human science which, according to a very learned philosopher, is the recognition of human ignorance. And now that God's secret has been wrested from the protoplasm may we not hope for early answers to certain other questions that have been confounding gen-

erations of men? It now seems that science should be soon able to tell us how the lark while soaring manages to sing several minutes without cessation; also, why dogs and cats drink by lapping instead of by the more satisfactory method followed by cows and horses; also, why the duck was made to waddle before man knew how to rag. When these terribly complicated problems have been solved then doubtless science will take up electricity and tell us what it is.

Human Nature Discovered

The unveiling of the protoplasm reminds us that while this is a century prodigal of happenings and achievement, while before us lie endless vistas of intellectual interest and promise in organic and inorganic nature, the field of science like every other field of knowledge is becoming vulgar in its ostentation. It was once supposed that science was knowledge certain and evident in its nature, but it is in the field of science that hypothesis and wild surmise are finding their freest scope. And in science as in politics the man of inaccurate method, of immature judgment, is the man that makes the most noise and gets the most attention. He sees canals on Mars and concludes that it's inhabited, and all the world listens. He concocts a drug, affirms its wonderful curative properties and sells it by the bucket. Or, like Professor Vernon L. Kellogg of Stanford, biologist and eugenicist, he conceives a theory about human nature and quickly writes a book about it, presenting it not as a work of imagination but as a scientific treatise, and his guesses are disseminated as truths brought to light by scientific processes of inquiry. Professor Kellogg tells us that human nature is not immutable, that it is subject to the law of evolution, and that today it represents the slow accumulation of centuries. Professor Kellogg is of the faculty of a university that has lately come to regard the whole world as the fortunate sphere of its educational and civilizing influence, and he is therefore worthy of attention. We find on examination that the professor's conclusion has for its support the bones of something that looked like a man. He tells us it was the prehistoric man of the Glacial period. As a matter of fact it looked much less like a man than many of our contemporaries of the Simian species. "He was," says Professor Kellogg, "in every way more animal and less human than the man of today." But he was our prehistoric ancestor nevertheless, according to Professor Kellogg. Of this animal nothing is known, but the Stanford scientist does not hesitate to imagine what its habits were. He tells us the beginning of altruism was in the days of this beast of the Glacial period, but in other respects his instincts were not much like ours, and therefore human nature changes and it will continue to change and

improve. From the prehistoric brute of the Glacial period the learned Professor Kellogg solemnly infers the Superman of the Millennium. We can readily understand how Stanford University is going to enlighten the world.

An Astonishing Awakening

Speaking of the blackballing of Dr. Jacques Loeb by the Century Club of New York the editor of the Hearst syndicate says that the action of the club "and of similar organizations under similar conditions proves that there is truth in the remarks of Buckle that the people of the United States are not actually ready for republican government, as yet." This observation is a sign of loose thinking. Club members who blackball Jews play a very small part in the affairs of the nation. But we will not quarrel with the man who directs the editorial policy of the Hearst papers for agreeing with Buckle that the people of the United States are not ready for republican government. The proofs of that fact are abundant, and not a few of them have been supplied by the Hearst papers. Perhaps the best evidence of the unfitness of the American people for republican government is the enormous success of the Hearst journals. That a man so transparently a humbug as William Randolph Hearst could become the most powerful journalist in the United States is no feeble argument in support of the proposition that the people of the United States are far from being mentally equipped for any kind of government. But perhaps the best proof of their unfitness for republican government is the passion which they have developed of late under the guidance of Hearst and other demagogues for a scheme of government destructive of republican institutions. If Mr. Hearst cared anything about Jews or ever consulted any but his own selfish, sordid interests he would not be the advocate of an anarchic system of government under which the rights of any class or creed may be trampled upon by the majority. The republican government which we are abandoning was designed to give equal protection to the rights of all—the minority as well as the majority—and if there is any widespread prejudice against Jews in this country it is certainly not to their interest to establish a system of government under which the voice of the people will be heeded as though it were the voice of God.

The Master Strokes of Genius

Every little while there is celebrated in the press some masterly stroke of genius in financiering on the part of the intellectual giants at present engaged in manoeuvring our ship of State. Were it not for the constantly increasing cost of reform, so great has been the saving in hairpins and dollars by our political wizards of economy and finance, that in time we should need nothing more than the inheritance tax to defray the cost of government. But the Governor must eat, and his brood of commissioners,

too, and so the effect of the brilliant and bewildering strokes of genius is hardly perceptible. To be sure not always is the consummation precisely what was promised. The newspapers are so ready with their applause, so eager to celebrate, that sometimes they make the welkin ring when everywhere the judicious mourn. An instance in point was that of the celebration of the discovery of a reservoir site by our astute city attorney. For a day or two it was celebrated as the discovery of the age, but it turned out that in years gone by the very same site was discovered by the engineers of the Spring Valley Company. Only they discovered it to be unfit for the purpose to which Master Long would dedicate it. Los Angeles had a somewhat similar experience. Public servants, who were such because they couldn't make a living in private life, discovered a way of making cement cheaper than anybody else could make it. So the city went into the cement business, with the result that cement cost the taxpayers about a dollar more a barrel than it could be bought for in the open market. And the other day the municipal aqueduct made out of municipal cement began to crumble. However, undaunted are the indefatigable money-savers and trust-busters of Sacramento, as we learn from the Examiner which has regaled and enthused us in this fashion:

\$400,00 SAVED TO

STATE ON CEMENT

Trust Broken by Awarding 1,500,000 Barrel Contract to Independent S. F. Concern

HEAVY BLOW TO MONOPLY

This is the very latest masterly stroke of financial genius. The details are quite simple. A contract has been awarded to a company that has yet to make a barrel of cement. Officers of this company have long been in quest of aid to finance their enterprise. It is acknowledged that it is the contract with the State that will enable the company "to complete the financing of the establishment." All that can possibly be known of the character of the cement to be furnished the State is that an expert employed by the State Highway Commission reports that certain mineral deposits "are adequate." But if this expert knows anything at all about cement he must be well aware that it is like pudding, the proof of which is in the eating. It is not to be said that the State has not made a good deal, but certainly the time has not arrived for ecstasies and orgasms. Indeed in other circumstances, that is, under an Administration not chemically pure, the Examiner if it were pursuing the policy of yesterday, instead of celebrating would be conducting a subterranean inquiry as to the powers of fascination by which a cement plant in embryo managed to obtain from the State a contract for over one million dollars.

A Victory of the Pen

One hundred and fifty years ago there was no Bulgarian nation. The Bulgarians had been ground down by the merciless

Turks until national consciousness had disappeared. There were no Bulgarian schools, no roads, hardly any intercourse between the miserable towns and villages. It was the Dark Age of Bulgaria. Europe had forgotten that there were such people as Bulgarians, and that was not strange, for the Bulgarians, forgetting it too, had come to call themselves Greeks. They spent their lives as hopeless Turkish thralls. They had lost all memory of their heroic ancestors; they knew nothing of their glorious history. Fathers ceased to tell their sons how Apparuch in A. D. 680 founded the kingdom of the Bulgars in the conquered Roman province of Moesia between the Danube and the Balkans. How could fathers tell their sons? The tradition had perished. The Bulgarian boy did not know that his ancestors under the great Czar Krum pushed forward into Thrace and menaced Constantinople. He did not know that the Byzantine Emperors paid Bulgaria tribute. He did not know of the Bulgarian Golden Age during the reign of the Czar Simeon of whom it was said, "When there was no one to conquer he wrote books to rest himself." He did know that two Bulgarians of that Golden Age invented an alphabet which became the alphabet of Russia and Servia. He did not know that the Czar Simeon's capital rivalled Constantinople in magnificence. He had never heard of the Czar Ivan whose victorious campaigns established his sway over Albania, Epirus, Macedonia and Thrace. He had never been told that the great Bulgarian kingdom endured from the seventh to the fourteenth century when it went down before the terrible Bajazet. Four centuries had obliterated all the proud records of the past. It was history's most remarkable instance of a hiatus in national consciousness. It lasted till the middle of the eighteenth century. Then, one hundred and fifty years ago, a little thing happened. At least it seemed a little thing at the time. On Mount Athos, at the extremity of one of those three peninsulas which stretch out into the Aegean Sea like the tines of a fork, a Bulgarian monk named Father Pais sat in his cell and wrote a little book. It was a history of Bulgaria's czars and Bulgaria's saints, and it began with these words:

O unreasoning slave! why art thou ashamed to call thyself a Bulgarian? Had not, then, the Bulgarians a dominion of their own, a Czardom, whose armies more than once pressed victoriously onward to the gates of Constantinople? What of the famous Czar Krum, who drank the foaming wine out of the gilded skull of the conquered Nicephorus? What of Simeon the Great, before whom the proud Roman knelt and handed over the keys of the gate of Constantinople? What of Samuel the Mighty, who conquered Greece and marched into Durazzo? Were there not Czars of Bulgaria to whom the Greeks were tributary? O unreasoning slave, recollect thyself, and be proud to be a Bulgar. Learn to know thy nation and thy full sounding language!

The little book was copied and circulated from sanjak to sanjak, secretly lest the Turks find out. Then others wrote books recalling the glories of Bulgaria and spread them among the people. Printing presses were set up to multiply these books. Schools were established so that all might learn to read them. Inspired by these revelations of a splendid past young Bulgarians took to the hills and began warring on their Turkish oppressors. From the day when Father Pais gave them their first impulse the Bulgarians fought incessantly to restore their kingdom to its old position as a power in Europe. At Plevna and Shipka Pass they proved that they were worthy of their ancestors. The Peace of San Stefano which recognized their historic claims completed the first chapter of the struggle. The Treaty of Berlin made Bulgaria a nation. Nationalism received its next great impulse when, Prince Alexander of Battenberg having been elected ruler, Bulgaria absorbed Eastern Rumelia, an integral part of its ancient territory. Then followed war with Serbia and the glorious field of Slivnitsa. Finally came Ferdinand, "the Coburger" who, strong in the Bulgarian sense of nationality, repudiated the suzerainty of Turkey in 1908, proclaiming Bulgaria an independent nation and himself a Czar. And now Bulgaria writes in her book of national victories the glorious words Kirk Kilisse, Lule Burgas, Chorlu, Bunarhissar, Uskub and Adrianople. The Turk has been hurled back to Constantinople. The little book written by the Bulgarian monk in a monastery on lonely Athos did its work exceedingly well.

The War Scare in Retrospect

No more glorious victory can be gained

says an old-time philosopher than that of the requital of injury with kindness. This is the sort of victory that Japan has gained. The Japanese have done that which more than anything else that can be done ensures the success of the world's fair to be held in San Francisco in 1915. The Japanese may be Barbarians, as that refined scholar, the Hon. James D. Phelan, has said, but they have behaved with something of the magnanimity of true Christians. Town Talk was opposed to the anti-alien bill not because it was in favor of encouraging Japanese immigration but because it seemed unnecessary and inexpedient to precipitate international complications at this time. And we still believe it was unfortunate that an agitation motivated in partisan politics should have been carried to a point where it brought humiliation on the whole country. It may be that the Japanese question is one that called for solution, but assuredly the circumstances did not justify the haste of the Administration at Sacramento. Above all other considerations was the paramount consideration of expediency. Even though it had appeared that Japanese land-holders were slowly increasing in number would it have been advisable to do politics at Sacramento to embarrass the President at a time when admittedly we should have been at a great disadvantage in the event of war? What was the patriotic thing for Governor Johnson to do when urged by the President to delay the consummation so devoutly desired at Sacramento? There is no prospect of war at this time, but there was great apprehension in Washington when the Secretary of State came scurrying across the

country to beg us to desist. And for a long time thereafter Washington was in a state of disquietude. A man of tremendous importance is the little Governor of California as evidenced by what happened to the nerves of officialdom. This great little patriot with indefatigable jawbone and mighty pen put the whole country in a state of trepidation. Afraid to arouse Japanese suspicion, the President suspended for a time an order promulgated months ago with reference to military affairs of a purely internal nature; he wouldn't let a war ship move down the Atlantic Coast; conciliatory notes kept the Japanese Ambassador supplied with reading matter; the assuaging of public sentiment in Japan became the absorbing business of the Department of State; the President went down on his marrow bones to the demagogues of Congress to beg them to refrain from inflammatory utterances; and finally the leading newspapers of the country, many of our prominent citizens and not a few of our officials joined in assurances to Japan that the sentiment of California was not the sentiment of the country, and that really Americans esteem the Japanese very much. And all because Hiram was defiant and not to be tamed! 'Rah for the great little Governor. If he has not safeguarded us from a horde of Japanese at any rate he has proved himself big enough to make the whole world realize the vast change that has come o'er the spirit of our dreams since the days when we were ready to swallow decrepit Spain for an appetizer. But now that it is nearly all over let us be grateful to Japan for the world's fair appropriation.

Perspective Impressions

Continued revelations seem to show that Los Angeles is not chemically pure after all.

How can a man be human when he drinks only out of a doctor's measuring glass?

In the municipal dam that collapsed in Ohio and the municipal pier that collapsed at Long Beach there was probably material of the same quality that was used in the municipal aqueduct in Los Angeles and the municipal high pressure system of San Francisco. Let the good work go on!

One way of keeping the Sabbath unholy according to our Presbyterian and Methodist friends is by holding the graduation exercises of the Normal School thereon. Let us pray for Principal Burk. He has joined the saloon keeper on the road to perdition.

President Wilson has issued a statement in criticism of the representatives of the sugar and wool interests who are maintaining a lobby in Washington to oppose free wool and free sugar. Have we reached a point where business interests have no rights at all at Washington? Is the lobby maintained by Organized Labor the only one that is tolerable to our worthy President?

An occasional cocktail or highball might have made the Colonel a more appealing personality.

President Wilson discovering the lobbyists is as impressive as Bill Nye discovering the United States.

Whom the gods would have recalled they first afflict with a craze for water meters and a higher bonded debt. The indications are that Weller is not to be the only one.

De Wolf Hopper beat Nat Goodwin to a fifth wife by twenty-four hours, but Hopper looks like a sure winner in the long run. Nat hasn't many more marriages left.

The Call tells us that the Labor Council's endorsement of the proposed extension of the municipal railroad is significant of unwillingness "to play practical politics with a question involving the public good." This was news to the Labor Council, the leaders of which are not so hypocritical as to pretend that they ever subordinate their own interests to the public good. They are for municipal ownership because it is easier to coerce public servants than to coerce a private corporation.

By the way, what has become of the liquor that bade fair to make Marquette, Mich., famous?

The age of consent is now eighteen, but this applies only to girls.

President Wilson is proving his friendship for Japan by appointing the most rabid anti-Japanese agitators in California to Federal jobs.

Judge Gary dines William Randolph Hearst! The Steel Trust breaks bread with the Friend of the People! "This is miching mallecho; it means mischief."

"Any man who claims to favor an alien land law bill that will sign a referendum against this law is either an idiot or is bought."—Governor Johnson.

The charming conclusion of a logical mind.

The Bulletin hopes President Ripley didn't mean it when he said "California has the worst State government in the Union." The Bulletin thinks he must be insane to incur the displeasure of Governor Johnson. He surely did take desperate chances. If Hiram gets real made he'll tear up all the railroad tracks in the State. Oh, we have a fine Government—the best ever!

Varied Types

XXXVIII—DR. JULIUS ROSENSTIRN

By Edward F. O'Day

Will the action of the Police Commission in withdrawing police assistance from the Municipal Clinic put that institution out of business?

I submitted the question to Dr. Julius Rosenstirn, knowing that he, as chairman of the advisory commission of the Clinic, was best qualified to answer it. He answered in the negative.

"The work of the Municipal Clinic has been hampered but not brought to an end," he said. "The work will go on. There are a certain number of women who will report at the Clinic notwithstanding this action of the Police Commission. The Clinic has made many converts among these women as to the sanitary benefits to be derived from its workings. They now come voluntarily to be examined and to obtain the certificate of health which goes with a satisfactory examination. Since the police protection was done away with the number of women reporting at the Clinic has been from twenty-five to thirty per cent less than before. Last Saturday we had 129 individual examinations. The Clinic does not intend to close until the Red Light Abatement Law is locally enforced."

The Clinic therefore has not been materially injured. Its beneficent operations have merely suffered curtailment. Lacking the sanction of the law the Clinic must now depend for its utility on that recognition of its worth which is more or less widely diffused among the unfortunates to whom it ministers. Official action has lessened its power for good only among the women who are signally lacking in intelligence or who for special reasons are afraid of any contact with officialdom.

The outlook for the reglementation of the social evil and the lessening of its concomitant diseases is not as gloomy as it might be. But one cannot help asking why the Police Commission dealt the Clinic a blow by withdrawing the police detail from it. Commissioner Roche issued the statement which made the order of the Commission public. Pressure of public opinion was the only reason given. Just what sections of the public voiced the opinion inimical to the Clinic Commissioner Roche failed to specify. It was a regrettable omission. I sought for light on this subject from Doctor Rosenstirn.

"Commissioners Roche, Kuhl and Shumate," he said, "expressed to me as well as to Mr. W. H. Metson who is a member of the advisory committee of the Clinic, their personal regret that petitions and political pressure had forced them, not for their own sake and against their better judgment to withdraw the police protection. These gentlemen, with Chief of Police White, were always helpful and favorably inclined to the Clinic. They often expressed their appreciation of the excellent work it performed. Their interest was always kind. I therefore feel deeply with them in their sorrow that outside influences

have compelled them to take this step against their better judgment.

"I have spoken of petitions for the abolition of the Clinic. These came from misguided church people and from misguided women's clubs. Among the people from whom they obtained their information was the so-called 'Judge' Harrington who is in the federal service just at present and who, as chairman of the Commonwealth Club investigating committee, has gathered a great deal of evidence concerning the social evil. He has used it to put himself in contact with the women's clubs and church

he voted against the resolution to abolish the Clinic.

"Doctor Aked stated at the Economic Club meeting that he had visited the Clinic, but Mr. Maguire denies this. He has been connected with the Clinic since it opened, but says he never saw Dr. Aked there or heard of his going there. Mr. Maguire says that Dr. Aked dined at Caesar's one night with Dr. Eaton and afterwards visited the Barbary Coast and the segregated district but not the Clinic. In fact Mr. Maguire quotes Dr. George Frink, chairman of the morals committee of the Civic League, as saying that he asked Dr. Aked to accompany him to the Clinic but that Dr. Aked refused to go or even to discuss the Clinic."

"Have you seen Dr. Aked's article about the Clinic in Sunday's Examiner?" I asked Dr. Rosenstirn.

"Yes, I did, and I shall answer it."

"Dr. Aked complains that his statements have been published much against his will," I suggested. "He says he has asked the reporters not to mention his strictures on San Francisco's morality. And he says his statements have been distorted. How about that?"

"Well, I must confess I am sincerely sorry for him. Perhaps he has been wronged. Those bad reporters whom, as he assures us, he implored to let him remain in a much preferred and undisturbed obscurity, may have misquoted him. They dragged this trembling Mimosa into the limelight of the public forum, a place that he shuns and despises and has tried so energetically but, alas, so unsuccessfully, to avoid. Poor misguided Rev. Dr. Aked! Will not the public press have pity on his shrinking and reserved nature and leave him alone in the future?"

So much for those who have or have not visited the Clinic. The petitions that prompted the Police Commission to act came from such sources. These persons and organizations applied the "pressure of public opinion" to which Commissioner Roche and his associates felt compelled to yield.

At this point I reminded Doctor Rosenstirn that he had also mentioned political pressure as one of the causes for the withdrawal of police support. I asked the doctor what he meant when he said that "political pressure" had forced the Commissioners to act, though "not for their own sake."

On this phase Doctor Rosenstirn was reticent. He would not allow himself to be pressed for an elucidation.

"Nobody knows who really was the cause of the Police Commission's action," he said. "Certainly nobody could suspect the Mayor, tower of strength that he is, of going back on his publicly expressed opinion in favor of the Clinic. I need

(Continued on Page 21.)



Photo, Genthe

DR. JULIUS ROSENSTIRN

people and to help them in their opposition to the Clinic, for what purpose I do not know. Some of his information was obtained from Mr. Maguire, the superintendent of the Clinic. This information Judge Harrington distorted to a great extent. Other data of his own proved entirely unreliable and of absolutely no value, as I showed in the discussion of the Clinic before the Economic Club and before the Mayor.

"A great many women have visited the Clinic from time to time, representing the Civic Center, the New Era and various other clubs. Mr. Maguire informs me that they were usually divided in their opinions. Some were in favor of the Clinic and some against it. But he adds that there was not much chance to explain its workings as they talked so much themselves, insisting on relating the whole history of prostitution.

"Some clergymen have been at the Clinic. Among others was the Reverend Mr. Friend who visited the Clinic before the meeting in the Mayor's office. He went through the Clinic, investigated its methods and interviewed some of the girls who were there for examination. He had been opposed to the Clinic before that, but when he left he said, 'I have changed my mind altogether,' and at the meeting before the Mayor

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A Berkeley Nuisance

Editor Town Talk, Respected Sir: On several occasions in the past I have written to you about matters that were open to criticism in this charming university town, and you were good enough to extend my remarks in your valuable paper. May I ask for a little space once more? In common with many citizens of Berkeley I have a grievance which demands expression. It is this: On Sunday morning when I am on my way to church it is necessary that I pass a number of fraternity houses. My eyes and the eyes of my family are affronted on these occasions by the sight of a number of young men lounging about the porches of these frat houses in pajamas and bath robes. The porch of one of these frat houses is visible from the church I attend, and as the church door is kept open during services, the sight of the young men in deshabille is extremely offensive to devout worshipers. An undergraduate (male) is not a sight upon which one longs to feast one's eyes when said undergraduate is completely dressed. What then shall I say of an undressed undergraduate (male)? I had no idea until I saw these Sunday morning displays what a variety of bizarre lounging robes, pajamas and bath garments the House of Kuppenheimer and other such establishments produced. It is bad enough in all conscience to be forced to see pictures of young men in undress among the other advertisements of the magazines. The drawings of young men fastening their garters or displaying their B. V. D.'s are intolerable to me, but the sight of young men actually appearing in public in somewhat similar guise is an affront to public decency. Pajamas should be worn by a gentleman only in his bed room; bath robes only in his bed and bath rooms; never in public. What can be done to stop these public displays on Sunday morning?

Respectfully,

—J. W. von Goethe Schmidt.

Berkeley, May 25.

The Irish Drama

Editor Town Talk, Sir: I have no desire to dispute Mr. Bonnet's knowledge of the art and craft of Drama, as evinced in his interesting articles from time to time in Town Talk. I am not a student of the drama, and for the last couple of years, peculiar circumstances have prevented me from even being present at any of those plays which Mr. Bonnet analyzes so well. Consequently it is with much timidity that I make these

few remarks on his article "Common Sense Drama" which appears in the current number of his paper. At the outset, I might say that, so far as I am qualified to hold any opinion at all on the matter—and my qualifications are certainly of a meagre kind—I am very much of his way of thinking as to the necessity of ridding the stage of "theatricality," of those plays with "far-fetched plots serving for the introduction of a group of familiar stage types—the old tools of the old workshop, the time-worn implements of the small diverting game of cross-purposes." I am entirely with him when he demands "common-sense drama." But when he selects the current drama of Ireland, the Abbey Theatre of W. B. Yeats and company—as an excellent sample of what we want; my whole Irish soul cries out: No, a thousand times no. It may be drama of the highest craftsmanship. It is "naturalism" of a certain kind. It has "atmosphere" too, of a certain kind. W. B. Yeats, J. Synge, Padraic Colum, Lady Gregory and Co., are, I have no doubt, dramatic craftsmen of a high order—but "Common Sense Drama" never! And why? Because it is guilty of the very same fault which Mr. Bonnet condemns so strongly in the "high-brow drama," "it confounds the abnormal with the typical." I am an Irishman. I have lived all my life there with the exception of the two years and a half that I have spent in California. I have watched the rise and progress of the Abbey Theatre, at first with pleasure and interest, but later with chagrin and disappointment, because like most Irishmen, I believe that Yeats' drama is not native of the soil, that it is a foreign growth planted on Irish soil. It is "continental drama," imported into Ireland, where it is "touched up" to give it local color, then labeled "Irish manufacture" and set forth broadcast through the world, picturing an Ireland, and Irish types, that never existed, save in the abnormal imaginations of Synge and Yeats, imaginations rendered still more abnormal, by the influences under which both of these men studied drama on the continent of Europe. I have read their plays, and am, I hope, sufficiently broad-minded to recognize much merit in them, in their workmanship, their dramatic craft and technique. But when they pretend to portray the Irish life and the Irish spirit, I have no patience with them, because their "Irish types" are utterly abnormal, and their "Irish atmosphere" is absolutely untrue to life. Reading "The Tinker's Wedding," "The Playboy of the Western World," and "Riders to

the Sea," I asked myself if it were possible that any man of ordinary healthy mind, living in Ireland amongst our people could produce "types" so utterly impossible. When men of similar talents, but imbued with the true Irish spirit, arise in Ireland to "dramatise" Ireland and her people as they really are, I shall be amongst the proudest, if Mr. Bonnet finds in them the best example of "common-sense drama," because they will combine with the art, simplicity and directness of Yeats and Synge, fidelity to truth, fidelity to reality, without which all drama is abnormal, that is to say, unreal.

Respectfully,

—Hibernicus.

Wheeler or the Regents?

Editor Town Talk, Sir It gives me great pleasure to express my concurrence in all that you said about the presentation of an honorary degree to our revered Chief Justice by the University of California. But I rather think you are mistaken in crediting President Wheeler with the bestowal of the honor. As I understand it the Regents of the University name the persons to be thus honored. I think if you will inquire you will find that President Wheeler had nothing to do with it.

Respectfully,

—A Berkeleyan.

Dry Oroville

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: I read with satisfaction what you had to say about the dryness of our town, and the hardships we have had to put up with since the unco guid exorcised the Demon. But in cataloguing the inconveniences of our depleted municipal revenue you overlooked one thing. Dry Oroville can't afford the police department that wet Oroville boasted. The police department has been reduced by two-thirds, not by any means because we don't need the same amount of police protection any more, but because we can no longer afford to pay for it. We used to have three policemen in Oroville; now we can only afford one. As this one guardian of the peace can't work twenty-four hours a day there are hours every day when we are entirely without police protection. Add that to the list of reasons why Oroville should have stayed wet.

Respectfully,

—An Oroville Merchant.

On Righteous Indignation

By G. K. Chesterton

When Adam went from Paradise
He saw the Sword and ran;
The dreadful shape, the new device,
The pointed end of Paradise,
And saw what Peril is and Price,
And knew he was a man.

When Adam went from Paradise,
He turned him back and cried
For a little flower from Paradise,
There came no flower from Paradise;
The woods were dark in Paradise,
And not a bird replied.

For only comfort or contempt,
For jest or great reward,
Over the walls of Paradise,
The flameless gates of Paradise,
The dumb shut doors of Paradise,
God flung the flaming sword.

It burns the hand that holds it
More than the skull it scores;
It doubles like a snake and stings,
Yet he in whose hand it swings
He is most masterful of things,
A scorner of the stars.

By The River

By Arnold Bennett

Every morning I get up early, and, going straight to the window, I see half London from an eighth-storey. I see factory chimneys poetized, and the sign of a great lion against the sky, and the dome of St. Paul's rising magically out of the mist, and pearl-colored minarets round about the horizon, and Waterloo Bridge suspended like a dream over the majestic river; and all that sort of thing. I am obliged, in spite of myself, to see London through the medium of the artistic sentimentalism of ages. I am obliged even to see it through the individual eyes of Claude Monet, whose visions of it I nevertheless resent. I do not want to see, for example, Waterloo Bridge suspended like a dream over the majestic river. I much prefer to see it firmly planted in the plain water. And I ultimately insist on so seeing it. The Victoria Embankment has been, and still is, full of pitfalls for the sentimentalist in art as in sociology; I would walk warily to avoid them. The river at dawn, the river at sunset, the river at midnight (with its myriad lamps, of course)! . . . Let me have the river at eleven a. m. for a change, or at tea-time. And let me patrol its banks without indulging in an orgy of melodramatic contrasts.

I will not be carried away by the fact that the grand hotels, with their rosy saloons and fair women (not invariably or even generally fair!), look directly down upon the homeless wretches huddled on the Embankment benches. Such a juxtaposition is accidental and falsifying. Nor will I be imposed upon by the light burning high in the tower of St. Stephen's to indicate that the legislators are watching over Israel. I think of the House of Commons at question-time, and I hear the rustling as two hundred schoolboyish human beings (not legislators nor fathers of their country) simultaneously turn over a leaf of two hundred question-papers, and I observe the self-consciousness of honorable members as they walk in and out, and the naive pleasure of the Labor member in his enormous grey wideawake, and the flower in the buttonhole of the formidable Irish leader, and the other flower in the buttonhole of the white-haired and simple ferocious veteran of democracy, and the hobnobbing over stewed tea and sultana on the draughty terrace.

Nor, when I look at the finely symbolic architecture of New Scotland Yard, will I be obsessed by the horrors of the police system and of the prison system and by the wrongness of the world. I regard with fraternal interest the policeman in his shirt-sleeves lolling at a fourth-floor window. Thirty, twenty, years ago people used to be staggered by the sudden discovery that, in the old Hebraic sense of the word, there was no God. It winded them, and some of them have never got over it. Nowadays people are being staggered by the sudden discovery that there is something fundamentally wrong with the structure of society. This discovery induces a nervous disease which runs through whole thoughtful multitudes. I suffer from it myself. Nevertheless, just as it is certain that there is a God, of

some kind, so it is certain that there is nothing fundamentally wrong with the structure of society. There is something wrong—but it is not fundamental. There always has been and always will be something wrong. Do you suppose, O reformer, that when land-values are taxed, and war and poverty and slavery and overwork and underfeeding and disease and cruelty have disappeared, that the structure of society will seem a whit the less wrong? Never! A moderate sense of its wrongness is precisely what most makes life worth living.

Between my lofty dwelling and the river is a large and beautiful garden, ornamented with statues of heroes. It occupies ground whose annual value is probably quite ten thousand pounds—that is to say, the interest on a quarter of a million. It is tended by several County Council gardeners, who spend comfortable lives in it, and doubtless thereby support their families in dignity. Its lawns are wondrous; its parterres are full of flowers, and its statues are cleansed perhaps more thoroughly than the children of the poor. This garden is, as a rule, almost empty. I use it a great deal, and sometimes I am the only person in it. Its principal occupants are well-dressed men of affairs, who apparently employ it, as I do, as a ground for reflection. Nursemaids bring into it the children of the rich. The children of the poor are not to be seen in it—they might impair the lawns, or even commit the horrible sin of picking the blossoms. During the only hours when the poor could frequent it, it is thoughtfully closed. The poor pay, and the rich enjoy. If I paid my proper share of the cost of that garden, each of my visits would run me into something like half-a-sovereign. My pleasure is being paid for up all manner of side-streets. This is wrong; it is scandalous. I would, and I will, support any measure that promises to rectify the wrongness. But in the meantime I intend to have my fill of that garden, and to savor the great sensations thereof. I will not be obsessed by one aspect of it.

The great sensations are not perhaps what one would have expected to be the great sensations. Neither domes, nor towers, nor pinnacles, nor spectacular contrasts, nor atmospheric effects, nor the Wordsworthian "mighty heart"! It is the County Council tram, as copied from Glasgow and Manchester, that appeals more constantly and more profoundly than anything else of human creation to my romantic sensibility. "Yes," I am told, "the tram-cars look splendid at night!" I do not mean specially at night. I mean in the day. And further, I have no desire to call them ships, or to call them aught but tram-cars. For me they resemble just tram-cars, though I admit that when forty or fifty of them are crowded together, they remind me somewhat of a herd of elephants. They are enormous and beautiful; they are admirably designed, and they function perfectly; they are picturesque, inexplicable, and uncanny. They come to rest with the gentleness of doves, and they hurtle through the air like shells. Their motion—smooth, delicate, and horizontal—is always delightful. They are absolutely modern, new, and original. There are never anything like them before, and only when something different and better supersedes them will their extraordinary gliding picturesqueness be appreciated. They never cease. They roll along day and night without a pause; in the middle of the night you can see them glittering away to the ends of the county. At six o'clock in the

morning they roll up over the horizon of Westminster Bridge in hundreds incessantly, and swing downwards and round sharply away from the Parliament which for decades refused them access to their natural gathering-place. They are a thrilling sight. And see the pigmy in the forefront of each one, rather like a mahout on the neck of an elephant, doing as he likes with the obedient monster! And see the scores of pigmies inside each of them, black dots that jump out like fleas and disappear like fleas! The loaded tram stops, and in a moment it is empty, and of the contents there is no trace. The contents are dissolved in London . . . And then see London precipitate the contents again; and watch the leviathans, gorged, glide off in endless process to spill immortal souls in the evening suburbs!

But the greatest sensation offered by the garden, though it happens to be a mechanical contrivance, is entirely independent of the County Council. It is—not the river—but the movement of the tide. Imagination is required in order to conceive the magnitude, the irresistibility, and the consequences of this tremendous shuttle-work, which is regulated from the skies, rules the existence of tens of thousands of people, and casually displaces incalculable masses of physical matter. And the curious human thing is that it fails to rouse the imagination of the town. It cleaves through the town, and yet is utterly foreign to it, having been estranged from it by the slow evolutionary process. All those tram-cars roll up over the horizon of Westminster Bridge, and cross the flood and run for a mile on its bank, and not one man every tenth tram-car gives the faintest attention to the state of the river. A few may carelessly notice that the tide is "in" or "out," but how many realize the implications? For all they feel, the river might be a painted stream! No wonder that the touts crying "Steamboat! Steamboat!" have a mournful gesture, and the "music on board" sounds thin, like a hallucination, as the shabby paddle-wheels pound the water! The cause of the failure of municipal steamers is more recondite than the yellow motor-cars of the journals which took pride in having ruined them. And the one satisfactory inference from the failure is that human nature is far less dependent on non-human nature than vague detractors of the former and devotees of the latter would admit. It is, after all, rather fine to have succeeded in ignoring the Thames!

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Poems About San Francisco

XCV—THE CHARIOTS OF THE GODS

By Charles K. Field

(Charles K. Field, the editor of *Sunset*, contributed the following to the first issue of that magazine after the fire, the issue of June-July, 1906. The stanzas were illustrated with comic pictures by Bert Igoe, now an illustrator in New York.)

O Lares and Penates,
Ye household gods we prize,
Who smile on family parties
And weep o'er broken ties;
Now pour we due libation
And gratefully admire
The homely transportation
That saved you from the fire.

Time was, in ease ignoble,
Our eyes were dazzled by
The costly automobile,
The horses stepping high;
In strenuous life forgetful
Of what the simple brings,
Half thoughtless and half fretful,
We scorned the little things.

O household gods, surviving
The flames that swept us bare,
At new-built shrines arriving,
Preside benignly there,
While we, whate'er our station,
Unstintingly admire
The precious transportation
That saved us from the fire!

This chief among disasters
Now suddenly reveals
Whatever goes on casters
May serve the turn of wheels;
For, oh, when it behooved us
To flee the fated town,
'Twas furniture that moved us,
From the four-poster down!

Oh, well for them whom Teddy
Had praised for progeny!
With baby-buggies ready
They fled from jeopardy;
And many there had reasons
Old Santa Claus to bless,
With toys of by-gone seasons
For family express.

The Spectator

The Busting of the Trust

"Did you see how we put the cement trust out of business?"

The speaker was that incorrigible philosopher who winds the ferry clock, and who is said to be the most efficient representative of the Johnson administration.

I had read something about the busting of the cement trust, but I was eager to learn as much as possible of the details, and the clock winder, enthusiastic over the triumph of the powers at Sacramento gave them to me with pleasure.

"It was like this," he said, "we drew up very simple specifications. They filled only one sheet of paper, and then we gave the cement companies about a week to put in bids. Naturally they were taken off their feet. Here was a contract for over a million dollars' worth of cement, and the specifications so simple and the time so short that every mother's son of them got suspicious."

"Well what happened?" I asked. The clock winder was beaming on me with an air of triumph. He assumed that he had made the matter perfectly plain. "What happened?" I repeated.

"They didn't bid," he replied.

Who didn't bid?

"The big companies. That's how we busted the trust—took it by surprise, bowled it over with astonishment, floored it with amazement. By the time the trust came to, the bid of the only company that wasn't in the trust was accepted. And do you know how it was that company wasn't in the trust?"

I confessed my ignorance.

"It wasn't in the trust because it wasn't in existence. See?"

A Vindication of the Short Ballot

Having thus transfixed me, the clock winder rambled on. "Now you can understand why we want the short ballot."

What connection there was between the short ballot and the busting of the cement trust I could not conceive. The clock winder perceived my perplexity, and kindly turned on the light.

"This is what I mean," he said; "when we have the short ballot the whole responsibility of government will always be on the shoulders of the Governor. Of course it's practically that way now, but only by accident. The Secretary of State isn't with us, but he can't have anything to do with cement. But suppose the Governor didn't have an air-tight cinch on things; suppose there was somebody who had the authority to see that cement was cement; do you think it would be so easy to bust the trust? Not on your life. In the first place the specifications would be different, and in the second place the low bidder might be a little nervous. He wouldn't be dead sure but that some emissary of the trust might be curious about the quality of the cement. There's nothing like having the government run like a happy family. I'll bet you that's the way the government was run down at Long Beach when the city built that pier. Outside interference is terrible. Why even now, though we have the situation well in hand, there are geezers going round saying they knew who was going to get that contract before the bid was in. And mark what I say: before long you'll hear of somebody suggesting a family connection between the Administration and the company that helped us bust the trust. Idle suspicion is the torment of honest men's lives."

It All Depends

"Speaking of cement," said the clock winder, "of course you've heard Jim O'Brien's story of the concrete mixer." As I hadn't heard it he went on to explain that the story was timely in view of the leaks in the high pressure system and the collapse of the pier at Long Beach. "The concrete mixer," he said, "was being examined by the civil service commission. One of the commissioners was a contractor for whom the applicant for a civil service job had worked both on private and on public jobs. This commissioner asked the man what proportion of cement was used in making concrete. The applicant regarded

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his questioner for a moment and then asked, 'F'r you Mister Flannagan or f'r the city?'

The Cremation of Joaquin

The ceremony of committing Joaquin Miller's ashes to the funeral pyre on The Hights last Sunday was not one of unmitigated solemnity. Drove of people who attended merely to gratify their idle curiosity helped to spoil the effect, and some of the principal actors in the funereal drama contributed comic interludes that were no less diverting because wholly unintended. And then there were the pestiferous moving picture men. These worthies took an interest entirely professional in the proceedings. They regarded the spectacle as a good show, estimating it entirely in terms of the nickelodeon box office. They reeled off films and orders at one and the same time. "Get out of the way!" "Look this way, please!" "Stand a little to the left!" These and other raucous calls jarred the sensibilities of those who had come to honor the great poet of the Sierras. But what cared the movie men? They got their pictures.

The Japanese Poet

One of the actors who whetted the sense of humor of the spectators was Takishi Kanno, the Japanese poet-protege of Joaquin Miller. Kanno was amazingly attired for the ceremony. He wore the top boots that Joaquin used to affect, blue serge trousers, a silk shirt and a tuxedo coat. In the midst of the ceremony he appeared in the reserved space with his wife, the sculptor Gert-rude Boyle who was attired in a purple kimono and whose arms were filled with books. These proved to be copies of Kanno's masterpiece, "Creation Dawn: A Vision Drama," a lengthy poem on which Kanno had been at work for years and which he brought out in a memorial edition for the occasion. Mrs. Kanno distributed copies to all the Bohemians present. Meanwhile Mrs. Miller was watching the flames of the pyre with rapt attention. "How Joaquin would have enjoyed this!" she exclaimed; "he loved flames!" Juanita Miller, Joaquin's daughter, nodded assent.

Joaquin's Ashes for Souvenirs

The ashes of the poet were not actually scattered to the breezes of The Hights. At the conclusion of the literary exercises the funeral pyre was lit and John P. Irish, visibly moved, committed the ashes to the flames. Later on, when the funeral fire had been extinguished with wet gunnysacks, an attempt was made to collect the twice-burned ashes in a bucket. But the souvenir hunters rushed the pyre in serried ranks and scooped up handfuls of the dead poet's mortal remains in pieces of newspaper. When these

ghouls got through there were not many ashes left for preservation by the widow and daughter. But what were left went into an urn. Doubtless Mrs. Miller and her daughter felt that they had complied closely enough with the directions Joaquin left for the disposition of his mortal part. No doubt they hesitated to carry out his wish to the ultimate letter. It has happened but rarely in San Francisco and hereabouts that ashes have actually been scattered to the wind or the waves. The bereft are seldom equal to such a sacrifice of the last link holding their dead to earth. Near the Miller funeral pyre there is a vault with grated door and windows. Some thought that the ashes overlooked by the souvenir hunters were to be preserved there. But it was explained that this vault was Juanita Miller's favorite place for meditation and composition.

Brutality in the Jury Room

Do some men cease to be human when they become grand jurors? Does the instinct of the hunter destroy the instinct of humanity? One is tempted to believe so, learning of the things that happen in the grand jury room. There is a deal of brutality shown there. The men who show it are not such as we should ordinarily call brutes. The grand jury system unsettles their equilibrium for the time being. Perhaps when they get outside in the clean open air they blush for some of the things they have done in the grand jury room. It is a curious and difficult study, this of the special psychology of the grand juror. Let us take an instance. During the early stages of the police and bunco investigation Lallo Pellegrini disappeared from the city. As he had been the proprietor of a hotel in the Latin Quarter where the buncomen made their headquarters the District Attorney was anxious to capture him. So his daughter Vanda, a girl of fourteen, was summoned before the Grand Jury and quizzed as to her father's whereabouts.

A Child on the Rack

Here is the report of the inquisition to which the little girl was subjected:

Q. Where is your father now?

A. I don't know.

Q. Yes, you do.

A. I do not.

Q. Now, you are under oath.

A. I am saying the truth. I don't know where is my father.

Q. How long since he left San Francisco?

A. I don't know.

Q. When did he leave? You ought to know. Do you know when he left home?

A. No.

Q. You have got an awful short memory. When did you see your father last?

A. I can't remember.

Q. Who told you not to tell?

A. No one.

A Grand Juror. What did your father say in that letter the other day?

A. He didn't write no letter.

Q. How did you find out where he was?

A. I don't know where he is

Q. I mean your mother.

A. I don't know. I can tell you the truth, that I don't know.

Q. How do you know he never wrote a letter?

A. I don't know if he wrote a letter. If he wrote a letter he didn't write it to me. If he wrote to mother, why, mother would show it to me.

Q. Your mamma wouldn't tell you, "Your father sends his love" or anything like that?

A. No.

Grand Juror. Did you hear your father was murdered last week?

Unnecessary Torture

At this point, I am told, the little girl broke down and cried. I don't wonder. Let me explain for the benefit of those who are not familiar with the case that there was absolutely nothing to indicate that Lallo Pellegrini had been murdered. There was not even a rumor that he had been murdered. The grand juror who put the question to Vanda Pellegrini was merely trying to frighten her. He evolved the question from his own brain with no shadow of fact to base it on. It was that grand juror's idea of the way to deal with a rascalitran witness. He reasoned that if he could make the child think that her father had been murdered she would speak more freely. That grand juror probably thought that his question was a triumph of cross-examination. It was actually a triumph of unmitigated cruelty. It showed what a distorted viewpoint a grand juror may arrive at in his great enthusiasm for the public weal.

During the Summer season "TOWN TALK" subscribers are requested to send in promptly any change of address that they may contemplate making, so that the paper will reach them regularly.

The Exposure of Ellen Stone

We all remember the furore which was caused in the autumn of 1901 by the news that Miss Ellen Stone, a Protestant missionary from Boston, had been captured by Macedonian bandits and was being held for ransom in the fastness of the hills. The news ran around the world like wild fire, but the United States was particularly stirred. Everybody knew what bloodthirsty and wanton rascals those Macedonian bandits were, and newspaper readers shuddered at breakfast every morning when they read the lurid accounts of what might be happening to the middle-aged woman who was a prisoner in the inaccessible wilds. Then came the intelligence that her captors would release her on payment of a ransom of \$110,000. Steps were immediately taken to raise the money. Negotiations were undertaken

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with the brigands who finally consented to reduce the amount to \$65,000. This sum was raised in the United States by popular subscription, purses opening everywhere to the appeal made in the name of humanity and religion. After she had been a prisoner for six months the ransom was paid and Miss Stone was set free. Now after twelve years Miss Ellen Stone has been exposed as a faker. Her capture, it turns out, was a frame-up to which she was a party.

Lieutenant Wagner's Statement

The exposure of this amazing piece of trickery is made by Lieutenant Hermengild Wagner in his recent book "With the Victorious Bulgarians." Lieutenant Wagner was the correspondent of the Vienna Reichpost during the recent war in the Balkans. He was the most successful war correspondent in the field. During October and November when the Bulgarians were sweeping the Turkish forces out of Thrace and down to the Chatalja lines before Constantinople the world depended almost exclusively on Lieutenant Wagner for the news of what was happening. He is a man of standing, a recognized authority in all matters pertaining to the Balkan troubles. Reviewers agree that his book "With the Victorious Bulgarians" is the best work on the war that has so far appeared. Judge therefore of my surprise when, reading his chapter on the part which the Macedonians played in the preparations for war, I came across this passage:

Boris Sarafoff was at the head of the committee at Sofia, and was working with feverish energy. He had many supporters, even among foreigners, and an American lady, Miss Stone, who had made common cause with the Revolutionists, arranged that she should be captured by a Macedonian band in the hills of Turkey, in order that the heavy ransom paid by America for her release might go to increase the cash in the military chest of the hoped-for rising.

Hypocrisy and Lies

You may recall that after her release Miss Ellen Stone made a tour of the United States lecturing for the W. C. T. U. on her experiences among the brigands. She visited this city in 1903 and her lectures were attended by throngs who thrilled at her account of the awful imprisonment. Miss Stone also contributed a series of articles to McClure's in 1902, setting forth the whole story in elaborate detail. To refresh my mind I looked over this series of magazine articles the other day. In the light of Lieutenant Wagner's statement it becomes an amazing piece of imaginative literature. It is fit to rank with the work of Baron Munchausen and the polar story of Doctor Cook. Through it all runs a canting strain of religious reflection which now excites the liveliest disgust. Miss Stone couldn't keep the Almighty and the Bible out of her story.

She told us that during all those six months of captivity her reliance on Divine Providence was the only thing which enabled her to survive. In other words her account of the affair is a texture of hypocrisy and lies. Accepting Lieutenant Wagner's statement, and I see no reason not to, for he is entirely disinterested, nothing less harsh can be said of Miss Stone.

The Toasting of the Spirit

At the dinner given to the Portola Committee at the Cliff House last Tuesday it appeared to be the consensus of opinion that the spirit of San Francisco was the finest spirit to be found anywhere on the map. Toastmaster Charles De Young made the spirit of San Francisco the toast of the evening and judging from the prevailing sentiment and the enthusiasm with which it was applauded it was generally felt that a Portola celebration was exactly what the doctor ordered to keep the spirit of San Francisco from languishing. Samuel M. Shortridge apostrophized the spirit of San Francisco in noble language and also in humorous vein. He was in fine rhetorical fettle, bubbled over with witticisms and warmed the gathering with his eloquent language and apposite observations. Burr McIntosh touched a responsive cord in the hearts of many when he said that what San Francisco needed was a dinner club imbued with the spirit of the Gridiron Club, and that he knew of no body of men better qualified to indulge in critical frolic than the one that has been giving monthly dinners at the Cliff House. There were a few men present who were ready to start the fire under the gridiron there and then. Mayor Rolph being present it was really an excellent occasion for a short prayer to the spirit of San Francisco, a prayer for forgiveness accompanied by an expression of contrition and a resolution expressing a firm purpose of amendment. For of late joy has not been unconfined in San Francisco. The revered spirit to the contrary notwithstanding there have been concessions to the Philistines and Pharisees. Mayor Rolph appeared to divine the thoughts of the banqueters, because when called upon he affirmed himself the friend of the spirit of San Francisco, and he said he was not for giving it knock-out drops or words to that effect. But he was cautious; he spoke of the "wholesome spirit" doubtless meaning "chemically pure." In no small measure was the exuberance of spirit at the banquet due to the vocalization of Joseph Fredericks, the former grand opera tenor, who is now a resident of this city. A sweet voice and a cultivated one has Fredericks, and there is soul in his singing.

Rumors About Hearst

Every little while somebody starts the rumor that William R. Hearst is about to establish an evening daily in San Francisco. Several times according to rumor he had about completed negotiations for the purchase of the Bulletin.

Of late it was the Post he was going to buy, but the Post is not for sale. And once more one hears that Hearst has designs on the Bulletin.

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While the Bulletin is now a paying property, Mr. Crothers it is said does not relish the idea of having a Hearst paper as a competitor in the evening field, and it is believed that he would rather sell than see Hearst start a brand new journal. But all this is only gossip. Examiner authorities say that Hearst doesn't want any more papers in California.

The Federal Judgeship

Judge William P. Lawlor is said to be out of the running for the Federal judgeship. Secretary Bryan was expected to get the appointment for the little judge, but the protests sent on from this city are said to have staggered the President and the whole Cabinet. Even Secretary Lane, I am told, has been called off. The protests, singular as it may appear, did not emanate from the faction that opposed Lawlor in his political campaigns. The authors of them were men who but a short time ago believed there was no hostility to Lawlor except among lost souls. Some of them I am told are now in favor of a judge who has been in some danger of impeachment. During the recent session of the Legislature a bill was introduced calling for an investigation to ascertain if any judges were addicted to the practice of making false oath when cashing their salary warrants. Judges are prohibited by law from drawing their salary if they have had any case under advisement more than a certain length of time. Now it is said the object of the bill was to expose a certain judge. As I haven't heard anything of the bill since it was introduced I presume it was kindly smothered.

Fitch on the Japanese

"When I started out," says George Hamlin Fitch in his new book "The Critic in the Orient," "it was with a strong prejudice against the Japanese, probably due to my observation of some rather unlovely specimens I had encountered in San Francisco. A short stay in Japan served to give me a new point of view in regard to both the people and the country of the Mikado. It was impossible to escape from the fact that here is a race which places loyalty to country and personal honor higher than life, and this sentiment was not confined to the educated and wealthy classes but was general throughout the nation." Mr. Fitch observed keenly and studied indefatigably during his tour of the Orient. His pages are uniformly interesting, but what he has to say of the Japanese is particularly important to us at the present time. He was impressed by the tireless industry of the Japanese, and by their general good nature and courtesy. Their obedience to the law struck him as another fine trait. To the pilgrimages which Japanese boys make to the great shrines at Nikko and Nara he attributes the strength of their patriotism. "Church and State are so closely welded that the Mikado is regarded as a god. Passionate devotion to country is the great ruling power which separates Japan from all other modern nations. The number of young men who leave their country to escape the three years' conscription is very small."

Japanese Honesty

We have all heard that the big banks in Japan

employ Chinese cashiers who handle all the money, as Japanese cashiers cannot be trusted. This, Mr. Fitch tells us, is an ancient fiction which should have died years ago. He says the large Japanese banks employ Japanese in all positions of trust and authority, as do all the smaller banks throughout the empire. That the Japanese do not hesitate to repudiate a written contract Mr. Fitch finds explicable by reference

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THE WATER-FRONT AT CANTON

A general view of the Pearl River and the Canton Bund, showing the enormous floating population on the river. This is one of the illustrations in "The Critic in the Orient" by George Hamlin Fitch, published by Paul Elder.

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to ancient customs and the fact that, trade and tradesmen being held in contempt by the old Samurai, business fell into the hands of the lower classes who did not share the keen sense of honor general among their rulers. Japanese merchants Mr. Fitch found as honest as merchants elsewhere. Mr. Fitch's observations on the deterioration which may be looked for in Japanese character during the next half century owing to the materialist tendency of education are arresting and illuminating.

A Pleasant Book

This whole work of Mr. Fitch's is very interesting. His tour of the Orient carried him to China, Japan, Manila, India and Egypt. As his mind was saturated with books on all these countries he was on the look-out always for something new and worth describing. While he followed the beaten path for the most part, he saw things which less keen visioned travelers overlooked. There is no dull page in "The Critic in the Orient." Paul Elder has given it a beautiful dress, one of the most attractive he has fitted to any book on his long list of worthy publications. There is an innovation in the distribution of the illustrations. They are arranged in groups at the end of the text which they refer to. Thus they do not break into the sequence of the text. The illustrations are splendid and splendidly reproduced. Some of those relating to Japan and India are from the fine photographic collection made by that ardent cameraman Isaac O. Upham.

Hopper and Goodwin

When does a man's capacity for romance die? At the first touch of senility? Or may the romantic viewpoint, because it is irrational, persist when the intellect is decadent? Can an old chap have fatty degeneration of the brain and still sport a heart worth losing to a maid? Is there no time limit on love? It's a hard question. De Wolf Hopper can still caper like a kid. Nat Goodwin, Hopper's senior by one year, is pretty old in the arteries and joints. Both have just said "I do" for the fifth time. They are therefore optimists, but are they also commendable? Is marriage simply a habit with them? If so they are entitled to little credit. If on the other hand they have all these years preserved the virginity of their souls they are wonders. May all their troubles be little ones!

Roosevelt's Libel Suit

If Editor Roosevelt loses his libel suit against Editor Newett it will not be the first time that a man committed the indiscretion of getting a verdict of his peers in support of the judgment of his enemies. Before rushing into a libel suit a man should have a very strong conviction of his own rectitude. If Mr. Roosevelt has this conviction then perhaps he is entitled to much sympathy and much charity. One of the charges made against him by Editor Newett is that he is given to lying. Is it possible that the founder of the Ananias Club believes that veracity is one of his virtues? If so surely Editor Newett, unless he lacks the means to bring witnesses to Marquette, will be able to prove that the Colonel has no more respect for the truth than for the courts or the equator. As to the charge of drunkenness that is something about which the public is not well informed. There has been a good deal of gossip on that subject. I have heard of folk who said they saw the Colonel on a jag, but I can readily believe they were mistaken. In his sanest moments the Colonel cuts capers that might mislead even experts in inebriety. The Colonel has a poison in his system that is a much more powerful stimulant than alcohol, and that does more than the Demon toward making a man the object of ridicule and pity. It is the poison of vanity, otherwise known as the quicksand of reason.

The Oriental Tavern

The Oriental Tavern is the new Chinese Cafe at the corner of Ellis and Powell streets. For the epicure and dreamer of the beautiful it is a surprise. The little place nestles in a spacious basement, and embellished with its quaint, antique Oriental settings, offers a cozy, restful and home-like retreat, where one may retire from the dust and bustle of the day, while soft, soothing Chinese music drifts from stringed instruments through the fragrant opaline tinted air. Silent but quickly moving Chinese maids garbed in their native fantastic habiliments wait. The Chinese chef has had a wide experience in one of the Imperial Palaces in China, and knows the secrets of delicious and fancy Chinese dishes; while the American cooking is under the supervision of one

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200 Days—\$2850. Leave San Francisco **Sept. 20**, Honolulu, Japan, China, Java, Burnmah, India, Ceylon, Egypt, Palestine.

of the most famous cooks of the Pacific Coast. A special lunch will be prepared daily from 11 a. m. to 3 p. m. for merchants and shoppers. Every Friday afternoon a beautiful gift will be presented to lady patrons of this new establishment. The opening night was Saturday, May 24, and there was such a throng of prominent people that many patrons had to be turned away.

Drake Describes New Spirit

At the annual convention of the Pacific Coast Advertising Men held this week in Sacramento Fred H. Drake, the well known advertising expert of San Francisco, created a small sensation on the floor when he defended the morality of San Francisco in answering one of the other speakers.

Mr. Drake said in part:

I am from San Francisco and proud of it. You have heard little talk here of what we are doing, but when you come to our city Saturday you will see what we have accomplished. San Francisco is known as "The City Loved 'Round the World" because she is a big, broad minded, cosmopolitan city of all classes and kinds of people.

There are as many French people and as much French capital in San Francisco as in any other city outside of France. We have the greatest Chinese settlement of any city outside of China, and for many months the capitol of the New Chinese Republic was in our Chinatown. We have the most prosperous Italian quarter, and the German, Portuguese, Japanese and other nationalities are with us in sufficient numbers to make large cities in themselves.

No matter what part of the world you may traverse you will find people who have relatives in San Francisco. Because of this cosmopolitan population we have conditions not found in the strictly American city.

San Francisco is a world city—a shipping and receiving port for the merchandise of the Orient and Occident. With the import shipping comes the sailor. He has probably been on the high seas for months before he lands. He has saved his pay for the pleasure it will bring him while in port. If we did not have a "Barbary Coast" our women and children could not walk any of our streets without fear of insult. As it is they know that if they stay away from that district known as the "Barbary Coast" they will not be molested.

The one great regret we have is that our Barbary Coast is exploited and advertised so extensively to the world by those who conduct slumming parties and those who visit this section of our city. If it depended upon the citizens of San Francisco for its support it would not exist long. The transients are the ones who make it possible.

So when you gentlemen from Spokane, Seattle and Portland come to our city next Saturday to see San Francisco and expect to see a city running over with iniquity and wickedness, you will be sadly disappointed, unless you go down after dark into a certain section. You will, however, see a big, clean, busy metropolis. When you see San Francisco you will, as I said before, see "a city loved 'round the world." Her people are not prudes. If you choose to smoke a cigarette or drink a glass of wine, you may. Our cafes are celebrated for their cuisine, their ap-

pointments and their entertainments. You can have a good time and still have the satisfaction of knowing that you have been a gentleman.

You will find a people 99 per cent efficient. What they are doing and have done is the best example of their ability; a city that raised four and one-half million dollars in a few minutes for a World's Fair and is now preparing a fifty million dollar exposition to tell the world, not of San Francisco alone but of the glories and advantages of the whole Pacific Coast.

Get into the habit of reading TOWN TALK each week. If you don't you'll miss something.

It's Different Here

"Will y' turkey-trot wid me?"

"Who, my deah man, may you be?"

"I'm a tough, and very rough!"

"How enchanting! that's enough.

Though poor Freddie's in a huff,
You may turkey-trot with me."

Leap, squat! Turkey-trot!

Bingo, bango! Dance the tango!

Debutante and Bowery mug,

Whirl and swirl in Bunny-hug.

"How exciting, this is bliss!"

"Betcher life, come closer, Miss!

I'm East Side, and who are you?"

"Can't you guess? Fifth Avenue!"

"I should worry, how d'y do!

Say, Sis, w'd y' miss a kiss?"

Leap, squat! Turkey-trot!

Bingo, bango! Dance the tango!

Debutante and Bowery mug,

Whirl and swirl in Bunny-hug.

Position desired as companion or chaperon to ladies going to Europe. Highest credentials. Address Box 27, Town Talk, 88 First Street, San Francisco.

(Advertisement)

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100 Rooms, with Bath	2.50	4.00
200 " " " "	3.00	4.00 and \$5.00
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100 Rooms, with Bath, Ensuite, on which special summer rates will be made.		

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Hermína Lathrop's Debut

The most interesting debutante of next season will be Miss Hermína Lathrop, daughter of the Charles Lathrops of Palo Alto and niece of the late Mrs. Stanford. She will be the greatest heiress since Helene Irwin made her first bow to society and since she is a bright winsome girl, with pretty unassuming ways, I predict a brilliant season for her. Miss Lathrop lived quietly at the family home near Menlo until she was sent East to one of the fashionable New York schools from which she has just been graduated. With her mother she will return to spend the summer at Palo Alto. Another heiress of the year will be Mauricia Mintzer whose debut has been so long deferred by family bereavements. The announcement of two important heiresses of the coming winter at this early date should give our beaux fair warning. Beyond these two however, and Miss Marie Louise Black, the pretty young daughter of popular Charles Black, there is much indefiniteness about the coming season's buds who can't decide whether to come out or not to come out, for another year.

The Templeton Crocker Palace

The new Templeton Crocker palace with its Italian gardens, I am told, will surpass in beauty and luxury the Carolan estate with its French chateau, and according to those in the confidence of young Mrs. Templeton the grounds will be more lovely than any private park in California. Helene Crocker has definite ideas of the home she wishes to preside over and she has been in no hurry to realize them. On her wedding trip she took Templeton to Italy to see a palace she intended to duplicate at Hillsborough some day, and then and there Templeton engaged architects to plan and give estimates on an imitation. The Crockers have returned to secure certain carvings and mosaics from the palace and other furnishings in Paris. The grounds are at present being laid out and there will be miniature lakes, hanging gardens, marble pools, terraces and fountains to beautify them. "Plenty of water" was Mrs. Crocker's order. The famous Gillespie place at Montecito with the hanging water gardens will be surpassed. Altogether it will be a perfect setting for an Italian palace, rather more suitable than the Nob Hill setting for the Huntington

palace, copied for Colton from a marble palace on Lake Como where its architecture was suited to the broad expanse of water before it and the background of forest. It always had a misfit look in California street. It is just this lack of harmony in house and setting that the Crockers are determined to avoid. With the new Kohl place to cost a cool million there will be three estates in California to rival famous places in the East.

The Whitmans Depart

The Malcolm Whitmans were lunching together at the St. Francis Tuesday and saying farewells to some of their friends. They left last night in their car the "Mishawaka" for New York and after closing the Fifth avenue residence will go directly to Cedarhurst, Long Island, for the summer. Mrs. Whitman looked pretty and piquant as ever and as inconspicuously gowned as she is always. Her severely simple tailored suit was without trimming. Mrs. Walter Martin who was with her in town the other day wore one of the new cutaway effects, a shepherd's plaid skirt of black and white with black coat having collar and cuffs of the plaid. The Whitmans will have as more or less near neighbors on Long Island the Bourke Cockrans, Clarence Mackays and others of the millionaire's set in New York. The Templeton Crockers who have left for Europe will visit Cedarhurst on their return in August according to present plans. The Irwins by the way have not taken a place at Burlingame as some of our bavardes announced. Instead they will remain at their Washington street mansion. The health of Mr. Irwin has not been robust since the operation performed last year at Johns Hopkins hospital in Baltimore and the family has given up plans for a summer in the country.

Deserting Burlingame

The Walter Martins are deserting Burlingame again this year. It has become rather the fashion in the set to desert Burlingame for the summer. Reasons are obvious. It is the time vaca-

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tionists invade the country and sweep down the peninsula to fill hotels or rent places for brief seasons. The roads are full of strange automobiles and at the country club the intimate atmosphere of the winter is gone. Most of the set close their homes or lease them and go abroad. This year the Carolans, Bourns, Crockers and Popes are following their annual custom and doing the continent. The Joseph Sadoc Tobins will seek their ranch in Sonoma County and the Fred Kohls will go to Tahoe. The Martins will be established at the Horace Blanchard Chase place near St. Helena that they occupied last year. They have planned a number of "week-ends" for which invitations have already been extended. Since the introduction of the "week-end" it has become so popular that favorite guests are engaged months ahead.

During the Summer season "TOWN TALK" subscribers are requested to send in promptly any change of address that they may contemplate making, so that the paper will reach them regularly.

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The Genius for Hospitality

Speaking of "week-ends" the most indefatigable hosts are the Josselyns whose beautiful place at Woodside is filled from Saturday to Monday the year round. Several of their friends have standing invitations and it is only necessary to telephone what train they'll be down on or simply to arrive by motor to find quarters and a welcome. The Lorenzo Avenallis are among frequent visitors at this hospitable home. Another place where the British idea prevails is the Sharons' at Menlo where every week-end finds guests and where everyone is as delightfully independent as at an English country-house. There is no grim determination to entertain visitors or die in the attempt, consequently no grim responsibility to seem properly entertained. It is an art, that of being a hostess that not many of our parish set are perfect in. Mrs. Percy Moore is one who is. The guest rooms at her quaint residence at Menlo are perfectly appointed and usually filled for week-ends. Mrs. Will Crocker has a genius for entertaining and one finds an easy hospitality at her home, with all the luxury. "French toilet water at ten dollars a bottle in every bath-room," one guest of last year confided to a friend, with doubtless other toilet luxuries for the fortunate visitors at New Place.

The Painter Girls

Nowhere in society on either side of the bay is there a prettier, dainter or more chic young lady than Miss Janet Painter whose engagement to Dr. Bliss was announced last week. Much interest centers about this coming marriage. Miss Painter has been out only two years, and she has been a sensation from her debut. Besides her other charms she possesses the rare gift of perfect dressing. She and her sister always seem to be "arrayed" where other girls are just "gowned," but the Painter girls' toilettes each time seem to be the most suitable thing—until you see them in something else. They also have the knack of not seeming to be aware of their clothes. Their mother and their aunt, Mrs. Younger, were belles of the same admired type. They were the daughters of the late John Russell. Edgar Painter, father of the bride-to-be, is of the wealthy pioneer Painter family. Dr. Bliss is also of old California stock. The Painters have a beautiful home in Alameda and no doubt the wedding will be a beauteous one. The lovely Pauline Painter will be her sister's maid of honor.

Notes from Del Monte

The Machinery Dealers' Association of California held their annual meeting at Del Monte, as has been their custom in the past. Del Monte is an ideal place for meetings of this kind as there are a great number of opportunities for entertainment. Next week the Electrical Supply Jobbers will hold their quarterly meeting. A golf tournament is a regular feature. On the 7th and 8th of June the Young Men's Institute will arrive in a private car for a pleasure trip. Mrs. Ward Barron, with her little daughter, has

joined her mother Mrs. Downey Harvey for an indefinite stay. Later in the month Mr. and Mrs. Barron will probably leave for a tour of Europe. W. F. Perkins, Miss Ruth Perkins and Miss Maria Hathaway of San Francisco are here for some time. Miss Perkins and Miss Hathaway are excellent riders and during their stay spend most of every day exploring the many beautiful rides around the peninsula. Mr. Perkins is the president of the United Realty Co. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hastings, Mrs. John Breckenridge and F. B. Elkins who motored from San Mateo on Friday had lunch at Pebble Beach Lodge on Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. Chas. E. Green and Mrs. J. Cushing of San Francisco who are spending a couple of weeks motored down the coast toward Little Sur on Sunday and proclaimed it a most beautiful trip. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Miller of Berkeley motored to Del Monte for the week-end. Arthur Vincent motored from San Francisco on Friday in his new Mercer car. Mr. Vincent will golf until Wednesday or Thursday when he will leave for Santa Cruz to play a few rounds before the tournament on Friday. Others who are planning to participate in the Santa Cruz tournament from the peninsula are: Mrs. H. R. Warner, Miss Alice Warner, Miss Jane Hotaling, Mrs. Hughes, Mrs. Evans, Col. W. K. Wright and Lieut. Roscoe.

McClure at Kohler and Chase Hall

The soloist for this Saturday's Music Matinee at Kohler and Chase Hall will be Robert D. McClure, baritone. He has a voice of silky timbre and yet strong enough for dramatic compositions. A feature among his solos will be the Toreador Song from Carmen. Mr. McClure is a great favorite in musical circles. The excellence of these programs has contributed to their increased popularity and Kohler and Chase are entitled to hearty appreciation on account of the enterprise and energy displayed in the compilation of these weekly educational events which add not a little to San Francisco's musical life. It is wonderful that this firm is able to give these recitals free to the public and it is therefore not to be wondered at that the hall is always crowded and that the applause is always generous. The usual excellent instrumental solos for the Knabe Player Piano and the Pipe Organ are again on the program.

Favorite Opera at Tait's

For the novel and unusual in summer decorations go to the Tait-Zinkand Cafe. There the fragrance of summer, faint and illusive, yet permeating every nook and corner, holds one's fancy and suggests the out-of-doors. And in addition, there's a real daily treat in store for patrons at 1, 4, 7 and 11 p. m. At these hours a quartette of rare vocal ability can be heard in selections from that delightful opera Pirates of Penzance. A visit to this delightful cafe is a sure cure for ennui, a pleasing tonic for jaded spirit.

You'll surely miss something if you don't read TOWN TALK regularly each week.

There is something for everyone in a box of "Varied Sweets," our latest package. It is an assortment of all the popular candies—chocolate creams and Mellow Mints, caramels and gum drops. Take a box home with you to-night. It's the real home package. At Geo. Haas & Sons Four Candy Stores.

(Advertisement)

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"THE HEART OF BOHEMIA"

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The Personal Equation

of PARIS, of LONDON, of NEW YORK

By Mrs. Frances Hardin Hess
of I. Magnin & Co.

Photograph by Courtesy of I. Magnin & Co.

To discuss Clothes without referring to the Theater, is an impossible task, for the Theater of France (together with the Races, and the Riviera) is the Exposition des Modes.

While Moliere's "L'Amour et Psyche" does not do much for frocks (because Mlle. Spinnelly's abbreviated tunic nowhere reaches her knees), yet for the new fashion in shoes, this delightful old play is a masterpiece. The Cothurns or Sandals worn by the actors and actresses, are absolutely classic as in the palmiest days of Greece. This gives a pretty touchstone by which to measure all the variants that pose as sandal-shoes in the Fashion World of today.

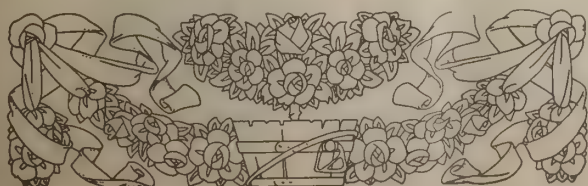
Now sit down and listen very closely! If you are absolutely in the Mode you wear sandals and sandals with no heels. If you have not become so pronounced as to be heel-less, you are at least chic to be wearing low shoes with superb buckles and fancy straps across the ankles. The sandal shoes are hygienic too! The large nerves and blood vessels in the ankles are given full play in the new models and so cold feet are done away with. With the riddance of cold feet will come a consequent return of good health and good complexion. So let's drink to the success of the new Cothurn.

If the French Theater makes the Fashions, the English Court shapes them for Great Britain. When the King and Queen receive, the dress of the party presented must conform to a standard as rigid as the law of the Medes and Persians. And how willing we all are to let England tell us how to make a Court frock! It was originally intended to hold only four Courts this season, but so many want to bow to King George and Queen Mary that June 9 and 10 will see the fourth and fifth Court at Buckingham Palace. June is the Season in London and at that time there will be a world of clothes as exquisite as ever France produced. Different in type is the Dress Question of England, but just as interesting as any one could wish. The average woman in England goes to the National Gallery, stands before some picturesque canvas, says, "I will look like you," and then is off to her dress maker to give orders. The result is a picturesqueness and charm never attained in Paris gowns. Some Englishwomen wear Paris gowns to be sure, and they are as chic as Paris gowns make one, but there is a difference between chic and pretty picturesqueness. There! our space is ending so we will leave you a drawing room topic for discussion—which would you rather be—prettily picturesque or like a fashion plate?



THE ORIGINAL OF THIS GRACEFUL SUIT WAS WORN AT AUTEUIL, BY A WELL-KNOWN PARISIEN ACTRESS

This copy is of peach-colored crepe metere. The belt is in Violet Parme satin. The corsage bow is of Violet Parme tulle held by a rhinestone button. Hat after Georgette in Leghorn with two-toned plumes in peach and helio.



Gossip of the Theatre

The Edwards Indictment

The entertainment that Gus Edwards is giving at the Orpheum this week is said to have been arranged chiefly with a view to booming some of the songs that Mr. Edwards has written. This is in the nature of an indictment. If Mr. Edwards will have me for counsel, I shall advise that he plead guilty and let it go at that. I'm of the opinion that the genius presiding over the bar of public opinion will sentence the song writer to an indefinite term in his present sphere of action. After all there is really nothing intrinsically wrong in the booming of your own wares. Much depends on how it is done. I like the Edwards' way of doing it. Assuredly it is far more pleasing than the Elbert Hubbard way, yet nobody indicted that amiable Philistine when he was at the Orpheum. Not being in touch with the current output of topical songdom or with the literary geniuses that enjoy the supreme felicity of writing the songs of the people, I had no suspicion of the motive of the Edwards' performance till I read of the unmitigated cunning of the unblushing self-advertiser in the daily papers. So I was able to enjoy the performance to the full. It struck me as the best thing that had turned up in vaudeville in many a moon. In my blissful ignorance I supposed it was a musical comedy, and I wondered how the Orpheum could do it; how it could afford to wind up a first class bill with a company of twenty-five people capable of diverting an audience for a whole evening. There is a great variety of talent in this Edwards company, and the performance is wonderfully compact of color and action. I hope it enables Mr. Edwards to sell a few songs. The Orpheum bill is one of exceptional merit. It includes Laddie Cliff, the English comedian, a graceful lad with a pair of astonishingly nimble feet; General Pisano who is undoubtedly a crack shot with nerves almost as remarkable as the confidence reposed in them by the young man who holds the targets; several well-groomed and fetchingly gowned young women with a baby stare, one of whom plays the piano with virtuosity; a farce comedy; colored comedians, and dogs that more than earn their salt.

—Theodore Bonnet.

Raymond Hitchcock, Comic Genius

You feel him in your bones. They are sore from laughter when he has been on the stage five minutes. As a laugh lurer he's a genius, is Raymond Hitchcock. There seem to be no limits to his power as a chuckle charmer. The sneezy snicker, the choky chortle and the hoarse ha-ha follow wherever he goes. He calls good spirits from the vasty deep of the playhouse, and they certainly come when he does call to them. Gloom flies his funny face, and mirth reigns supreme over his slightest gesture. Truly this is a man in the good graces of the ruddy god of cachinnation. And he is independent of his libretto. He doesn't lean on the author for his comicality. He has a funny way of saying serious things. Defunct jokes take new life when he handles them. He cracks chestnuts with infectious gusto. "The Red Widow" would be negligible without him; with him it's a scream. He does more for it in an hour than Channing Pollock and Rennold Wolf, book-maker and lyricist, and Charles Gebest, composer, accomplished in all the time they devoted to its construction. Towards the plot which was laboriously shoe-horned into its three

acts Raymond displays the most complete indifference. He turns his back upon it, and his way is down a long lane of laughter that has no turning. And he gives brimming measure, does this merchant of merry wares. Unlike Eddie Foy who seemed to think that a comedian of established fame should not burden himself with work, Raymond spent the greater part of his time on the stage instead of in his dressing room. When he came out for a curtain speech he delivered a monologue, a longer monologue than Ezra Kendall of pleasant memory ever gave us 'tween the acts. That monologue was all Raymond's own, and it was funnier than anything in the piece. His comic method proclaims him an artist of the utmost finish. He pares away the unnecessary word and the useless gesture. He has the gift of subtle suggestion. Some of his best hits you must catch on the fly or they are gone forever. If you do not laugh with Raymond you have a grouch that can't be cured.

—Edward F. O'Day.

"Johnny" a Hit at Tivoli

"When Johnny Comes Marching Home," the Stanislaus Stange-Julian Edwards military spectacular comic opera, is breezing along right merrily at the Tivoli Opera House and since the brilliant opening night of last week old and new patrons are flocking in the direction of Eddy street, where a splendid cast of principals, a large and well trained chorus, a fine orchestra and a production thoroughly satisfactory in every respect are offered at the same popular scale of prices that prevailed before the fire. Every one of the new singers has become an immediate favorite, while Sarah Edwards and Teddy Webb, who number their admirers here by the thousands, are more popular than ever. Although "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" is the biggest kind of a hit, it will probably be withdrawn after next week to make way for "The Serenade," Victor Herbert's best comic opera. The only matinees at the Tivoli are on Saturday and Sunday.

European Craze at Orpheum

The Orpheum announces for next week a bill with six entirely new acts. Madam Olga Petrova is one of the most beautiful of women and a European craze. In "Comedy and Tragedy" she portrays many emotions and does a number of imitations. Daniel Frohman for his first vaude-

ville venture will present "Detective Keen," a little drama in which Arthur Hoops has the leading part. It was written by Percival Knight, and was originally produced at the Actors' Fund Benefits last season in New York, Chicago and Boston. William Lytell and a capable little company will appear in a farce of which he is the author entitled "An All Night Session." Lytell is the father of Bertram Lytell. Ollie Woods is the principal member of the Woods and Woods Trio who will introduce a novelty pantomime, "An Elopement by Wire." Bogert and Nelson will appear in the funny act, "The Busiest Day of His Life." The Cromwells are two fast and furious jugglers. There will be new Edison Talking Moving Pictures and the only holdovers will be Kramer and Morton and Gus Edwards and His Song Revue of 1912.

Another Week of "Hanky Panky"

Lew Fields' "Hanky Panky" made a big hit during the first week of its engagement here. It was well received when first presented Sunday night at the Cort and has scored heavily at every performance since. The combination of four California favorites, the funniest girl on the stage, a chorus of the best, snap, life, dash and fun from start to finish has caught on. Christine Nielsen who started her musical career in this city four years ago, is being royally welcomed. Harry Cooper has played San Francisco for almost twenty years. Bobby North was a great favorite when he starred in "The Follies of 1910." Max Rogers, of the famous Rogers brothers, is funnier than ever in this show. Myrtle Gilbert, daughter of Billy Gilbert of Gilbert and Goldie, born and brought up here, returns after an absence of seven years. Florence Moore is perhaps the funniest woman on our stage. "Hanky Panky" continues next week.

What Cort Has in Store

John Cort who was in town for a few days the early part of this week after an absence of nearly a year in New York, announces an extraordinary series of bookings for his theatre here. For the first time the theatrical magnate will be enabled to offer an uninterrupted summer of the biggest theatrical attractions that the foremost Eastern producers have to offer. Because of the oppressive Eastern heat most of the worthy road attractions are closed during the summer, but Mr.



SCENE FROM "THE RED WIDOW" NOW PLAYING AT THE COLUMBIA.

Cort, through the success last season here of the Gilbert and Sullivan Comic Opera Company particularly, has convinced the New York managers that San Francisco is the ideal place for summer shows. The Messrs. Shubert will send out "The Passing Show of 1912" by special train direct from Philadelphia, and John Mason, Eva Tangway, "Everywoman," and the Gilbert and Sullivan forces are to furnish summer entertainment. Mr. Cort has his theatre booked solid to June 21, 1914. In addition to the above the following attractions of note will be presented here: "Ready Money," "The Bird of Paradise," "The Merry Countess," "The Girl of My Dreams," Kitty Gordon in "The Enchantress," Annie Russell in a repertoire of English plays, William Faversham in "Julius Caesar," "Bought and Paid For," "Within the Law," "Little Women," Robert Mantell in Shakespearean repertoire, Gertrude Hoffman, Gaby Deslys, Trentini in "The Firefly," "The Blue Bird," Harry Lauder, "Fanny's First Play," "The Purple Road," "The Five Frankforters," "The Whip," "The Passing Show of 1913," Sothern and Marlowe in Shakespearean repertoire, and Anna Held and Lillian Russell, each at the head of a monster road vaudeville show under the management of Mr. Cort.

Nazimova Is Coming

Raymond Hitchcock begins his second and last week at the Columbia Sunday night. In her latest role, Mrs. Chepstow, in "Bella Donna," which James Bernard Fagan has adapted to the stage

Pantages Theatre

Market Street, Opposite Mason

Week Commencing, Sunday, June 1st

JULIE RING & CO. in the Frenchiest of Farces, "The Man She Met"; TEMPLE QUARTET, 4 Men from Melody Lane; CARL STOCKDALE & CO., "The Last Flash"; LELLIOTT BROS., the Merrie Musicians; JOE CARROLL, a Jovial Jester; THREE FLYING FISHERS; Demons of the Air; LEON WADELE, Delineator of Feminine Types; COMEDY PICTURES.

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"THE HEART OF MARYLAND"

An Elaborate Scenic Production. Farewell Appearances of Alice Fleming and Kernan Cripps

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Matinees: Thursday, Saturday and Sunday

To Follow: Leo Ditrichstein in "The Concert."

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"THE RED WIDOW"

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Monday Night, June 9th—Charles Frohman present MME. NAZIMOVA in "BELLA DONNA," Her Greatest Dramatic Triumph

CORT Leading Theatre

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SECOND BIG WEEK STARTS SUNDAY NIGHT

LEW FIELDS' ALL-STAR CAST

In the Melodious Jumble of Jollification

"HANKY PANKY"

Max Rogers, Bobby North, Harry Cooper, Clay Smith, Christine Nielsen, Myrtle Gilbert, Virginia Evans, Flo May, (William) Montgomery & Moore (Florence)

Nights, 25c to \$2. Entire Orchestra at Wednesday and Saturday Matinees, \$1.00. Gallery at all Performances 25c.

from the widely read novel by Robert Hichens, Madame Nazimova is said to have scored a triumph. In adapting the novel to the uses of the stage, Mr. Fagan, it is stated, has followed the book very closely, so much so that the play is most interesting even to those who have not read the novel. Mrs. Chepstow is an unpleasant character but in the hands of this remarkable actress it becomes fascinating, it is said. The production which Charles Frohman has made for the play is said to be a particularly elaborate one. Charles Frohman will present Madame Nazimova and her original New York company at the Columbia Theatre for two weeks beginning Monday, June 9.

Bothwell Browne as Cleopatra at Empress

Frank Stafford, assisted by Miss Marie Stone will headline the bill at the Empress next week. He has a skit entitled "A Hunter's Game." "Rox" and "Don," English and Irish setters, are introduced. They are said to be the only dogs ever seen in a field trial on the stage. Specialties by Stafford and Miss Stone enliven the act. Another spectacular feature will be Bothwell Browne in a pantomimic dancing production of the death of Cleopatra entitled "The Serpent of the Nile." Ernest Young and a ballet of twelve girls make up the company. The monologist Al Herman is the third feature. He is billed as "the Black Laugh." Sidney Broughton and Grace Turner, former favorites of "The Red Rose," "The Gypsy" and "The Prince of Pilsen," will present "Just Landed," a tuneful oddity. Moffat-la Reine Company, human dynamos, offer an exhibition of power over electricity in which they play with live wires and demonstrate the working of the X-Ray. W. C. Hoefler is the cycling clown. Lillian Holses is a cultured contralto who will make her debut. She has held many prominent choir positions on the Pacific Coast.

"Heart of Maryland" at Alcazar

There is no finer war play than "The Heart of Maryland" which is to be revived next week at the Alcazar, with Alice Fleming and Kernan Cripps leading an augmented company. Written by David Belasco, it reveals in abundance the wizardry of his stagecraft. Its story was ingen-

uously conceived and is interestingly unfolded, affording opportunities for effective acting by almost every person in the cast and enabling the scenic artists and mechanics to display their best talents. When last presented at the Alcazar, about five years ago, "The Heart of Maryland" exceeded the management's most sanguine expectation by exceeding a fortnight run, and that it will be witnessed by crowded audiences during its revival is certain, for special inducements to attend are offered to all who wear or have worn Uncle Sam's military or naval uniform. Miss Fleming will be seen as Maryland, a part in which she has scored success, and Mr. Cripps as Colonel Alan Kendrick. Others in the cast are Louis Bennison, Lee Millar, Edmond Lowe, Burt Wesner, John A. Butler, Adele Belgarde, Rhea Mitchell and Alice Petak (her first appearance) with about a score in subordinate parts.

Julie Ring at Pantages

Julie Ring and her clever little company will be at Pantages next week in the French farce "The Man She Met." Julie is a sister of that

(Continued on Page 21.)

Orpheum

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SAY YOU SAW IT IN "TOWN TALK"

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Wall street was blue and dull all week and trading in the stock market reached low water mark, though some improvement in underlying conditions took place. In financial circles the necessity for preparing for moving the crops is recognized. If Congress does not adopt some rational plan for reforming the currency and banking systems of the country so that both credits and currency may expand to meet the demand and then contract to more normal proportions when the pressure is relieved the banks will have to do the best they can under archaic laws and receive the usual criticism for doing it. No assurance of help from Europe exists this year, but the way in which European banks have grappled with a very serious situation proves the superiority of the laws and business methods of England, France, Germany and Holland over those of the United States as far as money and banks are concerned. Currency and banking reform mean that the farmer will be able to sell his produce readily and pay lower rates of interest on borrowed money. Such reform means more to him than it does to the New York banks. These banks get along well enough as it is, but the farmer and the average business man suffer. No doubt business is slower, but the amount of freight handled by the railroads and the volume of imports prove that the recession is not serious. If the promise of the present condition of the crops is fulfilled in harvest time consumption will force merchants to buy and mills and factories to make goods. Impending tariff changes make buyers cautious, but this also prevents speculative accumulation of stocks and renders it easy to make adjustments to meet changed conditions. Threats from Washington that those who cut wages and suspend operations in their workshops will be investigated create uneasiness, but they cannot affect the man who closes his mill for lack of orders and their only effect is sentimental. These threats are idle and so is the talk about them. Signs are not wanting that the stock market has discounted the unfavorable developments of the last seven or eight months. In the case of New Haven the reduction of the dividend to 6 per cent. a year was certainly discounted and the stock rallied slightly when the announcement was made. This is a typical instance of the way in which stock markets discount coming events with almost uncanny accuracy. The same is probably true of the readjustment of the affairs of the Harriman Pacific that must be made very soon.

Wheat—The wheat market is in such a puzzling condition it is not easy to decide whether it is weak or strong; in fact, it may be said to be neither one nor the other, or both, for it depends on the viewpoint that is taken of it. From the standpoint of the splendid promise for the growing crop, the situation is unquestionably bearish; the price, however, is not high; in reality it is low,

compared with the other markets of the world, but it has been this way for months past, and now a new harvest is not far away, and as long as it gives such an abundant promise the tendency of the speculative and consumptive trade will be directed toward discounting it, which implies that the producer will market every remnant of his old crop and press the sale of the new, while the miller, the jobber of flour and the exporter will crowd their sales and delay their purchases, all of which turns the machinery of supply and demand in the direction of lower values, unless checked by other contingencies. Nature itself encourages the sentiment, for it is always at its best at this season of the year, but nature cannot be equally bountiful to all kinds of vegetation at the same time, so in the end the actual returns of the harvest fields are quite certain to fall short of early anticipations, and, accordingly, it is usually best to base one's calculations on an average production, whatever the conditions may be in the meantime. A perplexing feature in the situation is that the markets in the United States have so long maintained a pendulum-like swing and have been confined to a range of prices between 88 cents and 93 cents for May wheat, when all the other markets of the world have had so much wider variation in prices, and where there seems to have been a naturalness about them which has been entirely missing in the markets of the United States. This singularity is all the more noticeable because the strained conditions of finances have been far more acute in Europe than they have been in this country. The markets of this country seem to have been subjected to strong contradictory influences. The agitation of the tariff question has unquestionably been a bar to any extensive investment enterprise, and has also disturbed the economic conditions of supply and demand in other ways, which has resulted in keeping values to a low minimum compared with other markets of the world; accordingly there has not been sufficient leeway for any lower prices than have prevailed, and no leverage even to maintain them long at the low point.

Corn—In the corn market there is talk of delay in seeding, but we believe it is well to pay no attention, as there is yet ample time for a full acreage to be planted. The demand is sufficient to absorb all the current receipts and to reduce the stock in store. A larger country movement is expected soon, but a larger demand is anticipated to meet it. Over and above all other considerations is the high price of hogs and cattle, which admits a value to the farmer of 85 cents for farm feeding purposes. As long as these conditions exist any material recession in prices will check receipts, enlarge the demand and encourage investment purchases.

Cotton—The predicted revival in the demand

for raw cotton to come with the close of the Balkan War has failed to materialize, and indications are that no improvement of importance in the inquiry for cotton can be looked for until next season, as the Balkan States are in need of funds to restore general conditions, government and commercial, and are said to be in the market for the largest loan of capital ever recorded in



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SAY YOU SAW IT IN "TOWN TALK"

the history of the world. In the meantime the weather in the South, especially in the eastern portion of the belt, has been more favorable for the new crop, and additional beneficial rains have been had in Alabama, the Mississippi Valley States and the Southwest, while further showers are predicted in all sections of the cotton region, according to the weekly weather forecast. With the passing of each day the trade is being brought closer to the maturity of the new crop, the influence of which will soon be felt in the contract markets of the world and will serve to break the deadlock that has been in existence so long, resulting in more activity, but, we are afraid, at the expense of values. According to the general idea the crop is below the normal in condition, owing to the claim that the weather has been too cool in all sections, and too dry to permit germination of a considerable acreage in Alabama and the South Atlantic States. The splendid condition of the crop in the central and western portions of the belt has been overlooked, and the chances are that the unfavorable crop accounts from the Southeast have been exaggerated as to the lateness of the start east of the Mississippi. Cotton has long since been reported chopped out in South Alabama and South Georgia, and Greenville, South Alabama, reports cotton squaring there already. Southern Louisiana and South Mississippi report the crop well advanced on a largely increased acreage, and blooms have been reported from Southwest Texas. All of which denotes the crop to be on time. As is reflected by the large stocks at the counted interior towns, 336,000 bales, against 247,000 last year, the South is carrying a very large quantity of cotton at the uncounted towns, and if the weather remains favorable it will be a serious mistake to carry this cotton longer and entail further expense.

Varied Types

(Continued from Page 6.)

only refer you to what the Mayor said when you interviewed him."

This is what Mayor Rolph said in Town Talk of March 8:

"I think the Municipal Clinic is one of the best institutions we have. It does a great work of charity as well as of cleanliness. After hearing the arguments pro and con I am more in favor of it than ever."

The action of the Police Commission in withdrawing the policemen detailed to the Clinic followed a conference with the Mayor. The commissioners say they are still in favor of the Clinic. The Chief of Police is in favor of it. The District Attorney is in favor of it. Is the Mayor such a tower of strength in the Clinic's protection as Doctor Rosenstirn seems to think? I'd like to wager a nickel against a municipal bond that Doctor Rosenstirn suspects who went back on his publicly expressed opinion.

It is late in the day to repeat the arguments in favor of the Clinic. They are accessible to all who are of an investigating turn. But it is interesting to learn from Doctor Rosenstirn that many American cities are considering the advisability of following San Francisco in this reglementary innovation. Requests for data concerning the Clinic have come from the Boards of Health of New York, Chicago, Cincinnati, Detroit, Newark, Chattanooga and Sacramento. It is also worth remembering that the percentage of disease among new registrations at the Clinic is from five to eight times as great as among old registrations. Among new registrations from 250 to 400 per thousand are found to be diseased. Among old registrations about 50 per thousand are found to be diseased.

The records of the Clinic have been a valuable aid in the hunting down of criminals. Five min-

utes' investigation of the Clinic records enabled District Attorney Fickert to find two girls wanted as witnesses in the bunko cases. Fickert stated that it would have taken days and some hundreds of dollars to trace them if the Clinic records were not available. "That shows the advantage of your system," Fickert told Maguire.

Doctor Rosenstirn, after discussing reglementary measures, their necessity and their splendid results, called my attention to the following statement made by late Secretary of War Stimson concerning the virulence of venereal diseases in the army:

"I believe that the ultimate causes which make the record of our army in this respect shameful beyond that of the army of any other civilized nation are inherent in our own shortcomings as a nation in dealing with this matter. So long as in our civil communities, and particularly our larger cities, we continue to close our eyes to the magnitude and extent of the evil and refrain from attacking it with all of the weapons which modern scientific knowledge places in our hands, it cannot but be expected that the younger men in our army, leading the abnormal life of the soldier, will show the effect of the evil to a marked degree."

And Doctor Rosenstirn summed up by saying:

"Too many people have the bad and injurious habit of using arguments of a speculative kind. Speculative creeds and fads like Spiritualism and Christian Science easily gain possession of the American mind. That is the reason good church people do not look facts squarely in the face, and

have not the courage to admit that prostitution exists and try to deal with it so as to minimize its injurious effects. Like the ostrich they bury their heads in the sand and look at the world with the exposed part of their anatomy."

Stage

(Continued from Page 19.)

well known comedienne Blanche Ring, is dainty, beautiful and well gowned. The special feature with the show consists of a trio of athletes, the "Three Flying Fishers." The "Temple Quartet" are classed with the best of vaudeville's singers. Carl Stockdale, a well known San Francisco stock actor returns with a wireless sketch called "The Last Flash." The Lelliott Brothers give music past, present and future. Joe Carroll is a big jovial fun-maker. Leon Wadele is one of America's foremost delineators of feminine types. He also does Egyptian and Grecian dances.

If you like TOWN TALK and are not a regular subscriber, we invite you to enlarge our subscription list. Send us your name and address. By the year \$4.

"What's the matter? You look as if you had lost something."

"So I have. I was sitting in this cafe dozing and dreaming when a champagne agent came in and ordered drinks around for everybody three times—and I slept through it all."



CHRISTINE NIELSEN
The San Francisco soprano, now at the Cort as a member of the all-star cast of "Hanky Panky."

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON PETITION TO MORTGAGE REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 10,921; Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Person and Estate of CARRIE MADELINE COOK, an Incompetent. Morton L. Cook, as Guardian of the person and estate of Carrie Madeline Cook, an incompetent, having filed herein his petition in due form praying for an order of this Court authorizing and directing him to borrow the sum of Fourteen Thousand (14,000) Dollars, or such lesser sum as to the Court shall seem meet, for the purposes of paying the outstanding debts against said incompetent and the debts, charges and expenses of administration and to secure to the lender of such money the payment of the same, that he, as such guardian, mortgage to said lender certain real property of said incompetent situate in the City of Oakland, County of Alameda, State of California, and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

BEGINNING at a point on the Southerly line of 12th Street, distant thereon one hundred (100) feet Westerly from the Westerly line of Clay Street; running thence Westerly along the Southerly line of 12th Street fifty (50) feet; running thence at a right angle Southerly one hundred (100) feet; running thence at a right angle Easterly fifty (50) feet and running thence at right angles Northerly one hundred (100) feet to the said Southerly line of 12th Street and point of beginning.

Being Lots Nos. 12 and 13 in Block No. 156 as the same are delineated and so designated on the map known as Kellersberger's Map of Oakland, on file in the office of the County Recorder of the said County of Alameda, State of California.

And it appearing that it would be and is for the advantage, benefit and best interests of the estate of said incompetent and those interested therein that said real estate should be mortgaged, and good cause appearing therefor,—

IT IS ORDERED that all persons interested in the estate of said Carrie Madeline Cook, an incompetent, appear before this Court, Department No. 10 thereof, in its Courtroom in the Temporary City Hall, No. 1231 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, at 10 o'clock a. m. on Monday, the 2nd day of June, 1913, then and there to show cause why said real estate hereinabove particularly described should not be mortgaged as prayed in said petition, and said petition granted; and

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation published in the City and County of San Francisco.

For all further particulars you are hereby referred to the petition now on file herein.

Dated, April 28, 1913.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,

Judge of the Superior Court.

HELLER, POWERS & EHRLMAN,

Attorneys for Guardian,
Nevada Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

5-3-5

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS:—

THAT I, BEN J. SCHMIDT, DO HEREBY CERTIFY:—

That I am transacting and doing business, as an individual, under the designation of BEN J. SCHMIDT & COMPANY, at No. 35 Sansome Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California;

That I am the sole owner of, and the only person interested in, the aforesaid business, and that my name in full and place of residence are:—

BENJAMIN J. SCHMIDT, San Anselmo, Marin County, California.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand this 2d day of May, 1913.

BEN J. SCHMIDT.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 2d day of May, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Thirteen, before me, T. W. WITTOFT, a Notary Public in and for the said City and County of San Francisco, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared Ben J. Schmidt, known to me to be the same person whose name is subscribed to the within instrument and he duly acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my Official Seal, at my office, in the City and County of San Francisco, the day and year in this certificate first above written.

(Seal)

T. W. WITTOFT,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LILLIAN MAY BROMFIELD, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of Lillian May Bromfield, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at the office of Keogh & Olds, Room 524 Foxcroft Building, 68 Post Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Lillian May Bromfield, deceased.

BENJAMIN THOMAS BROMFIELD,

Administrator of the Estate of Lillian May Bromfield, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 3, 1913.

KEOGH & OLDS, Attorneys for Administrator,

Room 524, Foxcroft Building, 68 Post St.,
San Francisco, Cal.

5-3-5

SUMMONS AND COMPLAINT

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 47,232; Dept. No. 10.

LILLIAN E. LIVINGSTON, Plaintiff, vs. CHARLES LIVINGSTON, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: CHARLES LIVINGSTON, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilfully deserting and abandoning plaintiff for the period of one year, and over, next immediately preceding the commencement of this action and defendant's wilfully failing to provide for plaintiff the common necessities of life for one year, and over, next immediately preceding the commencement of this action, and also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 14th day of February, A. D. 1913.

(Seal)

H. I. M'CREVY, Clerk.

Py W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

ARTHUR E. NATHANSON, Atty. for Plaintiff,

1112 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

5-17-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of KATE S. ISAACS, Deceased, No. 15,357, New Series, Dept. 10.

NOTICE is hereby given by the undersigned, Union Trust Company of San Francisco, executor of the last will and testament of Kate S. Isaacs, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executor at its office at the junction of Market and O'Farrell Streets and Grant Avenue, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as its place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Kate S. Isaacs, deceased.

UNION TRUST COMPANY OF SAN FRANCISCO,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Kate S. Isaacs, Deceased.

By H. VAN LUVEN, Secretary.

Dated: San Francisco, May 17, 1913.

HELLER, POWERS & EHRLMAN,

Attorneys for said Executor,
Nevada Bank Bldg., San Francisco.

5-17-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of PHILIPP SCHLUCHTERER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator with the Will annexed of the Estate of Philipp Schluchterer, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator with the Will annexed at the office of Morrison, Dunne & Brobeck, Rooms 709-722 of the Crocker Building, located at the intersection of Market, Post and Montgomery Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Philipp Schluchterer, deceased.

SIGMUND BERNSTEIN,

Administrator with the Will annexed of the Estate of

Philipp Schluchterer, Deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, May 24, 1913.

MORRISON, DUNNE & BROBECK,

Attorneys for Administrator,

Rooms 709-722 Crocker Building,

San Francisco, Cal.

5-24-5

IN THE SOCIAL SPOTLIGHT

Among the passengers on the North German Lloyd's steamer "Princess Irene" which sailed from New York on May 24 was Mr. Stewart Edward White, the well known American author and big game hunter, who is undertaking a two years' exploration and hunting trip in East and Equatorial Africa. He will have as his companion the famous Cunningham who was Colonel Roosevelt's guide in the latter's hunting expedition in British East Africa.

A most attractive wedding and one of much interest took place at Hotel Coronado on the evening of May 27 when Miss Edith A. Cowles of Washington, D. C., daughter of Admiral and Mrs. W. C. Cowles, became the wife of Leo Sahm, U. S. N. at present attached to the U. S. S. South Dakota. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Barnes, rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, in the green drawing room, which was a bower of palms and white blossoms. The bride who is a handsome brunette was most attractive in a gown of white satin and silver. A reception and supper were enjoyed later in the banquet room, to which a limited number of friends were invited. Among the guests at Coronado during the week have been Mr. H. T. Scott who with G. E. McFarland, O. J. Woodward of Fresno, J. G. Mott of Los Angeles and B. C. Carroll of San Francisco, have been on a business trip to Imperial Valley.

The Beringer Musical Club will give its twenty-sixth public recital, under the direction of Prof. and Mme. Joseph Beringer, on Thursday evening, June 5, at Century Club Hall. Prof. Beringer and Mr. Otto Rauhut will open the program with Grieg's F major Sonate. A new composition for two pianofortes, written especially for this occasion by Prof. Joseph Beringer will be played for the first time, and vocal and piano numbers will be given by Miss Genevieve Holmberg, Miss Maya C. Hummel, Miss Loie Munsil, Miss Arena Toriggino, Miss Irma Persinger, Miss Zdenka Buben and Mrs. H. J. Widenmann.

The Hotel Oakland Bulletin for this week included: Tuesday—Card party in South room for benefit of the West Oakland home. Wednesday—Dinner in the English room for sixteen given by Mrs. G. L. Curtiss. Dinner of St. Philip's Conclave, Imperial, Ecclesiastical and Military Order of the Red Cross of Constantine. Thursday—Mrs. Mark Daniels of Thousand Oaks, Berkeley, gave a card party followed by tea. Display and Ladies' Day of the Oakland Rotary Club at the regular weekly luncheon.

Recent guests at Paso Robles Hot Springs included: James Rolph Jr., wife and children, San Francisco; Geo. E. Haymard, E. Wins, L. N. McDuff and family, Berkeley; H. D. Richards, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Morgan Jr., H. S. Morton, W. B. Bosworth, Oakland; J. A. Chanslor, E. M. H. Claire, Mrs. A. H. Nile, S. L. Akins, E. M. Whit-

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of REBECCA WEISS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executor of the estate of Rebecca Weiss, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executor at the office of James Raleigh Kelly, Room 604, 110 Sutter Street, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Rebecca Weiss, deceased.

JULIUS NEUMANN,

Executor of the Estate of Rebecca Weiss, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, May 3, 1913.

JAMES RALEIGH KELLY, Attorney for Executor,

Room 604, 110 Sutter Street,

San Francisco, Cal.

5-3-5

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Letters**Humorous Sketches**

"Things Mundane" as observed by the Idle Reporter who is Evan R. Chesterman, is a generous baker's dozen of short, humorous sketches on homely and more or less familiar situations, which made their first appearance as contributions to some of the Sunday papers published in Richmond, Virginia. Though a Southerner will be more apt to appreciate fully that condition described as "Deniggerization" and "All-day Meetin's," every householder dependent on hired assistance can understand the demoralization of being suddenly left cookless, or the imperative summons to some sort of holiday-making. "Thirst at the Exposition" relates the tribulations of paterfamilias with a brood of thirteen youngsters all demanding drinks at the Jamestown Tercentenary, where water cost a nickel a swallow, and with our present prospects of an exposition and a dry year on our hands, may become more than a joke. The sketches are bright and well written, the kind of thing that it would seem anyone might do off-hand, but which is apt to defy effort when attempted; easy reading, which is attained by hard work or long practice. From the Neale Company

Of Course She Flew

"What is an angel, mother?" asked a six-year-old.

"Why, dear, it is a beautiful lady with wings who flies. But why do you ask?"

"Because I heard father call my governess an angel," replied the little boy.

"Oh," said the mother. "Well, dear, you watch her and you will see her fly tomorrow."

Vacation 1913

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J. J. GEARY, G. F. and P. A.,

808 Phelan Building, San Francisco

THE WATER SUPPLY: WARNING!

The water consumption in San Francisco now exceeds the safe, dependable supply available for distribution. Until the city or the company can increase the development of sources now owned and install more aqueducts to San Francisco, extreme care must be exercised in the use of water,

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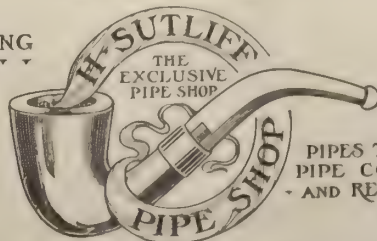
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SAN FRANCISCO

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXI. No. 1085

San Francisco, June 7, 1913

PRICE, 10 CENTS



No Longer Is Electricity A Luxury

There was a time, and not so long ago, when electricity was considered a luxury. Its cost was prohibitive and its use very limited.

Today electricity is a necessity, and as such is within the means of the most moderate income. Twenty-five years ago electricity cost ten times as much as it does today: seven years ago three times as much.

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXI

SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 7, 1913

No. 1085

Published Weekly by
PACIFIC PUBLICATION COMPANY (Inc.)

88 First Street, San Francisco
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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
Chas. W. Raymond.....Business Manager

SUBSCRIPTION—One year, in advance, \$4.00; six months, \$2.25; three months, \$1.30; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), \$5.00 per year. For sale by all Newsdealers.

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The trade supplied direct by us.

For advertising rates address 88 First street, San Francisco.

New York Representative, Frederic M. Krugler, 37-39 East Twenty-eighth street.

Los Angeles Representative, W. R. Baranger, 432 South Main street.

We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

The Actor in Politics

Let us view with mixed emotions the solid three in their picturesque attitude of implacability. Turn on the limelight and let the immobile, uncompromising, unbending and unyielding trio bask in its beams and thrill with the applause of the gallery; that is, if there be any applause. The dramatist is never sure of his public. It often happens that what he regards as his best scene is the least effective. The same is true of the politician. His most carefully staged gallery plays frequently fall flat. So we cannot be sure that those implacable foes of the abhorrent traction monopoly—Koshland, Bancroft and Gallagher—made the hit of their lives when they threw conniption fits at the suggestion that the Sutter street cars be permitted to run to the ferry. It appears they were laboring under a misunderstanding. Permission to run the cars had not been asked for by the corporation. The fact is that many people who are eager to be allowed to transfer at certain points took it for granted that as soon as the controversy between the city and the company was ended the transfer privilege would be granted. They were mistaken. Mayor Rolph had exacted a promise from the company not to run its cars to the ferry until the Geary street cars were running to that point. This request was made not because of any advantage to be derived by the city from holding up the Sutter street road, but because it might be of some political advantage to Mayor Rolph and his confreres to be able to direct the attention of organized labor to the stern, uncompromising attitude which they had assumed toward the corporation that put the carmen's union out of business. But when the company was asked why the cars were not running to the ferry and why the transfer privilege was not granted the explanation was at once forthcoming much to the embarrassment of the Mayor, who became quite eager, when he perceived that he was likely to incur the disfavor of many voters, to release the company from its promise. Hence the polling of the Supervisors by

telephone. Now as it seemed to the implacable trio, whose range of vision is unfortunately narrow, that the only matter submitted to them was a question as to whether a favor should be granted to the United Railroads, they lost no time in having a spasm of indignation. The most serious case was that of "Reservoir" Koshland. In the art of "mugging" this political mummer can give all his associates on the boards cards and spades. He is a Leslie Carter in visible trousers. When questioned on the telephone he began to frothe at the mouth, and his hand being quicker than the eye, nobody saw the cake of soap. "It was an outrage," he shrieked, even to question him on the subject, and the sputtering of him over the wire filled the central office with fright. There are some Supervisors that really earn their money. But as we have suggested the politician never can tell whether his stroke of theatricality is too great a tax on the credulity of the groundlings—not at least till the next time at the polls.

Advice From Willie

"Take a Vacation and Buy Land," runs a headline on the editorial page of the Examiner. Our contemporary we find on reading the editorial doesn't mean city land. The advice it gives is to go into the country during the summer vacation, "to the quiet open places where the wind is cool on the hillside, where the streams sing all day in the sun and the trail lures on to adventure," and there buy land. This is good advice. It is not the time to buy land in the city, for the price is falling and it will keep on falling. There is no telling how far it will drop. Much depends on the success of the Examiner in discouraging and preventing the investment of capital hereabouts and in compelling the raising of assessed value that the bonded debt may continue to soar. The Examiner's editorial appeals chiefly to the real estate agent with country property to sell, and it is intended to appeal to him, to serve as proof that the Examiner is devoted to his interests and should therefore get a large percentage of his advertising patronage. But is the Examiner devoted to his interests any more than it is devoted to the interests of the city real estate dealer who has been finding business somewhat dull of late? We think not, but we also think he is too dull to perceive that he is only being coddled and deluded. We doubt whether he is any keener than the dealer in city property or the dealer in merchandise who goes on fattening the purse of William Randolph Hearst while William pursues the even tenor of his way building railroads on paper and giving people who would like country property all they can do to pay taxes on little homes that are decreasing in value.

Two Mayors—A Contrast

In view of the temper and leisure and zeal of a large body of our citizens of both sexes it is remarkable that our municipal authorities have never been urged to appoint a vice commission. What a broad and fertile field is here for exploitation by commissioners with a consuming passion for the abolition of vice! In New York the necessary imagination was not lacking. The municipal authorities were called on to establish a vice commission, a bill was passed to that end, and it was presented to Mayor Gaynor for his signature. Mayor Gaynor vetoed it. Now it is not likely that Mayor Rolph would thus thwart the efforts of the idealists of this community. Mayor Rolph has affirmed himself to be heartily in sympathy with "the San Francisco spirit," but only when the spirit is on its good behavior; that is, when the spirit is in leash and pleasing to the sensibilities of two or three clergymen who presume to differentiate frolic in its variety. Mayor Rolph is exceedingly deferential to the prejudices of the ostentatiously pure of flesh. We have heard him solemnly affirm his faith in the value of a public institution; heard him declare it to be of exceeding benefit; and seen him close it up because a few pernicious busybodies argued the impropriety of it. A man of sterner stuff than what our Mayor is fashioned of presides at present over the destinies of New York. A stubborn man is Gaynor; a man of logical mind who makes no hairbreadth escapes from his own conclusions; who takes up burning questions without tongs and cools them with a few epigrams. But New York is a large city where not much attention is paid to the parochial outlook on life. There is a care-free spirit in New York, a spirit of abandon that everybody feels and nobody talks about at banquets, for the obvious reason that the obvious is not a popular subject of discussion. The spirit of New York is the metropolitan spirit. It doesn't take the noisy few seriously. It laughs at them, derides them and suppresses them. This spirit finds expression in the press. When Mayor Gaynor vetoed the bill for the establishment of a vice commission the leading newspapers applauded him. He observed that the policeman's business is "to keep outward order and decency," not to go prying into everybody's business and tracking men and women about town in the hope of finding them indulging a habit. And this view of the matter the press has approved. "All good citizens," said one daily, "want to restrain vice, but all sensible citizens know beforehand it is impossible to abolish vice." It is not the sensible citizens who are heeded in this community. We are acting on the theory that vice is like unsanitary plumbing.

The Poet Laureate

Alfred Austin, whose death occurred last

Monday, was the fifteenth Poet Laureate of England. There were poets known as laureates since the days of Geoffrey Chaucer, but before Ben Jonson the laureates were volunteers who assumed the title. All of them were connected with the Court in some official capacity, but the official designation of Poet Laureate did not exist until the office was formally created by James I. Chaucer was Clerk of the King's Works. Sir John Gower was a member of the Inner Temple, and he assumed the laureateship when Richard II, meeting him on the Thames one day, asked him to "book some new thing." Andrew Bernard was Historiographer Royal to Henry VII and preceptor to Prince Arthur. John Skelton was merely the Poet Laureate of Oxford. Few of the laureates are among the great poets of English literature. The greatest of the volunteers were Chaucer and Spenser; the greatest among their successors were Jonson, Dryden, Wordsworth and Tennyson. Alfred Austin was far from being the meanest of the laureates, but when appointed to succeed Tennyson his poetic fire had long been extinguished; by the tuneful nine he had been deserted. So at the time of his appointment the literary folk of England were much chagrined and there was much disappointment among the friends of Swinburne, Kipling and Watson, each of whom was thought to have much stronger claims than Austin on the honor of succeeding Tennyson. But it was not the first time that a poet not of the first rank among the poets of his generation wore the laurel. Think of Davenant being laureate while Milton lived! Colly Cibber was laureate in the days of Pope, and Southey was preferred to Byron. Alfred Austin was a man of considerable reputation as a poet years before his appointment to the laureateship. In his younger days he wrote many noble lines unmistakably revealing the mainspring of high poetry—intense emotion about life. His most ambitious work is a dramatic poem—"The Human Tragedy"—the protagonists of which are Love, Religion, Country and Mankind. There is in this poem much beauty of expression and throughout the work there is great vigor of thought. Austin wrote several strong dramatic poems and some fine narrative poems, but it was as a chronicler of bucolic joys that he was most happy. A typical Englishman, he reveled in the sights and sounds of an English spring. He was on the most intimate terms with the primrose, the daffodil and the cuckoo, and, singular as it may appear, considering the bathos of his laureate effusions his work was well sustained, and he wrote lines that not only "glitter on the eye of fancy" but that leave a distinct impression. He ought to have quit writing about the time that he was appointed laureate. Now that he has passed away speculation is doubtless keen in England respecting the filling of the vacancy. The present monarch in his literary taste is very early Victorian, as is evident from his fondness for the Boucicault and Lytton drama. He is not at all in sympathy with the young literary giants of the day, the most popular of whom is Gilbert K. Chesterton, the artist in

paradox, who has written not much but some very fine poetry. Chesterton's ideas and mental processes are not sufficiently commonplace to suit the temper of the present Court. Of course William Watson is not to be considered, being like Stephen Phillips and Kipling on the decline. The most virile of the younger poets is Alfred Noyes who may suit, being very strong for imperialism and the supremacy of England and the splendor of its achievements. But we shall not be surprised to see the honor go to some unknown Oxford professor.

An Incompetent Judge of Character

Editor Harvey is losing faith in the former idol of his worship. President Wilson is not acting up to the expectations of the man who discovered him and guaranteed him as safe and sound. But Editor Harvey has not lost faith in himself. There has been no diminution of the self-confidence with which he has been going about for years sampling Presidential timber. In the same breath in which he indicates his cognizance of the shortcomings of the man whom he once adored with Boswellian enthusiasm he calls attention to Senator Borah as a likely man for the White House job. It ought to be clear even to the susceptible Harvey that he is not qualified as a guide in such matters. His pretensions as a judge of character no longer inspire us. Knowledge of character, to be real, to amount to a genuine attainment, ought to enable its possessor to apprehend the motives and inspect the interior mechanism of acquaintances; ought to embrace such a view of principles of action, inborn and acquired qualities, natural bias and subjection to influence, as to render possible accurate conjecture of how circumstances will tell on the mind and temper of the individual under inspection. Now Editor Harvey and Woodrow Wilson were chums for years, and the editor never had the faintest inkling as to the qualities of the professor's mind and heart. Yet Mr. Wilson is one of the most transparent of men. Long before his nomination we had no difficulty in taking his measure. We judged him as accurately as we judged Theodore Roosevelt years before he fell from public grace. In these columns of November 2, 1912, which was but a few days before the election of Mr. Wilson, were printed these observations:

"In California as we are constrained to a choice between Colonel Roosevelt and Dr. Wilson, were it not for the privilege of the third term the solution might be left to the arbitrament of the toss up. . . . Many are the shortcomings we can make allowance for in a man of whose intellectual honesty there is no question, and difficult is it to conceive an assemblage of virtues that will compensate for the absence of it. We are made apprehensive therefore the more we reflect on the Hon. Woodrow Wilson's facility in self-stultification. Dr. Wilson may be a very good man, worthy of the Presidency, and of sufficient strength of character to be true to himself in the White House, but if so how unfortunate that he should seem otherwise!"

Perhaps if Editor Harvey read his Town Talk faithfully he would be better fitted for his duties on the tripod.

The Success of "Damaged Goods"

Eugene Brieux's play "Damaged Goods," which was produced in New York as an experiment by a sociological organization is having a long run. As the play is hardly anything more than a thesis in favor of spreading knowledge and abhorrence of a contagious disease it was supposed that it would appeal only to physicians and persons having an academic interest in social problems of a sexual nature. But the play is having an enduring success, much to the gratification of the sociologists, who feel that they are doing something of great educational value inasmuch as the play points out to the young the path in which danger lies and warns people generally against the terrible consequences of the social evil. The average sociologist is a furious dogmatist. There is no problem of man's nature that he is not prepared to solve offhand on its own basis, however narrow. No weighing of the pro and contra for him, for he will hear of nothing but the pro. He will not listen for instance to the suggestion that the Brieux play has not a benign effect on the public mind. The play undoubtedly has the merit of sincerity. Unhesitatingly we salute Eugene Brieux's play as an honest effort to start folk thinking along wholesome lines. We believe his play will bring discomfort to lazy consciences. But we are by no means sure that the law of compensation does not operate with respect to the performances of "Damaged Goods" as with respect to everything else. The play is an audacious exposition of a very unpleasant subject. We very well know that in some circles it is considered evidence of "advanced thought" to discuss this subject, if not in the drawing-room at least in the bosom of the family. This may be the correct view, but it is far from universally acknowledged to be such. Eminent scholars argue that it is a mischievous view. Whatever be the truth there is this to be said,—that persons may take a decadent pleasure in things that savor of the indecencies of life, and that an easy, tolerated familiarity with the unspeakable leads to an irremediable grossness, to the ruin of what gives grace and charm to existence. And we are inclined to think that the enduring success of the Brieux play in New York is not a tribute to the author as a message-bearer; for this play is not a work of art in the sense that an Ibsen play is a work of art. It is more of a tract than a drama. A more thrilling story told with equal lack of technical stage craft could not hold an audience unless it, too, appealed to the prurient. The success of the play in all probability is due to the fact that discussion of it for many months has piqued curiosity. It has been commented on in many magazines, and the whole country knows that theatre managers have been reluctant to produce it because it deals too frankly with a once forbidden topic. We know that books condemned as obscene always have a large circulation. The more people are told of

the indecency of a book the greater becomes the demand for it. May not the same be true of a play? To say that the work is sincere does not assuage the curiosity of the prurient. Now the question suggests itself, Is the unreticence of the pure less harmful than the licence of the impure? It may be that the passion to instruct has the same effect as the impulse to shock. If the success of the Brieux play is due chiefly to an appetite for unreticence touching sexual matters, then the message, however profound the sincerity of it, is not deserving of applause. And, anyway, so far as we can see the play does nothing more than promote the free discussion of sexual matters. What it reveals is something every intelligent person knows, and surely it is useless to try to reach the unintelligent over the footlights.

A Duel With a Dummy

So strong is the theatrical instinct in Theodore Roosevelt that whatever he touches takes on the character of an illusion. Even when he goes into court to vindicate his character the trial gives the impression that it might have been staged by David Belasco; all the court appears to be a stage and all the laymen, lawyers and functionaries merely players. Having witnessed the trial of the Bulletin's libel suit before Judge Maurice T. Dooling, and having seen prominent citizens immersed in frame-ups for several years, perhaps what we conceive to be an intuition for the counterfeit is in reality an obliquity of vision caused by an habitual scepticism. However, it is certain that the wind-up of the libel trial, even though we had been on the scene,

would not have impressed as it did the press correspondent who likened it unto the climax of a powerful drama. To us the whole seemed crude drama. We could have written the scenario of the last act on the second day of the trial. Now we do not mean to say that the Colonel had himself libeled in order to get a juridical certificate of character. But we do suggest that the outcome of the trial may have been known in advance by both parties to the suit; that, in other words, the defendant would have been willing to confess judgment on the basis on which the judgment rests, and that it was practically agreed from the beginning that the trial should take precisely the course it did take and that judgment should be confessed. Admitting this to be true there would be nothing very reprehensible in such a frame-up. The Colonel had undoubtedly been libeled by the accusation of drunkenness, and it was well to settle for all time the widespread falsehoods concerning his use of stimulants; also, to settle them in the most formal and solemn manner. Usually in such cases the plaintiff puts the matter complained of in evidence and puts the burden of proof on the defendant. But in the Roosevelt case the plaintiff preferred to vindicate himself at once affirmatively and negatively; that is, to produce affirmative testimony of abstemious habits and negative testimony as to inebriety. So the trial appeared to be in the nature of what Chesterton calls "a duel with a dummy." And it was like a series of field days for Roosevelt eulogists and worshipers. It was as though the man who has a circumscribed respect for the court was employing the machinery of justice to supply an incontrovertible record

for historians. The result must be gratifying both to the Colonel and his friends, especially as they know that even though we may some day decide to recall decisions we shall not be likely to make the law retroactive. There is only one regrettable circumstance with respect to the trial; a circumstance of omission. As we understand it the defendant charged the former President with being not only an habitual drunkard but an habitual liar. How unfortunate that the Colonel saw fit to take umbrage at only one of the accusations. To be sure in this country where Puritanical ignorance is rampant, more so now than when Matthew Arnold regarded it as an American trait, according to the popular conception of morality a man should drink always for health, never for joy. This horribly irreligious and sacrilegious attitude toward wine is one of the results of a frightful misunderstanding of the essence and scheme of morality. And because of this misunderstanding the trivial vices of the flesh being the only vices that matter there is so little repugnance to the terrible vices of the mind that self-protection against dishonesty has become the paramount task of the individual in the struggle for existence. And so while pondering the apparent anomaly of a former President wholly ignoring the charge that he is a liar and spending days in court to prove that unlike some of the greatest and most revered men of history he never drinks to excess, let us not fail to consider that with all his detonating individuality he is but the creature of his age, deferential to its stupid prejudices and not above taking advantage of its blindness.

Perspective Impressions

Clinging gowns don't cling to women half as tenaciously as women cling to clinging gowns.

It appears that the purpose of tariff reduction is not to make the poor richer but to make the rich poorer.

Congressmen work for the Hetch-Hetchy water bill.—Newspaper headline.

Though the danged thing was wished on us it's no easy matter making it stick.

After looking at the published counterfeit sentiments of the club women who object to the new styles one wonders whether their judgment of style is to be depended on.

"The Geary street road is paying all the charges against it with the exception of the sinking fund."—The Examiner.

And of course the taxpayers will take care of that.

"Every recent contribution of value in this field," says the Rev. George Burlingame; "proves that segregation is a fiction of the police department." Though Dr. Burlingame is a loose talker he makes it clear enough that in his philosophy dissent from his views is evidence of valuelessness. An intellectual giant is George, and the people of the First Baptist Church pay his salary.

What will the Colonel do next to keep himself on the front page?

What has become of the old-fashioned valedictorian who began: "Beyond the Alps lies Italy"?

Take the power from the police and give it back to the people, says Dr. Dille. The doctor's brains seem to be dille-pickled.

The clever woman when she finds a man whom it is worth while to please is able to give the precise suggestion of herself which corresponds with the object of his desire.

A farmer stopped in the furrow to hear that he was heir to ten millions, then went on plowing. This surprises all but millionaires; it makes them envious.

Many think that Christianity is something tragic or grievous. In reality it is a feast.—Excerpt from Rev. P. Andren's Sunday sermon.

But if grape juice is the beverage at a feast isn't it tragic?

Says the Rev. John E. Stevens: "Those persons who signed the petition to submit the red-light amendment bill to a referendum vote of the people are without the grace of God in their souls." But how can John know before he hears the voice of God at the polls?

The report that Caminetti is to resign from the Senate would strike everybody as preposterous were it not known that he has landed a better job.

Folk are just discovering that Supervisor Koshland is not his uncle. That's what he gets for being too noisy.

The unveiling of the Maine monument was promptly followed by the undraping of the Hearst modesty.

One of the salutary designs of the woman with the ballot is to amend not the State but the divine Constitution by eradicating the fundamental differences between the sexes.

The ladies of St. Louis are to have the babies of St. Louis tested for mental and physical efficiency. But what's the use unless they are given the power by referendum to strangle the inefficient?

Last week Judge Gary gave a luncheon in honor of the Hon. William Randolph Hearst. And now lest the plain people should be shocked Willie's papers explain editorially that the steel magnate is for honest business and government regulation. But shouldn't the plain people be able to get a line on the judge after seeing him swelling Willie at a function?

Varied Types

CXXIX—AGNES TOBIN

By Edward F. O'Day

It was Agnes Tobin (if I may appropriate the words of a critic) who made "Petrarch's great name credible" to English readers. Agnes Tobin transplanted Petrarch's lyric blossoms from Vaucluse to London, and thence their fragrance has been borne to every English-speaking land. Strange as it may seem, there was no adequate English version of the immortal sonnets and canzoni until Agnes Tobin essayed the congenial task. For more than five hundred years a wondrous treasure was locked from English readers. It remained for Agnes Tobin to provide the key. The artistic success of her achievement is a glory which her native California is proud to share.

It would be interesting indeed to hear Agnes Tobin discourse of Petrarch and his Lady Laura. But she has the poet's elusive shyness; one does not come close to her personality in conversation. Indeed, it may be said that she erects a barrier of speech that effectively protects her most cherished thoughts, her dearest opinions from the casual interviewer.

Here and there through Miss Tobin's fluent talk there flashes the otherwise secret fire of her predilections; and then one realizes how warming and illuminating that inward flame must be for those to whom it is uncovered.

There is in Agnes Tobin, I should say, the artist's consuming passion for perfect form. One catches the flash when she lingers admiringly on the names of such supersubtle artists as Whistler, Poe, Hawthorne, Francis Thompson, Butler Yeats and Mrs. Meynell; when she laments the Mary Austin that has turned aside from the exquisite artistry of "The Land of Little Rain." And the artist's detachment is strikingly apparent when one seeks to engage her in talk on the politics of her beloved London. The only politician in whom she showed an interest was one who in his social hours "pours forth cascades of Wordsworth and Keats." There is almost a shudder when you mention the Pankhursts and the Drummonds. A sort of poet's instinct of self-preservation guards her from any enthusiasm for politics.

Agnes Tobin lives the inner life. I should apply the word "mystic" were it not so fashionably abused. She mentions Alphonsus of Liguori as though his name and work were perfectly familiar to all. Of Chesterton whose religious belief is just now quite a subject for speculation in London and elsewhere she explains briefly that his creedal predilections constitute an intellectual passion, and so dismisses the subject; for all the world as though the churchman's subtle distinction between the human gift of understanding and the divine gift of faith were a truistic commonplace.

Her absorption in the inner life led her to Petrarch. The way was inevitable. We know that by the result. No chance interest could flower in such a translation of Petrarch as Agnes

Tobin has given us. If there is a fate or a guidance for poets, it was ordained that Petrarch should speak to thousands through Agnes Tobin.

English interest in Petrarch lagged curiously behind interest in the other Italian poets. There were versions of Dante, Tasso, Ariosto, Pulci, Boiardo at a time when Petrarch was little more than a name. Even Michelangelo was probably less neglected than the great lord of the trecento, the earliest of the humanists, the first of modern men. The love story of Madonna Laura was current, but the perfect poetical expression of its pure beauty was scarcely known.



AGNES TOBIN

By dint of much search you may find the names of those who translated Petrarch into English before Agnes Tobin. The greatest was Edmund Spenser, but how many have read his fugitive renderings? Out of curiosity I have noted the names of some who from time to time gave a few of the sonnets and canzoni to English. Major Macgregor, Molesworth, Dr. Nott, Miss Wollaston, Anne Bannerman, Mrs. Wrottesley, Dr. Morehead, Lord Charlemont and Lord Woodhouselee—these are not exactly household words. When the brilliant Ugo Foscolo fled Napoleon and was lionized in London Lady Dacre made some graceful translations to accompany his Petrarchan essays, and interest in Petrarch became fashionable in London's drawing rooms.

But Petrarch is not a fad. He must be a cult or nothing. His poetry must be approached with reverence, with sympathy, with deep understanding. That is the way Agnes Tobin approached her master. That helps explain why she has given us a sonnet sequence worthy to

be named with the great sonnet sequences in the English language.

Miss Tobin tells me that she is preparing more of her Petrarchan translations for the press. The book we know contains the sonnets written after Laura's death. Those composed during Laura's life, says Miss Tobin, are less poignant but still marvellously beautiful. She has translated many of these, and her London publisher is eager to make a book of them, but Miss Tobin is not yet ready. I can imagine Miss Tobin her own severest critic. When the manuscript finally goes to the publisher there will ensue a literary event.

Meanwhile we have her "Madonna Laura." It is the lovelorn's vade mecum. Harking "the cry and all the tidal sameness" of it the mind goes winging back to Vaucluse and Avignon. Laura has but lately captured "the white glory of Death" and we are of a favored company weeping by her tomb. The old poignancy strikes along the brain. The immortal music sets our hearts a-weeping. We are out of conceit with living; only in love with love.

That old medieval wonderland Agnes Tobin takes us to! Is it France? Is it Italy? No, but a poet's paradise, a fancy's field where only lovers may stray in reverie and pluck the supernal flowers that blossom, blow and die between the rising and the setting of a dream.

The song is of "Death, that Lord of High Disdain," of "self-abnegation, ardours heavenly"; yet its burden changes suddenly to "longing like a fire" when "Chastity gives Cupid a long kiss" and the soul cries out, "Snatch back my stolen sweet." It is in truth lost love transfigured to music, desire distilled to ecstasy in the alembic of deprivation. It is a sad sweet song sung by the fountain of Vaucluse, and what is Vaucluse but the garden close of the world where "all things die but Pain"?

Go there with Agnes Tobin and thrill

To think how the sun rose in Avignon

One morning of a spring of long ago.

If "great Grief" has taken your "body for his hall," let Agnes Tobin's "recurrent rimes becalm the trouble of the heart." Let her make you one with "all the white-stoled lovers of the world," for her words, thrice-refined gold poured into the mould of Petrarch, are of a "sweetness that stops the sun."

All you who have lost a love, buried an ideal, entombed a dream, yet fain would glorify your grief and make your desolation live a mortal span; you who live in some Vaucluse of the soul and chant dirge to delights you may never encompass, weep for sweets you may never enjoy—let Agnes Tobin sing Petrarch to you. It shall be for your heart's mortal comfort and your soul's eternal good.

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The Irish Drama

Editor Town Talk, Sir: I read with great amazement the letter of Hibernicus in last week's Town Talk questioning your views on the subject of the dramatic works of Synge, Colum, Ervine and Robinson. He says the "Irish types" in the dramas of the Abbey Theatre never existed. I find it difficult to believe that he is acquainted with the plays in question. I have never been in Ireland, but I am tolerably familiar with Irish character as it is revealed in this country, and I have met many people of the type to be found in the printed plays of the authors you mention. They are not abnormal. They are just like other people save for their modes of expression—their idioms and their peculiar phrases. Take for instance the character of Mrs. Rainey in Ervine's play "Mixed Marriages," a whole-hearted, kindly, commonsensi-

ble woman with prejudice against nothing but bigotry. Will Hibernicus say she is abnormal? I hope not. It would be a sad commentary on Ireland to say that it never produced such a sweet, lovable character. What about Colum's play "Thomas Muskerry"? Is that filled with abnormal characters? If so Ireland must be a very strange country. Its people must be completely metamorphosed when they leave home, for if such Irish folk as these playwrights depict are not to be found in Ireland at present I am sure they have been born there as I have met them. There has been much criticism of Synge's plays which are more in the nature of folk-dramas than those of Colum and Ervine. There are some strange characters in them. But as I understand it they are representative of a small section of Ireland. Has Hibernicus ever been in that section? Has he lived among the people there and studied them as Synge did? There is

probably something of variety among the people of Ireland as there is among the people of this country. There are men and women in the mountains of Tennessee and way down East, who are not at all like people to be met elsewhere in the country. It is hard to believe they exist. What Hibernicus says of the Irish dramatists I have heard said before, and without presuming to be well informed about Ireland my notion is that this adverse criticism is inspired by the same feeling that inspires most of the differences which are said to exist in Ireland. It is proverbial of Irishmen that they love to disagree. They disagree about religion and politics and perhaps it is natural for them to disagree about art. I suppose the prevailing viewpoint of the playwrights is the viewpoint of one faction and that is why it is condemned by the other faction.

Yours truly,

—L. R. F.

Siftings from Many Sources

Being a Brief Chronicle of Significant Events the Wide World Over
By Robert McTavish

The Case Stated

The one-o'clock closing law is being rigidly enforced in New York, but District Attorney Whitman is not in sympathy with it. He put the case thus in a recent speech: "When the State provides by legislative enactment that it is right to sell a commodity during nineteen hours a day and wrong to sell it during five hours a day the human mind refuses to accept the proposition as correct, either morally or ethically. It is quite conceivable that a man who would vote for absolute prohibition would at the same time refuse to agree that there is a reason in a law which makes it right to sell at five minutes before 1 o'clock and wrong to sell at five minutes after." These words can be applied to our new two o'clock closing law.

Yellow's the Color

Our Dr. Albert Abrams demonstrated in his office a few nights ago that brain work is done best in a light diffused through a yellow medium; also that yellow clothing increases the "tonicity" of the human body and consequently its health. The demonstration comes at an opportune moment. From London comes the word that the nut—we used to call him the dude—will affect yellow from now on. He will wear ties, socks and shirt of a delicate yellow tint. Yellow is

to predominate in clothes for both men and women. The nut is not particularly interested in the improvement of his brain or body that may result from yellow, but will not despise the increased "tonicity" as long as it fits in with the prevailing fashion. The nut owes a debt of gratitude to Dr. Abrams.

Argentina Expects Boom

Great things are expected throughout South America and especially in the Argentine Republic from the tariff reductions promised by the Underwood bill. It is felt that if the proposed reductions on meat, wool, hides and grain become law a great era of prosperity will begin for the country. Business throughout South America is practically at a standstill just now, and the greater part of the blame for this is placed upon the European situation. The business, Jacks system, efficiency and economy. The opening up of the great markets of the United States would immediately be followed by a great commercial boom, according to leading business men.

Iceland Bars Liquor

"There are no snakes in Iceland," according to an ancient statement. From now on there are to be no beholders of snakes either. "Jims jams" are to be a thing of the past. At the end of the present year it will be impossible for either natives or tourists to obtain alcoholic liquors in Iceland. Under the anti-spirit law permission was given to consume the present stock of liquors in Iceland, and figuring on the per capita consumption it will all be gone by the end of the year. The government adopted the prohibition laws because it was felt that the excessive drinking of the Icelanders was undermining the physical fitness of the people. Iceland, you see, has a fatherly government.

Robust Kansas Girls

Kansas college girls should be able to talk longer, yell louder and for a longer time than

any other brand of girls in the United States according to the woman at the head of the department of physical education of the University of Kansas. The Jayhawker coed is also taller and stronger than her Eastern sisters. As compared with similar measurements of Eastern schools, the average Kansas girl is about one-fourth inch higher than the Wellesley young woman. The average weight of the Wellesley girl is 119 pounds, at Kansas 117 and at Oberlin, 112. In strength and lung capacity the Kansas girl reigns alone. The average capacity of the German girls is 141 cubic inches, Oberlin girls can swallow 141.2 inches of ozone and Wellesley girls 150 cubic inches. The Kansas girl tests 165, which is far above the average for the United State. But how about the Berkeley girl? And the Stanford girl? The figures are not at hand.

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O'Grady's Leprechaun

By J. Somers

Phelim O'Grady, better known as Phelim Og (the Young), grinned at himself and poked his neighbor in the ribs with his elbow, for mind ye, not a word of it did he believe. Him that had been to the school house the many times and could read a bit and make figures, would belave in none of the things the ould folks were telling: Spirits and the Ban Shee, the Little People and the Leprechaun indade!

Warm glowed the turf pile on the hearth. The dull lamp paled with envy. The smoke of pipes was heavy on the air, but the fiddle lay silent.

Gentle was the voice of old Sheon MacBride, speaking of the Ban Shee, whose song was of sorrow. Sheon himself had been born in the time of the Great Wind, and many things were in his memory. Honored were his words.

"'Twas the MacMullan himself tould me and me but a strhipling thin. I mind himself as it were but just now. Soft was the mornin' whin I wint to thry me thraps in the sthrame under the hill. 'Twas on his land, to be sure, but himself was not there. Quiet were his steps, an' I heard him not. 'Sheon,' ses he, coming up ahint me, 'sorrow is upon our house. Last night as I lay abed, the White Woman tapped at the window. I could hear her cryin' in the night. 'Tis a sad day, and sorrow is with me.' Not a wurrud did he spake of the fishes taken from his wathers, and me all thremblin'. But, mind ye, before the next day he got death. His horse threw him and he spoke again no more. A fine man was he, and a gentleman. God rest his sowl!"

Silence followed his words, but Phelim Og lifted the voice: "Sthrange it is that no wan here has iver sain thim things wid their own eyes. 'Tis mesilf that might belave thim when I've sain thim. Ban Shee and Leprechaun, indade! I lave thim for the childher."

Young was Phelim and bold his heart; the air droned with the applause of young men, subdued before their elders. His pride swelled within him.

Lowering, as heavy clouds on the high hills in storm, the old men gazed at him. But Nick Brian took the word:—"Phelim Og, ye're but young, but the fear is on me that thim school books have made ye looney. Manny the dacint bhoys that might have bin a fine man has bin made an omadhaun wid thim. Yere father, God rest him, had he bin here this night, would have shame on him to hear ye talk so. An' him dead."

But the young man sat silent, abashed.

Him then followed Mahoy, one-eyed; who had wandered all through the land. His was the fiddle whose voice spoke in joy or sorrow: when the merry steps rattled on the stone floor, or the keen for the dead rose shrill upon the air. Deep voiced he spoke:

"Av vorse, ye've heard of the Leprechaun and the ways av ut. There's a manny people who say there niver was annything of the kind, but there's a plinty of ould pable about the place all ouver that know av ut, and if they haven't sain it thim-

selves they do be knowin' somebody that has sain it or, annyway, somewan ilse that has sain ut.

"'Tis a funny wee mannikin and lives in the failds quite wild mostly, but it goes to the houses betime. There's times he has on him a wee coat wid bright colors an' shiny buttons, but at times he has others. Anyway ye'll always know him av ye say him, for he's like nothin' else at all, at all. 'Tis he that's a dark faced wee chap and thravels very quick, an' whin ye do say him ye must not take the eyes av him, but just walk over against him and saze him tight. 'An' why,' ses ye, 'should we hould him at all, not bein' peelers?' I'll tell ye. Ye've heard tell, av coorse, av all the treasures that was buried in Oireland at the time of the great foightin'. Faith, 'tis himself that knows where it all is, and av ye hould him tight and hard, he'll show it to ye. Don't let go houl't of him till he does, or ye'll niver say him agin. There's a manny pable, dacint folks at that, who got houl't of him and let him away whin he said where there was treasure, but, av coorse he was only jokin' and they got nothin'. There was Mike Donovan, out beyant there on the black hill, goin' to the house late at night from a matin', whin he stumbled up against it in the road where it was crossin' and laid his hands on ut. Thru'e, indade, he took ut to the house wid him, and fastened it near by the foire, and tould it he would kape it till he found the treasure. But ye know that Mike was always a mane man that would stale from a blind horse, an' he got fear that he might have to give it food if he kept it. But he tould nobody. But the crathur said there was a great c'rock of gowld not a long way off, and that Mike could have it an he let him go. So whin he said where the gowld was hid, Mike let the crathur go, and himself went to find the money. All day and at night Mike dug, and wurraked harder than he had done since he was a gossoon, but nary a scrap of gowld was anywhere, and from that day Mike niver held up his head again, but dhrooped and at last he got death.

"An' now I've tould ye all so just have care av ye mate ut." Thus he spoke, and was silent.

A breeze rattled the window, and the lamp guttered in a death struggle. Darkness clouded the air. Loud rustled the bushes; the wind gained strength. Mournful it sighed in the thatch. Unseen ghosts moved in the air.

Into the darkness the Widow Clancy brought a lamp. Pale was the face of Phelim by its light, and his tongue was thick. Nor did he raise the voice.

Thin did Sheon MacBride take out his watch. Fine it was and large, and a powerful sthroke was to it. Great was his pride in the same.

"'Tis long past nine," ses he, "an dacint folk should lave the wurrud to the Little People. 'Tis me that's for the road." Great was the noise as they departed; not alone, but in groups. Young were they that went with Phelim. Joy was in their hearts, for he had bearded again the old men.

Where the four roads meet, they departed each his way. Phelim walked alone. High rode the moon in a blue-black sky. Light and fleecy raced the little clouds across its face, as smoke in the wind. The light of the moon was darkened by their passage. Deep voiced, the sea droned its sleep song, beyond the hill. But the wind hummed mournful on the grey road. Not in joy walked Phelim; his song was silent. As one in fear he looked behind him, and around.

Bushes shadowed the bridge across the stream, a Thing moved in shadow. Stayed were the steps of Phelim. His knees were turned to water, and the heart within him was white, but the hairs upon him bristled. Darkened now was the face of the moon, and in fear stood Phelim, praying for its light. Dry was his mouth. Slow passed the cloud across the moon. Her light shone forth.

A Thing stood in the road by Phelim. The heart within him was frozen. 'Twas a wee mannikin without a hat, and on him the quarest clothes. A long green coat with shiny buttons, and trousers on him too. The whiskers grew all over his face and head. Phelim remembered the story. 'Twas—it must be—the Leprechaun himself. The heart within him grew warm again. Fortune was his, and he spoke it softly. The Thing nestled close to him, but he held it tight. Speed was in his feet.

Soft sleep had fallen on the house of O'Grady. Phelim lifted the latch. Low burned the turf upon the hearth; shadows danced to each other in the corners. Loud voiced he called to the women:

"Gerrils, I've found me luck. 'Tis the Leprechaun himself."

Wide-eyed they came, unbelieving. The rush-light slew the dancing shadows, but the Thing nestled closer to Phelim, jibbering.

"Och, Phelim! How did ye find him?"

"Phelim, darlint, where did ye catch it?"

Lordly, as a chief among warriors, he spoke:

"Hould yer whist. Would ye tell the wurrud av ut? 'Tis mesilf that would fasten him and talk wid him in the marnin'. Slape is near me, and he'll do agin. Find some strings."

In haste they found the rope. Strong it was and good. Phelim Og tied the Thing firmly by the middle. Near the hearth did he leave it.

"Lave ut for the light o' day," said he; "slape well, gerrils. 'Tis our fortune this night."

But sleep came not to Phelim. In darkness he tossed upon the bed. Like mists upon the lake, old stories crossed his mind. Grey crept the light through the skies. Anxious, he arose. Loose was the rope and empty. Crumbs lay upon the floor. Through the silence, loud roared his voice. Swift came the women.

"'Tis gone. 'Tis gone. Me Leprechaun."

"Och, Phelim, don't be an omadhaun. Look at ut there."

"Where indade. Ye're dhramin'."

(Continued on Page 21.)

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Poems About San Francisco

XCVI—FRANCISCA REINA

By Amelia Woodward Truesdell

(The following is from "Francisca Reina and Other Poems," a book of verses by Amelia Woodward Truesdell of this city, published last year by A. M. Robertson. This is the second poem by Mrs. Truesdell included in the series. The first was an extract from her long poem "A California Pilgrimage" and dealt with the Mission Dolores.)

A stricken queen, but still a queen of queens,
She sat upon the sloping of her hills
Where wreck and fire had danced the dance of death.

Her forehead bowed upon her knees she sat,
An instant stunned by her transcendant woe.
The smoke still burnt her eyelids, and her throat
Quivered with pungent acids of the flame.
The acrid vapors of the steaming muck
Were in her nostrils, and her slackened breath
Was spent through ashes on her bleeding lips.

A while all paralyzed, then slow her head
Upraised. Her eyes were dim. She saw through mists
The vista of her hills all gray and still.
When would they laugh again? Ten thousand homes
Had burnt their hearthstones into monuments
For her as dead. That cup unveiled she saw
Which fate has ready for the desolate,
The black wine of despair each hour new pressed
From envy of the nether gods. This cup,

Scorned lightly in her pride, he thrust at her
With coward jeers: "Drink, drink, thou boastful dame.
Dost mock it now? There's nothing more for thee."
One glance! The vision came! Her spirit's light
Broke forth in aureole about her head—
Glory immortal of a risen soul.
Upright she stood. Hot cinders burnt her feet—
She knew it not. With fingers tense, the cup
She seized and, like one born to her own house,
That black wine of despair she tossed aloft
Upon the embers and the blistering rocks.

"Tis not for me, a queen, this dastard draught.
For lo! They come—my children from the sea
Of fire—each man a king. Their garments smoke.
Their brows deep seamed, but bright with hope. Their eyes
Are brave, their faces set to conquer death.
My sons! My sons!" With touch of its old joy
Her voice rang out among the blackened tombs.
"Come near, ye bruised ones. Unflinching hearts,
Together make we sacrificial vows
With orisons unto the rising sun."

The Spectator

A Disciple of Paul

"Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake." The Colonel would have us understand that the latter part of the Pauline injunction has been his rule of life. As to the former part there was no evidence at Marquette. With Teddy wine is not a mocker but a medicine. In his drinking ritual there is no "Say when." The doctor pours, and by the tea spoon not by the finger is the booze measured out. Every swallow goes by prescription. Indeed, on the court showing Teddy should get his liquor without difficulty in dry States. The glow in the stomach and the fumes in the head mean nothing to this most exemplary of drinkers. The cocktail he knows not and the highball has never lured him. Beer? Not so much as a nipperkin of beer for this descendant of the New Amsterdammers! A glass of madeira; in moments of wild dissipation two glasses of champagne—such are his convivial concessions. The stirrup cup is one half-pennyworth of whiskey drowned in an intolerable deal of milk. His epitaph:

And when like her, oh Sakki, you shall pass
Among the Guests Star-scatter'd on the Grass,
And in your joyous errand reach the spot
Where I made One—turn down an empty Glass!

The Man from Rheims

The sudden ending of the trial was a surprise. What became of the depositions Editor Newett had gathered? According to the New York World one of the most damaging was made by J. Martin Miller, former Consul to Rheims. Appropriate place for a booze indictment to come from! Miller described the birthday party given to "Uncle Joe" Cannon in his Washington home, April, 1908. According to his affidavit all official Washington relaxed and the festivities ended in an all-around spree. It was an illuminating and illuminated party. The affidavit, according to

the World, dwelt on the geniality and warmth of Teddy on that occasion. In fact, swore Miller, the Colonel was not exactly sober, even if he didn't have to be assisted to his carriage like some of the other guests. It is true this former Consul is no longer friendly to Teddy, for Teddy removed him from the capital of the champagne country. But what became of this and other depositions. How curious that they were not put into the record at Marquette!

That Julep Patch

It was saddening to learn that Teddy neglected the famous White House mint patch. Only at rare intervals, the testimony ran, did the Strenuous One bury his nose in the fragrant glass of julep. Up at the Southern Club on Nob Hill they sigh when they speak of this criminal abstinence. But they actually weep to know that under the present grape juice regime the mint is used to garnish lamb and nothing more. These mint julep revelations have excited the indignation of my friend "Cocktail Bill" Boothby, the litterateur of mixology who presides at that shrine of Bacchus, the Palace bar. "Cocktail Bill" tells me that mint was introduced into the South by a Yankee drummer long before the war. This drummer was the guest of a hospitable planter in Kentucky, and one warm summer evening made his host acquainted with the secret of blending a little mint with the old fashioned toddy. A few years later the drummer visited the plantation. An old negro servant tearfully informed him that "Massa had done gone to Hebben six months befo'." "You don't say so!" exclaimed the drummer. "What was the cause of my dear old friend's death?" "Well, you see, sah," replied the darkey, "there was a trabbling man from up North heah a few years ago and he showed Massa how to put grass in his likker, and dat's all ole Massa done from dat day to de day of his def."

Another Colonel

Among the Colonel's affidavit men at Marquette I noted the name of that other doughty colonel, Edwin Emerson Jr. Colonel Emerson is not unknown in our town. He married the charming and clever Maisie Griswold who used to be the toast of all the blithe spirits of the old Coppa coterie. Colonel Emerson obtained his colonelcy in some out of the way corner of the world, but there was no regiment attached to it. So throughout a varied career Emerson has been content to let the pen be mightier than the sword. Emerson took over that ambitious publication "East and West" after Arno Dosch (who married Elsie Sperry) had sunk a comfortable fortune in it. He ran it for some time, but his contributors sloughed their enthusiasm when they were paid in certificates of worthless stock, and the journal died of inanition. Nothing dismayed Emerson turned himself to other literary activities, but finding the local field too cramped for his exuberant energies he hied himself to New York, turning up during the last campaign as a vehement Bull Mooser. Whether he was brevetted after Armageddon I do not know. At any rate he was one of that multitude who seem to have spent a lot of their time during the past few years in the inglorious occupation of sniffing Teddy's breath.

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An Episcopal Dictum

"We have been making a contemptible distinction in sending women to the Municipal Clinic to be labeled, without also sending the men for the same purpose. I'm against segregation, but if you are going to segregate the women, segregate the men too." This amazing language is credited to Bishop Hughes of the Methodist Church in the Chronicle's report of the meeting of the California Anti-Slavery Society. I assume that the Bishop was correctly quoted, although I recall that Bishop Hughes once indignantly repudiated a newspaper account of some remarks he made with as much vehemence as Chancellor Starr Jordan ever exhibited in similar circumstances. The Anti-Slavery Society, as might be suspected, stands for the emancipation of white slaves. One of its leading lights is a certain Clayton Herrington who engages in the suppression of prostitution as though it were his profession. Just now the society wants \$200,000 to build a home for manumitted white slaves, and is using the campaign for and against the "redlight abatement law" as a lever in its money-raising efforts. No doubt that \$200,000, if it is ever raised, will provide a few nice salaries for our professional abolitionists.

Talking Nonsense

But to return to Bishop Hughes. I am tempted to place him in Salanio's class. Salanio, if you recall, talked an infinite deal of nonsense more than any man in all Venice. But in justice to the episcopal fulminator it must be set down that he is not the first to advocate the segregation of the men whose unruly appetites take them into the red-light district. Miss Helen Todd, another professional abolitionist, made the same suggestion some time ago. Considering it, one wonders whether these zealous uplifters are capable of straight thinking, whether there is any sort of co-ordination between their brains and their vocal apparatus. How, Bishop Hughes, how in the name of common sense are you going to segregate the men? The men are not engaged in the oldest profession in the world, although their appetites are the cause for its existence. It is too bad that a voice which possesses any sort of episcopal authority should be raised to such little purpose.

The Philadelphia Method

That the reformers who flout the accumulated experience of ages can do incalculable harm is being demonstrated in Philadelphia where Mayor Blankenburg is trying a new means of suppressing the social evil. He has quarantined the Philadelphia red-light district. One hundred police-

men in uniform were detailed to the Tenderloin on May 12. There is a bluecoat at every corner and there are many bluecoats patrolling every block of the segregated section. If a citizen attempts to enter a banned house he is stopped. If inmates leave the district they are not permitted to return, no matter what excuse they offer. Many have sought lodgings in the respectable districts. These have been hunted down by the police. The idea is to continue the quarantine until there are no more prostitutes in Philadelphia. The police hope that most of them will be redeemed. Or rather, Mayor Blankenburg hopes so, and the police are at his disposal for the experiment. As a result of this remarkable experiment one hundred and sixteen of the unfortunate women have left Philadelphia for other towns. Six have entered industrial pursuits and four have become wards of the city. Seven have committed suicide. I wonder how Mayor Blankenburg feels about these latter miserable creatures?

When It Has Been Wiped Out

It is to be supposed of course that the men who are applying themselves to the business of destroying prostitution have looked ahead and considered what is to be done when the last Mrs. Warren has either committed suicide or become a respectable lady. For assuredly their design is eradication. They would not think of merely cutting down the supply and increasing the profits of the business. Nor are they merely crusading for the purpose of attesting their abhorrence of the sex instinct running wild. Their idea is to regulate it, to render the indulgence of the natural sexual passion impossible except in the marital state. But they do not profess to be crazy transcendentalists scornful of the testimony of the senses. They are sensible of the animal wants of man. It is only reasonable to assume that they do not deny the sensuous fact, or that they have convinced themselves that man is a phantom walking amid phantoms. They are well aware that the flesh is to be subdued only by the most rigorous fasting and the most astringent denials, and they do not look forward to a millennium with mankind divided into monogamous husbands and bachelor anchorites. Then it must be presumed of them that they are prepared to handle the situation when their ideals have been realized. Are all men to be husbands and all women wives? Or is their to be a surgical operation in the interest of virtue? Or are these professedly decent citizens in favor of practices that move angels to destroy cities? Now these may not be the politest questions to be asked, but they are certainly pertinent, and we are sure they are cleaner than

some of the minds that are obsessed these days with the sex question. We find it somewhat difficult to believe that there is any sincerity in the clerical crusaders against prostitution. Some of them are sensible men, and they know that society is an evolution and that nothing is ever to be accomplished by artificial and spontaneous reform. Every improvement in human society has slowly arisen through processes resulting from the daily activities of men and prompted by

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natural desires. The day may come when prostitution will have ceased to be known, but not as a result of governmental agencies. When there is no more demand for prostitution, no more need for it, then there will cease to be a supply of prostitutes.

During the Summer season "TOWN TALK" subscribers are requested to send in promptly any change of address that they may contemplate making, so that the paper will reach them regularly.

That Last Horse Car

It was a glorious sight. Nero driving a chariot in the arena was nothing to it. No wonder hoi polloi shouted. It is not every day we see two horses and a Mayor piloting a bobtail car the length of Market street. I was proud to see how skillfully James handled the reins. His "giddap!" proved him to the manner born. I could not forbear a cheer. But my enthusiasm went cold when I found the man who winds the ferry clock at my elbow. The philosopher was not of my mood.

"Ain't it great?" I cried.

"Great your grandmother!" he answered. "Cashin ought to lose his job."

"Why?" I queried.

"Because," replied the clock winder, "when he put the Mayor in harness he forgot the crupper."

A Union Labor Note

I met a well known architect on the street the other day, and I could see from his bearing that he was what is commonly called "hot in the collar." I inquired the cause of his perturbation. He told me. A walk-out had tied up one of his buildings. The general contractor had sixteen carpenters, two plasterers, an electrician and a concrete man at work finishing the job. The owner who intended to use one of the stores himself, hired a couple of sign painters to do some gilt-lettering on the plate glass windows. While they were at work a walking delegate appeared. He went to the contractor. "Tell those sign painters to quit," was his order. The contractor explained that they were working for the owner, not for him. "Tell 'em to quit anyway," said the walking delegate. "You'll have to see the owner who hired them," said the contractor. "If you don't make 'em quit by noon today I'll call all your men out," said the walking delegate. Of course the contractor had no authority over the two sign painters, so he did nothing. True to his promise the walking delegate tied up work on the building by calling out the sixteen carpenters, the two plasterers, the electrician and the concrete man. And why? Because the two sign painters, although union men, were behind in their dues!

The Hearst Modesty

A brilliant essayist once observed that modesty was the lowest of virtues inasmuch as it was a

confession of deficiency. The idea of this essayist was that a modest man undervalues himself. It goes without saying that he was unacquainted with the modesty of William Randolph Hearst. This gentleman's modesty seeks the shade that it may give a more dazzling light from a dark background. The crimson glow of the Hearst modesty is like the Aurora Borealis, and it suffuses the whole country. An interesting study of this sensitive plant that always turns to the limelight is supplied by the Examiner of last Sunday. A whole page is devoted to the Hearst modesty. Speaking of the occasion of the unveiling of the Maine monument which served as plausible provocation for the incandescent display the Examiner says:

It was a day full of patriotic thrill and impulse, stirring words and inspiring scenes which brought forth at its close a tribute to William Randolph Hearst from the great throng which summoned him from his secluded position on the speakers' platform to deliver an address.

There you have it briefly—a big day, a big tribute to Hearst, and the modesty of him accentuated by its ostentatious seclusion. Perish the thought that there were any claqueurs in the vast throng.

"He Was Finally Located"

And that is not all. Hearst hugged the background with both hands and his newspapers all over the land tell about the extraordinary performance in seventeen different kinds of type. This is the gratifying consequence of being a modest newspaper publisher. You can be as modest as you like, and be fully assured that your modesty will get its meed of publicity. It's hard for the average man to be modest because his modesty may entail obscurity. But Hearst's modesty generates incandescence by its own intensity. Says the Examiner: "Several of the speakers had referred to Mr. Hearst's efforts in the promotion of the monument, but at his own request he had not been included among the orators of the occasion." Think of that! He realized that he was logically an orator of the day, but modestly he begged to be vouchsafed the background. There he possessed himself in patience till one of the orators, who of course must have been warned against mentioning Hearst, suggested "that all those present would like to hear from Mr. Hearst to whose initiative and effort the monument was largely due." And then, it is to be supposed, there were spontaneous shouts for Hearst from every point that had been judiciously covered, and as the Examiner kindly tells us "Mr. Hearst was finally located in the rear." Here is a sentence that has the effect of a torch thrown into an abyss. He was "finally located"! So shrinking, so secluded was this charming, refined gentleman that to winnow him from his environment was like the proverbial quest of a needle in a haystack. And when he

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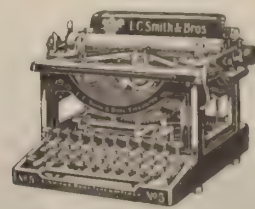
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effulged what happened? Alas! the overworked literary artist of the Hearst papers unconsciously backslides into "journalism" thus: "He was tendered an ovation." And of course despite his modesty he accepted it. What else could the poor man do? But he modestly declined in his brief speech to accept any credit that was not accorded the monument committee. However, there is compensation even for this modesty. No credit on the platform but tons of it on the white paper paid for by Mr. Hearst. First we are told that he contributed \$1,000 to the fund; next that he raised the fund; then that in addition to his personal check he contributed toward the original fund about \$15,000 which was spent in connection with executive management; and finally in addition to these sums he made contributions of other sums aggregating \$21,000. And to make the matter clear Mr. Hearst's name is at the top of one table of contributors and at the bottom of another.

His Extemporaneous Speech

Among the speakers of the occasion were former President Taft, the Governor of Maine, the Governor of New York and the Chief of the Spanish War Veterans, but the only speech printed in full is the speech of the modest Mr. Hearst. And it appears that though the man who was tendered the ovation had no expectation of being called upon yet he had a nice, pat quotation from Lincoln at the tip of his tongue. And there were more than sixty words in it. It was certainly a thrilling day for Hearst the most modest of men.

Some of the Laureates

The late Alfred Austin was the most neglected of all the laureate poets of England. I mean that he was neglected by his contemporaries. Nearly always it has been the fate of the Poet Laureate to excite the envy or contempt of his contemporaries and to suffer ridicule or derision at their hands. But for Austin, the days of his laureateship being the days of his sterility and senility, there was nothing but pity and his contemporaries kindly let him alone. Manners have changed in England since the days of Dryden. The amenities of the Republic of Letters are most religiously observed. Even satire in England has become amiable. The satire of the day, whether in cartoon or pasquinade, reflects the amenities of public life, and of the character of these we may judge from an observation made

by the Prime Minister but a few weeks ago. "We differ," said he, "without any loss of goodwill and without any loss of good manners." When John Dryden was Poet Laureate he was kept busy retorting the scurrilities of his enemies. The most bitter of them was Thomas Shadwell to whom we are indebted for one of the bitterest satires in the language. It was in answer to Shadwell that Dryden wrote *McFlecknoe* in which he describes the obscure Irish poet as King of Nonsense bequeathing his mantle to Shadwell:

"—alone of all my sons is he
Who stands confirmed in full stupidity.
The rest to some faint meaning make pretense,
But Shadwell never deviates into sense."

Shadwell succeeded Dryden as Poet Laureate, and it was he that commenced the composition of regular anniversary odes.

Eusden, Tate and Cibber

Following Shadwell came Nahum Tate

—whose fustian's so sublimely bad

It is not poetry but prose run mad—

said Pope. Next came Laurence Eusden, whom one never hears of. According to a satire of the time he wasn't even known in his own day. In the satire Prior, Pope and Congreve are representing as appealing to Apollo for the crown when Eusden appears and claims it, whereupon

Apollo begged pardon, and granted his claim,

But vowed, that till then he had ne'er heard
his name.

Eusden and Tate were almost too insignificant to be lampooned, and not much was written of them. It was not till Colly Cibber became Poet Laureate that the satirists got really busy. Pope pilloried him as the hero of "The Dunciad." Yet Cibber was a talented man. His play "The Provoked Husband" was pronounced by Dr. Blair the best comedy in the English language. As an actor he ranked as one of the best comedians of his day. But as a writer he was an incorrigible borrower, and as a stage manager he was a horrible mangler of Shakespeare. He so enraged one of his critics as to provoke these lines:

In t'other world expect dry blows;

No tears can wash thy stains out,

Moliere will pull thee by the nose,

And Shakespeare dash thy brains out.

Another versifier wrote:

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The King had his poet and also his fool;
But now we're so frugal, I'd have you to know it,
That Cibber can serve both for fool and for poet.

The Later Laureates

Among the laureates who are remembered not for their verses but for the verses of their enemies is William Whitehead who was appointed by George III. Of him one of his contemporaries wrote:

"Next Whitehead came, his worth a pinch of snuff,
But for a Laureate,—he was good enough."

Thomas Warton succeeded Whitehead and his appointment gave rise to a collection of satires and parodies known as "The Probationary Odes for the Laureateship." But Warton was a genuine though not a great poet. He was succeeded by Henry Pye, a mediocre versifier, whose birthday odes survive as specimens of literary junk. Then came Robert Southey, of whom Byron wrote:

He had written much blank verse and blanker prose,
And more of both than anybody knows.

Byron thought more of Southey's physique than of his poetry. "To have that poet's head and shoulders," he wrote, "I would almost have written his Sapphics." But Byron also poured satire on Southey's successor, William Wordsworth:—

"Who, both by precept and example, shows
That prose is verse, and verse is merely prose
Convincing all, by demonstration plain,
Poetic souls delight in prose insane.

And even Tennyson did not escape severe satirical criticism from his contemporaries. Lord Lytton dubbed him "Miss Alfred" adept in

—"jingling medley of purloined conceits,
Out-babying Wordsworth and out-glittering Keats."

Tennyson was not the man to submit tamely to abuse. He made all London laugh by unsparing ridicule of Lytton's personal fopperies. Describing him in one verse as "the padded man that wears the stays," he went on:

"What profits now to understand
The merits of a spotless shirt—
A dapper boot,—a little hand—
If half the soul is dirt."

The only person that ever attacked Alfred Austin was Swinburne who wrote contemptuously of him in that mordant piece of prose "Under the Microscope."

The Cross-Examination of Gallo

The cross-examination of Michael Gallo, the bunco man, by Attorney John J. Barrett is regarded by lawyers as a masterpiece of art. The art of cross-examination calls for the very keenest wit, for mental alertness of the highest order. The game of cross-purposes as played by the

lawyer before a jury is one that calls for infinite tact and for the power of apprehending as in a flash every mental twist that takes place in the witness chair. Now this game was played to perfection by Attorney Barrett. Lawyers who understand the game say they never saw it played more skilfully, yet the newspaper reporters were enthused only by the witness. The cunningness of the criminal has a fascination for some minds. It would seem that Gallo threw a spell over the reporters. They admired his deftness and gleefully applauded his skill in repartee. Now as a matter of fact the bunco man was as clay in the potter's hands. Whatever be the result of the trial it is certain that Gallo, chief witness for the prosecution, was converted into a witness for the defense. Here was a witness supplying the principal testimony against the defendant. To render the testimony negligible as far as possible it was desirable to show that the witness was at once animated by hatred and the hope of leniency; also, that he was a liar, a most subtle liar; that there was no lie he would scruple at; that there was no corner he couldn't wriggle out of and no infamy that he wasn't capable of. Now how was all this to be accomplished? Chiefly by showing the witness off at his best, by inducing him to parade his talents, exhibit his consuming hatred of the defendant; by manoeuvring him into corners and letting the jury see him wriggle out. This is what Barrett did, and while doing it he caught the witness in any number of lies, lies easily to be proved such. Whatever be the truth as to the charge against Esola, he could never be convicted on the testimony of Gallo. Smart as the bunco man is, in the court-room he was used just as he has used the scores of his unsophisticated victims. The cards were stacked on him time and again, and he never realized that he was playing into the attorney's hand. It may have been all in vain, but success isn't the test of art.

A Central American Journalist

Mr. R. Mayorga Rivas, one of the leading journalists of San Salvador, general manager of the Diario del Salvador, is on one of his periodical visits to San Francisco. Here is a gentleman it might be well for the Chamber of Commerce to know. He can tell our merchants a great deal about Central America. He is a very warm friend of California, one of our best boosters, and he cannot understand why we neglect the Central American trade. This is a trade that Germany and other foreign nations are cultivating and they are getting much of it. Incidentally he marvels at the attitude of our Chamber of Commerce toward Mr. R. P. Schwerin and the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. He says it is far from being to our interest to drive out of business a corporation interested in the development of California. He regards Mr. Schwerin as one of the greatest trade missionaries that California ever had, and he says that no American is more esteemed in Central America than the manager of the Pacific Mail.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Love at First Sight

There is one set of the very young contingent of society where the early marriages of great-grandmothers' days prevail. They are all very modern young people otherwise, but they do have a way of getting engaged at sixteen and marrying before they're twenty. A contrast to the ways of their older sisters who used to do society half a dozen years before they settled down to matronhood and maternity. Two or three seasons ago there was an epidemic of matrimony among belles of ten or twelve years' standing. Most of the year's smart brides were past thirty. People discussed it and remarked how wisely the twentieth century young woman waited before taking the step into matrimony and so on. But the 1913 girls seem to have revived old fashions in romance. Margaret Carrigan, eighteen, is the latest of the set to announce her engagement. She is a blithe pretty girl with big blue eyes and fair coloring, very like her fiance's sister, Mrs. "Happy" Hartigan who was Margaret Thompson. The Carrigans have been prominent in society for years, the older Carrigan having been a pioneer merchant in San Francisco. There are any number of sons who are devoted uncles to Margaret. So is "Larry" Harris the mother's brother. Miss Carrigan is bright and sensible as well as pretty and was a favorite at the Greenway dances last winter though she was engaged before she made her debut. But only her close friends knew it and she had just as good a time as any unattached girl. Her fiance James Alden Thompson, is a brother of Kathleen Thompson Norris of magazine fiction fame and the young people met at her hospitable home in New York last year. Margaret went East for a sojourn with her parents at the same time the youngest of the Thompsons arrived from Panama where he lives, to visit his sister and it was love at first sight. Young Thompson's business interests are down on the isthmus and the marriage will not take place until next year when there are plans for a home in San Francisco.

Other Brides in Their Teens

Miss Grace Wilson, the statuesque daughter of the James K. Wilsons, is another of the same set who will be a bride this year. Her engagement to Hugh Fairlie was a recent announce-

ment. Then there were the Everett girls. Dorothy married at seventeen and went to Fresno to live, and Margery eloped at eighteen with Fritz Von Schraeder. Lillian Whitney was engaged to Ernest Stillman of New York at seventeen and married at nineteen. Helen Leavitt who was married to Dr. Eaves last spring is an eighteen-year old matron, and Marianne Matthieu will be the eighteen-year old bride of Aleck Wilson. Arabella Morrow who was married Wednesday to Harold Mann was not one of the same intimate circle, but of the same season. She is still in her teens and Margery Stafford who was Thursday's bride, is not yet twenty.

A Reception on Deck

Mrs. Andrew Simpson introduced a charming innovation in entertaining when she sailed away on her wedding trip last Wednesday. She was hostess at an informal reception on the deck of the Shinyo Maru that made the sailing of the steamer a very gay event. Mrs. Simpson who was handsome Lola Davis, was a bride of last week. But her marriage to the young Stocktonian was a quiet affair with no reception, and the young couple departed at once for a brief stay in the country, returning to take the steamer for a tour of Japan. It was the bride's inspiration to give a matinee reception on the liner's deck and invitations were telephoned to their friends. There were literally loads of flowers and nearly a hundred animated young people with the pretty costumes of the women to make the sailing of the Shinyo a gala affair. Mrs. Simpson received in her going-away gown of blue charmeuse with a becoming flower trimmed hat and her arms filled with assorted blooms. There were toasts and altogether it was an unusual and delightful occasion with passengers and crew for an interested background. When the gong sounded for "visitors ashore" the party poured down the gangplank and filled the end of the dock to wave farewells to the newly-weds hanging over the steamer's rail.

Another Innovation

Another bride's innovation was the wedding. The dream of the best dressers is realized in our offerings.—Vogel's, Ladies Tailor—420 Sutter Street.

dinner given after the Davis-Wolff marriage in Trinity chapel on Wednesday. The ceremony took place at five o'clock and afterward the guests drove to the Walter Bliss home in Green street for dinner. Rather an early hour in a set that commonly dines at half past seven, but at six hors d'oeuvres introduced the menu. The wedding dinner is an old Southern custom and I believe Jenny Lee, the little Southern beauty who married Ensign Rees of the navy was the first to introduce it here. Mrs. Bliss who was hostess at the dinner of Wednesday is a cousin of the bride, who was Sydney Davis, daughter of the late Willis Davis, artist and clubman. Mrs. Bliss was Edith Pillsbury whose mother, the first wife of E. S. Pillsbury, was a sister of the late Mrs. Davis. Young Mrs. Wolff's sister, Mrs. Pierre Moore, was her only attendant. Her gown was a marvel of draping. It was of apricot satin that fell in straight lines almost to the bottom of the skirt where it suddenly turned and began to climb up. Mrs. Moore wore a plumed hat of apricot and shades of blue. Carl Wolff, the bride-groom of the occasion is a cousin of the Zeile girls. His mother was a Zeile. His sister Paula who is Mrs. Will Humphreys was one of the beautiful young matrons at the wedding.

Country Hospitality

Formal entertaining in the country is becoming more the custom every year in this age of the automobile. Last week Mrs. Schwerin gave two large dinners at her San Mateo home with guests from town who motored down and back again the same evening. On Monday of this week

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the Redmond Paynes gave an afternoon reception at their place near Los Altos. At least forty cars were speeding down the peninsula at four o'clock bound for "Liberty Hall" which is the somewhat misleading name of the Sabin place. Liberty Hall is usually given to bachelors' quarters in England where the name comes from. But the Sabins chose it for the easy generous hospitality it suggests, and which has always prevailed there. The Payne house is set in the grounds of "Liberty Hall" which is the home of Mrs. Sabin, the mother of Mrs. Payne. Not all the automobiles traveled from town, however, as a hundred or so of the San Mateo and Menlo contingents were present. Not many years ago a party in the country meant a special train or providing lodgings for guests, and large affairs were only attempted by plutocratic hosts. But the modern motor has placed the prerogative of entertaining in the country within the reach of every one.

The Status of the Francisca

The annual report of the Francisca Club is at hand and shows that the club is on a sound financial footing. The ultra-exclusive women's club of our parish is not in the parlous condition I thought it in some weeks ago when I told of the efforts to effect a consolidation with the Town and Country. At that time I was under the impression that the Francisca was running behind while the Town and Country was prospering financially. On the contrary, the annual statement of the Francisca shows that its bills are all paid for the year, and there was a nice surplus in bank on March first when the annual dues were not yet payable. So the Francisca is far from being in financial straits. As to the plans for consolidating with the Town and Country, they do not seem to have advanced of late.

An Engagement Announced

The engagement has been announced of Miss Mattie Iola Shade to Mr. Charles L. O'Neal. Miss Shade is one of the charming daughters of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Shade and a sister of Dr. Melvin Shade of Oakland. She is one of the best known educators in Mendocino County, having a large class at present in the Point Arena Grammar School. Her resignation is in the hands of the district trustees however to take effect the middle of this month. The wedding will be a quiet home affair and will take place some time in the fall at the residence of the bride-elect, 834 36th st., Oakland. After a honeymoon trip to the Southern part of the State the young couple will reside in San Francisco where Mr. O'Neal has charge of the illustrating for the Wm. Brown Engraving Co.

Social Notes of Castle Crag

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Tobin of Burlingame are guests at Castle Crag. Mr. and Mrs. Tobin gave an enjoyable motor party Tuesday to a number of their friends who are also stopping at Castle Crag. Mr. S. B. Chittenden, a prom-

inent banker of Brooklyn, N. Y., Mrs. Augustus F. Holly also of Brooklyn, and Mrs. S. Hartwell Chapman of New York City are registered at Castle Crag. The party have been sojourning for the past two months at Del Monte. Mr. and Mrs. Butler of Oakland, and their niece Miss Swigert arrived Tuesday at Castle Crag where they are planning to stay for a month. Mrs. Thomas Magee of San Francisco will sojourn at Castle Crag week after next. Mr. Magee will join his wife in the delightful mountain retreat, and spend his vacation fishing and motoring. General Taylor (retired) and Mrs. Taylor are most enthusiastic over the beauties of Castle Crag. They will spend the summer at this popular hostelry. Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Goldberg were the first guests at Castle Crag. The weather is ideal in the mountains, and this young couple spend the major portion of their time fishing, horse back riding and tramping. Mr. and Mrs. James V. McClatchy are spending their honeymoon at Castle Crag. The latter was Miss



MISS MATTIE IOLA SHADE
Whose engagement to Mr. Charles L. O'Neal has just been announced.

Hazel McKeivitt and was one of the belles of Sacramento. A large contingent of Oakland people are planning to spend the summer at Castle Crag. Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Bullin and little Miss Bullin are registered. Mrs. E. Comte, Miss Comte and maid will arrive Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Bessinger, two children and maid are occupying one of the artistic log cabins. Mr. T. E. Reade of the American Trading Co. of San Francisco is spending his vacation there. The manager of Castle Crag has purchased several Pack-

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(Advertisement)

ard cars. An auto delivery will be run in connection with the hotel. The roads are excellent, and motoring will be one of the features this summer.



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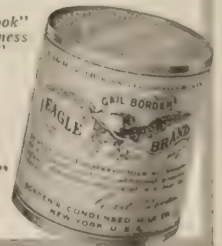
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The Personal Equation

of PARIS of LONDON of NEW YORK

By MRS. FRANCES HARDIN HESS of I. Magnin & Co.
Photographs by Courtesy of I. Magnin & Co.

Society is agog the world over, for the great International Polo Games are to be played this month.

While the Prize Fight is known as the "Gentlemen's Game," Polo is proudly called the "Sport of Kings." And it will take almost as much gold as King Midas had to pay the expense incurred in this approaching tournament.

Meadow Brook and Piping Rock stand bravely up and toe the mark with Hurlingham and Ranelagh—all are Country Clubs of distinction that society people frequent.

At the American Clubs will be gathered the smartest frocks the world-artist-designers have produced, for it is the privilege of America to entertain the international poloists.

Meadow Brook Club is too well known to need description. Piping Rock, however, is a club of less than three years' existence, but nevertheless chic and exclusive.

Says one of its members, "Polo is one of the major sports at Piping Rock and Racing, which is Polo's first cousin, has a mile track on which to whet the spurs of its notable horsemen."

Piping Rock Club gets its name from the rock on Long Island Sound, where the Indians are said to have smoked the pipe of peace. Many great estates are neighbors of Piping Rock Club, and it is a delight-



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PARTY
FROCKS
Such as
are worn
at the
smart
Piping Rock
Country
Club.



ful rendezvous for those privileged to enter its well tended portals.

The Club House is a long, rambling, white frame house of old Colonial type. Its great verandas express hospitality.

Here on these verandas are seen just such exquisite frocks as are pictured on this page. Smart new coats, three-quarters length, are extremely popular too at Piping Rock for the Atlantic winds are cold as they sweep into the Sound.

Short cloaks of all shades, reaching only to the knees and widely draped from back to front, are worn by almost every woman. This is rendered necessary by the flimsiness of the materials used for bodices as well as the cold Atlantic breezes.

* * * * *

Our Paris office sends the following items:—

Among the charming gowns seen at the races was one dove-colored tussor with basque and bodice of Alencon lace, and a bolero embroidered with Nattier blue silk and silver. Lace fell gracefully over the skirt from the waist as far as the knees. It was shorter in the front than in the back, giving a graceful appearance to a simple but rich dress.

* * * * *

A kimono bodice had rather a deep sailor collar ornamented with one rose. It was finished in front with a jabot of Malines lace. The sleeves were also in kimono style down to the elbows, where they became tight-fitting as far as the hands, where they ended in ruffles of the same lace.

* * * * *

Tulle, most vaporous of all fabrics that appear in fashionable millinery each spring, is to have unusual success this summer. All the latest imported millinery models show some decorations of it. Sometimes it will be only a simple ruffled edge, sometimes the tulle veils the hat so that the straw shows but dimly through the gathered folds of maline.

"The Heart of Maryland"

By Edward F. O'Day

Dave Belasco's play was hast'ning to the climax that we know, Wrapping all the Alcazarans in a luxury of woe. Kernan Cripps was marked for slaughter and his time was drawing nigh, But we remembered Leslie Carter, so we knew he wouldn't die. Very fair looked Alice Fleming in her garments all of white, And we gazed at her and murmured, "That bell shall not ring tonight."

"Mr. Butler," said the stage hand, "let the big scene go ahead; "All the ropes are in position." "Glad to hear it," answered Fred. So Miss Fleming biffs poor Bennison, and hasty Kernan Cripps Doesn't even stop to kiss her, but right through the window slips. "Ring the alarm bell!" cries the sentry, and we shudder with affright; But how we clap when Alice tells us, "It shall not ring tonight."

Change of scene. And lo! the belfry and the bell before us there. There before us too is Alice climbing up the belfry stair. Climbing up the painted scenery with well simulated woe, Climbing just as Leslie Carter climbed in days of long ago; While the stage hand in composure keeps her carefully in sight, For until she grasps the clapper that bell shall not swing tonight.

She has reached the painted platform; o'er her hangs the larrum bell. When she grabs its tongue the stage hand starts to pull like very—well, Any way he jerks the pulley, and Miss Fleming slowly swings While the audience gets excited as the curtain downward rings. Then we all breathe so much easier. We know everything's all right. It's a painted 'larm bell anyway. How could it ring tonight?

Gossip of the Theatre

Nazimova in "Bella Donna"

The famous Russian actress presented by Charles Frohman, is to bring her latest success, "Bella Donna," for local presentation. The role of Bella Donna which Nazimova portrays has been likened to the famous Borgia lady who, history says, was an adept in poisoning, but where Lucretia was successful, Bella Donna fails. The dramatic version was made by James Bernard Fagan from the novel by Robert Hichens. This book was one of the best sellers of its time and the play is said to be a sensational success. "Bella Donna" opens at the Columbia Monday night. The engagement is for two weeks, with matinees on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Cecilia Loftus at the Orpheum

Cecilia Loftus, the inimitable mimic will head the new bill at the Orpheum. Since her last appearance here she has enjoyed the honor of appearing before the King and Queen of England and of being personally complimented by them. She will give some old favorites and many new impersonations. Bob Matthews and Al Shayne will appear in the tabloid fantasy, "A Night on the Bowery." Matthews does a drug fiend and Shayne an Eastside Hebrew. They have songs and parodies. Harry De Coe is styled "The Man with The Tables and Chairs" because with those articles of furniture he accomplishes his most amazing stunts. Irene Bercseny, a beautiful Hungarian girl known as "the Hungarian Gypsy Queen" will make her first appearance in this city. She is a cimbal virtuosa. She is assisted by the violin soloist Yoska. The Five Hursleys, two men and three women, will give a marvelous acrobatic exhibition. There will be a new program of Edison Talking Moving Pictures. Next week will conclude the engagements of Arthur Hoops in Percival Knight's "Detective Keen"; Bogert and Nelson; and Madame Olga Petrova. Madame Petrova is proving one of the greatest hits the Orpheum has known.

"The Serenade" at the Tivoli

"When Johnny Comes Marching Home" will be given for the last times at the Tivoli this Sunday afternoon and evening and on Monday night "The Serenade," by all odds Victor Herbert's most tuneful work and Harry B. Smith's brightest book, will begin a brief engagement. "The Serenade" has always been a favorite comic opera in this city, since it was first sung by Alice Neilsen and the famous Bostonians at the Baldwin, and its melodies are as bright and fresh now as the day they were written. The cast will in-

clude all the favorites of the Tivoli, with the addition of John R. Phillips, the well-known lyric tenor whose work in "The Alaskan," "The Chocolate Soldier," "Bohemian Girl" and "Rose of Panama" has gained him many admirers in San Francisco. He will make his Tivoli debut as Lopez. Robert G. Pitkin will have the comedy role. Teddy Webb will assist in the funmaking.

Charles E. Gallagher and Henry Santrey will again shine vocally. Rena Vivienne, Ilon Bergere, Sarah Edwards, Stella De Mette, Oliver Le Noir, Robert C. Ryles and others will complete the cast. The only matinees are given Saturday and Sunday and the prices, as always, are popular. "Iolanthe," the Gilbert and Sullivan fairy opera, will follow.



MISS CECILIA LOFTUS
The inimitable mimic, who will appear next week at the Orpheum.

Hal Stephens at the Empress

The headline attraction at the Empress next week will be Hal Stephens presenting "Famous Characters in Famous Scenes," such as Rip Van Winkle, Shylock, Judas Iscariot, Pickwick. The other feature is a novelty from the London Hippodrome. This is provided by the Nathal Trio of acrobats. The Four Melody Monarchs are Charles Whisler, Gus Benkhart, Albert Hockey, song writers of fame, who are at the pianos and George E. Reed, the juvenile comedian of "The Pink Lady." They are vocalists, instrumentalists and comedians. Van Cleve-Denton and Tete, a mule, have a funny act. Fred ((Broomstick) Elliott has a one-stringed fiddle and quaint rube mannerisms. A comedy playlet entitled "A Snap Shot" will be presented by Joseph J. and Myra Dowling, old-time favorites. Sid Vincent and Irene Lorne have songs, dances and characterizations. Leader Sam Newman promises a program of popular airs during the week, and the Essansescope pictures are always of the best.

Another Week of "Hanky"

The Lew Fields musical comedy "Hanky Panky" will start its third and last week at the Cort Sunday night. The prediction that the show would enjoy a highly successful run has been borne out, and the prospects are that the last week of its stay here will be even more successful than the first two. "Everywoman," the inspiring dramatic spectacle, opens at the Cort Sunday, June 15.

A Thriller at Pantages

On the new bill at Pantages is Christine Hill who will appear in one of her successes entitled "Fate" which deals with the life in San Francisco's "Little Italy." One of the thrills is a stiletto duel in the dark. The regular feature is Menlo Moore's "Mother Goose Girls." There are ten pretty girls in this fairyland fancy. All the rhymes of Mother Goose have been woven into it. "The New Recruit" is a talking specialty given by Browning and Lewis. Emil Hoch and company will offer a little playlet called "Love's Young Dream." McPhee and Hill combine sen-

sational aerial gymnastics with humor. Martini and Troise will show a tuneful little playlet with a background of special scenery and odd musical instruments. A special feature will be the great film showing Barney Oldfield, the dare devil driver, in a spectacular race against a train with a life at stake.

"The Concert" at the Alcazar

What promises to be the most brilliant season in Alcazar history is to commence Monday evening when Leo Ditrichstein, the noted actor-author, will appear in David Belasco's greatest comedy production, "The Concert," in which he will be aided by three prominent members of his original support, Isabel Irving, Cora Witherspoon and Madge West, with Alcazar players completing the cast. Mr. Ditrichstein and the Misses Irving, Witherspoon and West have come direct from the Belasco Theatre, New York, where "The Concert" closed its third consecutive year as a high-price attraction in that city and on tour. Notwithstanding the extraordinary expense of obtaining the play and its principals the Alcazar management will adhere to regular rates, which are fifty per cent less than those which were charged for the privilege of witnessing the same performance in this city a few months ago. "The Concert" was adapted from the German by Mr. Ditrichstein who plays the central character.

Gifts to Ladies at Techau's

The management of Techau Tavern is continuing the presentation to lady patrons of the cafe, of beautiful souvenir bottles of Parfum Mary Garden, that delightful scent which has attained such wide popularity. This is but one of many graceful attentions which have combined to make the Tavern a favorite with the ladies. The patronage is ever on the increase and, particularly after the theatre, the cafe is generally filled to capacity with those who enjoy an hour or so of fine music with their late supper. Three vocalists of note, Miss Le Roy, Miss Hughes and Miss Hasselena may be heard at the Tavern nightly.

During the Summer season "TOWN TALK" subscribers are requested to send in promptly any change of address that they may contemplate making, so that the paper will reach them regularly.

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MATINEES WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS

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Menlo Moore's 12 MOTHER GOOSE GIRLS, a gorgeous musical spectacle of childhood nursery rhymes; CHRISTINE HILL & COMPANY in "FATE," a dramatic tale of San Francisco's Italy; "THE NEW RECRUIT," an Army Travesty with Browning & Lewis; EMIL HOCH & COMPANY in "Love's Young Dream"; MCPHEE & HILL, Comedy Bar Experts; MARTIN & TROISE, Sicilian Serenaders; HELEN DREW, 5 Feet of Comedy; BARNEY OLDFIELD'S RIDE FOR LIFE, a sensational Keystone Comedy.

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MADAME NAZIMOVA

To present "Bella Donna," James Bernard Fagan's stage version of Robert Hichens' widely read novel of the same name, at the Columbia for two weeks beginning Monday night, June 9.

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Liquidation seems to have run its course as far as the leading stocks are concerned and such declines of consequence as occurred during the past week in the few specialties were either readjustments to the prevailing level or had specific causes. Bear attacks failed to bring out stocks and even the bears welcomed the improvement which came at the end of the week, for the market was so completely sold out that they could do nothing more with it. No official announcement of progress in working out a plan to settle the Union Pacific case was made, but the Street was cheered by the rumors to that effect. Those concerned are known to have been busily engaged on the problem, and the certainty that the Union Pacific holds all its Southern Pacific stock free of the incumbrance of the Oregon Short Line bonds has removed one of the chief elements of doubt that existed in traders' minds. One plausible theory advanced at the end of the week was that the Union Pacific will turn over its \$126,650,000 of Southern Pacific stock to a trust company controlled by a great banking house not identified with Harriman-Pacific affairs, and will buy from the Southern Pacific the Central Pacific line from Ogden to San Francisco, payment to be guaranteed by the trust company. Then the Southern Pacific will proceed to get its charter amended to enable it to take back its own stock or as much of it as represents the purchase price, and the trust company will sell the balance in the open market for the account of the Union Pacific. This plan would avoid any heavy financing by any railroad. It would comply with the judgment of the Supreme Court ordering the Union Pacific to dispose of this stock. It would meet the wishes of the Department of Justice that the Southern Pacific sell this Central Pacific line which is an east and west road that competes to some extent with its own main line. As for the California Railroad Commission the Union Pacific will have to take over the Central Pacific line subject to a grant of the use of the Benecia cut-off and terminals on San Francisco Bay to other roads. Presumably, this deference to the wishes to the California Railroad Commission reduces the price the Union Pacific is willing to pay, but the Southern Pacific itself will have the use of the Benecia cut-off on equal terms with the other railroads, which is worth something. Crop, trade and railroad reports were uniformly favorable. Tariff uncertainty checks business in some quarters, but the consumption of goods has been so large and steady that business has been more active than was expected. Heavy movements of freight and imports of merchandise on the eve of a change in the tariff prove this, and less has been said about closing mills and cutting wages during the past week. From the standpoint of some highly protected

manufacturers, it is positively disgusting to see the people eating food and buying clothes as freely as ever.

Wheat—A new element has entered into the wheat market the last week in the shape of wheat impairment. It is claimed that the crop of wheat in Oklahoma has deteriorated one-third by drought, and that the early estimates for the crop in Kansas must be reduced to 90,000,000 bushels or less. There is not now, of course, anything approximating the drought of 1911, for during the first half of the year the entire territory west of the Mississippi and extending to the Rocky Mountains suffered a deficiency of moisture that ran as high as from 5 to 15 inches in the States of Kansas, Missouri and Oklahoma, from 6 to 14 inches in Iowa and Nebraska, and as much as 18 inches at St. Paul. At the present time the precipitation in the same territory ranges from normal to 3½ inches deficiency. The droughtiest part of the country is in the States of Montana, Wyoming and Idaho. We are inclined to the opinion that there has not been at any time, any warrant for the promise of the excessive yields that have been current, and we are prepared to believe that whatever deterioration the wheat crop may have suffered comes more from soil impairment than from any other cause, for the last crop of wheat west of the Mississippi, was an abnormally large one, and like an individual that overtaxes himself, Nature must likewise feel the effects of her supreme exertions, and suffer for a time a loss of vitality, and require rest and recuperation. Accordingly, we have frequently expressed our belief, that it would be best for the trade to base its calculations on just an average production of wheat for the harvest of 1913. The statistical situation of wheat continues conspicuously strong. In the last two weeks nearly 15,000,000 bushels of wheat and flour have been shipped from America to importing countries, and according to Broomhall, Europe will require weekly shipments of 6,000,000 bushels from America for the next eight or nine weeks, and furthermore he says that from the world's standpoint, consumers of wheat are increasing faster than the production, and that it will require higher prices to induce farmers to sow more wheat in the older countries of the world. Private reports just received from Europe assert that interior stocks of wheat are light in the hands of millers throughout Belgium, Holland, Germany and France, and as the European visible supply is 14,000,000 bushels less than a year ago, the indications imply a continued good demand for the new crop of wheat this side of the Atlantic.

Corn—The corn market has been stimulated by the cold, backward weather, and has had a sharp reaction with the change to sunny skies and warmer temperatures, but as old accumulations at

the terminal centers have been reduced to meager proportions, and the current receipts are absorbed by the cash demand, it is hardly probable that any material decline can come until the new crop is at least all planted, if it does then. In fact, the high prices of provisions make corn so much more profitable for farm feeding purposes than present prices afford, it not only militates against any pronounced decline from present values, but invites investment buying on all fair recessions.

Cotton—The cotton market held in a very narrow range the past week. Early in the week prices were higher, but as a result of the general rain over the cotton belt toward the end of the week prices sold off to around the 11 cents level for the new crop months. Crop accounts showed further improvement in the western and central portions of the belt and a decided improvement in Alabama and the South Atlantic States. Cotton plants squaring and blooming have already been exhibited in the vicinity of Houston. Thus far southwestern, southcentral and southeastern Texas has reported blooms, which is rather early,

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SAY YOU SAW IT IN "TOWN TALK"

especially for southeast Texas, and the plant is reported flowering in sections of south Alabama and southern Georgia, where the early planted will be early in maturing. Exports for the week were 68,000 bales from all ports against 65,000 bales last year, being a little larger than for the corresponding week of one year ago owing to the shipments out of New York stock. But since September 1 the total shipments from all ports to Europe are only 7,962,000 bales compared with 10,021,000 bales last year, or a little more than two million less than to even date a year ago. Spinners' takings of American cotton continue to fall under last year and the total since September 1 is only 11,751,000 bales against 12,953,000 bales to even date one year ago. The world's visible supply is now more than last year while in April it was 500,000 bales less than last year. The Government report made its first showing of the year and the report was given out as 79.1 against 78.5 last year. This was lower than expected as the trade generally were looking for a condition of 83. Prices advanced quickly about a dollar a bale but the advance was short lived and a reaction set in which carried prices down again. There seems to be a good demand around the 11 cents level for the new crop months and the market hesitates at this level. Trade however is very light and the market is only a scalping affair for the time being.

IN THE SOCIAL SPOTLIGHT

Among the many well known guests who motored to Pariso over the week-end were Dr. J. Clack and Mr. and Mrs. J. Pressly who had as their guests Miss Ruby Sailes and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Darcey and son.

The Hotel Oakland Bulletin for this week included: Monday—Annual convention of the California State Dental Association. Luncheon by Rev. John Beckwell. Tuesday—California Dental Association. Wednesday—Mrs. G. L. Curtis, Marlborough Hall, 1060 Bush street, gave dinner and card party to sixteen. Thursday—California Dental Association. Oakland Rotary Club Luncheon. Friday—Dinner, dance and reception by Aahmes Temple, Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, to the delegates who attended the Imperial Conclave of the Shriners at Dallas, Texas. Reception given in the new quarters of Aahmes Temple in the hotel and dinner served in the Renaissance grill room. Dance in Ivory ball room. Saturday—Dinner of the Bay Counties Medical Research Society in English room.

Recent guests at Paso Robles Hot Springs included: Paul St. John, Mrs. B. McClaughey, Mrs. M. Morris, W. A. Roby, D. F. Hopkins, L. M. Speer, Chas. Magill, Mrs. O. H. Greenald, Louis Sloss Jr., P. B. Martin, C. M. Hanson, Harry Woodward, J. M. McDonald, Matt Sullivan, J. W. Havens and son, Miss Glover, James Rolph Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Beck, W. F. Nichols, John Emery, Walter Heller, Mrs. Frank Bush and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Miller, Dr. and Mrs. G. C. Simmons, Mrs. G. L. Simmons, E. M. Simmons, E. C. Simmons, W. Miller, Mrs. H. M. Bull, Dr. C. A. Dukes and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Lowenstein, Miss F. B. Galland, Frank Pauson, S. B. Pauson, Thos. Roberts, L. Perry, Miss Capwell, Mrs. H. Capwell and J. H. Noyes.

Among the San Francisco people who are at present at Coronado are Mrs. W. B. Wilshire and Miss Doris Wilshire who arrived by motor early in the week. Mrs. W. H. Smith arrived on Tuesday and will spend the summer months at the hotel. Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Miner and Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Drake of Los Angeles who are known socially in San Francisco as well, spent the week-end at the hotel, as did also Mrs. W. S. Hook and Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Holliday. Dr. and Mrs. A. M. Flood are guests at Coronado. Robert Capelle, Pacific Coast agent

for the North German Lloyd S. S. Co. spent several days at Coronado during the week. Other San Francisco people who registered were S. V. Mooney, C. H. Brockhagan and W. W. Chapin.

At Golden Gate Park, Tuesday, June 17, at 2 o'clock p. m., a patriotic musical program will be rendered by Golden Gate Park Band under the direction of the leader, Prof. Chas. Cassasa, in honor of the 138th anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill. The stirring song "The Sword of Bunker Hill" will be played especially. The public and all patriotic citizens are invited to attend.

"You are very low," observed the weather man. "Yes," replied the official thermometer, regretfully, "I fear I have taken a drop too much."

O'Grady's Leprechaun

(Continued from Page 8.)

But it sat among the roof beams. Busily It ate. Upon the flood fell the crumbs.

"Faith, Maggie, what av the bread? The baste will lave us none."

"Och, lave it be. Don't put fear at it wid yer clutther."

Long they stayed, coaxing. Nor would soft speech bring the Thing down. Light grew the day, but the heart in Phelim was heavy. The door he dare not open. Fear was on him to lose the fortune. Bright as their eyes are the wits of women. Dry is bread in the mouth; smooth is milk. Nor could the Ting resist the gleaming bowl. Swift It moved to drink, but Phelim seized it. Firmly was it tied.

Fiercely the Thing jabbered, as one in anger. Not in Gaelic was Its speech, nor in the Sas-senach tongue. Strange were the words. Even as a hunter seeking his quarry, so wandered Phelim through his speech. Understanding was not his. All through the day sat he, listening and talking at it. No word did he know.

Darkness crept over the hills. The women lighted the rushlight. But the heart in Phelim was troubled. He spoke: "Nary a wurrud do I know of what ut ses. I belave 'tis tellin' of the treasure. But what's the good of that anyway, when I can't understand a wurrud. 'Tis Mahoy we must find. Himself knows all these things. Go, wan of ye, to the Widdy Clancy's and bring him av ye can. But don't breathe a wurrud to another sowl."

As the wind on the furrowed waves, so moved Maggie on the road. Many were the old men in the house of the Widow Clancy. But Mahoy sat among them, one-eyed. He came at her call. "In throuble are we, Mahoy. Phalim wants ye greatly, and now."

He questioned not, but with her went. Wisdom was with him. In swift words did she make it clear to him on the grey road. Like the twinkling of stars was the one eye of Mahoy. "I'll talk wid It," said he, "and do annythin' I can." Comfort was with her.

They lifted the latch. By the rushlight sat Phelim. The turf glowed warm. But the Thing would speak not with him. "Welcome are ye, Mahoy," said he, "'Tis mesilf has found the Leprechaun indade. Av ye can understand the spache of it, I'll give ye a fist in the gowld whin we get it."

But he, one-eyed, laughed, nor could he speak.



FLORENCE MOORE

The funniest woman that ever came to town, who is appearing in "Hanky Panky" at the Cort.

His shoulders heaved. Then came the voice to him:

"O Phelim, ye omadhaun! Faith, 'tis a monkey ye found, and nary a Leprechaun at all, at all. I've sained him with the stranger foreign men wid music boxes, out beyant there at the fairs."

In a heap sat Phelim, sorrow upon his head. As the mist in the morning sun, the fortune had vanished, an' him to be laughed at.

No more did he take the high word at the house of the Widow Clancy. The old men talk in peace.

But Mahoy gently closed his one eye when he gave the monkey back, and two bright shillings to the stranger with the music box.

'Tis not well to heard old men.

Letters

"Comrade Yetta" by Albert Edwards

Albert Edwards has followed up his first success, "A Man's World," by another strikingly good novel, "Comrade Yetta," which, following on the heels of the great strike of the garment workers, is an exceptionally timely production since it concerns itself with sweat shop workers, strikes, police persecutions, unfair trials and all the accidents and incidents which lead up to, accompany and follow labor disturbances. But "Comrade Yetta" is more than a row of pegs on which to hang theories, and it makes no attempt to prescribe a panacea for all the diseases of poverty. Indeed, the first cause of sweating, like that of child-labor, would seem to be the lack of consideration on the part of parents and guardians who are willing to exploit those over whom they exercise control for any sum however small which will add to their own comfort. When any considerable number will resort to such exploitation they set a standard to which others must conform. "Comrade Yetta" was more fortunate than most girls of her class for she was the only child of a man of some education and high ideals. She was fifteen when he died and had been kept at school regularly. Then she came under the guardianship of an aunt and uncle who probably defrauded her of her little patrimony but who, in any case, made haste to thrust her into the first opening which presented itself, as they had done with their own daughters, in their cases even committing perjury in order to evade the school laws. The Goldsteins were on the border line of criminality. The father was dissolute, the son a thief and the daughters ignorant. They were mercilessly sweated at home, deprived of every privilege and pleasure, and it could surprise no one that one of the girls went wrong. That Yetta did not follow her was more through good luck than anything else. It was when by accident she went to a combination

of strike-meeting and ball in favor of other workers that Yetta impulsively sprang to her feet and made her first speech. Being pretty and better educated than others of her class, she was at once taken up by a group of sociologists, and thereafter she disappeared from the shop, to become an organizer, strike picket, walking delegate and journalist in turn, and all the time a girl-orator. Her home was no longer the dark and dirty tenement but an up-town flat with a degree of luxury, pretty clothes, out-of-town vacations, and other luxuries which never fall to the lot of those born under a less lucky star. Yetta simply was not a typical case, but an exception all the way through, though she did not, as is too often the case in real life, turn her back on the workers. She solved her own problem to her own satisfaction, and no doubt the various unions which she was instrumental in organizing were of benefit to their members. When, if ever, the workers of the world are all consolidated into one big union, perhaps the millennium will have arrived, but meanwhile the line of cleavage between the real workers and that band of well-meaning college graduates and people of means who are bent on "doing good" by main strength is as wide as ever. Mr. Edwards makes an inspiring picture of that devoted band of Socialists in the Clarion office, working together for the good of the cause, struggling and starving and cheering each other on to the final victory. Sometimes such things do happen. Sometimes they can keep it up for a limited time, but it is the unfortunate truth that co-operative enterprises invariably fail because of lack of co-operation. Sooner or later the Old Adam manifests himself, and nobody is going to work for everybody, even with a Comrade Yetta as an inspiration. Of

(Continued on Page 23.)

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of KATE S. ISAACS, Deceased, No. 15,357, New Series, Dept. 10.

NOTICE is hereby given by the undersigned, Union Trust Company of San Francisco, executor of the last will and testament of Kate S. Isaacs, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executor at its office at the junction of Market and O'Farrell Streets and Grant Avenue, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as its place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of Kate S. Isaacs, deceased.

UNION TRUST COMPANY OF SAN FRANCISCO, Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Kate S. Isaacs, Deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, May 17, 1913.
HELLER, POWERS & EHRMAN,
Attorneys for said Executor,
Nevada Bank Bldg., San Francisco. 5-17-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of PHILIPP SCHLUCHTERER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator with the Will annexed of the Estate of Philipp Schluchterer, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator with the Will annexed at the office of Morrison, Dunne & Brobeck, Rooms 709-722 of the Crocker Building, located at the intersection of Market, Post and Montgomery Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Philipp Schluchterer, deceased.

SIGMUND BERNSTEIN,
Administrator with the Will annexed of the Estate of Philipp Schluchterer, Deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, May 24, 1913.
MORRISON, DUNNE & BROBECK,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Rooms 709-722 Crocker Building,
San Francisco, Cal. 5-24-5

SUMMONS AND COMPLAINT

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 47,232; Dept. No. 10.

LILLIAN E. LIVINGSTON, Plaintiff, vs. CHARLES LIVINGSTON, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to:

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willfully asserting and abandoning plaintiff for the period of one year, and over, next immediately preceding the commencement of this action and defendant's willfully failing to provide for plaintiff the common necessities of life for one year, and over, next immediately preceding the commencement of this action, and also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 14th day of February, A. D. 1913.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.
ARTHUR E. NATHANSON, Atty. for Plaintiff,
1112 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 5-17-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of CATHERINE V. ROSEK, Formerly CATHERINE O'BRIEN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that H. A. Rosek, administrator of the estate of said deceased, has filed in this Court his petition setting forth that said deceased in her lifetime entered into a contract to convey to Frank D. Dollings certain real estate situate, lying and being in the town of Red Bluff, County of Tehama, State of California, and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

All of lots twenty-one (21) and twenty-two (22) of Block one hundred seventeen (117) as the same appear on the Amended Map of Part Addition to the Town of Red Bluff on file in the office of the County Recorder of Tehama County, State of California, and that in said petition said petitioner prays for an order of this Court directing him as administrator of the estate of said deceased, to execute to said Frank D. Dollings, a deed to the property above described.

It is hereby ordered that all persons interested be and appear on the 30th day of June, 1913, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. in the above entitled Court, Department No. 10 thereof, in the New City Hall on Market Street near Eighth Street, in said City and County, then and there to show cause if any they have, why said petition should not be granted.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published once a week at least for four successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, May 29, 1913.
THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.
HERRINGTON & BARRETT, Attys. for Administrator,
612 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-7-4

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS:—
THAT I, BEN J. SCHMIDT, DO HEREBY CERTIFY:—

That I am transacting and doing business, as an individual, under the designation of BEN J. SCHMIDT & COMPANY, at No. 35 Sansome Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California;

That I am the sole owner of, and the only person interested in, the aforesaid business, and that my name in full and place of residence are:—

BENJAMIN J. SCHMIDT, San Anselmo, Marin County, California.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand this 2d day of May, 1913.

BEN J. SCHMIDT.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 2d day of May, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Thirteen, before me, T. W. WITTOFT, a Notary Public in and for the said City and County of San Francisco, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared Ben J. Schmidt, known to me to be the same person whose name is subscribed to the within instrument and he duly acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my Official Seal, at my office, in the City and County of San Francisco, the day and year in this certificate first above written.

(Seal) T. W. WITTOFT,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

WISE, SAPIRO & O'CONNOR,
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San Francisco, Cal. 5-10-5

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Letters

(Continued from Page 22.)

all the incidents in the book the one which makes the most lasting impression is the fate of Jake Goldfogle, the sweater in whose shop Yetta worked. Jake was not a bad fellow at all but he had induced his relatives to go in with him and all the capital of the family was invested in the contract for vest-making. He did not especially care for sweat-shopping but it offered the one way of escape from grinding poverty. If he fulfilled his contracts and met his creditors this one time his course would be upward. Credits and contracts were both for short time and he was as mercilessly driven as he was obliged to drive his hands. When Yetta precipitated the strike it ruined not only himself but his relatives, and broken in spirit, physically and financially crippled, he sank to become a peddler of shoe strings and collar buttons, as pitiable a wreck as any of those worn out by the work itself. As a background for the labor disturbances and the socialistic discussions there are several distinct love stories, successful and otherwise, in more than one of which Comrade Yetta occupies a place of prominence. The book does not decide anything, does not attempt to, but it is evident that we cannot afford to pass lightly by anything offered us by Albert Edwards. From the Macmillan Co.

Dyspeptic Philosophy

Some people are always so busy following advice that they never catch up.

There is nothing that will make a girl forget a heartache like having a toothache.

Love is blind only when it is blind to its own interests.

The right man in the right place should be doubly sure of not being left.

Occasionally you meet a woman who is almost as much afraid of a dentist as she is of a mouse.

Lots of people who marry for love find themselves unable to carry out the contract.

Don't jump to the conclusion that a man is well-bred just because he has a little bun.

Some people are so constituted that they would rather find fault than find favor.

To be really disappointed in love it is necessary to have been married at least once.

When a fellow tells a girl he would gratify her smallest wish she may be justified in having grave doubts about her larger ones.

Some people give themselves away and others are constantly being sold.

The man who is too proud to beg and too honest to steal shouldn't aspire to a political job.

Little boys soon get tired of their toys and break them up, but little girls wait until they grow up.

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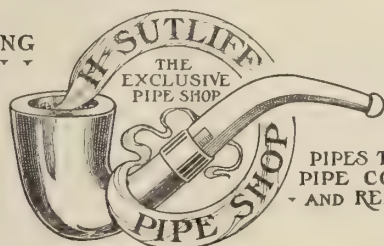
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THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXI. No. 1086

SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 14, 1913

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXI

SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 14, 1913

No. 1086

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Chas. W. Raymond.....Business Manager

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Industrial Strife

The Pacific Gas and Electric Company has a strike on its hands, and the strikers are doing what strikers usually do. By acts of violence against property and individuals they are trying to inconvenience the public, to prevent honest men from making a living and the company from conducting its business. The vital, most sacred guarantees of civil society are being openly violated in defiance of all safeguards, in disregard not only of man-made law but of God-made law, and this state of affairs is so far from uncommon that it occasions hardly any comment. Yet the bloody history of recent industrial disturbances almost warrants the presumption that men are to be found among the strikers who in the heat of conflict would have as little reluctance to slit a throat as to cut a wire. The public know that instigation to homicide is one of the consequences of the industrial strife waged by the organization that celebrates its thugs and denounces the authorities that seek to restrain them. But the public are quiescent, and the press that professes concern for the public welfare, when it does not openly espouse the cause of strikers encourages them by giving publicity to the artful misrepresentations that are always manufactured at union headquarters. When one ponders these things how utterly trivial appear the moral crusades the uplifters are waging on all sides of us! If the ways of organized labor are taken as a matter of course; if there is no widespread resentment against general recognition of an organization that would subordinate the general interests of society to its own, and that will commit murder to attain its ends, how Quixotic to be legislating against the minor vices on the theory that they are dining on the vitals of society! We appear to be living in a topsy-turvy world. Here is the President of our country appointing to office men openly in sympathy with the labor leaders convicted in Indianapolis, and at the same time inveighing against lobbyists in Washington. Here is the Commonwealth Club of San Francisco, a club of very lofty

pretensions soberly listening to a sermon on the sins of our police courts while apparently wholly insensible of the fact that several public officials in bay counties have been threatening to harass the Pacific Gas and Electric Company in order to aid and abet a strike that even union men have not had the audacity to endorse.

The Astonishing Governor Cruce

Strange as it may seem out of Oklahoma cometh wisdom. A Progressive State is Oklahoma, the idiosyncrasies of which we have too faithfully imitated, ignoring the while its lucid intervals. In one of its fits of insanity the Legislature of Oklahoma passed a full train crew bill. The Governor considered it when all his faculties were alert and working to perfection; result, a veto notable for its good sense and sound reasoning. "Every dollar of expense placed on railroad corporations in Oklahoma," says Governor Cruce in his veto message, "will ultimately be paid by those who patronize the railroads." That is one reason for not creating a fictitious demand for labor for the benefit of the unions. Furthermore: "I have learned," says Governor Cruce, "that those who have made a lifetime study of railroad operations are better judges of the proper method of operating them than I am, and I believe this is equally true when applied to a majority of the members of any legislative body." Equally true, to be sure, but amazingly heterodox. Though the average legislator is not an ornament of private life; though the average legislator is below third-rate in whatever profession, trade or business he is struggling for existence, yet our legislative bodies presume to know more about business of every kind than the most successful captains of industry. The Legislature of Oklahoma is no exception. Says Governor Cruce: "The trouble in Oklahoma is, and has ever been, that in dealing with public service corporations we have assumed to know more about how properly to operate them than those who have given the matter careful study." In conclusion he remarked that there was a State commission charged with railroad regulation and that it probably was better qualified than the Legislature to provide for efficient service. In his opinion the only purpose of the bill was "to provide positions for three men to do work that can be done by two," and that the best that can be said of it is that it is "in harmony with the principle that has prevailed in this State of creating an army of officials to do the work that ought to be done by half the number." Governor Cruce is worse than reactionary, he is revolutionary. His veto message has probably earned him the contempt of the greatest of all Governors, the Hon. Hiram Johnson of California, who recognizes it as a cardinal principle of pure and wholesome

politics—the planting of two commissions where but one flourished before.

The Over-Worked Public

More than once it has been observed in these columns that while it is easy to put the machinery of government in the hands of the people it is somewhat difficult to induce the people to do anything with it. Abundant evidence of this has been furnished wherever provision has been made for a multiplicity of popular votes. The latest instance occurred in Columbus, O., where the people have declared in favor of the drafting of a new charter. The masses demonstrated by staying away from the polls that they were not at all interested in the subject. Three out of every four voters abstained from voting, and the election was carried by an insignificant majority of about one voter in six. Yet the papers of the city ardently promoted the movement in the name of Progressivism. They conducted what is known as a vigorous campaign, and by the usual artful methods of American journalism they tried to suggestionize the masses, to make the people believe that a new charter was a matter of the most urgent necessity. When the polls closed it was found that barely ten thousand votes were polled from a population above two hundred thousand. In time of course the people will revolt against being taxed to promote the rivalries and ambitions of their pestiferous politicians, and some day they will clamor for the opportunity to go to the polls and put the agencies of government where they belong.

The Downfall of a Demagogue

From the days of Absalom to the days of Marat, from the French Revolution to the defeat of the Christian soldiers at Armageddon, the history of politics has been the Lives of Demagogues. The friend of the people figures in all great political movements, and usually the baseness of his character is in proportion to the ardor of his friendship. Whether this can be truthfully said of Lloyd George, Chancellor of the Exchequer, we are not well enough informed to assert, but it does not matter much as the idol of the Single Taxers of England will never again wield much influence in British politics. Having figured in the Marconi scandal George's day of usefulness to the Radicals is over. Now that he is off his pedestal his land schemes are no longer taken seriously. A few months ago his boosters of the press were predicting a new era in Liberalism and the striking of terror and confusion in the ranks of their dismayed opponents, but now we find the great champion of the people appealing for sympathy and support to the very class whose existence he had threatened to cut short. The very men who were expected to be cowering

under the lash of his invective are now laughing at the most supremely ridiculous figure in the public life of their country. The great land campaign has been abandoned, and now it is seen that all his talk was chiefly bluff, brag and bluster, and the land question nothing more than an effective rallying cry for his discredited party. The downfall of this dishonored and contemptible demagogue is of interest to us because he was not only the champion of the plain people of England but the inspiration of a large section of the Progressives and uplifters of this country. The Churchills and Pinchots held him in high esteem, regarded him as a great statesman, and much of the altruistic legislation enacted in States where reform has run mad, was first suggested on the high authority of Lloyd George who is now recognized in England as a man without either a sane constructive idea or a keen sense of decency.

The Press a Public Utility

The legislature of Colorado has had under advisement a proposal to declare every newspaper published within the borders of the State a public utility subject to all laws governing public utilities. This is what we have been expecting for a long time; ever since it became the sense of the American people that they should assert their guardianship over everything beneath the heavens that God has seemed to regard as too trivial for divine consideration. To nothing but the proverbial inattention of the people can we attribute the apparent discrimination in favor of the press that has so long prevailed. And now that the matter has been taken up we are astonished to find that certain newspapers that have preened themselves on their Progressive philosophy regard the Colorado idea as revolutionary and outrageous. They affect solicitude for the sanctity of Freedom on her mountain top, and they would guard the sacred one with maledictions. They tell us that the regulation of newspapers on the public utility principle would mean the muzzling of the press, and they are summoning their readers to resent the contemplated iniquity. Unless our judgment is tottering the people will not take fright at the prospect. The superstition that great calamities would befall the people if ever the newspapers were muzzled has long since lost its grip on the public mind. For the relaxing of that obsession we are indebted to the yellow journal, which to that extent has proved itself a means of enlightenment. The yellow journal is supplying the antidote for its own poison. Aside from the nausea it has produced, it has done much toward inducing the state of mind and trend of thought which are so well typified by the legislature of Colorado. Indeed to challenge the Colorado idea is to question the processes of reasoning persistently cultivated by yellow journalism, processes that lead directly to the conclusion that the press ought to be regulated as a public utility. The Syracuse Herald says the newspaper business is no more a public utility than a department store. This is absurd. In a country governed by public opinion the newspaper, enjoying as it does

certain privilege and presuming as it does to form public opinion and to supply the material with which the public mind is informed, is assuredly a public utility. In a democracy the newspaper performs certain functions of a quasi-public character, and it has the same relation to the public of this day as the civic orator had toward the public in the days of the Athenian democracy. The orator of those days was subject to certain regulations. For misleading the public on public questions he could be prosecuted under the indictment of illegality. Following as we are in the footsteps of the Athenians we should not discriminate in the matter of regulation in favor of the press. If "the public," as Secretary Redfield says, "has the right to efficiency in factories" certainly it has the right to efficiency in the Fourth Estate. If the public can protect its stomach from adulterated goods, why not its mind and heart from the insidious poisons of a conscienceless newspaper?

Our Premier-President

Ever since President Wilson said that he was a constant reader of the London Times Englishmen have regarded him as a superior American. There is no form of flattery more effective for the winning of an Englishman's confidence than acknowledgment of the merits of his daily bible. President Wilson having thus ingratiated himself into British esteem he now receives unqualified praise in the British press for everything he does. His views on the tariff are of course the highest evidence in British eyes of his wisdom as a statesman. So far as his foreign policy has been disclosed it meets with warm British approval. But principally he is admired in England for his conception of his duties, in accordance with which he presumes to direct and control the legislative branch of the government. The London Nation discussing the subject says that his relations with Congress thus far show that it is his purpose, so far as circumstances will permit, "to exercise the general authority and leadership of a British Premier." This undoubtedly is an accurate description of the President's general attitude. But The Nation though it perceives the President's purpose, though it clearly apprehends his conception of his duties, considers nevertheless that he is deserving of applause. Yet it is under no misapprehension as to the design of the Constitution which he is sworn to obey and uphold; for it says that the "sages of 1789" divided the Executive from the Legislature "so firmly as to make each not only independent but hostile." What the "sages of 1789" intended was that the Executive and Legislative branches should each be jealous of its own powers; that in a measure each should curb the other. But President Wilson following in the footsteps of Theodore Roosevelt does not scruple at defeating the purpose of the Constitution. Nor is their much fault found with him for assuming imperial power; not at any rate by any considerable section of the American people. We love democracy, but more than that we love to be bossed. This is a phenomenon that

idealists are insensible of. The religion of humanity preached by Rousseau is a cult founded on the superstition that man was born without sin and was deliberately enslaved by priests and kings. The fact is that man is a servile beast who asks for nothing better than a Napoleon to shed blood and let himself be grovelled to as a god. Roosevelt had the right idea, but it is hardly likely that Wilson has any other idea than that of giving a mild imitation of the man on horseback. He is not a man to inspire dread. He is doing nothing more than helping to fulfill the prophecy of Disraeli that within one hundred years all parliamentary power would peter out and nothing would remain but the Executive and the press. This he would not be able to do were it not for the receptive mood of the people who can never be made to understand that democracy is the direct road to imperial power. The Nation is right. President Wilson is exercising "the general authority of a British Premier" and he is doing so without being subject to the restraints imposed on that high functionary. What the consequences may be when our Chief Magistrate absorbs the powers of Congress entirely depends on his intelligence and sense of expediency. If President Wilson is not (which may happily be the case) the man Grover Cleveland thought he was, we may get along very well while he is in the White House notwithstanding his conception of his duties and his indifference to a vital principle of the Constitution. But in view of the means which he employs to control the Congress how utterly theatrical appears to be his complaint respecting a lobby in Washington! When a President has no conscientious scruples against bribing Senators with patronage is it likely that he is thrilled with a moral resentment when he sees them being wine and dined by agents of the "interests"?

Peculiarities of the Ignorant

A contemporary is astonished at the ignorance of an anti-vivisectionist who protests that "the torture of animals is for the benefit of vile and immoral creatures whom the world would be infinitely better without." Our contemporary marvels that anybody should be so ignorant as to suppose that only "vile and immoral creatures" suffer from what has been called "the most baneful disease of man." There is really no limit to the ignorance and stupidity of anti-vivisectionists. Doubtless we shall be promptly informed that there are many educated men and women in the anti-vivisection societies of this country and Europe. Doubtless we shall be supplied with the names of some of them. And we should not be surprised if at the first rattle out of the box appeared the name of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, because we find that omniscient Thebaness writing profound nonsense on the subject for Hearst's Cosmopolitan. We are as well aware of the fact that many so-called educated persons are to be found among anti-vivisectionists as that occasionally so-called scientists are guilty of wanton cruelty to animals. We are not to be awed, however,

by a reputation for education. We know that all sorts of persons are supplied with education nowadays. It is because education is so cheap that there are so many cranks in the world. There is nothing better than education to enable a person to take a serene, detached view of things, but the anti-vivisectionist, however well educated, is denied that blessing. He is temperamentally incapable of a detached view of anything. Wherever you find a prejudice against vivisection you find a prejudice against many things. Anti-vivisection is but the expression of an incomplete mind. The average anti-vivisectionist is a person overflowing with intolerance. You will find more anti-vivisectionists among the busybody moralists of Los Angeles than anywhere else in the world. Nearly every irrational idealist is a member of an anti-vivisection society. And if you get into a discussion of the subject with one of them, even an educated one, you will find that his whole argument is based on untruths which he has accepted without question because they supported his position. George Bernard

Shaw who is dissatisfied with morality and everything but his own plays, and who carries persiflage and paradox into all realms from music to vegetarianism, is an anti-vivisectionist on principle—the principle that whatever is anti is right. Not long ago this scientific humorist got into an argument about anti-vivisection in a London newspaper, and in sixteen words he made three assertions all of which were proved false. The proportion holds good in all the literature of anti-vivisection. Almost every argument against vivisection is based on the assumption that the whole science of therapeutics is merely speculative and that there has been no final demonstration of anything. Most anti-vivisectionists are of the opinion that experiments on animals cause great pain. The truth is that the animal is generally under anesthesia and is killed after the experiment before it comes round from the anesthetic. Ninety-five of all experiments on animals are inoculations, involving no sort or kind of operation, and for inoculations the animals used are mice, rats, guinea-pigs or rabbits. Most of these

inoculations are painless. In most institutions no operation, more than the lancing of a vein just under the skin, is permitted unless the animal, throughout the whole of the operation, is under some anesthetic strong enough to prevent it from feeling pain. Now the answer to the anti-vivisectionist is that the life and health of children come before the lives of guinea-pigs and rabbits. If for thirty years anti-vivisection societies had been allowed to have their way, they would be guilty of all the pain, disease and death that have been prevented by methods discovered through experiments on animals. It is past all conjecturing what legions of human beings and sheep, cattle, dogs, horses and swine would have suffered and died for want of the knowledge gained by the experiments against which the anti-vivisectionists have been protesting. From diphtheria alone millions of children would have died a miserable death; and millions of human beings and animals from rabies, epidemic meningitis, plague, tetanus, puerperal fever, anthrax and pleuro-pneumonia. But this is no argument to squelch the anti-vivisectionist with.

The Bed

(Le Lit. "De Heredia.")

Hung though it be with linen or brocade,
Sad as a tomb or joyful as a nest,
Here man is born, here mated, here takes rest,
Babe, husband, grandsire, grandam, wife or maid,
Be it for bridal or for burial sprayed
Under black crucifix or palm-branch blest,
From the first dawn till the last candle drest,
Here all things made beginning, ending made.

Low, rustic, shuttered . . . proud of a pavilion
Victorious in gold-leaf and vermillion,
Hewn from brute oak,—cypress or sycamore—
Happy who lies without remorse or dread
In the paternal bed, immense and hoar,
Where all his folk are born, where all lie dead.

—Sandys Wason.

Perspective Impressions

Why not bill Doctor Aked as Cupid's chauffeur?

Among other "reforms" at Stanford one notes the employment of a press agent.

Exiled from Los Angeles Venus is making her last stand at Venice.

Hail to the trouserine! But come to think of it the new-fangled match doesn't have to be struck that way.

If to suffer death while interfering with a horse race is martyrdom in the cause of woman suffrage then why shouldn't the Pankhursts advocate wholesale suicide? The blood of suffragettes might prove to be the seed of what they want.

The vindication of the Rev. Claude Kelly of San Jose was accomplished with astonishing ease. But if the loyalty of a man's wife is to be accepted as prima facie evidence of a man's innocence then every professional horse-thief and second story worker should get him to the altar or the justice of the peace at once.

Announcement extraordinary! San Francisco had no motor car tragedy last Sunday.

Of course the Socialists have endorsed the Examiner's scheme to issue more bonds and build more railroads. Hearst can always depend on the Socialists.

Down in Little Rock, Arkansas, church people who own "red light" property are in consternation lest the Vice Commission publish their names. But of course such a condition is unbelievable of this city.

Says Dr. Dille: "With all deference to Colonel Roosevelt I deny that war is necessary to develop the strong and virile qualities of manhood." Then the momentous question, one concludes, is but one of veracity between Teddy and Dille.

Dr. Aked was "amazed" when asked to marry a couple in the street. But he married them, and somebody with the instinct of a French duellist saw to it that the reporters and newspaper photographers were on hand to help make history.

Captain Mooney will purge the department of crooks if he has to talk to the reporters in his sleep.

Every time "Efficiency" Zion makes a report the desirability of abolishing his job becomes more manifest.

The clergymen of Los Angeles are getting subscriptions for a fund with which they will erect a gigantic electric-lighted cross on Mount Lowe to advertise their chemically pure town. Wouldn't it be more in accord with the spirit of the Los Angeles pulpit to erect monumental statuary representing a clergyman applying a cat-o'-nine tails to the bare back of a kneeling Magdalen?

If the report of Philadelphia's Vice Commission had not been pronounced unfit for distribution through the mails local clergymen would have circulated ten thousand copies. If there was no such thing as vice what a dearth of congenial reading there would be for the nasty nice clergyman!

Varied Types

CXXX—JOHN A. BRITTON

By Edward F. O'Day

Can you imagine a corporation man who won't talk about the merits of his strike? Can you accommodate to your sense of reality the picture of such a one sitting silent behind his fumed oak desk in his perfectly appointed inner office, sitting there with a seal upon the lips of him, the while leaders of the strikers split the unoffending empyrean with vaporous verbosity and deluge the newspapers with showers of statements, criminations, appeals, oburgations and threats? Can you see him? Do you think he exists? In the whole history of strikes has there been such a man? In all the annals of sabotage do we find his name?

I pause for a reply. We don't, you say? Wrong the first time! We do, most assuredly and right in our midst we do! And his name is Johnny Britton.

Let us call him Johnny Britton without awe, for he's a genial chap who stands on ceremony as little as he stands on conventions. And that Johnny Britton stands not at all upon the conventions having to do with strikes we may infer from his conduct of the strike which Pacific Gas and Electric has upon its hands at the present time.

San Francisco, it may be stated without fear of successful contradiction, is a connoisseur of strikes. San Francisco knows strikes backwards, forwards and by heart. Some people even think that San Francisco invented strikes. That is an exaggerated notion, but it remains true that San Francisco has listed strikes among its principal municipal products ever since there has been much of a San Francisco to speak of. Every trade and at least one of the professions has gone on strike in San Francisco at one time or another. There isn't a strike angle whose sine, cosine and tangent aren't known to the strike experts of San Francisco. And these strike experts are to be found not merely among the leaders of organized labor in San Francisco but also among corporation heads and other large employers of skilled and unskilled workingmen. These latter men learn by experience. They study strikes as some of us study box scores or scarabs or menu cards. They tabulate strikes, their causes, their results, their conduct and their incidental consequences. They read the literature of strikes and the characters of strikers and strike-breakers. The obvious corollary is that there is not one of them who doesn't think he could handle a strike better than any other man.

It is to be presumed that Johnny Britton did a bit of strike studying in the years of his connection with Pacific Gas and Electric. For twenty-five years Pacific Gas and Electric got along without a strike. While other corporations were having it out with their men Pacific Gas and Electric pursued its equitable course, extending its system, selling light and heat and juice and pay-

ing very comfortable dividends to its fortunate stockholders. And then along came a strike! What had happened to all the others happened in the appointed time to Pacific Gas and Electric. And Johnny Britton was on the job to handle the strike the way he thought best, to put into practice the theories he had been outlining in his own mind during the years of peace.

What was the first rule Johnny Britton put into execution? A very simple rule, applicable not only to strike situations but to nearly all the acute situations that arise in public or private business. "Keep your mouth shut," said Johnny



JOHN A. BRITTON

Britton to himself. And such is the discipline that Johnny Britton enforces upon his subversive organs that the biddable Britton jaws snapped shut and nary a word issued from beneath the mustache that thatches the Britton upper lip. In all the long and bloody annals of San Francisco strikes I know of no such heroic restraint, such admirable reticence.

Particularly worthy of panegyric is this Britton taciturnity when you know what a good talker Johnny Britton is. Ever hear Johnny Britton at an Elks memorial service? Ever hearken to the blarney of his tongue what time the biscuit Tortoni and the demitasse come in and the wine-bearing waiter tiptoes so as not to disturb the toastmaster? Then you have sampled the quality of the Britton verbiage; you know that Johnny is eloquent; you don't have to be told that Johnny has a way of wedding word to word in a bower of talk till all the landscape is mellowed in the soft rich effulgence of a deipnosophistic honeymoon. In other words, you are cognizant that when it comes to stringing sentences like pearls Johnny Britton is there with all the vocal chords, a regular Johnny-Britton-on-the-spot!

Yet when it comes to talking strike the padlock is on the Britton lips. Not a whisper will he so much as susurrate. Not a monosyllable gets by. The embargo is completely effective.

There isn't a chance for even the fragment of a sentence to steal past the pearly portals of his teeth, as Homer used to say, or was it Virgil?

Not on the points at issue, you understand. The scrap is to be scrapped out without jawbone, if Johnny Britton has his way, and he usually does. He believes in the Maxim silencer for strike talk; or, what amounts to the same thing, he positively refuses to shoot off his mouth. Let the leaders of the strikers have their little say; Johnny Britton is on a retreat. And how this has puzzled the leaders of the strikers! They don't know what to make of it. All their previous foes were wonders in the rendition of bazoo solos. Perhaps that's why organized labor won so many strikes. The strikers will have to win this strike some other way, if they win at all. No thoughtless utterance of Johnny Britton will help them win it, because there ain't a-goin' to be no utterance!

Nevertheless I managed to pry the Britton lips open on matters not having to do with the merits or conduct of the strike. Johnny Britton turned the key and unsnapped the padlock to emit a few phrases of laudation.

"On the first day of this strike," said Johnny Britton in a voice that was soft and smooth, not rusty from disuse as one might expect, "sixteen hundred men walked out of our stations. They walked out all over our territory, and that means from the De Sabla Power House in Butte on the north to Fresno on the south and from Grass Valley and Nevada City on the east to San Francisco. The electrical workers walked out everywhere. All the machinists walked out with some few exceptions. The firemen and the boiler-makers walked out everywhere. So did the gas-makers with the exception of those in San Francisco, Vallejo, San Rafael, Napa, Woodlands and Grass Valley.

"And yet on that first day of the strike there was no interruption of our service with the exception of the street car service in Oakland which was interrupted in certain sections for as much as an hour and a half at a time on that first morning. No other industry of ours in the entire district suffered interruption even for a moment.

"This remarkable condition was made possible by the loyalty of our heads of departments and their immediate subordinates, men who had risen from the ranks, who had acquired the technical details of the business and so were able to take the positions vacated by the strikers and to attend to the operation of the plants of the company as well if not better than they were operated before.

"It has always been the policy of the company to give encouragement to subordinates, to give them the hope and promise of a betterment in

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The Poems of General Lucius H. Foote: A Brief Appreciation

By George Sterling

On the fourth of this month died in San Francisco Lucius Harwood Foote, poet and gentleman, after a life of eighty-seven years of usefulness, the earlier ones full of experience and excitement, the latter spent in still waters.

With the exception of one poem ("Stirling the Outlaw") and a translation from the German ("Enigma") all of General Foote's published work may be found in one book, "The Wooing of the Rose and Other Poems," published by The Platt & Peck Co., New York, in 1911. In this volume are reprinted all of the poems, with the exceptions noted above, that comprise the collection entitled "A Red-Letter Day," published by A. Williams & Co., Boston, in 1882, and now a comparatively rare book.

In my opinion most of General Foote's best work is represented by the poems reprinted from this earlier volume. He was in all respects a lyric poet, and it is not said without a certain warrant that the lyric gift, like those of the fairies, begins to "fade away" with advancing years. Some even put the date of its passing at forty years.

General Foote came to this State as a young man, and most of his work is Californian in substance, notably "A Red-Letter Day," a fine poem with the Sierras as a setting. So far as I know, he made no artistic use of the innumerable impressions he must have received during the years of his consulate in the Orient and in South America. It would seem that the impulse to do so must have been almost irresistible, what of his poetic powers. But it may be that matters of duty and discipline intervened. At least I know of nothing to the contrary.

General Foote went for his inspiration to Nature and the human heart. His work in the vein of the former is frank, true and unstilted, though sometimes marred by expressions that have for their excuse a naivete impossible to us of this generation,—as when he writes of the breeze

"coquetting with the trees,"

or used the ancient term "bated breath." This naivete seems the corollary to the fine simplicity and gentleness that were innate with him—a simplicity that dictated the lines

"The key to Paradise is not a cork,

For men have tried it often since the fall,

A man may dine without a silver fork,

May dine right well without a fork at all."

Which quatrain seems to me the "camping-out" of Sill's great couplet

"Life is a game the soul can play

With fewer pieces than men say.

When General Foote turned to sentiment, it was sentiment at once manly and delicate, and suffused as it were with the fragrances that haunt an old-fashioned garden. If his loves had no great insistence on the tragic, they had at least sincerity and winsomeness, as in the charming lyric "Marie." The spirit of his day led him occasionally to essays in "vers de societe," always with happy results.

But he was most the poet when he sang of Nature, and Nature in her wilder or more lonely moods. From his "Red-Letter Day" I cannot resist quoting the beautiful lines

"A faun seems grieving where the fir-tree grieves,
And in the pine's pathetic monotone
Methinks I hear the sad-voiced Ariel moan."

"The waning sunlight sows its dust of gold . . .
The new moon's sickle reaps the yellow sheaf."

Nor have I met anywhere with a truer description of a Sierran waterfall:

"Its seething waters writhe and twist,
Then leap, and crumble into mist."

The use of that verb "crumble" is enough in itself to stamp General Foote as a real poet. Elsewhere he speaks with distinction, though less happily, of a mountain stream:

"The silver thread has grown to be
A molten avalanche set free."

His poem "Sutter's Fort" is redolent of the early days of the State, and in his lyric "El Vaquero" he attains the arrested action of sculpture.

El Vaquero

Tinged with the blood of Aztec lands,
Sphinx-like, the tawny herdsman stands,
A coiled reata in his hands.
Devoid of hope, devoid of fear,"
Half brigand, and half cavalier,—

Has hebet with a ponderous gaze

Wears ever on his tawny face

A sad, defiant look of pain,

Left by the fierce iconoclast

A living fragment of the past—

Greek of the Greeks he must remain.

One could regret the repetition of "tawny," and "fragment" seems hardly compatible with the integrity of the image conveyed. But the poem is one that persists in the memory, which is the best that can be wished for a poem, after all.

In "The Wooing of the Rose" is a fine sonnet of ancient Egypt.

Har-Ma-Khu

To hold eternal vigil o'er the place,

By Ghiza's royal tomb it couchant lies

Beneath the solemn arch of Egypt's skies—

A nameless type of terror and of grace.

The toil and torment of a patient race

Thou must have seen with fixed and stony
eyes—

Have heard their hapless moans, their helpless
cries,

With that same tranquil and impassive face.

The seal of silence on thy lips is laid,

The myths are dumb, tradition gropes in vain

To solve the voiceless records of the dead;

And while the broken tables fall and fade,

Defied by thee, the ages wax and wane,

And baffled Time goes by with noiseless tread.

His Muse was, however, too warmly human to give herself much to cosmic speculation or the contemplation of the Past. And though one not over-thick volume comprises most of the poetry written in a life far longer than that of most men, it contains much to charm the mind and move the heart. Whether any of it survive is another question, one that may, however, justly be put to all poets of today. Yet we are fain to say to him, as he said once to his beloved State:

"Thine the immortal twilight, ours the dawn,

Yet we shall have our names to canonize,

Our past to haunt us with its solemn eyes,

Our ruins, when this restless age is gone."

The People's Forum

The Irish Drama

Editor Town Talk, Sir: I am at a loss to know why your correspondent "L. R. F." in last week's issue of your paper, should "be amazed" at the fact that I questioned your views on the Irish dramatists. I am sure you are much too modest to claim the prerogative of infallibility even within the department of dramatic criticism. As a matter of fact, while I differed with you on the subject-matter of the plays in question, I deprecated any criticism of your views in the matter of their art and technique. And I did so, not that I deferred even there to your superior judgment, but simply because common justice compelled me to do so.

As L. R. F.'s is a type of mind not by any means uncommon in this country and in Europe, at least, in its attitude on Irish questions, and especially on this particular question of the Irish Drama, I think it is advisable once and for all

to explain some things and clarify the atmosphere. There is little use in my saying one thing, while L. R. F. claims exactly the opposite. Unless proof is forthcoming neither statement is worth the paper on which it is written, and we only waste time and your valuable space.

I have made a statement briefly to the effect that the "Irish Types in the drama of the Abbey Theatre are utterly abnormal." To this L. R. F. replies that surely the characters in Ervine's plays "Mixed Marriages" and Colum's "Thomas Muskerry" are kindly Irish of the Irish. This is simply side-tracking the main issue. Does L. R. F. imagine for a moment that I was unaware that, in a repertory of over one hundred plays, produced during the past fourteen years, there are several to which no exception could be taken or ever was taken by any section of Irishmen whatever? The great fact remains that the large majority of the plays, especially those of

him whose spirit has informed the whole Irish dramatic movement, portray an Ireland and Irishmen that never, thank God, had any existence outside the minds of the playwrights. To neglect the influence of Synge in this movement, or to glance at him with a half-apology as L. R. F. has done, is like omitting the character of Hamlet from the famous play. For whatever notoriety the Irish players have attained has been due almost entirely to the influence of Synge, and now that he is dead, to W. B. Yeats. A number of more or less able writers have gathered around them, notably Lady Gregory, Padraic Colum, and William Boyle. But the soul of the movement was Synge, and his philosophy and his spirit make it still what it is. Consequently, it is simply shelving the question to pass him by with the remark that his plays are simply folk-plays, and represent only small sections of the Irish people.

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The Triangle

By James Stephens

He had a high nose. He looked at one over the collar, so to speak. His regard was very assured, and his speech was that short bundle of monosyllables which the subaltern throws at the orderly. He had never been questioned, and, the precedent being absent, he had never questioned himself. Why should he? We live by question and answer, and we do not know the reply to anything until a puzzled comrade bothers us and initiates that divine curiosity which both humbles and uplifts us.

He wanted all things for himself. What he owned he wished to own completely. He would give anything away with the largest generosity, but he would share with no one. Whatever is mine, said he, must be entirely mine; if it is alive, I claim its duty to the last respiration of its breath, and if it is dead I cannot permit a mortgage on it. Have you a claim on anything belonging to me? Then you may have it entirely, I must have all of it or none.

He was a stock broker, and, by the methods peculiar to that mysterious profession, he had captured a sufficiency of money to enable him to regard the future with calmness and his fellow-creatures with condescension—perhaps the happiest state to which a certain humanity can attain.

So far matters were in order. There was nothing wanting to round his life into the complete, harmonious circle except a wife, but as a certain income has the choice of a large supply, he shortly discovered a lady whose qualifications were such as would ornament any, however exalted, position. She was sound in wind and limb. She spoke grammar with the utmost precision, and she could play the piano with such perfection that it was difficult to explain why she played it badly.

This also was satisfactory, and if the world had been made of machinery he would have had the fee simple of happiness. But to both happiness and misery there follows the inevitable second act, and beyond that, and to infinity, action and interaction, involution and evolution, forging change forever. Thus he failed to take into consideration that the lady was alive, that she had a head on her shoulders which was native to her body, and that she could not be aggregated as chattel property for longer than she agreed to be such.

After their marriage he discovered that she had

dislikes which did not always coincide with his, and appreciations which set his teeth on edge. A wife in the house is a critic on the hearth—this truth was daily and unpleasantly impressed upon him; but, of course, every man knows that every woman is a fool, and a tolerant smile is the only recognition we allow to their whims. God made them as they are; we grin and bear it.

His wife found that the gospel of her husband was this: Love me to the exclusion of all human creatures. Believe in me, even when I am in the wrong. Women should be seen and not heard. When you want excitement make a fuss of your husband. But while he entirely forgot that his wife had been bought and paid for, she did not forget it; indeed, she could not help remembering it. A wrong had been done her, not to be obscured even by economics, the great obscurer. She had been won and not wooed. She had been defrauded of how many teasing and provoking prerogatives, aloofnesses and surrenders, and her body, if not her mind, resented and remembered it. There are times when calmness is not recognized as a virtue.

Of course, he had wooed her in a way. He took her to the opera, he gave her jewels, he went to church with her twice on Sundays, and once a month he knelt beside her in more profound reverences. Sometimes he petted her, always he was polite. But he had not told her that her eyes were the most wonderful and inspiring orbs into which a tired man could look. He never said that there would not be much to choose between good and evil if he lost her. He never said that one touch of her lips would electrify a paralytic into an acrobat. He never swore that he would commit suicide and dive to deep perdition if she threw him over. None of these things. It is possible she did not wish him to say or do such extravagances, but he had not played the game and, knowing that something was badly wrong, she nursed a grievance, that most horrid fosterling.

He was fiercely jealous, not of his love, but of his property, and while he was delighted to observe that other men approved of his taste, he could not bear that his wife should admire these outsiders. This was his attitude to her: Give me your admiration, all of it, every note of exclamation of which you are mistress; every jot and tittle of your thoughts must be mine, for, lacking

these, I have nothing. I am good to you. I have interposed between you and the buffets of existence. I temper all winds to the bloom of your cheek. Do you your part, and so we will be happy.

There was a clerk in his office, a black-haired, slim, frowning young man, who could talk like a cascade for ten minutes and be silent for a month; he was a very angry young man, with many hatreds and many ambitions. His employer prized him as a capable and reliable worker, liked his manners, and paid him thirty-five shillings per week; outside of these matters the young man abode no more in his remembrance than did the flower on the heath or the bird on the tree.

It happened one day that the employer fell sick of influenza and was confined to his bed. This clerk, by order, attended on him to see to his correspondence, for, no matter who sneezes, work must be done—it is the law.

The young man stayed in the house for a week, and during his sojourn there met the lady. She, fair, young, brooding; he also young, silent, and angry, and, after the first look that passed between them, there was little more to be said. They came together as though they had been magnetized. Love or passion, by whatever name it is called, was born abruptly. There is a force in human relations drawing too imperatively for denial, defying self-interest, and dragging at all anchors of duty and religion. Is it in man only the satisfaction of self? Egotism standing like a mountain and demanding: Give me yourself or I will kill myself? And women! Is their love the degradation of self, the surrender and very abasement of lowliness? Or is it, also, egotism set on a pinnacle, so careless and self-assured as to be fearful of nothing? In their eyes the third person, a shadow already, counted as less than a shadow. He was a name with no significance, a something without a locality. His certain and particular income per annum was a thing to laugh at. . . . There was a hot, a swift voice speaking: "I love you," it said, "I love you"; he would batter his way into heaven, he would tear delight from wherever delight might be. Or else, and this was harder, a trembling man pleaded, "Aid me, or I perish," and woman's instinct is not to let a man perish. "If I help you I hurt myself," she sighed, and, "Hurt yourself then," sighed the man, "would you have me perish . . . ?"

So the rightful owner smiled. "You are mine," said he, "altogether mine; no one else has a lien upon you. When the weather is fine I will take you for drives in the sunshine. In the nights we will go to the opera, hearkening together to the tenor telling his sweet romanza, and when the wintry rain comes you will play the piano for me, and so we will be happy."

When he was quite recovered he went back to his office and found that one of his clerks had not arrived—this angered him. When he returned home again in the evening he found that his wife was not there. So things go.

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SAY YOU SAW IT IN "TOWN TALK"

Poems About San Francisco

XCVII—THE MIST

By Miss May Malloy

(The following sonnet was published in the Monitor of this city. Its author, Miss May Malloy, is a "discovery" of Mr. Charles Phillips, the cultured editor of that paper, and many graceful poems from her pen have appeared in its columns during the past several years. Miss Ina Coolbrith has said of Miss Malloy that she is "a true poet who has 'the vision' and the power to transmit it into words.")

Ghost of the Deep, unresting fugitive
From bleak horizons of the outcast Sea
Who rollest the dimness of old glamories
Between sharp summits that eternal live
In heaven; or lower'st o'er our town to give
Sky-should'ring tower and stolid factory
The wraithlike charm of some old phantasy
Bred of a wizard's mood contemplative—
Lo, when adown the peaks thy tide is rolled
Dim tales of lands submerged by fairy night
Beset the mind,—till all the vistaed lamps
Broad-blurred thro' avenues of dripping night
Flare like the torches in some periled hold
'Round which the insatiate silent Deep encamps.

The Spectator

Rose's Election

Apparently the pendulum has swung back in Los Angeles. Which means, in this instance, that the people have grown weary of politicians who ingratiate themselves with the small minority of long-hair and soprano-voice reformers. The election of Police Magistrate Rose to the mayoralty of Los Angeles has deranged the feelings of Progressives all over the State. It is especially disquieting to the Johnson machine. For Rose is more than hostile to the Administration at Sacramento. He despises Johnson and all his works. And consequently the machine organs are now attacking the Mayor-elect. The Bulletin sent a reporter to Los Angeles to write a diatribe against Rose from that city that it might have the air of coming straight from the box-stall. From this article I learn that Rose's election is "labor's answer" to the Progressives "who slapped labor in the face" by doing what that grand young man Lincoln Steffens told them not to do. Also I learn that Rose was likewise the choice of the big business men of Los Angeles; furthermore that the Progressives of Los Angeles are men of high purpose with a passion for making life better for the downtrodden. It is somewhat vague, the psychology of Rose's election as it is given by the Bulletin's earnest and infatuate young worshiper of Steffens.

An Open Town?

Will Los Angeles cease to be chemically pure under Mayor Rose? That is the question of the moment. His opponents declared that the sporting and liquor interests were behind him on the understanding that he was to unlid Los Angeles if elected. Rose denied this. And yet it is likely that Los Angeles is to have a more liberal administration than that presided over by old "Uncle Aleck." Rose is a sportsman, a fisher and hunter and golfer. It is to be presumed that he takes a drink once in a while. Perhaps a little of the old Californian spirit will come back to the Pueblo of the Angels under the new regime. By unlidning the town a bit, relaxing the hypocritical severity of its puritanical restrictions Mayor Rose may seek to give freer play to instincts not necessarily reprehensible and so wipe out the disgrace that has been brought

upon it by the Black Pearls who infested its Jonquils. The cakes and ale may come back to Los Angeles. For Los Angeles' sake we hope so.

A Swat for the Papers

We all remember the time Eugene Schmitz ran for Mayor without the support of any newspaper. When he was elected by a comfortable plurality people began to wonder what political power the daily press really wielded. Before that time people had taken the great political influence of the papers for granted. Since then the people have been very skeptical on the subject. Los Angeles is now going through the mental process that jolted San Francisco's preconceived ideas after that Schmitz campaign. The new Mayor of Los Angeles had not a single newspaper to advocate his candidacy. The two Earl papers, the morning Tribune and the afternoon Express, the Hearst Examiner and Harrison Gray Otis' Times were all strong for Shenk. Shenk was beaten and Rose was elected handily. Whether the fact that the metropolis of chemical purity has come to question and disregard its newspapers is an indication of returning sanity it is too early to predict. An incurable optimism makes us hope that such is the case.

James G. Blaine Jr.

"There was a time when that man wouldn't be sitting in a San Francisco hotel lobby all alone." The remark was made to me by one who was a very gay boulevardier ten years ago but who now leads the simple life. I followed the direction of his nod and recognized James G. Blaine Jr. The son of the Plumed Knight was sitting on a sofa in the peacock alley of the St. Francis, apparently immersed in thought. By very few of those that passed was he known. Only one or two greeted him. So I could not help moralizing on the ephemeral character of the fame that is won where corks pop and the lights burn late. Many a splurge did young Blaine make in this city. Many a goodly bank roll did he spend in the pursuit of pleasure. In those days his face was familiar to all the frequenters of the dead and gone cocktail route, and the gilded youth delighted to number him

among their friends. He was a boon companion, a bon camarade, the centre of excitement, the life of giddy gatherings. But now he seems to be forgotten. And so it goes with most of the frolicsome blades who burned the candle at both ends. Acclaimed yesterday, neglected today and forgotten tomorrow, they survive in the memory of a very few, and the most that is said of them is "He was a jolly good fellow in his time."

A Strenuous Pace

James G. Blaine Jr. set a killing pace for our "two minute flat" young men of some dozen years ago. He broke most of the records. Indeed he went at a strenuous speed from the day he laid aside knickerbockers. A mad elopement in the East put a short stop to his splurging, and it was thought that he would tame his wildness when the Spanish-American war broke out and he received a commission. He came to this city on his way to the Philippines, and evidently felt that the campaign should open here, for his sojourn was one of unabated revelry. The sad, bad boys who moved in his set here breathed a sigh of relief when he departed for Honolulu, for they were greatly in need of the rest cure. Hospitable Honolulu threw its doors wide open to him, and he kept the champagne corks popping from the hour he landed. It was the same in Manila where the most devil-may-care of the military set found they couldn't keep up with him. When he went home to Washington he

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fell in love with a very beautiful girl, the daughter of Rear-Admiral Highborn. She imposed a year's probation on him, and when he passed the test successfully, they were married. But the romance did not last. Today James G. Blaine Jr. looks older than his years, and the youthful exuberance has died away. The resemblance to his distinguished father is particularly strong in the eagle nose.

Dr. Burke's Poetry

Two years ago 'twas my proud privilege to hail Dr. Freddie Burke, principal of our Normal School, as a poet-pedagogue. I laid before my readers certain palpitating excerpts from the Doc's "ritual of graduation" and proclaimed him a greater "pote" than Joe Redding. Let me now announce that twenty-four months of dalliance with the Muses have so improved the quality of the Doc's versicular output that today he has "Natoma Joe" and all our other piffing poetasters lashed to the mast. The Doc is now in a class by himself. Not "Fuzzy Wuzzy" Taylor, not James Henry MacLafferty nor any of the booster-bards of our poetical Chamber of Commerce is fit to compare with the soulful singer of Buchanan street. The Doc has humped himself. The Doc has outsung his sweetest former note. His station on Parnassus is very near the summit. This conviction flooded my soul with joy Sunday afternoon when I attended the graduation rites of the Normal School in the Greek Theatre.

There Was No Disturbance

I was impelled to attend by most unworthy motives. I had read in the papers of the uproar Doc Burke kicked up among some of our most zealous preachers when he announced that the graduation exercises would be held on Sunday. How they exclaimed against this profanation of the Lord's Day, even after the Doc grandly announced that the ceremony was to be "not a graduation but a consecration." So I went to see trouble. I fondly hoped that some of those militant ministers might try to break up the meeting. In my mind's eye I saw them rushing the diazoma in embattled array and rending the offenders against the Sabbath limb from limb. Nothing of the sort "transpired," as we say in journalese. It was a calm, not to say soporific occasion. Here and there a babe in arms bawled a non-ministerial protest and was carried out. One refractory cur was ejected for misbehaving after the fashion of shameless terriers. Twice the proletary burst into applause and was sternly rebuked by the solemn young lady who impersonated Motherhood. Otherwise all passed in peace. But I couldn't help pitying the graduates

who shivered in their thin Grecian draperies and held up bare arms enpurpled by the cold when the time came to take the vows. It was a rather raw day, and a scrap would have warmed us all.

The Doc Improves

Speaking quite seriously, as I always do, I must say that the Doc has improved his versification. In the revised version of his ritual which I listened to on Sunday the rhymes are happily mated, the metre has smooth sailing and a lot of the poppycock has gone by the board. The Doc has had a commendable access of literary sanity. The ritual still contains a lot of bunkum, but at least this bunkum is more soberly expressed. The garden shears have worked, if not wonders at least betterment among the Doc's gaudy flowers. I sincerely hope that the good work will go on. I therefore advise the Doc to keep on pruning. He has shortened his ritual. Let him shorten it some more before another June brings its quota of sweet girl graduates. If the Doc keeps on cutting critically and remorselessly, who knows? some day the entire ritual may have disappeared. Would the graduates regret that? I wonder.

A Forgetful Editor

Our daily newspapers are not so callous to criticism as some persons imagine. Occasionally a daily having had its withers wrung ululates horribly. But the average daily prefers to hide its time, catch its critic in a delinquency and then lay on the lash as with disinterested scorn. This indeed is the favorite method of the patient and magnanimous daily press. And that is why we so often marvel at the ferocity of a daily when we find it serving up a victim sliced and carbonadoed on provocation that seems inadequate. The other day I had occasion to marvel at the fury of the Call apparently occasioned by nothing more than an attorney's effort to clear a client. The editor was in a white heat of indignation because the attorney had observed that the dailies had driven every honest chief of police out of office. He charged the attorney with uttering an untruth, and one might infer that he cherished a deep hatred of untruths. Yet he went most indiscreetly and quite unnecessarily out of his way to call attention to himself in the role of untruth-teller. Thus: "He knew that the San Francisco newspapers attempted the impossible in their efforts to support Chief Biggy and make his administration a success." There was one newspaper that did its best to hound Biggy out of office. In the editorial rooms of that newspaper was hatched a conspiracy against Biggy. They that believe Biggy committed suicide are of the opinion that it was in a large measure because of the treatment he received

at the hands of that newspaper. Is it necessary for me to give the name of the newspaper that pursued Biggy with inhuman vindictiveness? If the editor of the Call doesn't know he might read the files of the Call and refresh his memory. My recollection of the matter is that the Call was the paper. Now why was this attorney so furiously abused? The Call says he is generally employed in defending criminals. This may be

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true enough, and the truth may have been emphasized by the circumstance that he served for a long time as attorney for the Publishers' Association, which is composed of the publishers of the daily papers. Again, if the editor of the Call wishes his recollection refreshed let him look up the records of the Association. But perhaps he has done so. Perhaps it was the fee the Call paid that makes the Call sore on John J. Barrett. The psychology of a roast is often almost inscrutable.

Truth Straight From the Tap

Continuing to read this daily fountain of truth I come across an editorial entitled "Municipal Ownership," wherein it is magnanimously admitted that folk may honestly differ on the question whether the politicians should be allowed to manage public utilities at the expense of the taxpayers. Conceded that this is conceivable, but singularly enough the Call seems to have not only an aversion to honesty of assertion in discussing the matter but also inclination to half-truths. For instance the Call tells us that the people committed themselves to municipal ownership when they adopted the charter and that they "have remained steadfast in the faith." According to my recollection the people twice voted against municipal ownership of the Geary street road. So if they once committed themselves to municipal ownership they certainly did not remain steadfast in the faith. But as a matter of fact they never committed themselves either to municipal ownership of street railroads or to the general principle of municipal ownership. The charter merely enables them to hold an election for the purpose of determining whether or not they wish to own a public utility. Yet this stickler for the truth would have us regard the adoption of the charter as a whole as an unequivocal and irrevocable declaration of public sentiment in favor of municipal ownership! If it is from honest motives that the Call has espoused municipal ownership how strange it should be so desperately disingenuous in giving reasons for its faith? The fact is that so far as railroads are concerned the majority of the electorate have never been committed to municipal ownership. At the third election on the Geary street proposition the total vote polled was forty-three odd thousand which was only forty-seven per cent of the total registered vote. I am beginning to despair of my contemporary's struggle for a reputation for veracity. After reading so much that gives me pause I find myself questioning the sincerity of my contemporary when it repeats the story that has been so clearly disproved by the Chronicle to the effect that the Geary street road is paying, and when I read the Call's assertion that the people "will go on, never turning back until they own and control every utility that is a public necessity," I recall what the people did to several bond propositions at an election some months ago and I ask my-

self whether the Call has really been looking into the seeds of time or merely mixing its grape juice.

Doc Leahy, Please Write!

The following yarn is offered as an example of history as it is occasionally writ. It appeared a few days ago in the columns of the New York Telegraph under the caption "The Way Is Rough."

"Not many years ago," said Marie McFarland recently, discussing the trials and tribulations with which the ambitious young singer has to contend, "a friend of mine sat in a cheap open-air garden in a suburb of San Francisco. The patrons were low-caste, and the entertainment abominable, but suddenly, in the midst of these tawdry surroundings a wonderful voice was heard. The habitués of the place called loudly for more beer and laughed raucously over the last round of stories, and my friend wondered what that voice could be doing there. Although he did not know it, the voice had been there, unappreciated, for years. One year later he sat in Covent Garden, London. The entertainers were artists, every one. London society was there. There was no tawdry strain in that fabric. There, once more he heard that wonderful voice. The applause was thunderous. The voice sang again and again. My friend looked—it was Tetrassini who, after slaving in the muck of a ribald crew for years for a meager pittance, had come into her own."

During the Summer season "TOWN TALK" subscribers are requested to send in promptly any change of address that they may contemplate making, so that the paper will reach them regularly.

Suppress This Film!

Let me quote another item from this same New York Telegraph. I came upon it in a page article descriptive of the Lubin moving picture plant.

When we entered, a scene from a film showing a "San Francisco earthquake," soon to be released, was being taken. Representations of buildings had been erected at the cost of many thousands of dollars and at the pulling of a string they were collapsed and destroyed in a few seconds. The walls fell with a crash that shook the entire building. Fire, made by a new chemical invention, burst out and the whole was very realistic. The next scene showed the unfortunate families searching the ruins for the bodies of their relatives.

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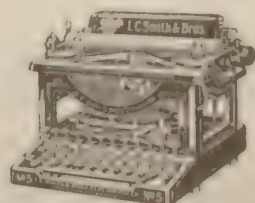
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the ruins for the bodies of their relatives." Is San Francisco going to sit inactive while this film is exhibited throughout the world? A fine advertisement for our World's Fair indeed! It strikes me that this is a matter for the Chamber of Commerce to take up. The Exposition Directors should have influence enough to have this objectionable film suppressed.

Hiram Is Immortal

Our Governor is to go down the ages in lyric immortality. Some day he may even get into an anthology. For lo! he has been poetically celebrated by George Sylvester Viereck, the purple poet of perverse passion, the singer of the sins of Nineveh, the minstrel who harped on one unlovely string until he met Teddy at Armageddon and became a Progressive. Viereck with characteristic vierecklessness has flown in the face of Secretary of State Bryan and fluttered the dove cote of peace by a poem which he calls "Song against Nippon: to Hiram Johnson." Thus it begins:

Hail, dauntless leader stout of heart,
Stern guardian of the White God's rule!
Abroad—from Nippon's wily art,
At home—from craven lout and fool!

Not the very greatest sort of poetry that, but 'twill do. Hiram is not critical like Iago. He will much prefer the lines as they stand to the discarded version:

Hail, tireless chewer large of maw,
Keen guardian of the public pie!
Abroad you guard it with your jaw,
At home, "A man must eat!" you cry!

A Freak on Freaks

The man that winds the ferry clock went out to hear the Hon. Chester Rowell deliver a lecture in defense of the Johnson administration, but he was convulsed with laughter in the midst of the talk and had to leave the hall. A friend meeting him in the street asked him what he was laughing at. When the spasm subsided he explained: "Chestie Rowell is up the street in a hall talking his head off about freaks."

"Is it funny?" the philosopher was asked.

"Is what funny?" he demanded.

"The lecture."

"Naw," he answered in disgust, "the lecture isn't funny, but Chestie—think of Chestie getting an audience to listen to him trying to prove that the Legislature wasn't freakish. Chestie, you know, is a freak himself. His ideal statesman is a congenital idiot. Naturally he stands for the Legislature."

He Got What Was Coming

What the ferry philosopher observed with reference to the Hon. Chester Rowell appears to have been borne out on the very day of the lecture. It was on that day that he ventured to enter upon terms of social intercourse with Justice Melvin. Of course Justice Melvin or any other self-respecting member of the judiciary would scorn to take the hand of a self-seeking editor who has been in league with the Dalgetty politicians that have been traducing the courts and poisoning the public mind. But Chester Rowell is incapable of appreciating the feelings that prompted the revulsion of Justice Melvin. With the characteristic rashness of a freak he incurred a snub and got it.

Mrs. Langtry's Tip

One night when Mrs. Langtry was last in this city she was entertained at a supper party in Tait's after her performance at the Orpheum. In the party were several well known men who are interested in racing, and as Mrs. Langtry is an enthusiastic follower of the sport, there was a good deal of talk about it. Some one mentioned the Derby. "When the next Derby is run," remarked Mrs. Langtry, "Bower Ismay's Craiganour is quite likely to be one of the entrants. If he is I think he will win, and I shall bet on him." It was a good tip, thought the racing men present, and they bore it in mind. Sure enough, Craiganour was one of the Derby contenders, and the favorite at that. So these men bet on Craiganour, and so did some of their friends to whom they repeated what Mrs. Langtry had said. Craiganour with Johnny Reiff up won the race but was disqualified, the stewards being dissatisfied with Reiff's ride. Mrs. Langtry's friends lost money, but they have a great admiration for her skill as a tipster just the same.

The Clinic Endorsed

Apparently the Supervisors are somewhat less deferential than the Mayor to the sentiment that proscribed the Municipal Clinic. That institution

received the endorsement of the Board last Monday, a circumstance that ought to make it easier for the Mayor to square his conduct with his

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200 Days—\$2850. Leave San Francisco Sept. 10. Honolulu, Japan, China, Java, Burmah, India, Ceylon, Egypt, Palestine.


belief as expressed in Town Talk, the only paper, by the way, that has given support to the Clinic. Three Supervisors opposed the resolution endorsing the Clinic—Mauzy, Murdock and Caglieri. Mauzy opposed it on the ground that the law prohibits prostitution. On the same principle the police surgeon should never be permitted to treat a footpad who has been shot while practicing his profession. This is merely an idle observation not intended to appeal to the intellect of the Hon. Byron Mauzy.

Happiness on Parole

The way of the paroled prisoner is mysterious at times, albeit picturesque. One might think that a convict released on good behavior would hew closely to the line, if not from the motive of good morals at least from considerations of self-interest. But this does not always happen. Take the case of George Baker. Baker was a good prisoner at San Quentin and was released after he had installed a model system of book-keeping at the bastille across the bay. He obtained a position as a motor car salesman and his work took him to Stockton. Being a plausible salesman he did well, but prosperity was too much for him. He lacked Colonel Roosevelt's restraint in the presence of strong beverages. In fact he went on a glorious jag, spending money with a lavish hand at the Hotel Stockton where he made his headquarters. On this account he was humored by the hotel keeper. One night at dinner time he told the boniface that he would like to prepare his own food. He was given the freedom of the kitchen. A few minutes later he emerged with a mess of eggs in a frying pan, and proceeded to fry them over the cigar lighter at the cigar stand! A few days later he was arrested for breaking his parole. "I'm going back to San Quentin to work on the books," he boasted. He was mistaken. He's in the jute mill, working on the looms. The moral seems to be that when you're on parole you should curb your eccentricities.

New Feature for Ocean Shore Railroad

To induce tourists who stop in San Francisco to stay one day longer in our midst, the Ocean Shore Railroad Company will launch a new sight-seeing trip that will be known as "Portola's Discovery Trip." Its historical significance is closely linked with the Portola Festival, as it will transport visitors over a goodly portion of the trail and by a number of the actual camping sites of Don Gaspar de Portola, the first Governor of California, on his memorable march from San Diego to his discovery of the Bay of San Francisco from one of the peaks of the Montara Mountains. On and after June 9 a special sight-seeing train will be operated from Twelfth and Mission streets station, daily, leaving at 10:00 a. m. in charge of a personal conductor and guide who will entertain the tourists by pointing out the landmarks along the route. The destination will be Montara where the tourist will be taken



Tents and Fishing Tackle

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to the Montara Inn for luncheon. (One day prior to the discovery of San Francisco Bay, on October 30, 1769, Portola's expedition camped near the Montara Inn, and the spot is now marked by a huge monument that was dedicated in 1910 by Joaquin Miller.) After luncheon the tourists will be taken to the beautiful Montara Beach where an hour can be spent lounging on the sands. The return train will leave Montara at 4:00 p. m. and will arrive at San Francisco at 5:15 p. m.

New Light Effects at Techau's

New lighting effects have been installed at Techau Tavern, the art glass ceiling having been stained a rich Pompeian red, through which a soft, mellow light filters, adding much to the charm of the cafe. The whole color scheme of the Tavern is such as to accentuate the air of refinement and respectability which has always been one of its great attractions. In this harmonious environment, with music of exceptional merit, a perfect menu and superior service, it is small wonder that the cafe is sought by the most fastidious and discriminating people.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Ursula Stone Shean Is Free

Another society romance ended in the divorce court last week when Mrs. Ursula Stone Shean sued former Lieutenant Daniel Shean, U. S. A., for a legal separation, and the dailies missed a sensational story. Shean is the young officer who so mysteriously disappeared three years ago with a trained nurse, from his post at Fort Crook. Mrs. Shean who was Ursula Stone, daughter of the Charles B. Stones and cousin to the L. L. Baker clan, went to her parents in New York and a year or so ago quietly returned to San Francisco. The ex-lieutenant who is branded a deserter from the army has not been heard of since and his disappearance may never be explained. The Sheans were married in Manila six years ago, at the home of the bride's brother Lieutenant Charles B. Stone, the bridegroom being unable to secure leave to come to San Francisco for the big church wedding that was planned. Mrs. Shean was a belle of the set that included the Newhall girls, Charlotte and Emily Wilson who are now Mrs. Cadwallader and Mrs. Orville Pratt, and her cousin Helen Baker who is Mrs. Drummond McGavin and with whom she shared her debut. She is bright and pretty with an unusually attractive personality and was a great favorite before her marriage. The news of Lieutenant Shean's desertion came as a shock to their friends and it has always been supposed some mystery lay back of it. Shean was a West Point man and it is almost unparalleled for a graduate of the military academy to desert. He has not been heard of since the day he doffed his uniform and left Fort Crook. The news of the divorce proceedings will be another surprise for society as few noticed the names in the simple announcement in suits filed of "Ursula against Daniel S. Shean, desertion."

Queen of the Portola

Who is to be Queen of the Portola? That is the burning question. Perhaps there will be some heart-burning before the answer is given. For the Queen of the Portola is to be chosen this year by our society and club women. The public-spirited citizens who have charge of the Portola celebration don't want to shoulder the responsibility of designating the Queen, and they will ask the dear ladies to attend to this most im-

portant detail. In New Orleans to be chosen Queen of the Mardi Gras revels constitutes a social distinction which is eagerly sought. So it may be this year in San Francisco. I predict that this year's Queen will be a stunning beauty whose charms will be set off by unaffected vivacity.

An Afong in Town

Mrs. Richard Kipling who arrived from Honolulu this week to visit her sister Mrs. Whiting is one of the interesting Afong family of whom Admiral Whiting's wife was Etta Afong. There were seven or eight daughters of the rich old Chinese merchant of Hawaii whose wife was a white woman, and of the children four married white men to bring their husbands handsome dowries. Old Afong would pay no dot to an Oriental son-in-law, but a Caucasian was favored. Like Mrs. Whiting, Mrs. Kipling is dark and petite and rather strikingly handsome, with the vivid personality of all the Afongs. The Whitings live in Berkeley where there will be entertainments for the visitor.

Another Victim of "Rancheritis"

The latest victims of "rancheritis" are the Frank Prestons. "Rancheritis" has attacked society this year until everyone who can afford it has gone in for ranching. The Oscar Coopers recently bought a place in Mendocino County. The Homer Kings bought a tract of land in the Santa Cruz Mountains where Miss Genevieve King is to farm on scientific principles. The Arthur Fosters run a ranch in Marin County where Mrs. Foster's parents, the Calhouns, have been interested visitors this week; and when Horace Hill and Jeanne Gallois are married they will take up ranch life near Los Altos. Last year the Vincent De Laveagas started a chicken ranch at Los Altos where fancy breeds are raised for the market. The Prestons have bought a place in Oregon near the town of Medford where they will farm remote from the diversions of their set, and be truly rural. Vivacious Mrs. Frank who gives a fine enthusiasm to anything

The dream of the best dressers is realized in our offerings.—Vogel's, Ladies Tailor—420 Sutter Street.

she goes in for is particularly keen over the idea and spends all her spare time reading up on prunes. Her little daughter "Billy" Norris who has lived with her paternal grandmother since Mrs. Preston's second marriage, will spend the summer at the new ranch.

The Concert by the Sea

Has it ever happened before? In all the years of our city has there been a musicale like it? Those of the guests who might be presumed to know said they doubted it. Ever since San Francisco existed there has been music aplenty along our ocean front. From Sutro Heights and the Cliff House to the bend of the Ingleside road the nights have always been harmonious with cabaret music. But a formal concert in a private home with beauty, brains and riches brilliantly represented in the list of guests is something new in the story of our beach. The novelty was supplied last Wednesday night when Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Russell gave the hospitality of their beautiful big mansion on the ocean beach to two hundred of their friends. The guests came by motor and spent a pleasant hour examining the innumerable art treasures which the Russells have gathered during their travels. Then all were seated in informal groups about the piano and Miss Fernanda Pratt, the charming and accomplished daughter of Mrs. Ernest S. Simpson, gave a program of songs. A wonderful program it was, ranging from Brahms and Hugo Wolf to the exquisite Songs of Childhood by Jessie Gaynor. To those who had never heard her before Miss Pratt's rich and expressive con-

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tralto was a revelation. Those who had had the pleasure of hearing her in other private concerts or as the soloist of the Symphony Orchestra were thrilled anew by the perfection of her vocal art. Miss Mollie Pratt was the accompanist, but at the conclusion of her program Miss Pratt responded to the insistent demands for one more song by seating herself at the piano and playing her own accompaniment for Ben Jonson's sweetest lyric. There were also several violin selections worthily rendered by Hother Wismer. Supper ended one of the most charming evenings people hereabouts have had in many seasons.

San Franciscans on Guam

The mail has just brought me several copies of a little paper published on the island of Guam, and it contains interesting items about San Franciscans. Guam, "the pin point in the Pacific" as it is called, is one of the most isolated of American stations. Its American society consists of a mere handful of men and women who are not much in touch with the outside world, as a transport calls there only once a month. And yet these people manage to make life pleasant for one another. The tiny "Guam News Letter" shows that nothing is overlooked which can break the monotony of the station. There are dinners where the guests play anagrams and indulge in card parties, dances and band concerts. Baseball, tennis and croquet furnish excitement. And there are moving pictures which unfortunately don't pay, so an ad in the paper exhorts Americans to attend as often as possible or at least to send their house boys. Great excitement must have been caused by the announcement that "the long-looked-for soda fountain" had arrived and that there would be a grand opening when it was installed in the leading drug store. A great deal of entertaining on Guam is done by Governor and Mrs. Coontz who are well known here, and by Lieutenant-Commander and Mrs. Raby. Mrs. Raby is a daughter of Daniel Callaghan, the well known capitalist of this city, and a sister of Mrs. Vincent de Laveaga. The Raby children "Lady Jane" and "Master Jack" are much in evidence in the Guam news. The "colony chat" is contributed to the paper by Mrs. Williamson who is visiting Guam from this city. She is a relative of the prominent architect Matt O'Brien.

Another of Our Singing Girls

Another San Francisco girl, Miss Rhoda Neiblung, is winning praise for her singing in Paris where she gave a musicale the other day and delighted critics with her clear lyric soprano. Miss Eleanor King, sister of Mrs. Pedar Bruguere who is a pupil of Bessie Bowie has a powerful mezzo and both girls are singers of rare gifts. The French critics say California has the climate to produce great voices. The most famous of the younger prima donnas in Germany is Maud Fay. Friends of the Will Crockers deplore the fact that Miss Ethel Crocker's voice is lost to grand opera. But Miss Ethel who would rather study music in Paris than do

society in San Francisco gave her talents to a charity entertainment last year and she may sing at other semi-public affairs in the future. Mary Ethel will return to California with her mother who has gone to spend a month or two with Princess Poniatowski in Paris where Helen, the second daughter of the household, is at school.

To Europe on the "Imperator"

Mr. and Mrs. Garret McEnerney will leave town next Tuesday on their annual trip to Europe. The trip to Europe doesn't mean for the McEnerneys continuous journeying up and down the continent. They will spend several months at a German Spa before visiting their friends in Paris and London. There are no Americans better known to the literary set of London than the McEnerneys. The ocean trip, by the way, will be made on the maiden voyage of the "Imperator," the latest triumph of the science and art of shipbuilding, and the proudest possession of the Hamburg-American Company.

Del Monte Notes

Mr. and Mrs. Louis G. Lefever of Oakland are spending their honeymoon at Del Monte. Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Deyoe of San Francisco are also spending their honeymoon at Del Monte. Mrs. Deyoe was Miss Maude May of Carmel. Mr. J. J. Crooks of San Rafael is making a visit of several weeks. Mr. Alfred Harwood and Mr. W. F. Williams motored from San Francisco for the week-end. Miss Marjorie Shepard, the daughter of Mr. A. D. Shepard, the manager of the Pacific Improvement Co., arrived on Thursday evening for a visit under the chaperonage of Mrs. H. R. Warner. Miss Shepard has been in the Philippines with her sister and brother-in-law Captain and Mrs. Edwin Long, for the last year and a half and is planning to return in September. Mr. Wm. Pierce Johnson and Miss Josephine Johnson have engaged apartments for the summer. Miss Johnson is playing an excellent game of golf and recently won the Santa Cruz tournament. The Misses Morrisons are at Del Monte for two weeks and are planning to spend a great



ADELE BLOOD

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San Francisco, Cal.

deal of the summer there. The Fireman's Fund Insurance Company celebrated their fiftieth anniversary on Friday, arriving in a private car. Among those present were Miss Simpson, Mr. Arthur Simpson, Mr. John Marshall Jr., Mr. Edgar S. Wilson and the Misses Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Franz Herrmann and son, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Platt Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Wm. J. Dutton and Mr. Bernard Faymonville.

Social Doings at Castle Crag

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Desmond are among the prominent guests at Castle Crag. They are great social favorites in the South. Mr. and Mrs. Allen L. Chickering and Mrs. J. T. Averborg of Piedmont are occupying one of the log cabins. Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Shephard of San Francisco spent several days prior to their journey to Tacoma. Professor Boom of the University of California was so enthusiastic over Castle Crag where he spent the week-end that he has engaged accommodations for himself and wife, dur-

ing the month of August. A jolly picnic party was arranged by the social hostess at Castle Crag on Wednesday of this week. Over fifty of the guests participated in the affair. The picnic was given in one of the groves which is situated about two miles from the hotel. The midday meal was cooked out of doors, and thoroughly enjoyed by those present. Mrs. Edwin Child of San Francisco and her mother Mrs. William Heilburn of Honolulu arrived at Castle Crag on Monday. They will prove an acquisition to the large colony who are summering at Castle Crag. Prior to her marriage Mrs. Child was one of the belles of Honolulu. Since the announcement of her engagement this spring, Miss Marguerite Butters has been in a round of gaieties in the city. It was her intention to go to Castle Crag the first of June, but on account of numerous entertainments given in her honor the outing was postponed until a week later. Miss Butters with her brother and sister will be a guest at Castle Crag for a fortnight.

Miss Bromfield at Kohler and Chase's

The place of honor on the program at Kohler and Chase Hall for this week's Music Matinee has been tendered to Miss Grace Bromfield, soprano. Miss Bromfield has established herself as one of the most successful concert vocalists of the younger set during the last season. She appeared frequently at important private and public functions and only recently scored a triumph in her recital. She is a pupil of Mackenzie Gordon and has acquired great popularity. She will sing concert songs and operatic arias on this occasion. As usual there will be a number of interesting, carefully selected instrumental compositions for the Knabe Player Piano and the Pipe Organ.

Grand Opera Quartet at Tait's

The latest and most interesting event in cafe circles is the Italian Grand Opera Quartet now appearing at the Tait-Zinkand Cafe. Every day at luncheon, dinner and supper this quartet which comes direct from Milan, Italy, can be heard in selections from the most popular grand operas. Each member has a voice of rare beauty and power and the management of the cafe is to be congratulated for securing such exceptional talent.

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Coronado Beach, California
American Plan



Interesting Events will take place daily during the Summer. Golf and Tennis tournaments, yachting, fishing, competitions, bowling tournaments, motor picnics, bay and surf bathing. All events open to guests and valuable prizes awarded weekly.

Concerts by Ohlmeyer's Band—Semi-weekly dances.
Summer Rates in Effect

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In the Social Spotlight

Recent guests at Paso Robles Hot Springs included: J. A. Chanslor, A. Marks, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph L. Kirk, Miss Teresa S. Miller, J. A. Marks and wife, Carolyn Nathan, Ray Briggs, Lucille Nathan, G. C. Hall, S. C. Bucklen and wife, Leo Burke, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Duckmann, Mrs. H. W. Lash, Miss M. Weir, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Harron, Dudley Harron, Ernest A. Harron Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Edward M. Walsh, Miss Harriet E. Walsh, Donald Walsh, Mr. and Mrs. Lambert Levy, Henry L. Mars, W. C. Crosby, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Getz, Mr. and Mrs. Sol Getz, H. L. Hoyt, Mrs. C. A. Dukes, Mrs. H. M. Bull, Geo. A. Batchelder, J. L. Adams, Miss A. Wolfskill, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. McDermott, Mr. and Mrs. Bernhard and family, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Rhen.

Under the direction of Prof. Charles Cassassa, a patriotic musical program will be rendered by the Golden Gate Park Band on Tuesday, June 17, at 2 o'clock, Bunker Hill Day.

Guests at Coronado Beach who are registered from San Francisco are as follows: Caldwell Hunter and daughter, L. H. Rosenor, Gus de Bretteville, A. Faget, Wm. Hoff, Mrs. Horace C. Chase, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Lonbard. Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Larzalere and Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Law motored to Coronado from San Pedro.

"Is there really anybody in America who sincerely deserves to have the stage elevated?"

"Yes, the gallery gods."

Then He Followed Suit

The shade strode boldly through the portal and addressed St. Peter.

"I," he said, "am a vaudeville performer. I made an international reputation as a singer of popular songs. On earth I was some guy. I presume my accommodations here will be in keeping with my reputation?"

"Certainly," agreed St. Peter, "I have you in my book under the title 'He Walked Right in and Turned Around and Walked Right Out Again.'"

Are you going on a picnic? Take along a box of "Varied Sweets." This is our latest package. It contains a selected assortment of all the most popular candies: chocolates, peppermints, gum drops, taffies, sugared almonds. There is something in it for everyone. Geo. Haas & Sons Four Candy Stores.

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100 Rooms, with Bath	2.50	4.00
200 " " "	3.00	4.00 and \$5.00
100 " " "	4.00	5.00 " 6.00
100 " " "	5.00	6.00 " 7.00

100 Rooms, with Bath, Ensuite, on which special summer rates will be made.

SPECIAL RATES BY THE MONTH

The Personal Equation

of PARIS of LONDON of NEW YORK

By MRS. FRANCES HARDIN HESS of I. Magnin & Co.

Photographs by Courtesy of I. Magnin & Co.

In the making of modern clothes Madame La Mode has given us some terrible excrescences, but let us forget those unsightly things in the joy of the beautiful things that this fickle dame is conferring upon us. I refer to the exquisite blouses, or waists—use whatever term you prefer for the gauzy, filmy coverings that protect (Heaven save the mark!)—I should say “half conceal, yet half reveal” the wonderful shoulders, bust and arms of that delectable creature—woman.

The designers went straight to the Louvre; chose the dainty picture of Vigée le Brun, and the historic portraits of Marie Antoinette; stole their adorable frou-frous outright and produced the blouses that all Paris is mad about. And Paris never goes mad about anything without a reason. The reason that impinges on these new blouses is the way the neck is treated. Soft frills fall gracefully down the front and snuggle on to the shoulder, making the young face and throat like the soft moule of a baby, while they restore to the old lady, the grace and charm of the days of Louis the Grand Monarque.

Yes, that's the reason Paris is mad over the Antoinette and le Brun blouses—they restore Youth to every wearer, and for Youth woman would sell her—but go let Faust, Ponce de Leon and all the other seekers of Youth finish the sentence for you.

The Quaint
Posy Designs
of the Louis
Sixteenth are
Distinctive
Notes in the
New Frocks.
See the Posy
Studded
Sleeves in
this Charm-
ing Garden
Party Frock.



Next to the new blouse craze comes the Hat mania. Says a well known authority: “One reason that the French woman always looks so chic is that her hat is always new. Hats are short lived, and one is convinced that to remain in the Mode, the Parisiennes must buy a new hat every few minutes.” While this is exaggerated the French Woman of Style changes her hats frequently. Americans would act as wisely, if they realized how the hat makes or mars an otherwise faultless outfit.

And the hair! Your coiffure must be snugly and satiny. No great bulges or bumps, or shags. If parted the locks are waved in great soft undulations, brushed

flat, madonna-fashion and very prim;—but here the Parisienne introduces a bit of coquetry and pulls a side piece out on the cheek. Then as if suddenly remembering the beauty of the nape of the neck, she grasps all her locks and carries them up to a point just below the crown of her shapely head. Over all she puts a film of brilliantine until her “crown of glory” shines as a piece of liberty satin. Not much of a description for helping “Everywoman” to make the most of her best feature—her hair; but take the hint and externalize what lies hidden under a clumsy pen-picture!

We are amused at China clipping its long plaits of hair, but don't you remember your history of Normandy—when a certain prelate, one Serlo by name, objected to the curls the gentlemen wore in his day, which was the Eleventh Century? History cites that Serlo preached many a sermon in 1031 denouncing the effeminate fashion, but no one took heed. At last, as each gentlemen came to confession, Serlo's scissors snipped the long locks. History does not relate the outcome!

And foulards have such a vogue as they have not had for many a year!

Nazimova as Bella Donna

By Theodore Bonnet

Going to the Columbia this week is like returning to Sardouddom, revisiting the glimpses of the moon that made the fantastic shadows in which the divine Sara loved to writhe when playing "La Sorciere" and the other enchanting serpents of the Nile. Bella Donna is a case of harking back to the robust drama that preceded Ibsen, the drama that was instinct with the lascivious pleasing of the voluptuous tableau, and that revealed the primitive passions naked and unashamed. It is the Dumasian drama, the Pinerotic drama, and though we may flatter ourselves that we have been educated out of it, we like it nevertheless. After all it is the vices that matter, and the significance of physical action is more readily apprehended by the general than "messages" conveyed by psychological studies, and sheer symbolism is too often caviare even to the club woman who reads papers on subjects she has crammed for and knows nothing about. It is much easier to sympathize with the lover who strangles his mistress than with the poet in Candida; with the errant wife in the grip of a passion than with Rebecca in Rosmersholm throwing up the game after driving the maudlin wife to suicide. You see, one may easily justify the unrefined susceptibilities that make Bella Donna acceptable pabulum for a mind relaxed to suit the occasion. I shall be greatly surprised if the dramatization of the Hichens novel doesn't make a tremendous hit right here in this cultured metropolis where a branch of the Drama League is flourishing and Professor Armes is doing his best to elevate the stage. I do not know whether the Drama League has vouchsafed its brand to this warm and palpitant play, but if it hasn't its powers of discrimination are sadly awry; for the Drama League approved The Case of Becky, which was an ugly play, and Bella Donna, despite its theme, is a thing of beauty, of a beauty 'tis true that appeals chiefly to the eye, but beauty nevertheless. It is really a haunting beauty, this beauty of the amorous Nile region. We are told by one of the characters in the play that English folk go to Egypt to do the things they dare not do at home, and one is made to feel, mainly by the scenic artist and the property man and the decorator that this is probably true. If you cannot afford to go and see Egypt, and even if you are as short of imagination as of money or of time, you can sense Egypt at the Columbia. The play takes you into a voluptuous atmosphere and wraps you in languorous circumambience amid strange silences weirdly broken, an environment perfectly adapted for purple delights. Wonderful is the illusion! Great is the wizardry of the scenic ar-

tist! And no less great the genius of Nazimova for fusing the spirit of herself with the spirit of the scene. As this lithe woman moves about panther-like with soft and downy steps she radiates a force that might have been distilled from the mists of the Nile. Her sinuosities as she glides into the arms of her lover are of the Nile Nileish. Always luxuriating in soft lights



LOUIS A. SIMON and KATHRYN OSTERMAN
Who will appear in the miniature musical comedy
"A Persian Garden" next week at the Orpheum.

and low, she has the air of one whom sportive cupids are fanning with perfumed wings. Yes, I am sure that Bella Donna will be a hit. A wicked woman, to be sure, is Bella Donna, better suited to seduce men than to serve as a model for young ladies, but ah! those ravishing gowns! Even the dames of highest brow will not scorn to be curious about such "creations"—especially about that one without shoulder straps, cut side-wise, or slantwise or obliquely, or whatever is the proper word. A gown so revealing would create a sensation anywhere but on the Nile.

It is in this gown that the exotic lover kisses Bella Donna not on the lips, nor yet where Daudet's Sappho received the impress of lover's lips, but somewhere along the surface where the gown ought to be. Daudet never had the audacity to let one of his lovers go that far right out before everybody. But this, let it be clearly understood, is not a play for Los Angeles; nor yet for Berkeley. At sight of it Los Angeles would shiver in its moral barebones and Berkeley would find it inane from lack of food for the intellect. It is nothing more than the story of a woman bitten with lust, a story of the kind unrelished by Puritans, but often idealized by poets. It breathes nothing of intellectual interest. The only problem is how to get rid of a husband that a primitive animal zest may be indulged. It doesn't even appear that the zest springs from the lady's higher nature as is so frequently the case with the heroines of the highbrow dramatists. This lady is frankly Babylonian, and she talks of the matter with her lover as though it were some ordinary topic that might be taken up for discussion in a crowded drawing-room. Nowhere does the solution of the urgent problem serve as a pretext for the dissecting of a woman's soul. There is no study of the molecular action of the heart or mind. It is given over exclusively to the raw animal passion of a woman with the courtesan temperament of a George Sand, and it is played with the unabashed realism of a Nazimova. If I were a moralist I should denounce it as impure, but as a critic dealing not in subjective but in objective criticism I will only say that for the great majority who go to the theatre to be entertained rather than to be edified it has a very seductive appeal. The theme is the one-time standard melodramatic horror of the poisoning of a husband by a woman addicted to love affairs, and it is handled with excellent craftsmanship. As a rule the dramatization of a novel is poor stuff, but James Bernard Fagan has mastered the difficult art of omission and he has given us the Hichens story with every non-essential happily missing. The play is presented by an excellent cast. Charles Bryant's Dr. Isaacson is a perfect piece of portrayal, and the Baroudi of Robert Whitworth is impressive in its veracity. Nazimova plays the heroine right up to the handle of the author's conception—just as though she never had but a single emotion and had taken good care to isolate it and nourish it. A very witch of a woman, it seems but proper that at the end, cast off by husband and lover, she should vanish as in a vapor.

Gossip of the Theatre

An Old Favorite

Victor Herbert and Harry Smith never collaborated more happily than when they gave us "The Serenade." Their chef d'oeuvre was first presented in this city eighteen years ago, and it has been in high favor with our devotees of light opera ever since. Many of those who first heard it at the Baldwin with Alice Nielsen and Barnabee in the cast were present at the Tivoli Monday night to see how Doc Leahy's newest collection of songbirds would handle it. These oldtimers and the younger music lovers agreed

that the Tivoli singers handled it very well indeed, and gave audible evidence of their approval by noisily demanding any number of encores. The newest newcomer was John R. Phillips who needed no introduction. He sang with the same esprit which distinguished his singing in "The Chocolate Soldier." Sarah Edwards sang Dolores Monday night, and was in splendid voice. She is destined to be one of the most popular of Tivolians. The audience couldn't get enough of Henry Santrey's "I love you, I adore you." Rena Vivienne was a very attractive Yvonne, and

took the coloratura heights with ease. Galagher as the black-bearded reprobate who is both brigand and monk made one of the big hits of the performance. Pitkin, Webb and Le Noir saw to it that the comedy of "The Serenade" was not slighted. Many will go back to the Tivoli before "The Serenade" is withdrawn to see how Ilon Bergere compares with Sarah Edwards, for these two blithe singers alternate in the role of Dolores.

—Edward F. O'Day.

Jimmy Britt at Empress

Jimmy Britt, former lightweight boxer, raconteur, globe trotter, cosmopolitan and clever little actor, will be the headline attraction at the Empress next week. He does a monologue. The extra feature is presented by "the Nine Piano Bugs," instrumentalists, vocalists and comedians. Mae Bronte, Dixie Crane, Rose Gardner and Lillian Kendal are the girls, and Stone, Wahl, Jackson, Johnson and Harold Vincent, comedians, complete the troupe. "The Piano Bugs" made their first appearance as the feature act of the Friars' Annual Frolic in New York. The Tango is one of several novel dances introduced. Agnes Lee and a capable cast will present a rural drama "The Test" written by W. F. Sailor, a St. Paul newspaperman. Charlotte is a charming and accomplished violiniste. "Fun on the Boulevard" is the offering of the Wheelers and company who do juggling. Edward Barnes and Mabel Robinson have ragtime, grand opera and a Shakespearean travesty. Forrest Stone and Grace Young are singers and dancers. The Empress orchestra and Twilight Pictures will be features.

Another Week of Cecilia at Orpheum

Miss Cecilia Loftus promises a new program for next week, her last at the Orpheum. Louis A. Simon and Kathryn Osterman, assisted by a company of fourteen, will appear in the little musical comedy, "A Persian Garden" for which Edgar Allan Woolf wrote the book and lyrics and Anatol Friedland the music. It is considered one of the most elaborate productions in vaudeville. Frederick Bond and Miss Fremont Benton will amuse with the farce, "Handkerchief No. 15." Joe Jackson, the European Vagabond, will contribute pantomime, his only assistant a bicycle. Eunice Burnham and Charles Irwin will present "A Song Sketch at the Piano." Louis London will be heard in his character song studies with appropriate costumes. Montambo and Wells are marvelous comedy acrobats. Matthews and Shayne in "A Night on the Bowery" and new Edison Talking Moving Pictures will complete the bill.

"Everywoman" at the Cort

Walter Browne is the lamented author of the dramatic spectacle, "Everywoman" which Henry W. Savage will offer at the Cort beginning Sunday. The notable cast includes H. Cooper Cliffe, a distinguished English actor, and Adele Blood, described as one of the most beautiful women of the American stage. Browne was himself an actor and singer and had performed in all classes of entertainments in all parts of the world. He wrote to suit the popular taste. Several of his productions were successful but he set no store by them as he had conceived "Everywoman," and its construction was a matter of years. He drew upon his own remarkable experiences and anyone familiar with the construction of plays must admire the genius with which he welded together the component parts. Savage's production is on a huge scale. One hundred and fifty people are employed in the representation.

Another Week of "The Concert"

Leo Ditrichstein, his New York company and the Alcazar players have scored such a success in "The Concert" that the charming comedy will be at the O'Farrell-street theatre one more week, commencing Monday night. The advance sale of seats presages another series of crowded audiences. By his wonderful characterization of the eccentric musician, Mr. Ditrichstein has gained the admiration of San Francisco's playpatrons, his acting stamping him as a light comedian of first rank. Isabel Irving, Cora Witherspoon, Madge West, Anne Livingston, Alice Patek, Anna McNaughton, Louis Bennison and Burt Wesner also contribute mightily to the worth of the performance. There cannot possibly be a third week of "The Concert," as Mr. Ditrichstein's newest comedy, "Such Is Life," must be produced Monday after next.

Second Week of Nazimova

"Bella Donna" is being presented to crowded houses at the Columbia. Madame Nazimova will begin her second and last week Monday night. Matinees will be given on Wednesday and Saturday.

Second Week of "The Serenade"

In accordance with a rule established at the Tivoli that no attraction shall run longer than

(Continued on Page 21.)



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MADAME NAZIMOVA

Appearing at the Columbia in James Bernard Fagan's stage adaptation of Robert Hichens' famous novel "Bella Donna." Nazimova will be seen for another week only.

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—As far as the important stocks in the general list are concerned the end of the week left them very close to where they were at the beginning. It begins to look as if liquidation in the seasoned dividend payers had run its course. But minor industrials and specialties as well as many of the weaker railroads were in bad shape and several of them made new low records. This is a continuation of the process of separating the sheep from the goats which began last September and about which much has been said from time to time. American Can, Rumely, American Beet Sugar, the Gould railroads and finally "Frisco" have dealt the market heavy blows that have been cumulative in their effect, and many of these low-priced issues are now without a market that will absorb considerable offerings. This weeding-out process has to come at stated intervals and a dragging market usually winds up with a crash of the weaker vessels before real improvement sets in. While "Frisco" and some other sub-standard bonds were forced to new low records, the bond market as a whole displayed a better tone and the investment demand improved. New York City new 4 1-2s were absorbed steadily by investors who have got high-class investment securities down to prices that suit their ideas of a just return on invested capital. This also applied to the best class of railroad stocks, but not to the industrial list. Investment buying of Steel Common has been poor for some time on account of uncertainty regarding the tariff. Investors believe that the Steel Corporation will be able to operate at a profit under free trade, if it comes to that, but the profit will not be large enough to pay dividends on the common stock. It must be remembered that the margin above dividends is relatively small and that net earnings fell below dividend requirements during more than half of the year 1912.

Wheat—Dry weather reports from North Dakota and the southwest early in the week gave the wheat market a firm tone and prices were advanced from one to two cents. Later in the week general light rains occurred in the southwest as well as in the Dakotas and this with the weakness abroad took the edge off the market and prices were allowed to decline again to around the 90 cents level for July at the close of the week. Broomhall accounted for the weakness abroad by stating that Argentine was offering cheaper abroad, larger arrivals, favorable crop advices from both Argentine and India, better weather in Russia and private reports that American advices of damage were being exaggerated. There was also said to be a fine outlook in Canada, and the India crop was placed at 36,290,000 bushels against 29,248,000 last year. There was a better weather outlook in France and all the foreign news was on the side of the

seller. Coming back to our territory the crop reports were probably more violent than they have been heretofore. Indiana was said to be about wiped out of any prospect for wheat and Nebraska was also complaining of hot dry weather and grasshoppers were reported thick all over western Kansas and chinch bugs by the millions infesting the ground. This was all forgotten as soon as reports of rain were received and as the trade is not large prices eased off about as quickly as they had advanced. New wheat is being cut in Texas, Oklahoma and southern Kansas and hedging sales against this will be in order and without damage reports from the spring wheat country it looks as if prices will be allowed to sag.

Corn—A very small trade in corn the past week although prices were bid up to the 60 cents level early in the week but as in wheat the market lost all of its advance at the end of the week. Receipts were fairly liberal, but were well taken care of by the industries and the fact that stocks of corn are at such a low ebb frightened the shorts into covering. There were also several reports of dry weather in the southwest that was retarding the growth but it is a little too early for this; besides there was fairly general light rains later in the week. We expect a good run of corn for the next ten days and it remains to be seen whether this corn will be taken care of at these prices without an export demand. If we get a break buy the new crop futures.

Cotton—Trading in cotton futures the past week was very light, although fluctuations in the July option were quite erratic at times and this option was advanced nearly three dollars a bale from the low point early in the week. This advance kept the local crowd, who are all bearish on the new crop options, in check and the market was allowed to advance with July in a sympathetic manner. Since the Bureau report, which, according to private cables has been discredited in Europe, the weather throughout the cotton belt has been favorable for the growing crop, and, as a result, crop advices from the interior show a further improvement in general conditions of the plant. Very little attention is being paid to the claim that rain is needed in the Southwest and the South Atlantic States, as it was only a week ago last Tuesday that the Weather Bureau reported cultivation in Oklahoma to have been retarded by showers. In the meantime more rain has fallen in the cotton belt, over night, in every district except in the district of New Orleans, having been rather general in Alabama and Georgia, in some instances quite heavy. According to Mr. Habersham King, whose report is made up from official data, his review for the week ending May 31 and for the month of May, denotes that the crop is earlier than the normal by at least two weeks, that the

stands must be perfect (this being the second time in 13 years he has had to say this of the stands) and that the crop as a whole is now clean, growing thriftily and in condition to withstand any unfavorable developments with a minimum of damage. He is quite convinced that unless the last half of August be so wet as to prevent picking, the movement this fall will be earliest on record, and will come from all sections of the belt.



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Varied Types

(Continued from Page 6.)

position. There is scarcely a man in our employ who hasn't begun at the bottom rung of the ladder and worked his way up. The wisdom of that policy was shown when this strike was declared.

"At the beginning of the strike we had to employ very few men from the outside. Bookkeepers, cashiers, solicitors, the young men in the engineering department, the district managers and division superintendents all took the places where they were needed. Gradually we employed other men to relieve them. But in the meantime some of them worked as long as seventy-four hours at a stretch before they were given aid.

"This has never happened before. We occupy a unique position in the world of strikes. I don't believe there is another organization in the world with such diversified business and such extent of territory which could meet such an emergency as perfectly as the men in the Pacific Gas and Electric did. The spirit of Pacific Service saturates every man in the company. A strike like this would be positively disastrous to a company which was without splendid and dependable organization."

I also coaxed from Johnny Britton the statement that the company's preparedness was a great surprise to the strikers who had not anticipated any such ability to handle the awkward situation; that the damage to property during the five weeks of the strike had been negligible; that the acts of violence have caused annoyance and little more; that the deprivation of street lighting has been the principal embarrassment; and that the police protection given the company has been excellent.

When we got that far the padlock was reapplied, the key was turned, the Britton jaws shut with a click and I was floated out of the Britton presence on a comber of silence.

Stage

(Continued from Page 19.)

two weeks, "The Serenade" will begin the second and last week of its season Monday night. The only matinees are given Saturday and Sunday. "Iolanthe," Gilbert and Sullivan's fairy opera, is announced for Monday, June 23.

"Baby Dolls" at Pantages

Ed Armstrong's Baby Dolls," one of the best liked troupe of chorus girls that ever appeared here, top the new bill at Pantages. Their new offering is called "A Scotch Highball," a musical tabloid with pretty girls and comedians. Will Armstrong has the leading comedy role, and Ethel Davis had the principal singing part. Bertie Beaumont, remembered as the star of "Miss Nobody from Starland" has Jack Arnold for partner. They have one of the fastest of comedy acts. A local lad who has been creating a big success is Lee Barth, known as "The Man of Many

Dialects." He keeps the audience in uproar. Friscary, the hat tosser, has an unique act. Another pair of local boys, Jewell and Jordan, will return with their whistling imitations of animals and birds. A pretty eccentric dancing and singing act will be presented by the Maraenko Russian Troupe. Ruth Chandler called the "female Eddie Foy" in character studies with comedy motion pictures complete the bill.

The People's Forum

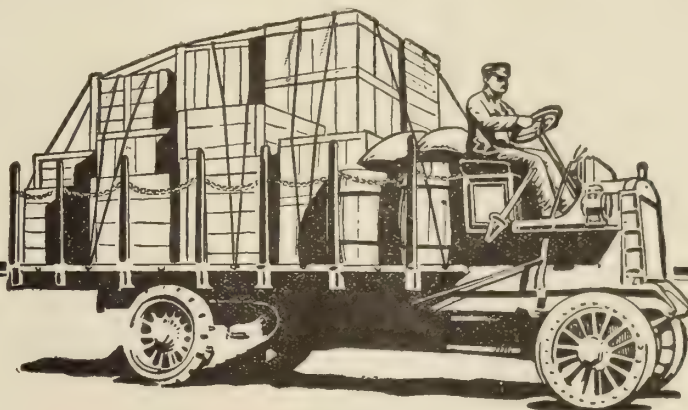
(Continued from Page 7.)

To this I make reply that if L. R. F., instead of doubting my acquaintance with the plays, would improve his own, he would find very quickly that almost all the drama of the Abbey Theatre is folk-drama, or kitchen-drama as I believe it is now called, and that it has become "the society's most characteristic feature," ever since it was inaugurated by Synge's play "In the Shadow of the Glen." As to the statement that these plays of Synge represent only a small section of Ireland, I think I shall have very little difficulty in adducing enough specimens to show conclu-

sively that neither Synge nor his company or playwrights taken as a whole, represent any section of Irish people whatever—even the smallest.

The first of his plays put on the boards was "In the Shadow of the Glen." The motif of the play is an old husband playing the corpse to catch his wife in adultery. I am not ready to deny that this motif is impossible in Ireland, but I may remark that chastity both in married and single life is so characteristic of the people in Ireland, that the theme of Synge's play might well be regarded as a low travesty. There is not a single character or situation in this play that is not extravagant and grotesque. While the wife is gone to meet her affinity the corpse rises to drink whiskey with a tramp. As if all this were not sufficiently abnormal, the wife, turned adrift by her husband, and forsaken by her lover, goes off with the tramp, leaving husband and lover drinking together like the best of friends.

In the "Well of the Saints" the scene is positively revolting where Martin Doull, a blind, middle-aged, dirty old beggar asks a fair young colleen to go away with him. In "The Tinker's Wedding," a buffoon of a priest is tied in a can-



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SAN FRANCISCO

vas-bag by two tinkers for refusing to marry them, without a half-sovereign and a tin-can. "The Playboy of the Western World" is, of course, notorious. No doubt parricide is possible in Ireland, as elsewhere. But to make the parricide the object of hero-worship on the part of the girls around him, is simply ghoulish. Here's a sample of dialogue from "the Playboy": "There's poetry talk for a girl you'd see itching and scratching and she with a stale stink of poteen on her from selling in the shop." Good heavens! will L. R. F. still maintain in the face of this, that his acquaintance with Irish character in this country, has revealed to him types of the kind just mentioned? Neither in Aran islands, nor in Kerry, nor in Wicklow, amongst the strangest people that Ireland ever produced, did Synge ever find types so abnormal as he portrays in his plays. With the exception of Deirdre which deals with legendary Ireland, and perhaps "Riders to the Sea," the rest of his plays read like the effusions of a diseased mind.

I cannot go on for ever giving sample after sample to prove my charge. But what I have said of Synge's plays can be said of the majority of the plays produced by the others. To take one of the latest playwrights, Lennox Robinson, his "The Clancy Name" gives us as principal characters, an old widow, who is a stingy hypocrite, and her son who enters the play a murderer, and exits a suicide. In "The Harvest," by the same author, the principal characters are a farmer, who burns his home to get the insurance money, and his daughter, who becomes a prostitute in London, the result of a false system of education in Ireland, and two sons who are ashamed of their nationality and renegades to their faith. In the name of common sense is this the result of their study of the psychology of the Irish people? Is there nothing to be found there but unchastity, buffoonery, cloddishness, selfishness, hypocrisy and murder? Could the Abbey playwrights find nothing to dramatise except what is unpleasant and extravagant, amongst a people who are famed for chastity, delicacy of feeling, kindness and hospitality?

That is all I wish to say of the subject in dispute. A final word, however, as to the conclusion of L. R. F.'s letter. To attribute my adverse criticism to the Irishman's proverbial love of disagreement with his fellow-Irishmen, argues a want of independence of thought. That is an old thrust and a cheap one. It emanated from Englishmen who used it to explain away the results of English misrule in Ireland. Now it is antiquated and is sadly unbecoming an American. To say that Irishmen disagree about religion is to betray a lack of knowledge that should bring

a blush of shame to a high-school boy. Where three-fourths of the population are devoted Catholics for 1500 years, and the remaining one-fourth are divided between Anglicans, Presbyterians and Methodists, there can be no disagreement about religion, for there must be two parties to a fight. As to politics, I don't see that they differ any more in Ireland than they do in the land of my adoption. As a matter of fact, just now Ireland presents to the world a rather unique instance of unity—a solid phalanx of 85 of her sons (who represent over three-fourths of her people) dominating the mother of Parliaments, ready to make or unmake governments simply by presenting an united front. This is a far cry from the Abbey Theatre. But when L. R. F. pursues the dangerous policy of attributing motives, that are likely to be false, he must be prepared to take the consequences.

Respectfully,
—Hibernicus.

The Celebration of Modest Willie

Editor Town Talk, Sir: You might have made it all the easier for your readers to appreciate the bounding modesty of William R. Hearst had you consulted the New York papers on the subject of the unveiling of the Maine monument. It is highly instructive to compare the descriptions of the ceremony published by disinterested journals with the one given by the newspapers owned by the modest Mr. Hearst. While Mr. Hearst saw fit to publish his own speech in full he failed to mention that former President Taft was the orator of the day. The other papers published Mr. Taft's speech in full. Mr. Hearst studiously concealed the part played in the ceremonies by the Administration. He didn't even mention the letter from President Wilson which all other papers thought of sufficient importance to publish in full. Then there was the speech of the Secretary of the Navy of which the modest Hearst made no mention. Secretary Daniels was liberally quoted in all other newspapers. The wreath of flowers presented by President Wilson and placed at the base of the monument by Father Chadwick was not mentioned in the Hearst papers—crowded out perhaps along with other incidents to make room for the remarks of the modest young Native Son of California. Wouldn't you think he ought to have been satisfied with the honor of having his own little son selected to unveil the monument? That the big New York dailies were not at all churlish is evident from the fact that they published little George's picture. They gave the Hearsts all they were entitled to, but our modest, refined

(Continued on Page 23)

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of KATE SUTRO NUSSBAUM, Deceased—No. 15,529; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Elizabeth Nussbaum, as Administratrix with the will annexed of the estate of Kate Sutro Nussbaum, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice (which said first publication occurs on the 14th day of June, 1913), to the said Administratrix with will annexed at the office of her attorney Garret W. McEnerney, Room No. 1277 Flood Building, No. 870 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Kate Sutro Nussbaum, deceased.

ELIZABETH NUSSBAUM,

Administratrix with Will Annexed of the Estate of Kate Sutro Nussbaum, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 14, 1913.
GARRET W. MCENERNEY, Attorney for Administratrix,
Room No. 1277 Flood Building,
No. 870 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 6-14-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of PHILIPP SCHLUCHTERER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator with the Will annexed of the Estate of Philipp Schluchterer, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator with the Will annexed at the office of Morrison, Dunne & Brobeck, Rooms 709-722 of the Crocker Building, located at the intersection of Market, Post and Montgomery Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Philipp Schluchterer, deceased.

SIGMUND BERNSTEIN,

Administrator with the Will annexed of the Estate of Philipp Schluchterer, Deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, May 24, 1913.
MORRISON, DUNNE & BROBECK,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Rooms 709-722 Crocker Building,
San Francisco, Cal. 5-24-5

SUMMONS AND COMPLAINT

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 47,232; Dept. No. 10.

LILLIAN E. LIVINGSTON, Plaintiff, vs. CHARLES L. LIVINGSTON, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: CHARLES L. LIVINGSTON, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilfully asserting and abandoning plaintiff for the period of one year, and over, next immediately preceding the commencement of this action and defendant's wilfully failing to provide for plaintiff the common necessities of life for one year, and over, next immediately preceding the commencement of this action, and also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 14th day of February, A. D. 1913.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.
ARTHUR E. NATHANSON, Atty. for Plaintiff,
1112 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 5-17-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of CATHERINE V. ROSEK, Formerly CATHERINE O'BRIEN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that H. A. Rosek, administrator of the estate of said deceased, has filed in this Court his petition setting forth that said deceased in her lifetime entered into a contract to convey to Frank D. Dollings certain real estate situate, lying and being in the town of Red Bluff, County of Tehama, State of California, and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

All of lots twenty-one (21) and twenty-two (22) of Block one hundred seventeen (117) as the same appear on the Amended Map of Part Addition to the Town of Red Bluff on file in the office of the County Recorder of Tehama County, State of California, and that in said petition said petitioner prays for an order of this Court directing him as administrator of the estate of said deceased, to execute to said Frank D. Dollings, a deed to the property above described.

It is hereby ordered that all persons interested be and appear on the 30th day of June, 1913, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. in the above entitled Court, Department No. 10 thereof, in the New City Hall on Market Street near Eighth Street, in said City and County, then and there to show cause if any they have, why said petition should not be granted.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published once a week at least for four successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, May 29, 1913.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.
HERRINGTON & BARRETT, Atty. for Administrator,
612 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-7-4

The People's Forum

(Continued from Page 22)

well-bred Willie wasn't satisfied. Isn't he darling? What a fine perfume he supplies to the famished nostrils of his readers!

Yours truly,

—Thomas R. McLaine.

Shakespeare on the Redlight Law

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: I am glad to see that you are against that vicious piece of legislation, the redlight abatement law. You oppose it in good company. Shakespeare was with you; as you may discover by reading "Measure for Measure." Do you recall?

Pompey. You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

Mrs. Overdone. What proclamation, man?

Pompey. All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be plucked down.

Mrs. Overdone. Why, here's a change indeed in the commonwealth! What shall become of me?

Pompey. Come; fear not you: good counselors lack no clients; though you change your place, you need not change your trade; I'll be your tapster still.

In other words, what District Attorney Fick-

ert calls "scatteration" was to be tried, but the experienced knew it would not work.

Let me quote another bit:

Pompey: If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten years together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads: if this law hold in Vienna ten year, I'll rent the fairest house in it after three-pence a bay: if you live to see this come to pass, say Pompey told you so.

That should supply food for thought to those wisecracks among us who demand that men as well as women be subjected to the regulations of the Municipal Clinic.

Sincerely,

—A Looker-on in Vienna.

During the Summer season "TOWN TALK" subscribers are requested to send in promptly any change of address that they may contemplate making, so that the paper will reach them regularly.

"You say you don't intend to marry Miss Whopper?"

"That's what I said. Two men have come between us."

"Two?"

"Yes; a preacher and the man she married."

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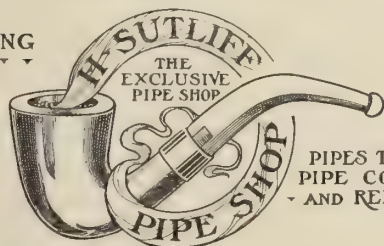
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U. S. Bonds.....	2,100,000.00
Other Bonds and Securities.....	1,034,720.55
Customers' Liability under Letters of Credit.....	709,948.09
Cash and Sight Exchange.....	6,327,032.16

\$26,185,209.52

LIABILITIES

Capital	\$ 2,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits.....	3,012,924.94
Circulation	1,941,997.50
Customers' Liability under Letters of Credit.....	709,948.09
Deposits	18,485,184.82

\$26,185,209.52

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At the Close of Business June 4th, 1913

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Loans and Discounts.....	\$19,995,824.83
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation at par.....	2,500,000.00
Other U. S. Bonds.....	152,000.00
Other Bonds	3,123,923.73
Other Assets	336,458.65
Customers' Liability on Letters of Credit.....	1,849,877.88
Cash and Sight Exchange.....	10,902,086.24

\$38,860,171.33

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock	\$ 4,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits.....	1,773,715.65
Circulation	2,500,000.00
Letters of Credit, Domestic and Foreign.....	1,849,877.88
Deposits	28,736,577.80

\$38,860,171.33

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

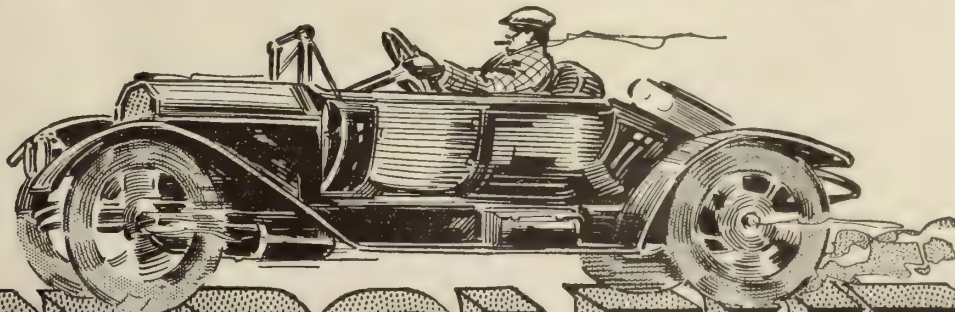
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Vol. XXI. No. 1087

SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 21, 1913

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SAY YOU SAW IT IN "TOWN TALK"

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXI

San Francisco, June 21, 1913

No. 1087



BLANCHE BATES

In "The Witness for the Defense" at the Columbia Theatre commencing Monday, June 23.

TOWN TALK

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
Chas. W. Raymond.....Business Manager

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Innovations at Washington

Notwithstanding the widespread expectation of a long period of business depression and the generally accepted theory that political innovations disturb industrial conditions, the Administration at Washington continues to inject new issues into the economic situation. The tariff issue was bad enough, but it was known to be inevitable, and the uncertainty to which it was bound to give rise we were prepared for. It was to be supposed that until the tariff problems were disposed of nothing else would be said or done of a character likely to make confusion worse confounded. It would seem to be the part of wisdom to allay anxiety as much as possible, to soothe the nerves of the business world rather than to irritate them, and establish some kind of title to the confidence of capital. But this is an impulsive Administration. It is intent on doing things. And there is a good deal of academic philosophy in the Cabinet. It appears that according to the Wilson idea paternalism is the basic principle of government and there is not only a remedy for every wrong but a means of justifying every theory. So if the reduction of tariff duty threatens a man with bankruptcy, and he sees that he must reduce wages, the Government will step in to see about it. On the other hand if a corporation becomes able to do more business than all other corporations this state of affairs must also be examined, and if necessary penalties and restrictions shall be imposed to force the producer to reduce the volume of his output. These are new policies of government hitherto undreamt of by statesmen of the ordinary type. They imply principles of a most far-reaching character, and the enunciation of them has not tended to reassure big or even little business. Perhaps the only persons at all pleased with them are the politicians of the Oyster Bay school of politics. Their principal hope is in the Star-eyed Goddess at Washington whom they wish to see run so far amuck as to occasion a Macedonian cry from all sections of a tormented country.

A Direct Primary Senator

Senator Ashurst of Arizona standing proudly on his hind legs gives testimony in

the Examiner of the efficacy of the direct primary and wags his far-flung ears to attract attention to himself in the role of Exhibit A. Senator Ashurst reminds us of the village philosopher who knew it was waste of time to go to college as anybody could read the almanac and spelling was only a matter of guesswork after all. According to the patter of the direct primary advocates, if the people know enough to vote they also know enough to select the right kind of men for office. This is one of the many fragments of pocket wisdom with which shallow politicians bring conviction to dull minds. Of course the truth is that the people really don't know how to vote, but as to the question of their ability to select the right kind of men for office the answer to it is, They don't; and for proof thereof consider Senator Ashurst. This monumental mediocrity who has spent most of his time since his election burning incense to William Randolph Hearst and echoing the great mountebank's sentiments is a perfect specimen of the kind of political produce that the people put on the market when they are given a free hand and allowed to do their own sowing and reaping. Even though we had no knowledge of the political institutions of Arizona, no information as to the planting of the Ashurst seed or the manner of his efflorescence we should have had no trouble in conjecturing that he came straight from the people upon no other recommendation than such as he was able to give himself by warm espousal of everything that seemed good to the divine multitude. Without a direct primary there would never be any danger of an Ashurst getting into the Senate. Under the original system all Senators were not ideal statesmen, but before the days of the direct primary there was never the slightest danger of the Senate becoming topheavy with the lick-spittles of yellow journalism.

A Tale of Boodle

The importance of the short ballot from the standpoint of the practical reformer in politics is shown by the failure of the Administration at Sacramento to defraud the State out of several hundred dollars in the interest of two Senators and an Assemblyman. These statesmen are employed on the water front. They are part of the big political machine that would be somewhat crippled were the management of the harbor transferred as requested by the Chamber of Commerce from the State to the city. Their presence in the Legislature illustrated the kind of morality for which this sacrosanct Administration stands. They were there to do the bidding of the machine. If they had not done it they would have lost their jobs on the water front. This is but presumption, but it is presumption justified by the established and tolerated conduct of politicians of all brands however high the ideals they profess. The logical inference is that taxeaters thus acting in a dual capacity in the circumstances that obtain are serving not the public but the boss, and that they are doing so for hire, and their case is a little worse than that of the ordinary receiver

of bribes because the bribe-money comes from the pockets of the taxpayers whom they are supposed to represent. This form of corruption surpasses all others in sheer audacity. Now it was bad enough for these political henchmen of the Administration to be holding two jobs at once; it was worse that they should be expecting two salaries while earning but one; but what shall we say of those other henchmen of the Administration, Harbor Commissioners Williams and Dwyer, who in violation of the trust reposed in them voted to pay the unearned salaries? If this isn't boodling, what is it? And if it is boodling, are the men who are guilty of it to continue in charge of State funds? These are questions which would hardly arise if we had the short ballot so dear to the heart of Governor Johnson. The graft in this case was intercepted by the Attorney-General who was elected by the people. If we had the short ballot the Attorney-General would be appointed by the Governor, and he would be as subservient to the Governor as a State senator with a job on the water front. With the short ballot the State administration would be in the hands of a happy family, with no danger of outside interference with boodlers, and all would be merry as a marriage bell with never a scandal to disturb the serenity of the men on the job. In short, the short ballot will enable the Governor to eat in peace.

The Police and the Skirt

The convention of the police chiefs in Washington last week took on the complexion of a dressmakers' symposium. Fancy a lot of policemen concerning themselves about the effect of slit skirts and low-cut waists on the morals of men! But how characteristic of the inquiring minds of the day! Everybody has a theory of life and all its problems, and to find what's wrong with the world one must scrutinize the light foibles, the little peculiarities, and the microscopic sins of the daily routine. Nobody thinks of recognizing the indestructible and eternal realities which lie at the root of the destructible and ephemeral conventions, but every big evil is to be accounted for on the simplest hypothesis, and to the phenomenon of today is to be traced the vice of the centuries. Hence the passionate and multitudinous demand for a minimum wage. Hence also the increasing dread of the slit skirt, which, according to Chief Peterson of Oakland is of such an inflammatory character that he wonders at the self-restraint of men in the public streets when they encounter women skirted splitwise. Evidently Chief Peterson is not of the temperament of the Pale Person short of red corpuscles. Assuming that he judges all men by himself, which is man's favorite standard of comparison, he ought to be considered dangerous to be at large in the streets of Oakland. For assuredly his objection to the split skirt is not based on statistics. We doubt that any casualties are to be traced to the split skirt in the records of the police department of Oakland. The split skirt may have the same effect nowadays in Oakland as it had in Greece in the days when the

wearing of it was compulsory, but if so it should not be condemned. The Greek idea was that the split skirt promoted matrimony.

The Life of the Best Seller

Magazine writers are speculating as to the longevity of best sellers, and there is much sober discussion of the question whether a popular work of fiction has any chance of achieving a permanent place in literature. Some writers are of the opinion that novels of merit never find their way into the ranks of the "six best sellers," thus implying that popularity means inferiority. Naturally the weight of opinion is the other way. As all the magazines are engaged in stimulating an appetite for the fiction of the hour it is to their interest to flatter their readers by telling them they have a taste for genuine literature. Log-rolling is most assiduously practiced in the magazines, and there are writers of fiction pounding out stories that have no better recommendation than a reputation contrived by publishers. But of course it is not to be set down as a rule that the popularity of a novel argues conclusively its worthlessness. Merit is not a bar to popularity, but on the other hand the public never fall in love with merit for its own sake. Perhaps the only masterpiece of literature that was ever discovered by the public ahead of the discerning few was "The Pilgrim's Progress," and that circumstance was due not to a perception of its literary qualities but to the religious temperament of the times. If the public of this era knew anything about literature or had any taste for literature nine-tenths of our popular magazines would go out of existence; indeed, would never have been called into existence, for the dear public would be preoccupied with the books worth while, and there are precious few of these to be found among the works of contemporary American writers of fiction. It's a mighty tedious and disappointing job to wade through current American fiction in quest of a novel worth while. True, we have several writers who have some skill in the art of the short story, but if any of the novelists who are winning substantial recognition in their lifetime have designs on posterity their bid for posthumous laurels has not come our way. As to the books that

will live they are the books that folk who love books are pleased to have on their library shelves. How many best sellers are to be found in a respectable private library at the end of the first year after publication? Or, let us ask, Where is the publisher who will think it worth his while to bring out a complete edition of the works of any living American writer of popular fiction?

Our Police Department

Says our esteemed contemporary, the Chronicle: "It is said on the street and generally believed that misdemeanors and violations of ordinances are dealt with by the police more in the interest of affecting votes at elections than in the interest of due observance of the law." What is said on the street and generally believed with reference to the police we shall not dispute. What is said on the street and generally believed with reference to the police we have long since taken for granted. Years ago we observed that the first duty the police owed to themselves was to prove themselves loyal to whatever political machine was in power. And this we observed was precisely what the dear people themselves had decreed. The people not only have the kind of police department they deserve, they have exactly the kind of police department they ordered. Furthermore if as the Chronicle says the police are not protecting the property of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company and ensuring the public the kind of service they want and ought to have the people themselves are to blame. We are not indulging in extravagant assertion. We are setting forth the plain; unadulterated truth. Twenty years ago the police department was under the control of a commission so constituted that it owed allegiance to no political faction. It was independent of the Mayor, and as a vacancy never occurred except on the death of a member it was practically impossible for any party or boss or clique to wield any influence in police matters. Now that was an ideal state of affairs, as anybody can see, and it no longer obtains because the people preferred the kind of commission they now have. The people adopted a Charter at a time when they were worshiping one of their idols. The charmer of the moment was the Hon.

James D. Phelan. A man of fine maxims and a heart overflowing with love of the dear people is James. He had a charter framed for them that made the Millennium a sure thing, and it provided that the police department should be turned over to him. James was bubbling over with ambition in those days, and he needed the police department in his business. He annexed it, and made it part of his political machine, and it has been part of somebody's political machine ever since. If it is part of Mayor Rolph's political machine today, and if "Mission Jim" is deferential to organized labor surely the people have no reason to complain. Nor ought they censure the police for not zealously preserving law and order if by doing so the Mayor may incur the displeasure of organized labor. The people have committed themselves to the judgment of majorities in all matters including justice, and organized labor has a fine nucleus that everybody attached to the public trough must respect. If it has taken some of the people twenty years to discover the mistake they made in taking Jimmy Phelan's tip it will probably take them twenty years more to discover some of the errors they are making today. But of course it is not to be gainsaid that it is of the utmost importance that the police department should be kept out of politics. The police power is a terrible thing; a thing to be dreaded in certain circumstances less by criminals than by innocent men and women. When politicians traffic in police power there is no guaranty of protection to the life, liberty or property of any individual. But politicians do traffic in police power in this city, and they will continue to do so while the police commission is constituted as at present. And this is a matter more deserving of consideration than the corruption of policemen by professional thieves; especially so as in this community we have labor leaders so fiendish and unscrupulous that they would urge the Legislature to make it impossible for the Governor of the State to send the militia to the city in time of industrial strife. Sensible as we are of the full significance of the proposition which Los Angeles defeated at Sacramento, how absurd to be merely concerning ourselves about the graft of policemen?

Song of the Temperance Hotel

By G. K. Chesterton

The Saracen's Head looks down the lane,
Where we shall never drink wine again,
For the wicked old women who feel well bred
Have turned to a tea-shop the Saracen's Head.

The Saracen's Head out of Araby came,
King Richard riding in arms like flame;
And, where he established his folk to be fed,
He set up his spear—and the Saracen's Head.

But the Saracen's Head survived the kings;
It thought and thought of most horrible things—
Of health, and of soap, and of Standard Bread,
And of Saracen drinks at the Saracen's Head.

So the Saracen's Head fulfils its name,
They drink no wine—a ridiculous game.
And I shall wonder until I'm dead
How it ever came into the Saracen's Head.

Varied Types

CXXXI—JOSEPH SCOTT

By Edward F. O'Day

Joe Scott, of the Los Angeles Board of Education, is a man of many types. He is a bigoted bigotry which was displayed during the recent municipal election in the pueblo of chemical purity. Some of the things he told would be unbelievable if they came from a less reliable man than Joe Scott. But nobody who knows Joe Scott, and that includes a great many people in this city, would think of doubting his veracity. Joe Scott is as truthful as he is handsome, which is saying a great deal. With his silver gray hair, his clear blue eyes twinkling under heavy black brows, his swarthy face and his mobile lips that part in an easy smile to show gleaming white teeth, Joe Scott is one of the best looking men in Los Angeles. And in certain circles, one of the best liked. You can't help liking Joe Scott when you observe his free and easy manner and hear his soft brogue.

Joe Scott has served for eight years on the Los Angeles Board of Education and has been president of the board for five years. He stood for re-election this year, and was successful after a most remarkable campaign. The same element which made Rose Mayor returned Joe Scott to the Board of Education. Both Rose and Scott encountered the opposition of the same people.

They have a body in Los Angeles called the Ministerial Union. This consists of two hundred Protestant ministers who claim a following of one hundred thousand. They are militant denominationalists, the same sort of clergymen as are so offensively active in San Francisco at the present time. But while with us the sensational pulpit-thumpers make a nuisance of themselves by their advocacy of such things as the redlight abatement law and the suppression of the municipal clinic, in Los Angeles they manifest a religious intolerance which most of us thought had disappeared from California politics with the collapse of the A. P. A.

This religious intolerance was shown before the Los Angeles primary election when the Ministerial Union empowered one of their leaders to choose for their indorsement a ticket of candidates for the Board of Education. The clergyman so chosen was the Rev. James A. Geissinger, pastor of the University Methodist Church.

Among the members of the Board of Education who were candidates for renomination were H. W. Frank, a Jew; Mrs. R. L. Craig, a Christian Scientist; the Rev. R. E. Blight, pastor of the Good Fellowship, a sort of free-thinking congregation; and Joe Scott, a Roman Catholic.

There were seven candidates to be nominated, but Dr. Geissinger submitted the names of five for the indorsement of the Ministerial Union. All five were members of one or other of the Protestant sects represented in the Union. Advertisements were inserted in the papers asking the voters to favor these five candidates. In

addition the advertisements contained the injunction: "Don't vote for Scott or Blight."

"The Ministerial Union would not indorse Frank because he was a Jew," says Scott; "it would not indorse Mrs. Craig because she was a Christian Scientist; it would not indorse Blight because he was a free-thinker; and it would not indorse me because I was a Catholic."

"The fight on me started from a peculiar incident. It has been the custom in Los Angeles to have Protestant ministers officiate at the commencement exercises in the public schools. At one commencement the Rev. Dr. Livingston, a Methodist minister, commended the graduates to the protection of Christ. I protested against this on behalf of those children who were not Chris-



JOSEPH SCOTT

tians, taking the stand that the Constitution protected the Jews, agnostics and others against sectarian prayer in the public schools. Dr. Livingston charged me with sneering at religion and insulting Christianity, and declared that he would 'put me out of business.' I offered to pay \$500 to the Associated Charities if he could prove his charge. He retorted that he didn't suppose I possessed \$500, but he made an affidavit to his charges and on the strength of this the Rev. Dr. Geissinger on behalf of the Ministerial Union declared that what he had said was justified.

"I protested that they hadn't given me the chance of a chicken thief who is at least allowed to defend himself in court, and offered to give \$1,000 to the Associated Charities if I were not acquitted of Dr. Livingston's charge by a board of three ministers, a Methodist, a Baptist and a Congregationalist. But at this stage Dr. Geissinger declared that the incident was closed. Whereupon I said that Dr. Geissinger was a coward and a hypocrite and that I considered the whole thing a thrust at my religion.

"This was the situation just before the primary election. The Sunday before the election Dr. Geissinger declared from the pulpit that the Ministerial Union would show this noisy fellow

(meaning me) and all his noisy following that the religion of America was the Protestant religion. He also said that my bump of religion was a depression. Another member of the Union, the Rev. J. Whitcomb Brougher, a clergyman who treats his congregation to sermons on such topics as 'The bed is too narrow and the sheets are too long,' declared that I lacked culture. To which I replied that I was getting tired of the mental peregrinations of peripatetic preachers."

Here I may interject that Joe Scott is a graduate of the famous Ushaw College in England, the college which produced Cardinal Wiseman, Cardinal Bourne, John Lingard the historian, Francis Thompson the poet, and Wilfrid Ward, the biographer of Cardinal Newman. At Ushaw Cardinal Merry Del Valle, Papal Secretary of State, was Joe Scott's French teacher; and there is probably no man in America so close to Pope Pius' Secretary of State as Joe Scott. So it seems unlikely that Joe Scott should be totally deficient in culture.

"Another preacher," continued Scott, "the Rev. Charles Edward Locke, declared that if the Catholics were looking for a fight they would get all they wanted. Still another stated that the Ministerial Union was not after the president of the Board of Education but after the Catholic hierarchy. One of the charges they made was that an assistant superintendent of schools smoked cigarettes and patronized saloons."

At the primary election Scott was nominated by a plurality of three thousand votes over the candidates of the Ministerial Union. Mrs. Craig, the Christian Scientist, and Frank, the Jew, were also nominated.

"On the night of the primary," said Scott, "a curious incident occurred. One of the men in my fight rang up the Rev. Dr. Locke, and pretending to be a member of a Baptist congregation, sympathized with him on my nomination. 'God pity the children if Scott gets back on the Board,' said Locke. Commenting further on the result Locke said it was strange that while so many Los Angeles voters had been reared religiously in Nebraska, Iowa and Kansas, when they came to Los Angeles they refused for some reason to mix religion with politics. He also said that they must get rid of me, and added the remarkable statement that the only way to fight the Catholics was in the dark."

"For the general election the Ministerial Union indorsed a ticket of seven consisting of three Socialists, Mr. Frank, the Jew, the president of the W. C. T. U. and two Methodists. They felt that they had made a tactical blunder in antagonizing the Jewish voters. But they continued their opposition to Mrs. Craig, the Christian Scientist, and to me."

"I was elected by a plurality of ten thousand

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Perspective Impressions

To see the truth one must have the eye of abstract judgment, and this is the exclusive possession of gods and angels.

We are waiting to hear how the English polo cracks explain their defeat when they get back to dear ole Lunnon.

It may be a bit unchivalrous to say but it's the truth that many a June bride of yesteryear is in the divorce court of today.

Governor Johnson proved that his is an economical administration by cutting \$300,000 out of the thirteen million dollar general appropriations bill.

There has been a great falling off in emigration from Germany. The German is a lover of personal liberty, and there is vastly more of that under imperialism than under democratic puritanism.

The Woman's International Congress, held in Paris, adopted a resolution demanding the same moral standard for both sexes. If the propaganda succeeds in Paris we shall concede the possibility of success everywhere else.

The Department of Agriculture is spending its time trying to produce a crowless rooster. We thought the object of this department was to breed grouchless farmers.

The naive Mr. Hearst is dissatisfied with Emperor William's favorite cartoon and wants it altered. Now if the Emperor was subject to the recall he'd attend to the matter right away.

Governor Johnson has approved appropriations amounting to thirteen million dollars. The machine ought to be able to do a lot of politics while spending this money.

The Examiner claims the credit of having started the police investigation in April of this year. This is the first time the modesty of Hearst has proved inadequate. The Chronicle puts in a bid for credit, and proves that it started the investigation in September of last year.

Having made a hit with his market basket Secretary Bryan will now carry a lunch basket to his office and eat his noon meal on the job. But to identify himself with the plain people beyond dispute he must wash at the pump, cut his corns on the front porch and travel in a tourist car.

These interminable stories of patina clad cut ups and bathing suit beauties on trans-Pacific steamers are beginning to pall.

It is reported but not confirmed that sea lions were shed in England when it was known that a certain very reverend gentleman had been naturalized in San Francisco.

A Berkeley don is sorry for the misfits who "have exposed themselves to the cultural influence of a college education." Sounds as though he's talking of bacterial culture.

In this generation will occur the second coming of Christ, according to Elder Wells of the Seventh Day Adventists. But why should He come now that it is evident that the world can be made perfect by statute and the police?

In the conviction of Esola, says the Call, "lies the hope of escape from a government by crooks for crooks." The same one doubtless that was scheduled for realization in the days of the Oliver grand jury. The hope of a crookless government springs eternally in the breast of the saphead idealist who helps to make government an admixture of corruption and stupidity.

The People's Forum

The Irish Drama

Editor Town Talk, Sir: Your correspondent, Hibernicus, has a fine capacity for misunderstanding. He is at a loss to understand why I should be amazed at the questioning of your views on the Irish dramatists, and would infer that I consider you infallible. I thought I made it clear enough that I was amazed not because the views that were questioned were your views, but because they are so generally the views of men acquainted with the Irish drama and capable of judging art. But I think I understand Hibernicus—his point of view. He has certainly clarified the atmosphere. Criticism with Hibernicus is a matter entirely of personal prepossession or prejudice. This I think it will be easy to show. According to Hibernicus the Irish types of the Irish drama are "utterly abnormal" and this he proceeds to prove by citing several of Synge's plays and describing what he regards as revolting features. Then he exclaims, "I cannot go on forever giving sample after sample to prove my charges," but generously he alludes to two or three of Robinson's plays. Singularly enough this distinguished controversialist who "proves his charge" with a handful of plays takes me to task for mentioning several characters to prove that all are not abnormal and that there are some splendid creations to the credit of the Irish dramatists. Now the position of Hibernicus is stated by himself in these words: "I have made a statement briefly to the effect that the Irish types in the drama of the Abbey are utterly abnormal." I replied: "I have met many people of the type to be found in the printed plays of the authors you (the editor) mention," that are not abnormal, and I mentioned a few by way of illustration. How better to prove my case? To prove his case, which is much broader than mine, Hibernicus must certainly go further than he has gone. But he has gone far enough to suit my purpose. "Could the Abbey playwrights find nothing to

dramatise," he asks, "except what is unpleasant, and extravagant amongst a people who are famed for chastity, delicacy of feeling, kindness and hospitality?" With all due deference, my answer is that it is nobody's business whether they could or not. Nobody has a right to dictate to an artist as to his subject matter. The playwright is not required to confine himself to themes of a pleasant character. There is nothing in literary ethics that forbids a playwright to chose a theme that may be offensive to narrow sensibilities of a class. Now as I have said Hibernicus has clarified the atmosphere. He is not criticising Irish drama from the standpoint of literature. He is criticising it from the standpoint of an Irishman with certain national prepossessions and religious prejudices. This is evident from his criticism of Synge's plays. He objects to one because it represents a husband playing a corpse to catch his wife in adultery. He says: "I am not ready to deny that this motif is possible in Ireland, but I may remark that chastity both in married and single life is so characteristic of the people in Ireland that the theme of Synge's play might well be regarded as a low travesty." Here obviously is not the critic but the moralist, pained at seeing adultery the motif of an Irish play. Let us admit the play is farce comedy motived in a rather vulgar theme, may it not nevertheless be good drama? There may be art in farce as well as in tragedy. Consider now his objection to "Wells of the Saints," one of the most perfect comedies ever written. It is "revolting" because Martin Dou, a blind beggar "asks a fair young colleen to go away with him." Apparently this is all Hibernicus sees in the play. I wonder if the gentleman has anything about his person in the nature of an imagination. The play deals with an old couple who have suddenly miraculously recovered their sight only to find that there is no peace for them but in blindness. The play abounds in poetic feeling. It is full of the sweet-

est pathos. The incident that revolts Hibernicus is of the most trivial character, serving merely to illustrate the vanity of the blind beggar. By the same token, I suppose, most of Shakespeare ought to be banned. Next comes "The Tinker's Wedding," wherein, says Hibernicus, "a buffoon of a priest is tied in a canvas-bag by two tinkers." A terrible indignity for any priest to suffer! And a buffoon of a priest! More terrible, of course! But it will not be denied, I hope, that a buffoon of a priest is conceivable. I have the deepest respect for the priesthood, and I will concede that men unfit for the service of God are much more rarely found in the Catholic priesthood than in the ministry of any other Christian religion, but still I will insist that it is not utterly impossible that a buffoon should be found in the priesthood. I will do more than that: I will insist that it isn't necessary to find a buffoon of a priest to justify Synge or to prove that one existed at any time. It is sufficient that Synge saw one in his imagination and so visualized that one for us that we accept him without question. Furthermore I will insist that if the tying of a priest in a canvas bag is the only objection that Hi-

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Suspense

By Evelyn Whitehead

For the last half-hour Philip Oldham had been trying to feel rightly, but feeling would only come in momentary, inconsecutive gusts, staying just long enough to make him realize that, for the time being, he was a thinking machine; how long had this gone on he could not remember, and now he knew that surely Mary was dying, in spite of all the skill of the celebrated doctor who was at the moment performing the operation, in spite of the love he bore her: and yet here he was criticising, appraising her, trying in vain to recall his sensations as he first saw her on a June day, when the lilac trees were showering the petals of their scented flowers around them; but it was the garden that he remembered most vividly, the beautiful old garden by the mill, with its ceaseless ripple of running water, the willows that dipped their silvery leaves in the pool, the flash of the king-fisher, the gurgling laugh of the paddling children. Of the graceful girl who had drawn him so powerfully he had only a misty vision—would he never wake from this deadful nightmare, where feeling was fleeting and only the cold criticism of reason lived? Yesterday she had held his hand in both hers and told the secret she had hidden from him, wanting to give him happiness as long as she could control the anguish of her pain, telling him only in her extreme distress.

Yes, he remembered now; her voice had been so low; it had lost none of its sweetness, but it had a new note in it, a sound of weariness mingled with the triumph of knowledge. He tried to think of his shattered life; when this day closed, in all probability he would be alone, he would struggle with the ugliness of life unshielded by her love. The awfulness of the picture interested him; he saw himself carrying on alone the ambition that she had shared, in a way brought into being, for his vague longings had found no achievement till she had stepped into his life, filling it to the brim with the sunshine of her loving presence. He felt that this was not true, already she was becoming a memory, the ambition was a real, tangible thing, it always grew, encroaching still further. A mocking spirit rose in him—was he posing to himself? The clock striking three recalled him to the tragedy that was drawing to an end overhead. The house was so still, hushed by fear, and yet he could only feel pity for her; he told himself that she was so young, so beautiful, so good. Again the imp sprang up, and the discords of their married life became real. It had always been so, he now thought, her presence had made him forget the secret irritation that surged up when she was no longer there to smile it down, a certain vague consciousness of the power that she wielded over him; no, that was too strongly put, he thought, I must be fair, she never understood the freedom of the soul; he had so often chafed at the finality of her voice, her gestures.

Then, again, he would tell himself that her aims were noble, and surely her love was great, wondering vaguely what he would say and do when this self-conscious trance was over, longing to feel the grief that all who are human must know when the desolation of loneliness comes upon them. Would the clock never cease ticking? He unconsciously counted up to thirty, got confused and started again, and, becoming conscious, thought: This is madness, I must stop and think clearly if I can. How white she had been lately, and thin, too; why had he not noticed? A feeling of defeat crept through him; she knew

his life, and yet she had hidden hers from him: she had not let him into the knowledge of pain, she had learnt alone. A kind of rage shook him; she had shut him out, in that impalpable way of hers she had forced him to say that she was brave and noble to have borne it alone, hating himself as he said it. Though the knowledge of the frail-looking girl facing unlimited depths alone tortured him, the mixture of love and hate had been strong then. In her presence love had predominated—now? He could not think he did not know, he wanted to be real; out of this confusion of mind nothing came but fatigue. A handsome drove past the window; a man and a woman were seated in it; he did not see the expression of their faces, their hands were clasped; were they trying to love each other, too? A cynical smile passed over his troubled face; was it possible to get freedom of soul in a life encompassed by the ties of love? Was it not really a game in which one must always lose? If so, Mary the dying had won. No, that sounded too monstrous. How the greed for knowledge held him! At all costs he must know; mechanically he crossed and opened the door; a faint moan could be heard; the horror of it drove him in, but he listened for a long while, his body bent forward, unconsciously clasping his hands, waiting, longing for another sound, all thought suspended until the silence grew into opaqueness. He shut the door and returned to the hearthrug; with stiff, slow movements he drew up an armchair, sat down, deliberately pulled up each trouser leg just half an inch—no more—and fell asleep.

The creaking of a door woke him; he looked up and became conscious of another presence; it was the doctor, a white-haired, trim-looking man with pale blue eyes and slightly protruding teeth, his bland manner had that warning note of seriousness which is intended to prepare friends and relatives for coming disaster. He and Philip measured each other for an instant, and knew that they were combatants—idiot that I am! thought Philip, how could I trust her to this monument of pomposity? Then the doctor began in a grave, even voice: "The operation has been successful so far, she will not suffer pain again." "Will you save her?" was the cry that came from Philip's heart. "My dear sir, she is young" (continued the doctor), "and youth has marvelous recuperative capacity." He lingered over his words as if loath to bring them to an end. The moment of reality had passed from Philip. Poor devil, he thought, he too is acting; he is wondering how I shall take it. Suddenly he came to a decision, he must act. "May I see her now?" "The influence of the anaesthetic has not yet passed, the nurse will call you," replied the doctor. "Is it a question of months?" inquired Philip. The oracle shook his head. "Weeks?" The same negative gesture, and then came the final verdict; in spite of the marvelous advance of surgery, in a case of this kind relief from pain was all that could be insured. "I told Mrs. Oldham that an operation would relieve her considerably, when she first came to me." "How long ago?" Philip's words came hurriedly. "Let me see, I believe that it was in July; yes, July, 1909, eleven months ago, but the delay has been fatal, we might have defeated time a little if my advice had been taken." There was a note of pique, Philip thought. He heard himself thank the doctor elaborately; a handshake, and they parted.

Again the sense of defeat took hold of Philip.

Oh! it was too cruel of her to end their life on this impenetrable self-sacrifice. Had she suffered so much at the thought of leaving him that she feared to witness his pain? Or did she fear to read in him the complex thoughts and emotions that were always chasing one another? Had she known how he would long to feel? The veil had thickened between them of late, she had been more silent, her pale face had seemed sweeter, gentler, than in their early married life, but there had been no interchange of thought. The wild intoxication of love had long been absent from their friendly intercourse, and once, last summer, he remembered how her quiet dignity had stopped the gusts of tenderness that had sprung up in him. She had been lying in a meadow; the soft young grass surrounding her delicate face; all round her buttercups and daisies grew in wild profusion; he had been sitting on a willow trunk reading, when looking up he caught sight of the upturned face; he fancied that he could smell the lilac in the old garden where they had first met, and a passionate longing to put back the years had sprung up in him, but, as he moved towards her, she rose and complained of weariness; in her manner there was the finality that had first sent him back to a life of intimate introspection. Had she ever loved him in those early days? He sometimes doubted it, and yet she must have, for she was always sincere, but she did not love him as he was; yes, that was it, she loved a selection of him; he suddenly saw himself like a dissected map, each portion had a name assigned to it, they were all in Mary's handwriting, the mental attributes written in blue ink—love, hate, greed—faintly outlined in black. Then he fell to worrying, why had she written ambition in blue? It did not seem to him a virtue. They were poor, and he was determined to win himself a place. Oh, no, to get on, that is the truth. What made her think well of this section of him? He must know, he would ask her, she could not refuse to tell him now, but there were other things that he must get straight first, before the call from the nurse. He vaguely heard his name, but he could not determine whence it came. His feet were rooted to the floor; some one was trying to attract his attention, the nurse was standing by him, Mary had sent at last. He could never remember how he had got up the long flights of stairs, neither did he ever forget the intense security that returned to him as he felt Mary's fingers on his bent head. There were no barriers now; neither spoke; words were needless; they could not have expressed the ecstasy of well-being that flooded his senses. He felt like a child who has left his tormentors far behind, and knows that they dare not attack him there. He lost count of time, no need to ask questions now, he understood. The tormenting doubts would return and he would have no answer to give them, but at this instant neither life nor death mattered.

He raised his eyes to hers, but no gleam answered his look. The end had come for her in that supreme moment of his.

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Poems About San Francisco

XCVIII—LIMITS

By Charlotte Perkins Stetson

(Charlotte Perkins Stetson loved to sing our hills and sand dunes when she made her home in this city. The prophecy contained in the first stanza of the following little poem has already been fulfilled, the border of the city long since reached "the ocean-beaten beaches.")

On sand—loose sand and shifting—
On sand—dry sand and drifting—
The city grows to the west;
Not till its border reaches
The ocean-beaten beaches
Will it rest.

On hills—steep hills and lonely,
That stop at cloudland only—
The city climbs to the sky;
Not till the souls who make it
Touch the clear light and take it,
Will it die.

The Spectator

Introducing Mr. Francis

Do you know Arthur J. Francis, the general manager of the Morgan and Allen Company? Morgan and Allen are the largest wholesale jewelers and silversmiths on the Pacific Coast. They do a business of about two millions a year. Francis who is financially interested in the concern has managed it in such a way as greatly to increase its business and to strengthen its position in the West. In fact he has revolutionized the silver business of the coast. Francis is a genius in his way. A few years ago he went to Manila as a quartermaster's clerk with a salary of \$125 a month. He held that position for just one month. The possibilities of money-making in the Philippines under American rule struck him as being so great that he left the government employ at the end of thirty days and went into the importing business. He made a fortune in the islands, and returned to this city to become general manager of Morgan and Allen. This is by way of introduction.

He Talks to Rolph

Hitherto Morgan and Allen have dealt with factories in the East. But now, under the management of Francis, the business has grown so large that the company has decided to do its own manufacturing on the Pacific Coast. They have been considering the erection of a factory in this city at the cost of about one million and a half. When the plans were in process of development Francis called on Mayor Rolph. He told the Mayor what Morgan and Allen proposed to do, and asked him what assurances the company could expect from the municipality that their infant industry would not be crippled by labor disturbances. The Mayor's answer was, I am informed, that conditions will "adjust themselves." Francis pressed the Mayor for something more definite than that, but nothing more specific was forthcoming. In consequence the Morgan and Allen people abandoned the idea of erecting a million-and-a-half factory in San Francisco. They are looking for a suitable site down the peninsula.

A Row Lane Started

Friends of Franklin K. Lane in the Sacramento valley are trying to save his face by explaining

why he appointed Samuel Butler receiver of the Sacramento land office. The explanatory process goes smoothly up to a certain point; then it goes lame. The result is that Lane's apologists are working overtime, and Lane has not exactly fattened his popularity among Democrats of a carpingly critical humor. Secretary of the Interior Lane appointed Sam Butler out of a clear sky, so to speak. Dick Irvine was a recognized candidate for that particular slice of pie. Dick is a wheel-horse of capitoline Democracy; he used to be superintendent of streets in Sacramento. He had all sorts of indorsements for the job, and his weighty petition was all ready to be forwarded to Washington when lo! Franklin K. up and appointed Sam Butler. Now Sam Butler used to be president of the Grass Valley miners' union. That gave him prestige among the unterrified voters of the North, and when he stumped for Franklin K. what time Franklin K. was candidate for governor, his influence with the union men helped offset the Examiner's opposition to Lane. So far so good. It was quite natural that Franklin K. should reward a political friend; the tardiness of the recompense made the gift of the job just that much sweeter. But there's another angle. Or should I employ a favorite figure of political journalese and say, there was a rift in the lute? The rift in the lute is this: Sam Butler recently gave up his position as editor of the Marysville Appeal. The Marysville Appeal is owned by Adjutant General Edwin Alexander Forbes, a Johnsonian soldier of the State and of the Lord. The Appeal, as edited by

Butler during the Armageddon campaign, was the bull-moosiest Bull Moose paper in the North. It lambasted Wilson to a fare you well. Is it any wonder there's a lot of soreness over Lane's appointment of his friend (but Wilson's editorial enemy)? Is it any wonder that up and down the Sacramento valley the Democrats are trying to figure out just what are the qualifications for getting office under a Democratic president?

It Wasn't Offered

Rudolph Spreckels has given out several statements to the effect that under no conditions would he accept the ambassadorship to Berlin or any other position. Rudolph made this declaration before he left for Europe and again upon his arrival on the other side. The statements are impressive, but supererogatory. For Rudolph has not been offered the ambassadorship to Berlin. My advice from Washington is that President Wilson did not offer it and furthermore has no intention of offering it. So it looks as though our Caesar is waving away a non-existent crown. But let us not complain. The pastime is innocuous, and affords amusement to spectators. It reminds me of a chap I saw in Denver during the national Democratic convention which nominated Bryan. Having dined over zealously he was the victim of spirituous delusions, and perched on the top of a coupe he delivered a speech beginning: "Ladies and gentlemen, under no circumstances will I accept the nomination for the presidency."



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Judge Lawlor's court was crowded, for the six policemen had just pleaded guilty to the charge of conspiracy and were being sentenced to the County Jail. Drolette had heard the brief history of his case and had received his nine months. McGowan had gone through the ordeal. It was Jack Sullivan's turn. Judge Lawlor in compliance with the law had asked him the usual questions and had recited the facts against him. You could hear a pin drop in that crowded room.

"John Sullivan," said Judge Lawlor, "it is the judgment of the law and the sentence of the court that you be confined—"

Judge Lawlor got no further. Colin Spangler, a young and irrepressible newspaperman on the Oakland Tribune, had jumped from his seat at the reporters' table and had made his way, none too quietly to the door of Judge Lawlor's chambers. Judge Lawlor looked at him in surprise.

"Judge," said the youthful reporter, all undismayed, "will you please unlock this door so I can use your telephone."

The other reporters shuddered at his temerity, but Judge Lawlor arose, stepped to the door of his chambers, unlocked it and then returned to the bench to complete Jack Sullivan's sentence.

A New Play for Nat

Charlie Kenyon, the author of "Kindling," went down to Santa Monica the other day to be the guest of that inveterate bridegroom Nat Goodwin. Out of his sojourn may come the plans for a new Goodwin play. When Nat was playing "Oliver Twist" at the Cort he asked Kenyon if he had a play that would suit the Goodwin purposes. Kenyon told Nat that he was at work on a comedy with an old man part that might suit. The play is not finished, but the script is in good enough shape for Goodwin to pass judgment on. So Nat asked Kenyon to visit him at Santa Monica, so the matter might be canvassed thoroughly. Nat has about decided that he can't play young men any more, and if the character of the old man in the Kenyon comedy appeals to him we may expect to see Nat in harness again. I suppose that he will insist that Marjorie Moreland Goodwin be given a big part. Marjorie is hardly the best actress Nat has married, but Nat has a high opinion of her ability. He may even insist on making her co-star with him.

Scheffauer's Play in Berlin

Our Herman Scheffauer has had a play, "The New Shylock," accepted for publication and production in Berlin, the German version having been made by L. Leonhard, the translator of Galsworthy and Masefield. This is said to be the first acceptance on the Continent of Europe

of an American author's work prior to its production in his own country. Translations of Scheffauer's play are also being made into French, Hungarian and Scandinavian. Germany has always been critical of American plays and its reception of "The New Shylock" will be watched with curiosity. The poet has just finished another play, also upon an American theme. Stephen Phillips has taken a long poem for the Poetry Review. So it is evident that Herman has been hard at work. His wife Ethel Talbot has just brought out another volume of verses.

The Franchise and the Millennium

"The extension of suffrage to woman," says Chief of Police Sebastian of Los Angeles, "has resulted in a reduction of crime"; also it has broken down a wall of false reticence and made vice a common subject of discussion. Whereat the Call is well pleased and assures us that "none will be heard to question the sanity or the accuracy of Chief Sebastian's statement." It should be said that no intelligent person will do so, as no intelligent person ever takes the trouble to challenge harmless and amiable flapdoodle. And when the Call goes further than Chief Sebastian and asserts that every city in the State has "felt the beneficent effects of the enfranchised woman's influence," that woman is "making for new standards of governmental efficiency," that "she has stopped waste," etc., etc., no intelligent person is heard to challenge the sanity of the vehement editor. On the contrary the average intelligent person is likely to add that the enfranchised woman has succeeded in making life worth living; that she has done everything but reduce the cost of living; that she has even enlarged the virtuous professions of the politicians, put vice on the run, elevated the drama, muzzled the dogs and rendered the tides more amenable to the genial influences of Heaven.

Romance from the Underworld

As to the breaking down of "a wall of false reticence," we are not so sure of that. Here is our other esteemed contemporary the Bulletin publishing an autobiography from the underworld and so partial to euphemism as to describe the author as a "prostitute." Here is a false reticence of the kind that was unknown in the days of Thomas Dekker who made a woman of the underworld the heroine of a drama and wasn't afraid to call a spade by its right name. If the wall of reticence has been broken down it is still advisable to sugar the pills that are served to pruriency. And though the extension of the franchise to woman has made an interest in sociology a pretext for delving into depravity, the Bulletin is confident that the enfranchise-

ment of women has not made the livery of heaven unfit to serve the devil in, and so the Market street moralist has been at much pains to explain that the editor went to the underworld for reading matter out of a profound concern for fallen women and in the ebullience of his zeal for their uplift. And by way of anticipating the criticism of the hopelessly prudish and the censures of the ultra-refined our resourceful contemporary first takes a few champions of unreticence into

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A Woman's Warm Appeal

Among the commenders of the Bulletin's fine stroke of journalism is Mrs. Charles Farwell Edson of Los Angeles, described by the Bulletin as "one of the most influential clubwomen of Los Angeles, legislative representative of the State Federation of Women's Clubs, and in private life a happy wife and mother." I have no doubt that Mrs. Edson is well worthy of recognition as a leader of thought in club circles, but I am not prepared to say that a woman whose intellectual gifts render her an ornament of club circles is entitled to high rank among intellectual women. My experience, which has been somewhat isolated and proves nothing, does not lead me to the belief that women of the highest intellect find congenial companionship among the clubwomen who are active in politics. I know women who never figure in the public press who are able to point out that what Mrs. Edson gives as reasons for approving the employment of the Bulletin as a trumpet for the voice from the underworld are far from sound. "Why are there prostitutes?" Mrs. Edson asks. Also: "Are they in response to a natural demand? Are they developed by commercial greed? Or are the women prostitutes because of economic necessity?" According to Mrs. Edson these are questions "no one can answer so well as the woman who knows the life of the underworld from the inside—the prostitute herself." Admitting Mrs. Edson's conclusion to be correct, what then? For every effect there are at least causes. For prostitution there is a multiplicity of causes; assuredly it is not to be attributed to any one of the causes implied in any one of Mrs. Edson's questions. But suppose this most complicated of life's problems can be reduced to terms of mathematical precision; suppose we find there is a natural demand, there is a commercial greed, there is an economic necessity and also a constitutional depravity, does Mrs. Edson or anybody else believe that all or any one of these causes is to be abated? Now as to the woman of the underworld being the most competent authority, does Mrs. Edson think that a voice from the underworld is a universal choir? Does she think that any prostitute is the last link in the long chain of cause and effect? Does she believe that anything has something in common with everything?

Why the Single Voice

Now of course Mrs. Edson, a refined and good woman, an authority on home life, is not to be expected to be versed either in problems of this kind or in the ways, manners and motives of newspapers. But she feels very deeply about

many of life's problems as I learn from the Bulletin of last Saturday, which devoted nearly a whole page to her, from which beamed her fine, intelligent countenance, after which (two days later) came her commendation of the Bulletin's plan to sound the depths of the underworld, which doubtless was solicited. Mrs. Edson has faith in the Bulletin's sincerity. She is a Progressive and believes perhaps that all Progressives are good. Otherwise inasmuch as she believes that the solution of the problem of prostitution is to be facilitated by information from the underworld she might have paused and asked the editor why he did not detail a reporter to interview prostitutes and thus get reliable information from many instead of from only one. And if she were worldly wise she would have reflected that one prostitute doesn't make a red-light district, that prostitution isn't confined to the brothel, that the underworld like the upperworld has its strata today as in all ages and that between the hetairai and the pornai there is as much class distinction as between milady of Burlingame and the scrubwoman of Ashbury Heights.

Brilliant Journalism

There is one thing to be said about the Bulletin and it is this,—that it has a very keen sense of the appetite of the hour as well as of the prevailing quality of public taste, for which doubtless we must be thankful to the liberality of the busy feminist. The autobiography of a strumpet is a dainty dish to set before the idealists who read the Bulletin, one that requires no condiment to conciliate the palate in its present high state of cultivation. Doubtless they will relish every succulent morceau of it, and experience gratifying thrills as though from direct contact with a courtesan. The editor of the Bulletin is deserving of felicitation for his happy inspiration. He has the true instinct of the accomplished yellow journalist. He will put money in the prehensile fist of the unctuous Mr. Crothers, and all the while with his tongue in his cheek he will be receiving the congratulations of the lovers of humanity. What the net beneficial result to mankind is to be we cannot estimate. If from the experience of one woman of the town we could get a comprehensive idea of the complicated problem of prostitution the autobiography might be worth while to sociologists, but the fact is of course that the life of one courtesan has no more significance with reference to the underworld than has the life of any other woman with reference to the sphere in which she moves. In the underworld as elsewhere there is variety of temperament and character. The life of every courtesan is a web of mingled yarn, and no two webs are alike. In some courtesans depravity is a cause not an effect; in others it is the reverse. Nor are all of them fallen women; many there are that adopted the trade because it was congenial to them; some would quit if they could

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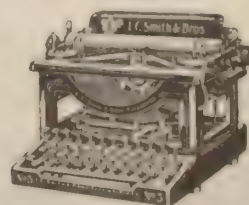
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and others would be bored to death if they did. But why pursue a theme that has been worn threadbare by the giants of literature? There is more to be learned of the lives of courtizans from one volume of the *Comedie Humaine* than could be supplied in fifty autobiographies from the underworld. And by the way, might not the *Bulletin* do better from the standpoint of the circulation manager by publishing the *Memoirs of Fanny Hill*? Here is a French classic distinguished for its unreticence.

The Governor's Verdict

"Did you see how our Governor swatted the loping coyote of Fresno?"

The speaker was none other than my friend the itinerant information bureau who winds the ferry clock. His question puzzled me. I asked him what he meant.

"I mean your brother of the pen, Mr. Rowell, the raisin-belt editor who came up here the other day to hymn the praises of the late unlamented Legislature to the ladies of politics who are enlightening the world."

"What about him?" I asked.

"What about him!" exclaimed the clock winder. "Well! well! You newspapermen are slow. Rowell talked his triangular head off here the other day to prove that we didn't have a freak legislature; said it was the best ever; that the only freaks were the newspapers that abused the boys, only a few of whom introduced freak bills which didn't pass. You know all about that, don't you?"

I admitted that I did.

"Well, now, just look what our Governor did to him. Made him out either a liar or a damb-hool—take your choice. Our Governor pocketed forty per cent of the bills passed by the Legislature. Now that's pretty bad, isn't it? Think it over and you'll see that nobody ever leveled a worse indictment against the intelligence of the Legislature than the Governor himself. He virtually says that forty per cent of the work of the Legislature was waste of time. Can you beat it?"

Some of the Freaks

After thus uttering himself the clock winder paused to hear comment. Hearing none, he rambled on. "And consider this. Of the sixty per cent of the bills approved by the Governor not more than ten percent emanated from the Legislature. All the rest were made by the

Executive. So as a matter of fact the Governor himself declares that of all the work done by the Legislature only ten per cent of it was worth while. Now consider what the loping coyote and the other Administration lackeys have been saying. They have been saying that while some freak bills were introduced no freak bills were passed. Of course nothing is freak in their judgment unless it makes a cat laugh. What about the chicken coop bill? That was passed. What about the sanitary barber shop bill? That was passed. And so was the bill providing for a board of apiary examiners, the bill for a bureau of criminal identification. But perhaps the most remarkable of the pocket vetoes was the one that killed the bill requiring the prospective bridegroom to obtain a health certificate. That was one of the bills the ladies demanded and they got it, but our Governor has too much sense to stand for it."

"You think the Governor is safe and sound," I suggested.

The clock winder smiled. "Yes," he said, "the Governor has a balance wheel, but in Sacramento you can't keep the wheel on the track all the time. Now when the Governor signed the bill raising the age of consent that was because the ladies threw the switch off. I would call that a very bad bill were it not for the fact that the highly intellectualized woman with the ballot wanted it. Whatever she wants is right. But this is what the bill means,—that a fifteen-year old boy may be seduced by a girl aged seventeen years and eleven months and be convicted of rape for yielding. I suppose the dear ladies cannot imagine any such thing happening. But they tell us they want equal standards and equal rights, and yet they have fixed it so that a boy six years removed from his majority may be sent to the penitentiary for raping a girl one month removed from her majority. It's hard to believe these lady politicians are mothers because a mother ought to know that women bear sons as well as daughters and that the girl up to a certain age is more advanced mentally than the boy of equal age."

The Oakland Postmaster

It is extremely inconvenient sometimes to have your political performances dug up out of what you regard as the dead and buried past when you are a candidate for a federal job. Take the case of H. E. Harwood of Oakland who is extremely anxious to become the Democratic postmaster

of the city across the bay. A little campaign circular has fluttered out of a distant yesterday to plague Harwood. He had no opposition until some shrewd ill-wisher of his resurrected that bit of paper. It was clear sailing till then; now it looks as though Harwood hasn't a chance. Several years ago Warren English, a former Democratic congressman, was a candidate for assessor of Alameda county against "Honest Henry" Dalton who is now in San Quentin. It was a hot fight. When the critical point of the campaign was reached three Alameda county Democrats got out a little circular asking their brethren of the Bourbon faith to vote for the Republican aspirant. These three men were H. E. Harwood of Oakland, T. C. Stoddard of Alameda and C. F. Fraser of Berkeley. A lot of Democrats did vote for Dalton and he was elected. He promptly repaid the signal services of his Democratic friends by giving Harwood and Stoddard jobs as deputy assessors, while Fraser was taken care of in the county recorder's office. A few days ago somebody dug up that circular letter with Harwood's name attached to it, and it has been used to put a cloud on Harwood's Democratic orthodoxy. I understand that Harwood in his campaign for the postmastership has the backing of John J. McDonald who is chairman of the Democratic county central committee; but that old circular letter has raised such ructions that his chances are beginning to look very slim.

Some Political Gossip

It may seem early in the day to tell what is going to happen in the next political campaign, but politics is an all-the-year-round pastime under the direct primary, and there are some things which may be said right now, with the beginning

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of the next State campaign still more than a year away. James D. Phelan and Theodore Bell will contest for the United States Senate on the Democratic green. Both have made up their minds, and it will take a lot of unexpected developments to unmake them. Phelan could be Ambassador to Vienna if he cared, but I don't think he'll say the word, as he'd have to resign any way to make the senatorial fight. Frank Heney will be the Bull Moose candidate, I believe. Chester Rowell has decided that he wouldn't have a chance and has retired, while Hiram has decided that the people need him in the gubernatorial chair for four years more, the Lord save the mark! On the Democratic side the gubernatorial race is a free field. Judge Dooling of San Benito will probably be a fusion candidate for chief justice. He'd like to get the seat on the federal bench that has been empty since Judge De Haven died, but if he can't land that, he'll run for chief justice of the Supreme Court. The Progressives are prepared to join with the Democrats in his fight. They have so expressed themselves already. They have two motives. First, they think a joint candidacy of this sort would help the rest of the Bull Moose ticket and correspondingly weaken the Democratic candidates for governor and other jobs. Second, they would thus be able to kill off a lot of Southern aspirants who, they realize, wouldn't have a chance to win. Congressman Raker, by the way, is an aggressive candidate for De Haven's seat. He has the two other Democratic Congressmen from this State, Kettner and Church, working for him. In fact the three Congressmen are ignoring all other business, and will continue to do so till Raker's ambition is settled one way or the other.

The Case of Tom Fox

As a political study consider the case of Tom Fox. The name of Tom Fox was sent to the Senate for confirmation as postmaster of Sacramento. But after the President had despatched the name of Tom Fox he sent the request that his confirmation be held up. We know this because Senator Bankhead has said so. Why did the President experience a change of heart about Tom Fox? Because there were protests against his appointment. And did these protests come from Sacramento? You might suppose so, for Sacramento alone is vitally interested in the matter of who shall be Sacramento's postmaster. But no. The protests came from San Francisco. They came from Rudolph Spreckels first of all. Rudolph threw a fit when he heard that Tom Fox was to be appointed. He was in the East at the time, and he sent indignant wires to his local satellites. They got busy. Max Popper and his coterie sent word to the White House that Tom Fox was a representative of the old regime of machine Democracy. Chester Rowell took a crack at Tom in the Fresno Republican. So Tom's confirmation has been held up. Yet he was indorsed by Caminetti, the chairman of the Executive Committee of the State Central Committee, and by the representative business men

of Sacramento. The opposition to Tom comes from San Francisco and Fresno! And Tom, although he has the right to ask any appointment in his county, having carried it for the party election after election, did not get into this fight until former Mayor Beard took a Sacramento city job and left the Sacramento organization without a candidate. He didn't want the job. He doesn't need it, because he's a rich man to whom the salary does not appeal. But Tom's a fighter, and it won't be his fault if he's not confirmed in spite of Rudolph Spreckels, Max Popper and Chester Rowell. He is a personal friend of Senator O'Gorman of New York, of Senator Gore of Oklahoma and of other distinguished Democrats. It will be interesting to see whether Commissioner of Immigration Caminetti sticks steadfastly to his indorsement of Fox.

During the Summer season "TOWN TALK" subscribers are requested to send in promptly any change of address that they may contemplate making, so that the paper will reach them regularly.

Keddie and Colis

I noticed A. W. Keddie, the "grand old man" of Quincy, Plumas County, sitting in the lobby of the Hotel Stewart the other day. Keddie is the man who put Quincy on the railroad map. An engineer of great experience, he decided years ago that Beckwith Pass formed an ideal entrance for a transcontinental railroad into California. He tried time and time again to make Colis Huntington see his point, but the great railroad builder could not be convinced. "Every cow county has its crank, and Keddie is the crank of Plumas," was about the way old Colis used to dismiss the subject. But Keddie has lived to see the realization of his dream. The Western Pacific enters California by way of Beckwith Pass, and up in Plumas the credit for the great benefits which the new road has brought to that magnificent country is given in heaping measure to Keddie. When the first Western Pacific train went over the new road Keddie was the hero of the celebration held in Quincy.

Beautiful Souvenir at Techau's

The remarkable popularity of Aubrey Sisters' Beautifier is amply justified by the superior excellence of this cosmetic, which has long been recognized by women of fashion the world over. As an appreciation of the feminine patronage which Techau Tavern enjoys, the management presented each lady who visited the cafe last Saturday a beautiful souvenir box of the beautifier. It is such little courtesies as these, gracefully tendered, which, added to the acknowledged excellence of the cafe, make the Tavern the favorite rendezvous of the ladies during shopping tours and which crowd the cafe to capacity after the theatre.

There are many different kinds of fools, but don't try to be all of them at once.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Beylard Challenged Polk

Aristocratic calm brooded in humdrum drowsiness over the Pacific-Union Club. Lansing Kellogg, Frank Michael, Frank Drum, E. Duplessis Beylard and Willis Polk were lolling in their padded armchairs sipping their after-dinner liqueurs. Now and then a word pattered against the comfortable silence. But it was not the hour of conversation; it was the holy time consecrated to the important process of digestion. Then suddenly Polk said something to Beylard. What it was is of no importance in the world. It may have been a remark architectural or a remark political or merely a remark perfunctory. But it riled Beylard, and he sprang to his feet.

"Sir," he thundered, casting a minatory look at Willis, "you have grossly affronted me!"

"Who, me?" asked Willis, innocently if ungrammatically.

"I demand an apology," continued Beylard, "and if it is not forthcoming I shall prefer charges against you with the board of directors."

"If they censure me I'll buy a dinner for the gang," said Willis, blowing a cloud of soft gray Partagas smoke into the middle distance.

"I shall meet you outside the club," stormed Beylard.

"Where?" asked Willis. "In California street, or in Mason or in Taylor?"

"I shall leave by the front door," said Beylard.

"Then I suppose I'd better leave by the back door," replied Willis.

"I demand a meeting for personal satisfaction," vociferated Blingum's foremost whip.

"That sounds like a challenge to a duel," commented Willis. "As the challenged party I have the choice of weapons and I name cheese at forty paces, or as far as it can be smelled."

And Beylard blew out on a gust of unfeeling laughter.

Blingum Will Be Gay

With the De Youngs and the Sydney Clomans to keep things going it will be a gay season at Burlingame. The Clomans dispense the informal easy hospitality of English homes at the Burlingame club where they've turned the old annex into a residence. The De Youngs are established in the home of Mrs. Bertha Welch that was occupied for two years by the Cuyler Lees.

Kathleen and Phyllis will be interesting additions to the younger set. Kathleen is one of the most talented girls in society. She is a rarely graceful dancer and is gifted musically. Phyllis is the beauty of the family and has the unusual combination of brains and beauty, and both are fond of youthful good times. The other daughters of the De Young household, Mrs. George Cameron and Mrs. Joseph Oliver Tobin belong to the county set. Mrs. Cloman's luncheon for Mrs. Eyre Pinckard, bride of the spring, was by way of recognition of a former relationship by marriage. Mrs. Pinckard was Dorothy Williams of Washington, daughter of Gardner Williams, South African millionaire, whose nephew, one of the Clements of Oakland, was Mrs. Cloman's first husband. She was a rich young widow when she married Major, then Captain Cloman in London, after his appointment as military attache to the embassy.

Dr. Tevis' Generosity

The generosity of Dr. Harry Tevis is sometimes trying to other country hosts. Guests at the Tevis place are showered with luxuries that make visits to other homes rather barren in contrast. One man who has a place at Hillsborough said he ought to be restricted. He gives so much that it raises the standard of hospitality to prohibitive prices for some people. For one thing Dr. Tevis tips his own servants after a houseparty. Guests are requested not to do it. They should know better without being told, but the custom has grown up among our bourgeois smart-setters. After they depart Dr. Tevis figures the amount of tips from each guest to each servant and dispenses the sum in his household. Very likely he figures more generously than the guests would and the servants gain. One of his latest generosity was to send his head-gardener to Japan. The man was keenly interested in cultivating Japanese iris at Los Gatos so Dr. Tevis sent him with his wife for a tour of the Orient to see the iris blooming in its native lair. His housekeeper he once sent to England to visit her relatives, and recently he has been discovered as the benefactor of the blind broom-makers to whom he has advanced capital to carry on their industry.

Dancing and Banting

There promises to be more dancing next winter than there was last, and that was more than the year before. Whether women dance to reduce or reduce to dance is a question for a symposium. Either way women are doing both madly. Elderly and conservative matrons are learning to one-step since the one-step is danced at the White House. The one-step is of course the turkey-trot raised to the topnotch power of refinement. It has come to stay. So has the tango and the enterprising management of one big summer hotel has engaged a tango teacher to give morning lessons in the ball room. There does seem to be something significant in the vitality of the fad. Others like the kangaroo walk and Pommeranians pass with the seasons. But the passion for slenderness and grace persists and society is reducing as faithfully this year as last. There is a general determination to be slim and the artificial slenderness will no doubt produce slim women ready made in a few generations. Of course another cycle may see a return to avoirdupois. Women of the 21st century may be just as busy taking on weight as their ancestresses of today are busy taking it off. But that is posterity's affair. The stern self-sacrifice of those engaged in reducing may also have its effect on the character of future generations. Meanwhile women are still reducing with all the fervor of 1910 when they first went in for diet. Regimes may be relaxed for a while but the minute the weight is affected diet and exercise are faithfully followed again. Mrs. Will Tevis and Mrs. Mayo Newhall are among the women who rarely relax. Miss Laura McKinstry is another who having reduced thirty pounds keeps her new weight. It is rather strange that the physician who has reduced Mrs. Newhall and half the matrons of the smart set weighs at least two hundred pounds himself. He is known as one of the largest men in town, yet his profession is to reduce weight. Doubtless he could reduce himself, but retains an old-fashioned indifference to avoirdupois.

Children Are in Evidence

Since children have become the fashion in the smart set it is quite correct to take them shopping or to luncheon at the St. Francis where the young matrons of Burlingame may be discovered with picturesque small girls and boys

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any day. Mrs. Walter Martin was a picture on Monday with little Mary Martin who looks so like her mother at the age of eight that a portrait of little Mary Scott twenty odd years ago might be one of little Mary Martin today. She has the mop of light golden brown curls and the English blue eyes of her mother. They were very attractive together, Mrs. Martin in a costume of soft dull black crepe with a draped skirt, and a small black hat, and Miss Mary all in white, a white cloth coat and buckskin shoes. The same day Mrs. Eugene Murphy had her little daughter with her. Mrs. Murphy wore a blue tailored suit and the little girl was in pale blue and white. The Will Taylor children are unusually picturesque and sometimes accompany their handsome mother to town from Menlo. Mrs. George Newhall and her handsome young son were shopping in Post street the other day; and Mrs. Fred McNear often takes the children in her motor for shopping excursions.

The "Different" Wheeler Girls

The clever young daughters of the Charles Stetson Wheeler household are examples for their set. They are all attractive and pretty and fond of good times, but none of them satisfied to live the lives of idle luxury they might which is unusual enough. Two of the girls, Lillias and Olive made proper debuts and had gay first seasons, and found time for study and serious things beside. They took special courses at the University of California and last year Lillias went back to Vassar for a p. g. in English and classic literature. Jean, the youngest, is not yet out, and has gone in for art, with no desire to make a debut. She is returning this week from Florence after a year of hard work and will go back to Italy after a summer visit with her parents. The Wheeler girls are certainly different from others of their set and people say it's the influence of a gracious wise mother who raised them with ambitions beyond dancing and drinking tea.

Faxon Atherton's Success

Young Faxon Atherton of San Mateo has just qualified in the preliminary examination for the prix de Rome of the American Academy in Paris. This is a great artistic distinction, and indicates that the young man has a splendid architectural career ahead of him. Faxon Atherton Jr. is the son of Faxon Atherton and of Jane Selby Atherton. He has been a pupil at the Beaux Arts during the past three years. There is a rule that no foreigner may compete for the prix de Rome of the Beaux Arts. On this account St. Gaudens, Olmstead, Burnham, McKim and other distinguished Americans founded the American Academy which also has a prix de Rome. There were eleven hundred contestants for the honor, but in the competition these narrowed down to ten, and of the ten in the preliminary examination Faxon Atherton Jr. was the winner. The prix consists of a four years' course at Rome with all expenses paid.

When Bergin Swore

Tom Bergin, the millionaire lawyer who used to be the partner of Hall McAllister, was the first alumnus of Santa Clara College. He always attends the commencement exercises, making the trip to the university in his comfortable limousine. He was there this year, but arrived late. One of the college lads escorted him to a seat on the stage while Joe Scott of Los Angeles was addressing the graduates. The college theatre has been moved from its old location to make way for one of the new university buildings, and Bergin was confused. The stage didn't face the way he was accustomed to find it facing. So, as he took his seat he exclaimed in a voice which could be heard all over the theatre, "Where in h—l am I?"

Del Monte Notes

The Pacific Coast Tennis Association held the Pacific Coast Championship at Del Monte on the courts near the lake. Dancing and all sorts of social events were arranged in their honor. Among those present: Miss Bessie Culley, Miss Anita Meyers, Mr. and Mrs. Wickham Havens, Miss Penberty, Miss Sallie Havens, Mr. Carlton R. Gardiner, Henry C. Breck, Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Nicholas, Mrs. J. Kellman, Mrs. Long, Messrs. S. R. Marvin, R. Roberts, V. Henry, S. Strauss, B. F. Nurse, Wm. Johnston, E. Fottrell, J. R. Strachan, Ruben G. Hunt. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Williams, Miss Florence Williams and Miss Corona Williams of Berkeley have rented an attractive cottage in Pacific Grove for the summer. Mr. and Mrs. Ratcliff (Miss Muriel Williams) spent the week end with them. Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Pitz of Everett, Wash., have been at Del Monte the past week. Another couple on their honeymoon who were at Del Monte for a few days were Mr. and Mrs. Redmon of Boston. Mrs. Redmon was Miss Helen Eames of Honolulu. Mrs. W. D. Neilson, Mrs. J. C. Breckenridge and Felton Elkins of San Mateo formed a motor party for the week end. From Cambridge, Mass., there is an interesting party who are touring California and who are fascinated with Del Monte. They are Mr. James L. Paine, Miss M. W. Paine, Miss A. W. Paine and Mrs. Fitzsimmons. Among those registered at the hotel during the week were: Mr. and Mrs. Alfred T. White, Miss White and Miss N. F. Low of Brooklyn, New York, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Hathaway of New York, Mr. R. O. Butler, Cincinnati, Ohio, Mrs. F. T. Seagrave of Oakland and Miss Rita Dinsmore of San Jose, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Apps, Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Watt. Kerr and Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Girrard of Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Proctor of Berkeley, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Murdock and others.

The Music Matinee

The program for the Music Matinee at Kohler and Chase Hall this Saturday afternoon will be of more than usual interest. Important classical compositions will be interpreted on the Knabe

Player Piano, the Fischer Player Piano and the Pipe Organ. An effective feature will be the interpretation of Rubinstein's famous Kammerlei Ostrow Overture on the Fischer Player Piano and on the Pipe Organ. This combination will prove an exceptionally interesting one. Other compositions will include a Concert Waltz by Wieniawski, a Polonaise by Moszkowski and two songs by MacDowell. The soloist will be Signor Manuel Carpio, an operatic tenor of enviable reputation. He will sing songs by Dvorak and Grieg and operatic arias by Bizet and Puccini.

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Tait's Distinctly Different

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In the Social Spotlight

The pupils of Best's Art School have started an outdoor sketching class and as there is no vacation intend making rapid progress. Corsi

the celebrated model will be posing during the summer months for the day and evening classes and many are availing themselves of the chance.

Mrs. E. A. Rodgers, Miss M. Rodgers, Miss Y. de Ojeda and Miss T. F. Fitzgibbons of San Francisco are at Casa del Rey. The party spend most of the time on the links or motoring in the mountains back of Santa Cruz. The young ladies are all expert golfers.

Recent guests at Paso Robles Hot Springs include: Leo A. Davis, John Power, W. H. Obeal, Lee Graham, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Hibbs, Miss Lora Patterson, W. A. Elliott, J. W. Twiggs, Miss Litzbery, Mrs. J. Schnertzen, Chas. F. Spencer and wife, R. H. Kavanagh, Misses M. Bruce, Robert Bruce, L. H. Simon, Geo. H. Cook and wife, H. C. Mell, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Miller, Charles B. Ehrman, Mrs. Cyrus Pierce, Mrs. W. Matson, Miss Lurline Matson, Mrs. J. A. Low and child, W. Gray, Milton Rosenbaum, Mrs. C. M. Freed, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Fiber, Miss L. Fiber, Miss E. Ledebé, Mr. and Mrs.

E. Walsh, Miss Harriet Walsh, Donald Walsh, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Scott, Master R. Scott, Marion Scott, F. Asters, A. C. Thornton and wife, Miss C. J. Flood, Miss Maynard, E. Bohn, Chas. Pierce, Mr. and Mrs. Sisson, Mrs. W. T. Goodfellow, Miss Edith Goodfellow, Miss Alice Goodfellow, Miss Lillian Downey, Mr. D. Harris and Mrs. A. Hughes.

Arrivals at Casa del Rey during the past week, from San Francisco, are as follows: H. E. Root, A. D. Owens, Leon J. Mook, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Loucks, C. T. Faw, Morton Castor, James M. Goewey Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Roos, Master John M. Roos, V. K. Wolcott, Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Bostwick, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Law, Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Larzelere, Mr. and Mrs. Edw. E. Peck, Miss Bernice Peck, Master Sherman Peck, Capt. and Mrs. John Silovich, Miss Marietta Silovich, Miss Nellie Cahill, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Sweeney, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McPherson, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Schneider, Herbert Schneider, Mrs. N. Emerson, Miss Alice Schroth, W. Needham, Oscar Dimmick, Mrs. W. H. Daniels and maid, R. Tompkins, Miss A. Smith, Dr. A. Rosenthal, A. T. Fletcher, Geo. Pattberg, Mrs. Geo. N. Gage, Mrs. Viola Kennedy, R. W. Burmeister and family, Miss Eleanor M. Schmidt, Edgar M. Stow, Joseph Rose, Mrs. Joseph Rose Sr., Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Joseph, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Susskind.

Owing to the presence of three war ships in the harbor the Saturday evening dance at Coronado was remarkably well attended. Captain Lecocq, U. S. A., and Mrs. Lecocq were dinner guests and attended the dance. Major-General Murray, commanding the Department of the West and his aide Captain H. J. Breese are guests at Coronado. Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Spreckels were hosts at an enjoyable Dutch supper on Sunday evening. The table at which covers were laid for ten was arranged in the private dining room. On Monday Mr. and Mrs. Spreckels were again hosts at a motor picnic to Pine Hills. The party started early in the morning and lunched at Detrick's. Mrs. W. F. Dohrmann of San Francisco was hostess at a charming auction bridge party of three tables on Thursday afternoon; the prizes were dainty pale blue and pink sewing bags for traveling cases. The guests from San Francisco who played were Mrs. W. D. K. Gibson, Mrs. W. H. Smith, Mrs. Sands Forman, Mrs. W. I. Thorne, Mrs. A. B. Spreckels and Mrs. A. de Bretteville. Several friends were asked later for tea.

Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Pierce and Miss Eloise Pierce of San Francisco stopped at the Vendome in San Jose this week. Mr. Pierce is the manager of N. W. Halsey & Co. Among the old friends to visit the Vendome this week were Mr. and Mrs. George E. Butler of Ross Valley, who motored down for a short stay. Dr. and Mrs. Keeney of this city were the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Whitney at luncheon on Sunday, having motored to San Jose for the day. Mrs. Claus Spreckels was the complimented guest at a luncheon party at the Vendome, given by Mrs. John F. Brooke on Thursday. Covers were laid for eight and the decorations were in Shirley poppies. Among the hotel people to visit the Vendome was Mr. Walter D. Bliss who is interested in the Tavern at Lake Tahoe. Mr. Bliss is an architect of note and drew the designs and superintended the building of the magnificent Hotel Oakland at Oakland. Mrs. Bliss accompanied her husband.

For the wife and children that have gone to the country—a box of "Varied Sweets." They will appreciate this package because there is something in it for mother as well as for the boys and girls—chocolates, peppermints, taffies, gum drops, sugared almonds—send a box to-night. Geo. Haas & Sons Four Candy Stores.

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By MRS. FRANCES HARDIN HESS of I. Magnin & Co.

Photographs by Courtesy of I. Magnin & Co.

This issue ought to have in its headlines "of Berlin," for there has occurred the marriage of the Princess Royal of Germany, and the event filled Berlin with notables from "everywhere." According to picture and story, Her Imperial Majesty the Empress took care of the English Contingent, while the Kaiser chaperoned the Czar of all the Russias. Royalty from other sources looked after themselves, or were consigned to Imperial Representatives.

If you are at all interested in the politics of the situation, here you have a key that may unlock a door worth looking into, for no social courtesies of royalty are without a motive!

But we are not going into the psychology of political Europe. We are interested in the charming and beautiful clothes. This leads us to what one of our exchanges says, which is much as follows:

"As might have been expected the trousseau was made in Germany under the supervision of a French lady, now a naturalized German subject, but she took her inspirations chiefly from French models, and according to her own good taste adapted or moderated to suit the bride. One rejoices to learn that the lingerie, by the special wish of the Empress, was made by poor gentle-



Russian Blouses Continue in Unabated Popularity.



Another View of this Charming Drecole Model.

the ceremonious consummation of a certainty; betrothal is the fulfilment of Youth's romance. Therefore, she would like to make of it a secret; but the world decrees otherwise. Marriage has always been a festival, but formerly the engagement was regarded as a personal and delicate affair which the young couple were left to enjoy in mutual mute understanding. Today, Society makes as much of a betrothal as of a marriage. There are myriad rules to be observed in its announcement to friends and to an indifferent public; and as soon as the secret is out, there are formal visits, congratulations, gifts, and entertaining." (To be continued.)

Our Paris office says: It's a lace season!



A Drecole Model in Black Charmeuse and Chantilly Lace. Very Charming Frock for Formal Dinners or for Resorts.

women, whilst the bridal veil of point applique lace with rosebuds and true-lover's knots is a copy of an old bobbin-work design and has been made by one hundred of the most expert Silesian lacemakers. This exquisite veil will fittingly grace the beautiful wedding gown with its regal court train of costly silver brocade heavily enriched with silver embroidery. Naturally the trousseau has cost some thousands of pounds, but the Empress has rigidly excluded all exaggeration of styles in the dresses and hats, and the result is that rich simplicity, combined with the elegance befitting a royal bride, marks every gown, wrap, and hat included in the trousseau."

Out of just such social events as a royal wedding grows conventionality that is seized upon by society people who set the fashions, and as one clever writer puts it, "The formal announcement of the betrothal releases a thousand impish duties to beset the path of romance." Continuing, she says, "The engagement is really a more important event in a woman's life than the wedding. Marriage is

* * * * *

Gossip of the Theatre

The Down-to-Date Morality

Allegory is a device for teaching the simple, so it cannot have a strong appeal to the sophisticated people of today. In the Middle Ages the morality play was written down to the proletariat and the rustic, not up to the noble and the scholar. The learned ecclesiastic, the superior bachelor of arts and the proud lord of the manor must have smiled indulgently when the uncouth village folk or the unlettered apprentices applauded the triumph of Virtue or laughed at the discomfiture of Vice. They took the same interest in these elementary presentations that the cultivated mind of today takes in Aesop's Fables or The Pilgrim's Progress which are read not for their moral but for their language of the heart. And yet allegory goes on the stage of today. Ben Greet must have made a pretty penny out of "Everyman." The heirs of Walter Browne must be getting rich on "Everywoman." "Everyman" was a real morality play. It succeeded with some theatregoers because it was a novelty; with others because it was considered "educational" and they went to see it as they would attend a Chautauqua lecture or a Shakespearian performance. "Everywoman" succeeds because it is not a real morality. Its characters are allegorical and its story points a moral, but it is far from being anything like the medieval "Everyman." "Everywoman" is extremely sophisticated, though its sophistication is far from subtle. It has lots of satire, the kind that the ordinary mind penetrates and enjoys without difficulty. It has some poetry, the kind that doesn't frighten those whose sole mental pabulum is the daily paper and the best seller of the minute. But more directly contributory to its success, it has pretty women in pretty costumes against a background of pretty stage pictures. Its appeal to the eye is continuous and potent. The magic mirror in which Flattery appears and disappears; the scene behind the scenes where the "broilers" disport themselves; the banquet which becomes an orgy, a very proper orgy warranted not to shock Los Angeles or Doctor Aked; the New Year's Eve celebration on the snow-clad streets of New York—these are all picturesque and easy to look at. You are mildly interested all the time. You sit through it without restiveness. But you are never strongly moved. Unless indeed you are very sentimental. The sentimental may drop a tear for Everywoman in her troubles, especially as she is so beautiful. I believe some people call "Everywoman" a sermon. Well, it is like some sermons in that it tickles the moral sense without exciting any uncomfortable thoughts about the necessity of repentance. It is conceivable that some of the old moralities made people better by inspiring them with a healthy dread of hell; it is not conceivable that anybody leaves the Cort with a stronger determination to eschew Flattery and follow Truth, to resist Passion and to scorn Wealth. "Everywoman" like many a sermon is a modern morality with a moral but without moral force.

—Edward F. O'Day.

Blanche Bates at the Columbia

The return of Blanche Bates under Charles Frohman's direction, in a new play of vital interest, ought to excite the curiosity of those who know and appreciate the art of this actress. "The Witness for the Defense" in which Miss Bates will be seen at the Columbia Monday is declared to be exceptionally strong. It created a sensation in London when it was acted at the St. James Theatre on the twentieth anniversary of that play-

house under Sir George Alexander's management. Frohman selected it for Miss Bates because it provides her with a striking character taxing all the resources of her art. She will have the support of a superior company and the scenes showing diverse localities in England and India are picturesque in the highest degree. Miss Bates comes for a brief engagement of a fortnight, with Wednesday and Saturday matinees.

Jacob Adler at the Columbia

The world's greatest Yiddish actor, Jacob P. Adler will be at the Columbia this Sunday afternoon and night. It will be the first appearance here of the actor-manager who has done so much to elevate the Yiddish stage. He will be supported by his New York company, including Mrs.



MISS ZELDA SEARS

Who will appear in "The Wardrobe Woman" this Sunday matinee at the Orpheum.

Sarah Adler, Miss Frances Adler and Joseph Schoengold. The performance on Sunday afternoon will be Jacob Gordin's intense drama, "The Stranger," a play in four acts with a profoundly interesting story. "The Abnormal Man" is announced for Sunday night.

Rollicking Skit at Empress

A rollicking comedy holds headline place at the Empress next week. It is "Fun in a Boarding House." Seven men and women are in the company. Young Pat Rooney is responsible for the offering. The Bowman Brothers, "The Blue Grass Boys," are well-known blackface minstrel comedians. Del Adelpia, the "Master Magician" and his five assistants will present "The Mysteries," the staging of which is said to have cost \$10,000. Bob Archer offers a comedy hit, "A Janitor's Troubles." Archer appeared here last year with Edmund Hayes in "The Piano Movers." Julia Rooney is the comedienne of the celebrated Rooney family. Her specialty is char-

acter songs, dances and imitations. Alvin and Kenny are comedians on the flying rings. Shuyler and Young, entertainers, and the Essansescope make up the bill.

"Iolanthe" at the Tivoli

The last performances of "The Serenade" will be given at the Tivoli this Sunday afternoon and evening and in response to an insistent demand from thousands of admirers of Gilbert and Sullivan, "Iolanthe," the most tuneful and melodious of all Sir Arthur Sullivan's scores and the brightest bit of satire by his wonderful collaborator W. S. Gilbert, will be revived on an elaborate scale next Monday night. During the present series of revivals of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas in New York, neither "Patience," "The Pirates of Penzance," "Pinafore" nor the "Mikado" has achieved anything like the success of "Iolanthe," its many beautiful numbers and jolly little story of the fairies and House of Peers having created a veritable amusement furor on Broadway. "Iolanthe" was always a favorite in San Francisco and on its many presentations the Tivoli was crowded to the doors. The cast provided is strong and will include Ilon Bergere in the title role, Rena Vivienne as Phyllis, and Sarah Edwards as the Queen of the Fairies. Teddy Webb will be the Lord Chancellor, and Henry Santrey will play Strephon. John R. Phillips and Charles E. Gallagher will be the Earls of Tolloller and of Mount Ararat, and Oliver LeNoir will be heard as Private Willis. The minor parts will be suitably filled, and the splendid Tivoli chorus will have much to do as fairies and peers. Edward P. Temple who worked under W. S. Gilbert himself in London, is putting forth special efforts in producing "Iolanthe" and the big orchestra, under the baton of Hans S. Linne, will be at its best. The only matinees at the Tivoli are given on Saturday and Sunday.

Zelda Sears at the Orpheum

At the Orpheum next week Zelda Sears, the famous character comedienne, with an excellent supporting company will appear in Edgar Allan Woolf's comedy of life behind the scenes, "The Wardrobe Woman." Percy Bronson and Winnie Baldwin will present "Pickings from Song and Dance Land." It has proved one of the great hits of the vaudeville season. Both Bronson and Miss Baldwin have hosts of friends in this city which may be regarded as their home, and their reception is sure to be enthusiastic. Chief Caupolican, the American Indian who is creating a furor on the circuit will make his first appearance here. Caupolican inherits his title and comes from a long line of Araucano warriors, a Southern American Indian tribe known as the pale-faced Indians, as they are fairer in complexion than any of the others. He has a magnificent voice, and his talk about his people, although humorous, is truthful. Frank Coombs and Ernest Aldwell are two men with exceptionally good voices. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Wilde will amuse with their animated shadow creations. The Four Rotters offer an exhibition of gymnastics. The only holdovers will be Joe Jackson, the European Vagabond; and Louis A. Simon and Kathryn Osterman in "A Persian Garden."

A First Production at the Alcazar

Leo Ditrichstein's newest comedy, "Such Is Life," will be presented for the first time on any stage next week at the Alcazar. The author will lead a cast which includes Isabel Irving, Cora Witherspoon, Madge West, Anne Livingston and

the best talent of the stock company. This latest work of the prolific playwright has been in rehearsal daily during the last two weeks, and all directly concerned in its production predict another Ditrichstein success. If their expectation is fulfilled, "Such Is Life" will be its creator's next starring vehicle under David Belasco's direction, opening on Broadway before this year is over. It consists of three briskly moving acts in which the central figure is Stephen Blake, a painter of landscapes whose lofty aspirations are hampered by his poverty, his unsympathetic wife, Delphine, and his disinclination to produce the kind of pictures that most readily sell.

Another Week of "Everywoman"

"Everywoman" at the Cort is attracting record audiences. The theatre is filled at every performance and the piece bids fair to equal if not surpass the high record set up by "The Blue Bird." It will be continued one more week with matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

Heras Family at Pantages

The great Heras Family, a spectacular and sensational acrobatic sextette, Edwin Ford and his dancing girls, and a return engagement of the always popular comedians Lasky's Seven Hoboes, are the leading features at Pantages next week. The Heras Family are making their first tour of this coast, but are well known in Europe. The Four Ford are here with five dashing maids in a dancing carnival. The Seven Hoboes will introduce burlesque comicalities with tango dances. A trio of beautifully trained voices will be heard in the act by the Jourdans Three. Jack Symonds has a vagabond specialty "A Man of Ease." La Bergere, billed as the "French Venus" has a trio of beautiful trained hunting dogs. The Three Oddities are Allen, Davis and Allen who have ragtime singing and a comedy pianologue. The popular keystone comedy motion picture will complete the bill.

Musings of the Gentle Cynic

No woman is really mannish unless she dislikes shopping.

The difference between a want and a need is that man wants but little here below, but needs a lot.

Imitation may be the sincerest form of flattery, but somehow or other a woman doesn't seem to feel flattered when some other woman falls in love with her husband.

There is such a thing as being too smart. The

fish that is quickest to catch on doesn't live as long as the one that keeps its mouth shut.

Some people are satisfied to pave the way with good intentions.

Self-conceit is the derrick that raises a man in his own estimation.

Talking through her hat is probably the only way the milliner can sell it.

Virtue is apt to stop when the whistle blows, but vice is always willing to work overtime.

When a woman is afraid of showing her age she tries to cover it with a coat of paint.

In spite of the fact that some people want the earth it still revolves on its axis, thus proving there is enough of it to go around.

Don't burn your bridges behind you unless you have been insured.

It's all right to have plenty of go, but you also want to have some staying qualities.

Some people are so careful to be prepared for the worst that they miss the best entirely.

It isn't every man who can distinguish between enthusiasm and mere gush.

The pessimist sighs for yesterday; the optimist thinks the happiest day of his life is tomorrow.

The fact that men and women are always running after each other is what makes the human race.

The debt a man owes himself is never outlawed.

AMUSEMENTS

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Heras Family
Society Acrobats
at Pantages

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—There was no panic, but securities fell to panic prices last week following the three days' holidays in which time European markets had displayed marked weakness. Berlin and London sold Union Pacific and Canadian Pacific heavily during the first three days of the week and the price of the latter tumbled until it got on a more reasonable basis. Much has been said from time to time about the dangerous inflation of Canadian Pacific. Last week part of the supply came out of the house of its friends in Montreal as had been the case during the two previous weeks. It was simply a case of the stock being too high and altogether out of line with other high-class investment stocks. Liquidation was heavier than it has been for a long time and it reached a stage at which stop-loss orders were uncovered. Those bears who have been operating for a long pull and large profits covered freely, when many of the trading stocks got down to the prices prevailing in the early part of 1908, and some of them to the lowest of the panic of 1907 and the profits were enormous. This buying naturally steadied the market, and in addition to this bargain hunting, investors took stocks and bonds out of the market quite freely, though not as largely as the prices seemed to warrant. Late in the week American Can common again became a thing of evil and made a new low record for the time since its ill conceived boom last summer. This break was accompanied by heavy selling of Lehigh Valley, large blocks of which are held by Can interests and it looked as if they were liquidating. Disturbing rumors of trouble in bond house circles and the calling of loans by banks kept commission houses on the anxious seat. No news came out during the week to account for the decline, and this made traders very bearish, because the market looked to them as if something was hanging over it of which they were being kept in ignorance. All investment markets need a rest. They are now swamped with undigested securities, including new bond issues of a high class, which are quoted at tempting prices. Until these are absorbed by actual investors, money will be hard to get for fresh undertakings. With such a surfeit of bargains before them, investors hesitate about choosing and wait to see whether something still better will turn up. They took the Chinese loan because the income return on it was too high, and now they are waiting for other bargains like it. When they find no more are being offered, they will buy what is on hand.

Wheat—The wheat market has shown a decided change for the better. The all-important consideration has been the complaints from the spring wheat States of a little unfavorable outlook in certain localities, and added to this the stimulating influence has been the additional sales

of cash wheat from the Northwest, which together total a very respectable amount, and demonstrates the fact that there exists a fair demand for our wheat on the breaks, by both exporters and domestic millers. The present rally in prices may not be carried much further unless some serious harm comes to the new spring wheat crop. The fact, however, that the Southwestern States have materially reduced their estimates on winter wheat, and notwithstanding the fact that the Government report still claims a large crop for Kansas, estimated on the first of the month at 90,000,000 bushels, we doubt that the thrashing returns will show 70,000,000 bushels, and would not be surprised to see it reduced to very close to 50,000,000 bushels. The present promise, however, is excellent for spring wheat, and other States will maintain their high condition, which makes up for the loss, and we hope that there will be no deterioration and that the country will be prosperous with big crops of grain, which we feel is a necessity in order to keep prices within reason and continue the prosperity of the people.

Corn—The corn market early in the week was inclined to be weak due to the big arrivals from the country and the indifferent cash demand. Prices, however, did not decline much and the market held very steady. Toward the end of the week the market turned very strong on heavy buying by the professional element, who are very bullish owing to a general belief that crop conditions are not of the best and that with hot, dry weather, which has been forecasted by Foster, the Government long distance forecaster, higher prices will be in order. The market became very strong and prices were advanced rapidly, with the best prices at the close of the week. It is a weather market and on any setback believe corn a purchase.

Cotton—The strength in the nearby futures, especially the July option, was the factor in the cotton market the past week. Leading cotton brokers admit that they are all at sea regarding the intentions of the Liverpool houses which are buying old crop options in this market. They say that control of the market for immediate future rests in the hands of those firms. Local certificated stock now stands at only 46,780 bales. If the Liverpool interests decide to take the cotton up on July, there is no telling what effect the operation will have on the market. The situation is admittedly critical and shorts, if they have not already covered, are in a daily worse position. Should the Liverpool people decide not to ship the cotton from here, there would be no cause for alarm. The local futures market is still too low, in the opinion of the stock brokers, to permit the bringing of the staple here except at a loss and until prices advance to a considerably higher level, no relief can be expected from

that quarter. New crop news was favorable to a degree. Heavy rains fell in the Southwest where there has been complaint of drought. Scattered rainfall was reported over the greater part of the belt. The weather has been propitious over the major portion of the belt this season to an unusual extent. There is complaint of too much rain in the Atlantic States and grass is growing so fast in spots as to threaten to choke the cotton plant. Also there was complaint of low temperatures. But as a whole there seems to be little reason to find fault and as a general rule the crop made splendid progress last week. Cordill, the Memphis expert, is bearish on acreage. In his last report on the crop he expresses the opinion that the total area planted in cotton exceeds by 3 to 4 per cent the record acreage of 1911. If that is the case all previous estimates of acreage are too low. With a normal summer, he looks for a large July and August movement. This expert criticises the Government report on condition, saying that it is absurdly low in its figures on the Atlantic States.

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SAY YOU SAW IT IN "TOWN TALK"

The People's Forum

(Continued from Page 7.)

bernicus has to "The Tinker's Wedding," it is a very narrow one and will not be considered for a minute by distinterested critics of any kind of drama. A similar objection might be urged against "Tartuffe." In fact it was urged against the play when it was first presented but the play lives and is universally recognized as fine drama. So as I said the Hibernicus viewpoint is obvious. It is the viewpoint of an Irishman who thinks that any play that represents an Irishman as doing anything shameful is a reflection on the Irish people. He objects to one of Robinson's plays because the principal characters are "an old widow who is a stingy hypocrite" and her son "who enters the play a murderer and exits a suicide." No wonder Hibernicus regards the characters in the plays as "utterly abnormal." Are there no stingy hypocrites among Irish women, no men who commit murder and suicide? What a Paradise Ireland must be! But suppose Irish playwrights should exclude from their plays all the high and mean passions of mankind and devote themselves wholly to the glorification of the Irish people would they get much closer to actuality? And again, would their plays contain any drama? And if these plays are so baldly misrepresentative of Ireland is it not strange that they should be produced in Dublin and accepted there? If Irishmen are so good as Hibernicus would have us believe how remarkable that educated Irishmen should have such perverted imaginations as the Irish playwrights. I have no doubt that the Irish playwrights can find something to dramatize in Ireland other than what is unpleasant and extravagant. I also say that they have done so; furthermore that there is no reason why they should be grumbled at for dealing with the unpleasant. All dramatists deal more or less with the unpleasant and extravagant—none

more so than Ibsen who is adored by his countrymen. It is only when the dramatist deals with the extravagant sincerely that he is able to do so successfully. In other words it is only when the dramatist actually sees a thing in the white light of his imagination that he is able to visualize it for others, and that is what the Irish dramatists have done.

Yours truly,

—L. R. F.

Varied Types

(Continued from Page 6.)

over their candidates. I did not owe my election to my co-religionists. They make only a small percentage of the voters. I owe my election to that element in Los Angeles which resents the idea of any such body as the Ministerial Union controlling the politics of the city. The average American is too fair-minded not to rebuke the intolerance of the bigot.

"While I had the indorsement of the Municipal Conference which also indorsed Shenk, the votes I received were principally Rose votes. Thus in one precinct I received 212 out of 250 Rose votes and only 16 out of 231 Shenk votes.

"It should interest San Francisco to learn that the Sunday before the election a spokesman of the Ministerial Union declared that the Ministerial Union wanted to keep Los Angeles on the high moral plane to which it had been elevated and to prevent it from sinking to the low moral plane of San Francisco where only five per cent of the population attends the Protestant churches."

Joe Scott tells me that his protest against Christian prayers in commencement exercises will be followed by other attempts to eradicate certain sectarian customs in the public schools. He says that there are Bible readings at the Los Angeles Normal School, and that all pupils must

attend though they are not compelled to participate further than by their presence. He says that in South Pasadena and Alhambra those who apply for positions as teachers must fill out a blank on which is the question: What church do you attend? In one school district, he says, there is this question also: If given a position will you also teach Sunday School?

During the Summer season "TOWN TALK" subscribers are requested to send in promptly any change of address that they may contemplate making, so that the paper will reach them regularly.

Letters

Romance by Vaughan Kester

Vaughan Kester is one of the authors whose reputation has not depended on the announcement of a new book from his pen every half-year, for since his untimely death the Bobbs-Merrill Company has brought out new editions of his principal novels in uniform binding and they have received as much attention as any of the latest best-sellers. The most recent addition to the list is "John o' Jamestown" which, when it appeared in 1907, was easily one of the best of the Colonial romances, and it stands the test applied by our good grandmother to all material things. "Keep it for seven years, turn it and keep it again." The story is in the form of a narrative of personal experience and adventure, written by one Richard Farraday, a member, though an involuntary one, of the first consignment of settlers to the Virginia colony projected by the London Company. Farraday was one of the few who survived the hardships, Indian massacres and inhumanity of the earlier period and remained to become the founder of an "F. F. V.," and his graphic descriptions of the conditions under which the colonists lived and suffered and died are an interesting recital, the more so since the author has made no attempt to resurrect either the spelling or the speech of the period. "John o' Jamestown" was that redoubtable hero, Captain John Smith whose sense, practical ability, resourcefulness and presence of mind were all that saved the colony from extermination a half-score of times during the first two years despite the malicious plots of the incompetent Council and Presidents. The love interest, without which no romance is complete, concerns a granddaughter of Mary Queen of Scots, a child of that little known daughter of the ill-fated queen and Bothwell.

"One Woman's Life" by Herrick

In "One Woman's Life" Robert Herrick has given us a second study of the parasite woman fit to stand beside his "Together" which caused such a tempest in the women's clubs a few years ago. Milly Ridge, his heroine in the new story, belongs on a lower level, but essentially she is much the same, selfish and self-centered and a determined climber who uses everyone with whom she comes in contact to promote her own welfare. She makes mistakes, often serious ones, but her course is ever directed towards her own comfort, and in the sequel one cannot but agree that she has been a remarkably successful woman on the whole. Millie's father was an inefficient, one of that vast army of drifting men who have not the initiative to succeed at anything and yet who are secretly convinced that they could do



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comply wonders if they only had "the chance." When Milly was sixteen her mother had been dead for two years and after a period of boarding in St. Louis, the latest of a series of migrations, the family, consisting of the father, a withered and acid grandmother and this selfish, assertive and aspiring young miss, had come to Chicago where Horatio, now well in his middle years, had secured a safe harbor in a large mail order house, with a fair salary and reasonable promise of advancement. Milly, of course, neither assumed the responsibilities of house keeping nor found employment for herself. With a pretty face, an indulgent father, luxurious tastes and an abundance of leisure, her barque was soon launched on the social seas. The part of the city in which they had settled was deteriorating as a residence quarter but there still remained a few families of some wealth and social standing, and the young matrons and the young girl were soon on terms of intimacy brought about by church attendance and judicious choice of parade ground. When his daughter was making such a conspicuous success, invited to the fashionable summer resorts and taken on longer trips by her new friends, Horatio Ridge did not need a great amount of coaxing combined with fault-finding criticism, to induce him to leave his safe harbor with the department store and launch out for himself in a tea and coffee business and to move to a more alluring locality where the rent was about twice what he was already paying. To be sure his salary was a tight fit as it was and all his experience lay in the line of drugs, but tea and coffee are unobjectionable articles and a charming daughter deserves a setting for her charms. Of course it was evident from the first that Milly Ridge must marry and marry well and her kind friends set themselves to work to engineer a suitable match, a less difficult task than might have been imagined. But Milly did not marry her millionaire, nor yet his successor, a California fruit farmer. She had some very exalted ideas of what was due to "womanhood." With regard to reciprocal duties and obligations her mind was a blank, so she quarreled with one lover, forgot all about the other, and made a hasty and somewhat injudicious marriage with a young newspaper artist with just enough of real talent to make him dissatisfied with the commercial side of art but without the means, which included the time, for study and improvement. Milly scarcely knew a chromo lithograph from a photograph, but she did like pretty clothes, an apartment in a good location, and plenty of good things to eat and an abundance of service. Her measure of expenditure was not her husband's legitimate earning capacity, but what "other people" did, and the result can be told in few words. She squeezed

this lemon dry just as she did her father, and when Jack Bragdon died rather suddenly, his life burned out between his efforts to produce work commensurate with his talents and his superhuman struggle to provide an income to keep pace with her demands, there was nothing left but debts. The unsophisticated might imagine that now, indeed, with herself and a child to provide for, there were dark days in store, but for the Milly Ridges in this world there are no dark days. The next juicy orange which hung within reach was a good-hearted, generous, hard-working woman who had managed to accumulate a small competence. Circumstances threw the two women briefly together, and Ernestine, without family ties and craving what she had never known in the course of her life, a real home, opened her heart and her purse, with the usual result. Milly had Paris hats. Ernestine was scarcely recog-

(Continued on Page 23.)

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC.

of Town Talk, published weekly at San Francisco, required by the Act of August 24, 1912.

Name of Editor, Theo. F. Bonnet; Post-Office Address, 88 First St., San Francisco; Managing Editor, Theo. F. Bonnet, 88 First St., San Francisco; Business Manager, Chas. W. Raymond, 88 First St., San Francisco; Publisher, Pacific Publication Co., 88 First St., San Francisco.

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CHAS. W. RAYMOND, Business Manager.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 12th day of June, 1913.

(Seal) JULIUS CALMANN,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. (My commission expires May 29, 1917.) 6-21-2

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 49,614.
LOTTIE BURD, Plaintiff, vs. HARRY BURD, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Harry Burd, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the grounds of defendant's willful desertion and willful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 9th day of June, A. D. 1913.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.
J. J. LERMEY, Attorney for Plaintiff,
504 Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-21-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of KATE SUTRO NUSSBAUM, Deceased—No. 15,529; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Elizabeth Nussbaum, as Administratrix with the will annexed of the estate of Kate Sutro Nussbaum, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice (which said first publication occurs on the 14th day of June, 1913), to the said Administratrix with will annexed at the office of her attorney, Garret W. McEnerney, Room No. 1277 Flood Building, No. 870 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Kate Sutro Nussbaum, deceased.

ELIZABETH NUSSBAUM,

Administratrix with Will Annexed of the Estate of Kate Sutro Nussbaum, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 14, 1913.
GARRET W. MCENERNEY, Attorney for Administratrix,
Room No. 1277 Flood Building,
No. 870 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 6-14-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of PHILIPP SCHLUCHTERER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator with the Will annexed of the Estate of Philipp Schluchterer, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator with the Will annexed at the office of Morrison, Dunne & Brobeck, Rooms 709-722 of the Crocker Building, located at the intersection of Market, Post and Montgomery Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Philipp Schluchterer, deceased.

SIGMUND BERNSTEIN,

Administrator with the Will annexed of the Estate of Philipp Schluchterer, Deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, May 24, 1913.
MORRISON, DUNNE & BROBECK,
Attorneys Administrator,
Rooms 709-722 Crocker Building,
San Francisco, Cal. 5-24-5

SUMMONS AND COMPLAINT

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 47,232; Dept. No. 10.

LILLIAN E. LIVINGSTON, Plaintiff, vs. CHARLES LIVINGSTON, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: CHARLES LIVINGSTON, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willfully asserting and abandoning plaintiff for the period of one year, and over, next immediately preceding the commencement of this action and defendant's willfully failing to provide for plaintiff the common necessities of life for one year, and over, next immediately preceding the commencement of this action, and also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 14th day of February, A. D. 1913.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.
ARTHUR E. NATHANSON, Atty. for Plaintiff,
1112 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 5-17-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of CATHERINE V. ROSEK, Formerly CATHERINE O'BRIEN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that H. A. Rosek, administrator of the estate of said deceased, has filed in this Court his petition setting forth that said deceased in his lifetime entered into a contract to convey to Frank D. Dollings certain real estate situate, lying and being in the town of Red Bluff, County of Tehama, State of California, and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

All of lots twenty-one (21) and twenty-two (22) of Block one hundred seventeen (117) as the same appear on the Amended Map of Part Addition to the Town of Red Bluff on file in the office of the County Recorder of Tehama County, State of California, and that in said petition said petitioner prays for an order of this Court directing him as administrator of the estate of said deceased, to execute to said Frank D. Dollings, a deed to the property above described.

It is hereby ordered that all persons interested be and appear on the 30th day of June, 1913, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. in the above entitled Court, Department No. 10 thereof, in the New City Hall on Market Street near Eighth Street, in said City and County, then and there to show cause if any they have, why said petition should not be granted.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published once a week at least for four successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, May 29, 1913.
THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.
HERRINGTON & BARRETT, Attys. for Administrator,
612 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-7-4

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Letters

(Continued on Page 22.)

nized as a business partner until it came to settling indebtedness, and then, with another failure accomplished, we see the charming widow starting off on her honeymoon, to begin again a life of ease and luxury, leaving some one else to gather up the debris. It is a true enough picture. There are few of us who could not name, out of our own experience, several parallel cases, and yet, what is the use for Mr. Herrick to be so condemnatory? He acknowledges that the Milly Ridge type has been fostered to meet a demand, that she is the kind of woman by whom men are attracted, the parasite, the grafter, the lily of the field. The trouble lies in the further fact that, having insisted on buying the purple vase instead of the more substantial article, the purchaser becomes dissatisfied and wants something different. No amount of persuasion or explanation can divert him from his purpose. Nothing short of actual possession of the toy will convince him of its worthlessness. Men will extoll in glowing terms the women who support invalid mothers and send little sisters to school, but not one of them will cast a second glance at the angles and wrinkles induced by hard work. Their eyes are all for the curves and dimples of the little sisters and the pretty clothes needed to set them off. If Milly Ridge had learned some useful business and gone to work the chances are that her father would have provided her with a step-mother. If she had sacrificed and economized so that Jack Bragdon could have pursued Art he would have developed an artistic temperament with all the accessories. In theory it is the proper course for a woman to work in partnership with her mate, helping, conserving and adding to the store. In prosaic fact, however good it may be for the man or the partnership, it is not good for the wife who, far too often, boosts and props and helps to the limit of her strength, only to be presented with a bill of divorce in payment for her labors. The Milly Ridges are wise in their generation. Men like the type. The easiest road to the good time comes through pleasing men, and there you are, and not all the thunders of the pulpit and press nor the fulminations of the novelists will change matters one iota. Luxuries come high but those who insist on having them must pay the price. From the Macmillan Co.

Some Juveniles

The "Dave Porter" series, like the soul of John Brown, "still goes marching on." This is the ninth volume, and the lads who, at nine or ten, read the first of his adventures, have grown up and gone out into the world, but David himself is still attending the Oak Hall Academy when he isn't following the Equator or sailing in the South Seas or discovering the North Pole, or running down burglars or rescuing the perishing in some other spectacular fashion. Dave Porter is a creation of Edward Stratemeyer who is the literary heir of Oliver Optic.

"The Red House Children at Grafton" is the second of a series for the girls of "between ages," giving a further account of the sayings and doings of the Firth children, eight of them, all under fifteen, who, after several years of hardships and poverty during which they made the best of what they had, got on without what they could not procure and developed independence, self-reliance and contentment, have been rather suddenly lifted to a position of comparative luxury, but are unspoiled by the elevation. "The Red House Children" is reminiscent of the

"Little Peppers" in its general outline. Amanda M. Douglas is an expert in the matter of writing juveniles.

Maud Lindsay's "Story Garden for Little Children" is designed for the small members of the household who are still pleased with very simple things. Though suitable for the little lads and lasses who are still content to be read to, or who are just beginning to read for themselves, it is not babyish. The language is good and the pictures are attractive, while the print, paper and other mechanical accessories are of the best. Any book-loving five-year-old would treasure it for a lifetime.

George Demetrios is a Greek boy of seventeen born in a Macedonian village near the Turkish border who has been in America about a year. Shortly after his arrival the artist John A. Huybers heard him address a group of his countrymen, telling them in modern Greek the story of the Retreat of the Ten Thousand, and the absorbed attention with which they listened for an hour and a half inspired the artist with an idea of meeting the youth and learning from him something of the life of the modern Greek at home. As Demetrios had but a limited command of English the conversations were carried on from time to time, during walks and other meetings, in French, and the result is this book, "When I Was a Boy in Greece," the greatest fault of which is that there is so little of it. Demetrios is still so young that it is obvious the greater part of his life was passed under disturbed conditions, and in addition to his descriptions of school days, religious observations, harvest feasts and frolics, weddings, funerals, games and evening amusements, there are graphic accounts of brigand outrages and reprisals. With a system of espionage and rewards for information it is obvious that the most ordinary action was open to suspicion, and the youth tells of having been taken to task himself for the color of his necktie, blue and white, the Greek national colors, not to be displayed without giving offense to the Turkish government. Under such conditions, it is not to be wondered at that Demetrios has a precocious knowledge of Greek history and politics, both ancient and modern. While intended for the enlightenment of the young, the fathers and mothers of the boys and girls will be doing themselves a good turn if they too read "When I Was a Boy in Greece."

Diedrich Lange is keeping up his reputation as a writer of the better class of boys' books. Since the youths will have adventure and still revel in Indian yarns, they may as well have something at least remotely probable, and gather in a little wisdom on the side, even if they never expect to camp out in the snow all winter and fend for themselves. There was once a phenomenally rich mine on an island in Lake Superior from which over three million dollars' worth of silver was taken in a few years, but the vein was soon exhausted and the incident itself is almost forgotten. Mr. Lange has made the rediscovery of the mine the objective point of an expedition by two boys, sons of an Indian agent who had purchased title to the property from its first locator, a Chippewa Indian. The boys have adventures enough to satisfy the most avid of young readers. Incidentally there is much woods and trail lore, and of course, a successful termination of the quest.

All of these books are from Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXI. No. 1088

SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 28, 1913

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BLANCHE BATES

Appearing in the A. E. W. Mason four-act drama, "The Witness for the Defense," in which she has scored successfully throughout the week at the Columbia. Miss Bates will be seen for a second and final week, commencing Monday night, June 30.

TOWN TALK

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
Chas. W. Raymond.....Business Manager

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

The Lobby Investigation

President Wilson did not accomplish exactly what he designed when he complained that a lobby representing the business interests was influencing legislation in Washington. The President's purpose was to force certain independent statesmen into line, to make them feel that unless they complied with his wishes they would be suspected of a more discreditable subservience. A species of coercion is what the President had recourse to, a stratagem sanctified by the usages of pot-house politics, and by this time he has reason to regret it. While the investigation that followed upon the voicing of his insinuations has shown that there is lobbying in Washington, which is something we all were aware of, and something there is no law against—moral or statutory—it has also served to have attention called to the fact that the President himself is not above doing practical politics or requiting like Roosevelt the interests that come through for campaign purposes. It appears to be understood in Washington that the President has no scruple against purchasing votes with jobs. This is lobbying of the worst kind. Also it appears that the President has no aversion to employing a press association to manufacture public sentiment in his favor. As to the interests that are lobbying, they are on both sides of the tariff issue. Some are with President Wilson and some are against him. And those that are with him are employing the press quite as freely as their opponents. So the President's grievance is hardly to be regarded as one of the heartfelt variety. He will probably be able to get over it as easily as he got over his views on the initiative and referendum. If the investigation has been somewhat illuminating, that is about all to be said of it. There is nothing to be done. Lobbyists will continue to lobby, and the serviceable press will continue to boom politicians and to shriek for more of the kind of government that makes it to the interest of the interests to employ newspapers to mold public opinion.

The Woman in Politics

Every day or two we are informed by

some newspaper of the wonderful things that have been accomplished by the women of California since they obtained the franchise. A premature judgment is not one to inspire faith, and a premature judgment is the only kind that can be formed at this time regarding the service that women in politics have rendered to the State. It is not to be gainsaid that women have done things that would not have been done had they not been given the franchise. But we cannot be sure that everything they have done is to their credit or of value to the State. Reforms do not always turn out right. Strange work, as Bishop Horne once remarked, has been done in the world under the name and pretense of reformation. What has been called reformation has proved to be deformation. So the feminine agitator should not be preening herself on her accomplishments. Nor should she give too ready ear to the raucous editorial voice of flattery. This, by the way, is one of the things for which the woman in politics has been responsible—the mechanical nonsense of the vociferous panegyrist at the typewriter. How the poor editor does perspire these days in his gushing over the reformer in skirts! The newspaper passionate for power in politics is coddling the female of the species with fine phrases done into fulsome eulogy. Suspicious of her memory he is reminding her at brief intervals of his devotion to her interests, of his loyalty to the standard of woman suffrage, and wherever the cause gains a victory he turns hand-springs to attest the ebullience of his spirits. In the performances of the masculine editor there is much that is not complimentary to the lady with the ballot. They imply the assumption that she has not sufficient intelligence to perceive that he is playing the sycophant, taking advantage of her foibles, and indulging in that exaggeration of sentiment which makes flattery worse than detraction. If we believed that the average woman took seriously the flubdub that is poured on the sex by the sycophants of the daily press we should despair of woman suffrage. And if we have disapproved of much that has been accomplished we nevertheless remain somewhat optimistic. Our idea is that in time women generally will take an interest in politics and that the ones now most active will cease to wield so much influence. We realize that the influence of woman has prevented life from becoming too exclusively practical and selfish. Women infused into life an ideal and romantic element, and perhaps they may do the same for politics. Women possess three notable qualities which are essential for all wholesome political matters: they are clear-sighted, disinterested and courageous. If women reason by deduction, assigning the first place to general propositions and ideas rather than to facts, they nevertheless reach correct conclusions. They live in an ideal world, and they are more imaginative than man, and they are bound to see that the salacious facts pertaining to the sex question are not essential to the solving of all problems on this earth, and are not the only pabulum for a steady mental diet.

A Conspiracy of Silence

Two weeks ago we observed that in all probability there were men among the strikers against the Pacific Gas and Electric Company who would as lief slit a throat as cut a wire. That we did the strikers no injustice has been evidenced by some of the things they have been doing, but of these the public have been apprized only in a general way. Blood has been shed and property has been destroyed, but our discreet and cowardly newspapers have had little to say on the subject. They are extremely reluctant to publish the news of a strike when it reflects discredit on the strikers. Lawless strikers are always under the protection of the cowardly daily press of San Francisco, and thus is lawlessness encouraged among strikers. The preliminary examination of a dynamiter took place in San Jose last week. Not a word of it got into the columns of the daily papers. Not a cog slipped in the conspiracy of silence. The guilt of the accused was established by a perfect chain of evidence, so perfect that in an "aside" the attorney for the defendant remarked to the prosecutor, "You cannot possibly have anything more unless it is a confession." From the facts of the case it appears that this dynamiter was imported by the union several days before the strike was declared. One night he went down the peninsula in an automobile with several companions who are unknown, and dynamited the poles of the power company at certain points where great damage could be done, and with the result that for several hours the service was interrupted. The man was arrested and his connection with the crimes established by oral testimony and circumstances so clearly conclusive of guilt that he weakened on preliminary examination and will probably plead guilty before he is brought to trial. A case this that might serve as a warning to discourage the vicious tools of lawless labor leaders, but apparently our moral press prefers to teach rather by precept than by pointing to example, especially when the example is offensive to the criminals of the labor trust.

Sulzer and Murphy

Sulzer and Tammany having parted company some of the New York papers are now acclaiming the Governor for his independence and hailing him as a friend of the people. It is of such stuff that friends of the people are generally fashioned. All his life Sulzer has been a practical politician, a Tammany lieutenant, deft in all the tricks of the politician's trade and far from scrupulous in attaining his ends. No later than the Baltimore convention with his primitive bias toward the strategy of the Bowery he turned a shabby trick in the interest of Champ Clark and against Woodrow Wilson, and Boss Murphy though opposed to the Princeton professor, could not stomach the advantage thus dishonestly gained, and scorned to take it. For his whole career as a statesman Governor Sulzer is indebted to Tammany Hall. And now though he is no longer friendly with Boss Murphy it is not because the principles of Tammany are

repugnant to him but because the hypocrisy of him was intolerable to the boss he is now being applauded for abandoning. As a matter of fact Sulzer did not abandon Murphy. The truth has come out that Murphy abandoned Sulzer; that while the Governor was trying to carry water on both shoulders he was soliciting and holding conferences with the Tammany boss and striving to gain consent to a certain measure of duplicity. Nevertheless there are editors that admire Sulzer and that praise him and urge the people to yield their emotions to him. There are newspapers that cordially hate a rogue—only when he isn't their rogue. No scoundrel is too tough to gain their good will, to be celebrated by them, to be held up for public worship, provided that for the time being he is putting water on their wheel. Most of our political reformers are of the Sulzer type, and that is why reform movements are more productive of evil than of good. As you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear neither can you perform the miracle of converting a political scamp into a conscientious civic patriot. The professional tax-eater who has been doing crooked politics all his life, and who is transformed into a reformer overnight and self-consecrated to the business of uplifting humanity and bracing the tottering pillars of state; in other words the reformer of the Sulzer type who becomes ungrateful to life-long friends in order to become the vociferous friend of the people—such a one may have some admirable virtues but the probability is that his predominant qualities are the ones that populate penitentiaries. It is somewhat saddening to realize that this is the golden era for the Sulzers of public life, that we are depending on men of this type, shining examples of all that is most detestable in human nature, for the administration of government under new nationalism.

The Crimes of Statesmen

There is more common sense than poetry in Goethe's observation that the best of all governments is that which teaches us to govern ourselves. For if government is virtuously and wisely administered the people are liberally let alone and made to appreciate the importance of wisely and virtuously governing themselves. Now in this country the theory of our governors is that they should govern us every inch of the road, that we should never be let alone, but that we should be interfered with in all our undertakings. They would manage all kinds of business for us; introduce efficiency wherever inefficiency threatens bankruptcy, and abate efficiency wherever it is supremely rich in results. The horrible joke of this system of government is that it is a most glaring example of inefficiency. In no business is there so much incompetency, so much fraud on the people, so much downright rascality as in the biggest of all business, that of our national government in Washington. Here we have governors pointing the way in which we should go, and themselves going the way that any man of ordinary decency would scorn to travel.

This is true of the highest as well as the lowest. Here they are today tinkering the tariff and pretending to regard the questions it involves as the paramount questions of government. Yet so enormous, so audacious is the misuse of public funds by these very statesmen who presume to regulate business, to penalize it and to restrain the unconscionable pirates of commerce, that the estimated deficiency for next year is \$106,856,452. This does not mean merely that there is gross incompetency in Washington. It means that there is criminal extravagance, that our governors are governing not for the benefit of those who conferred the trust but for those in whom it is reposed. The whole shameful story is told by Charles Edward Russell who has made a thorough investigation of our pork barrel statecraft and who brings home the crushing taxation that waste of public money entails upon every citizen as well as the vexatious problems for raising revenue to which it gives rise. Of course the pension graft is the burden of the principal indictment against the government, but it is not the worst. We are maintaining custom houses that spend four thousand dollars a year to collect one dollar. We have put up in each of four towns a public building at a cost of \$100,000 each, and the total population of the four towns is not more than seven thousand. We are paying out enormous sums to maintain navy yards that are never used. We are improving rivers like the Trinity River in Texas by a scheme to supply the river with the water it lacks by a system of artesian wells. This obscure item has cost us to date \$1,952,267, and Mr. Russell says it will cost \$10,000,000 more to complete this opera bouffe scheme. Millions of dollars are wasted annually in the postal service and in numerous bureaus the only purpose of which is to increase the popularity of Congressmen. It is not to be said that the nation is threatened with bankruptcy. Though the annual deficit is growing, we have not yet made use of all the available sources of revenue. But the more acute the revenue problem becomes the greater become the traditional irritations and complications that have tormented the peoples of history and ended in catastrophe. There is no more important problem before the government today than the problem of retrenchment, but it will receive scant attention from the President. Until public attention is focused on it politicians will fight shy of it. There are blocks of votes in every cubic foot of the pork barrel.

A Question of Form

Before getting into an argument about anything it is well to come to an agreement about the point of departure. Every little while there is a controversy on the question, Which is the easier to write—the novel or the short story? The probability is there would be much less discussion of this question if all persons were in accord as to the nature of both forms of fictions. The average person who argues the difficulty of the short story has in mind a certain definite form of fiction. The average

person who insists that the novel is the more difficult achievement regards the short story as nothing more than a brief tale or a compressed novel or a short sketch. This appears to be the view of some of the literary men who are at present engaged in the perennial controversy; which is not surprising to readers of the short stories of the day. The short story as perfected by Poe is a work of art somewhat different from the kind of fiction one meets with in the magazines. To write a short story that is nothing more than a story too short to be put between book covers is certainly much easier than to write a novel, since to write a novel is largely a question of wrist work. Almost any tale over thirty thousand words in length is a novel. To write a short story that fulfills all the requirements of the form consciously perfected by Poe requires something more than a definite time at the typewriter. It requires first a very fine inventive faculty. To produce an artistic short story one must first imagine a certain happening of some dramatic interest. One must conceive a story with a beginning and an end, between which there is no great lapse of time, no great range of scene. The characters and action must be so compressed as to concentrate attention on a single situation, and there must be unity and direction of incident toward a single goal of action. Furthermore the climax must be the result of action; not an ingenious escape or a surprising retort. After conceiving a story of this general character, then comes the art of narrative to strip the tale of everything inorganic, to present it to the mind's eye in such a way as to achieve progressive heightening of feeling. There can be no discursiveness, no summarizing of plot,—nothing but singleness of narrative, the utmost simplification of mechanism. Now this may all be very easy, but the artistic short story, the short story true to form, distinguished for its perfect architecture is extremely rare.

An Anti-Monarchical Britisher

The reverend ex-Britisher who says he became an American citizen because he dislikes kings has either a very curious prejudice or a very earnest desire to conciliate that section of the American electorate which has a superstitious horror of royalty. This horror is not so widespread today as in a former generation when the Fourth of July orator was abroad in the land whangdoodling and spreadeagling on the glories of the stars and bars and the infamies of the effete and decadent monarchies and tottering dynasties of the Old World. We were puffed up with conceit in those days; thought that the eyes of the world were upon us and nourished a withering contempt of kings, especially of John Bull, our pet aversion, whom we were wont to infuriate by frequent twisting of the lion's tail. That pastime most of us have forsworn. Civilization has done much for us. We have improved mentally. In the great and constantly increasing intercourse between England and America, in reciprocities and amenities, there has come about security

against serious misunderstanding. Interests may conflict, mistakes may be made, sharp words may be spoken by ignorant tongues, but these things are ephemeral and do not touch the great heart of either people. Educated Americans have a prepossession for the republican form of government, but they are able to appreciate the merits of the monarchical form, and a king is not an object of contempt to them by reason of his being a king. There was a time when folks believed that nature showed its disapproval of the hereditary right of kings by frequently giving a people an ass instead of a lion. But even Tom Paine who gave utterance to that sentiment valued it only for rhetorical purposes. Had he lived to this day he would be aware that what happens in monarchies in the ordinary course of nature more frequently happens in a country where the people have the right

to choose between a lion and an ass. After all the king is but an executive, and in Europe if he happens to be an ass the only damage he is able to do is to the feelings of the people, whereas in this country he may inflict on the people a multitude of woes. Now to sneer at a king because of the supposed folly of recognizing hereditary right and because it is not a guaranty of fitness is to be guilty of as great an absurdity as ever king's fool convulsed a Court with. For kingship is nothing more than sovereignty, and devotion to a king signifies nothing more than loyalty to country. And what does it matter whether the symbol of sovereignty be embodied in a Constitutional monarch or in a Republican President? The whole object of government is to administer justice, and therefore as a great statesman once observed the whole apparatus of government is symbolized by

twelve men in a box. King and parliament, fleets and armies, officers of the court, ambassadors and ministers are all subordinate in their end to the department of justice, and wherever justice is well administered there is good government. How ridiculous then for the British clergyman, who changes his allegiance to church as easily as his allegiance to political power, to explain that he became an American citizen because he dislikes kings! As a clergyman he should love nothing more than justice, and surely justice is as well administered in England where the ministers of justice are in the ideal state of independence of both crown and people, as in this country where a magistrate may be insulted and recalled for reducing a bond. We do not disparage our own country, but we sometimes reflect that its chief fault is an overpowering attractiveness.

The Winter Garden

By Katherine Tynan

The Winter Garden lies at rest,
The clay upon her brows and breast;
The winding sheet drawn to her chin;
Her eyes blue the lids within.

The Winter Garden grieved and pined—
She lies out in the rain and wind—
Until she fell asleep so pure,
A quiet dreamer, still, demure.

They heaped her shroud with rose and myrtle;
Lilies, carnations strewed her kirtle;
Her kirtle of the green is on
Under the cere-cloth, straight and wan.

Sleeping she hath within her arms
The wild songs and the soft charms;
The butterfly by her is laid,
The bee streaked in her chilly bed.

A day will come, a day and hour,
Of a wild hope and a warm shower;
And a voice crying in bush and brake:
"The maid sleepeth: Daughter, awake."

The Winter Garden then will rise,
Cast the clay from mouth and eyes:
Her eyes will be the eyes of a bride,
The King's Daughter be glorified.

In her green kirtle she will show;
Scattering blossom she will go:
She shall trip it on a green hill,
With the wind-flower and the daffodil.

Alone—withouten leaf or bud.
What wild dreams stir in her blood?
Under her hood what dream of mirth,
Of a new Heaven and a new earth?

Perspective Impressions

Let us change the name from the Boughten to the Brothel Bulletin.

The passion for seduction appears to run in the Caminetti family.

Who would have thought that an interstate escapade could endanger a Cabinet?

The motorcycle is a less expensive agent of death than the motor car.

The McNab aroused makes a noise in Washington like "The Campbells are Coming."

"The President will appoint Heney special prosecutor." News item.

Is this by way of rebuking us for applauding McNab?

The clergymen of Los Angeles who are organizing a boycott against a wide-open exposition probably intended to come as deadheads, and anyway we'd rather have them stay in Los Angeles.

They are trying to expel cockneyism from London speech. If they succeed one of the greatest charms of a London sojourn will disappear.

David Starr Jordan told President Wilson that it wasn't so. When asked what wasn't so, he didn't know. The habit of breaking in somehow once acquired can never be overcome.

Says the Rev. Cal. Warner, pastor of the First M. E. Church of Palo Alto: "Prostitution must cease." Which is even briefer than "Let there be light," but not quite so definite.

The Municipal Clinic is "a crime against chivalry," according to the Rev. George Burlingame. By way of retort to drivelly let us ask, What about scourging the prostitute from pillar to post?

William Allen White pronounces Governor Johnson "one of the six leaders of the world's progress." Ben Lindsey of Denver is probably the other five, yet of late it seems that Ben is going the way of all ephemera in public life.

Because Danny Ryan cannot find any law against paying a man out of the State Treasury for work that was never done, the conclusion isn't imperative that there is no such law; nor is the principle to be generally accepted that the silence of lawmakers gives consent.

Senator Ashurst thus: "Mr. Hearst hits the nail on the head as he always does." Those who have followed the course of Mr. Hearst's relations with public men will find consolation in the thought that in the course of time the Arizona Senator will look like a nail to the distinguished journalist.

Even the men on the new jury panel showed their approval by sending roses to McNab. Now let the judge who is trying the cases suggest to the defendants that they plead guilty. We have about reached the point where accusation is conclusive evidence of guilt. The principle of the presumption of innocence has gone a-glimmering along with other unholy things that once were the boast of the free American.

Varied Types

CXXXII—JOHN L. McNAB

By Edward F. O'Day

Twenty-two years ago, when he had just turned eighteen, John L. McNab wrote a letter from the family sheep ranch in Mendocino County to Brother Gavin in San Francisco. It was an important letter because it carried the news that John had made up his mind to study law. In due time came the answering letter from Gavin.

"I remember the wording of that letter as well as if I had only received it this morning," says John L. McNab in telling the story.

And this was the pith of what the experienced Gavin wrote to his younger brother:

"If you sit down at home with an unabridged dictionary at your elbow and read through Blackstone's Commentaries twelve times, you'll know more law than any lawyer in San Francisco."

As a comment on our legal giants it was a pretty little hit; as a bit of fraternal advice it was probably not intended to be taken too literally. But John L. McNab has more of the family's Scotch matter-of-fact than of the family's Scotch sense of humor. He took Gavin's advice literally.

"The first time I went through Blackstone," he says, "I was utterly discouraged and overwhelmed by the mass of obsolete legal phraseology. I came very near throwing the book down the well. Perhaps an innate reverence for all books prevented me. I tackled it the second time. When I had once more reached 'finis' at the end of the second volume I began to see a faint glimmer of light. I went at it again. On the third reading the full significance of the book began to dawn on me. But understanding was born in pain and weariness. However I gritted my teeth and sailed into it once more. At the end of a year and a half I had read Blackstone an even dozen times."

In that anecdote you may find the key to John L. McNab's success. Twenty-two years ago he was already cultivating the priceless habit of "keeping everlastingly at it." He was indefatigably studious. Weariness could not wear him down; no overtraining could stale his intellectual ardor. He leaped at obstacles with the enthusiasm of a hurdler; the difficulty gave zest to the contest. And in that respect John L. McNab is the same today as he was twenty-two years ago.

The elder McNabs came from Glasgow. The mother had the culture of splendid education. The father had the culture that comes to men of no schooling from a passionate delight in the best literature. And that, by the way, is a culture to be found among Scotch and Irish poor people as it is found nowhere else in the world. The Nile street photograph gallery where the elder McNab made the pictures of Glasgow folk and where William Black, the novelist, William Caird, the great pulpit orator and other prom-

inent men liked to while away an hour in chat, is still to be seen. Ill health came to McNab and he resolved to cross the sea and find new life in California. He bought a sheep ranch near Ukiah, a ranch of seven thousand acres which is still in the possession of the family. That was in 1871. Two years later John L. McNab was born.

"My father," says John L. McNab, "brought his fine library across the Isthmus of Panama. It covered the whole field of English literature, but when I look back to my boyhood days and recall the long winter nights that we boys spent before the fire absorbed in reading, the books I think of first are the Waverley Novels, the Tales from Blackwood, Chamber's Journal, Alison's History of Europe, Adam Smith's Wealth

an unappeasable appetite to history. I read Green's Longer History of England while flat on my back with pneumonia. It made me hungry for more, so I followed with Macaulay's History of England and Carlyle's French Revolution and Past and Present. After that I was launched beyond all hope of recall. Literature formed the staple of our talk. One of my brothers was a great admirer of Hume; Gavin preferred Gibbon to all other historians; Macaulay was my favorite. And many an hour we spent analyzing their work and comparing their styles of composition. It was a life to which I look back with the liveliest satisfaction."

When we finished at the district school John L. McNab followed the example of the other country boys around him by going to business college. He attended the Pacific Business College in this city, returning to the sheep ranch in the Mendocino hills when he was eighteen. It was then he received that letter from Gavin which started him out on the conquest of the law. He had no instructor in law, but despite this handicap he was ready for his examinations before he had reached his majority. Immediately after his twenty-first birthday he was admitted to practice. The next two years he spent at home studying history and political economy. Then he went down to Ukiah and nailed up his shingle.

"The first year I spent like Peter Sterling looking through a knot hole. I earned not more than fifty dollars. But I took every case that came along, fee or no fee, and several times I was appointed by the court in cases which afterwards developed local importance.

"One day at the end of the first year there was a rap at my door, and J. E. Cooper, more recently presiding justice of the Appellate Court, walked in. He told me that he was about to leave Ukiah, that he had received many offers for his practice, but that he preferred to keep it intact. So would I consider forming a partnership with his confidential clerk Maurice Hirsch? I nearly fell off my chair into the fireplace. Hirsch and I continued as partners until May, 1911, when I resolved to make a new start in San Francisco."

Meanwhile John L. McNab had entered politics. When he was twenty-one he ran for the Assembly against John Bunyan Sanford and was badly beaten.

"I credit whatever success I have achieved to that defeat," he says. "Had I won I should have become a politician. I lost and tried to become a man."

McNab was never again a candidate for office, but he didn't keep out of politics. He was a delegate to the State convention which witnessed the three-cornered fight between Pardee, Gage and Flint. But he was a humble delegate who

(Continued on Page 21)

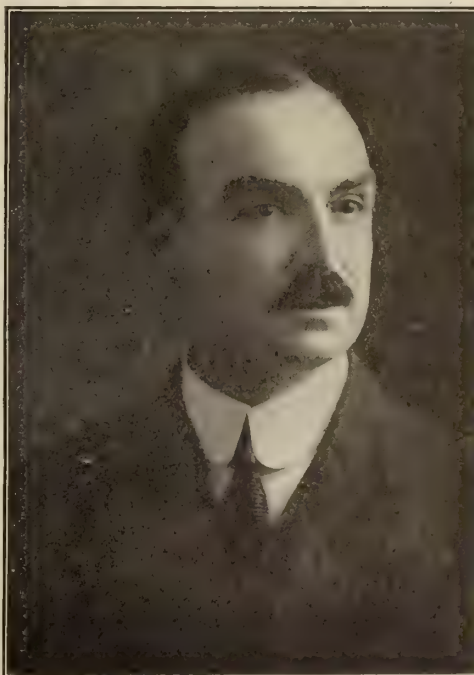


Photo Terkelson and Henry.

JOHN L. McNAB

of Nations, the first edition of Burns, Macaulay and Carlyle.

"We were locked away in the loneliness of the hills, far removed from schools. It was a wild country in those days, and there was plenty of ribaldry, drinking, gambling and lawless dissipation. My mother was the strongest and most beautiful character I ever knew and I cannot think of her now without tears in my eyes. It was due to her influence that we escaped the dangers that surrounded us in that primitive society, and her influence sent us to good books and filled us with a passion for knowledge.

"My brother Gavin too was a strong influence in my early life. He taught me at home before a district school was built near enough for me to attend. It was at Largo four miles away, and I rode the eight miles on horseback during the summer term. In the winter there was no school, but our father was a prosperous farmer and could afford a governess who was also a music teacher and who stayed at the ranch directing our education. So winter and summer our education went on under regular discipline.

"In that first flush of boyhood I turned with

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The People's Forum

Offensive Films

Editor Town Talk, Dear Sir: You were perfectly right in calling the attention of the Chamber of Commerce and the Exposition Directors to that offensive film manufactured by the Lubin people and entitled "A San Francisco Earthquake." Such a picture widely shown would do incalculable harm to this city by frightening tourists and causing them to give us a wide berth. The ordinary frequenter of moving picture shows has no way of ascertaining whether such a film represents an actual happening photographed on the spot or is merely a fiction picture manufactured in the moving picture plant. If there is no way of preventing the exhibition of such pictures why could we not have a law patterned after the Pure Food Act compelling the use of a label on such films reading: "This picture made at our plant. It is not based on fact"? At the same time I do not concede that it is impossible to prevent the use of such films. Pressure should be brought to bear to have "A San Francisco Earthquake" destroyed.

Sincerely,

—Van Loan Smith.

Alma and John

Editor Town Talk, Sir: They say style is the man. Accepting that proposition I will suggest that Alma Greene is John D. Barry. Alma Greene purports to be one of the unfortunate ladies of the underworld very much interested in the Bulletin's voice therefrom. John D. Barry is the authority on syphilis and the art of writing who daily invites his soul on the editorial page of the Bulletin for the edification of culturines. He once wrote a book which purported to have been written by a woman. How natural that he should contribute a letter to the Bulletin's symposium! The letter begins thus, "Out-

casts are not supposed to have a voice, but I cannot help writing." Isn't that like Mr. Barry? If Mr. Barry could help writing he wouldn't write. Again: "I am not a denizen of the segregated district, but a free lance." How ready to the hand of the journalist is the expression—"free lance"! How foreign to the thought of the demi-mondaine! Again: "Even though it is true, the truth will not bear telling. That is what is wrong with the world!" Who that reads Mr. Barry daily and religiously as I do, can fail to recognize that chunk of pocket wisdom and the habit of ascribing the wrongness of the world to the monumentally trivial? Here is another: "Your proposed narrative is important, but I am afraid it cannot depict the truth." A strumpet of twenty-one might write journalese but I doubt it. And here is a sentiment that is absolutely Barry-ose: "Should God turn his searchlight on civilization we should all immediately become brothers and sisters, and we might really get together and try to redeem our so-called humanity." In the Barry philosophy it is God's neglect of little things that renders us imperfect; the inadequacy of His tools, as it were. Oh, I'm sure Mr. Barry and Alma Greene are one. This is what makes it a cinch: "I am weak at expressing my knowledge, and yet I want to do it." Read Barry on the art of writing and you will see that Alma and John think along the same lines. As a matter of fact Alma isn't weak at expressing her knowledge. For a twenty-onester she expresses herself very well. And here is where I throw out a pointer of my own on the art of fiction. Assuming that Mr. Barry wrote the letter there is this to be said of it,—he has not sufficient imagination to realize the character. And that is probably why his novels are not read. If the letter is not Barry's it is obviously the work of a newspaperman or woman. The author was un-

able to conceive the thoughts of a twenty-one year old prostitute. The letter abounds in thoughts that may easily be recognized as the thoughts that maudlin sentimentalists have about prostitutes. But the fatal defect of the letter is its illogicality. The writer represents Alma in the first paragraph as a "free lance" not of the segregated district. A little later we learn that she is in "a parlor house," which is hardly a place for a "free lance." From what is told of all the women in the house it appears that there are seventeen of them, which is an incredibly large number for one "parlor house." The author is also represented as being twenty-one years of age, and as having been ruined at sixteen. But it also appears that Alma is the mother of two children and that she is educating both of them. Surely the second one is acquiring an education at an extremely early age. But perhaps she has twins and they are at a kindergarten. And now fancy a girl of twenty-one who quit school at sixteen making a living in "a first class parlor house" and writing like a journalist of experience, telling us of the "superficiality and thoughtlessness" of her seducer; informing us that there are "many angles to the problem," and realizing that "respectable women are so ready to condemn the demi-monde and condone the acts of men; yet feeling that she is weak in expressing her knowledge while "conscious of a striving not to offend." Alma is a precocious lass, with an instinctive knowledge of grammar and considerable facility in rhetoric. Why the girl writes well enough to get a job on the Bulletin, and therefore she really doesn't have to "live the life" in order to support those two children.

Yours truly,

—Frederic L. Fittcock.

Reassurance

By Ethel Colburn Mayne

For many years now Miss Frith had been spoken of by her family and friends as "wonderful." She was far, far on in the 'seventies, but stately, strong, with no deafness or alarm, though marks were not absent from her face and form, for she was of the type that scorns an aped youthfulness. But the tall, dignified figure had kept its lines, was neither shivelled nor flaccid; the skin, despite the wrinkles, had a beautiful delicacy of surface, the eyes were clear, the lips firm. She was proud of it all, in the gentle, deprecating fashion which was a family trait. All the Friths had a peculiar gentleness of tone and look that only their vitality and humor kept from degenerating into mildness; sometimes now, indeed, Miss Frith was mild, and the times were becoming more frequent. But to any who presumed on this growing timidity, retribution quickly came. There had been a tribe of distant cousins (not of "the name") who had foisted themselves on her, coming to stay when they chose, and as long as they chose. For some years she had suffered it; the infliction was great, but no personal offense was given, and she had always very keenly desired to be "kind." Though the difference these visits made to her comfort and rest was hardly to be calculated—for she habitually did much more in the house than she

ought to have done, or was at all desired to do by her servants—she had accepted them always, and with unflinching cordiality.

Then came the predestined day on which the spiritual intrusion followed the material one—the day on which a question was asked, an arrangement made, unmistakable in its implication that she "was getting too old to notice." The tribe then knew rebuke as never had they known it before. The large eyes flashed, the soft voice rang—they had gone too far, and that was a bourne whence no traveler returned.

But when they were gone to come no more, she was aware of a curious dread. They had helped her to keep off something. . . . What was it? What could it be? She was well; the tall figure, bending now a little from the waist, was active from its old early hour—earlier than the servants': there was a legend in the family (never suspected by her) that she took in "early tea" to her domestics. About and about the house she would move, dusting, cooking, washing the old china. When the crisis with the cousins came, it was almost jam-making time; she was thinking about getting her fruit. A strange notion crossed her mind as she wrote out the lists: "Why should I make jam this year?" But she dismissed it; there had come with it that sense of dread, as

of something creeping up behind her. Why shouldn't she make jam? She always had made it, and nothing was different.

When the fruit arrived, she looked at it almost exultantly. It was as if it had tried to escape her. With unusual briskness she made her preparations; the jam should be better than ever! Proudly she regarded the long line of jars when all was done; but at thought of the covering tomorrow again that lassitude invaded her spirit. The blue eyes dwelt wearily on the materials; a voice seemed to sigh somewhere: "Why? Why?"

There came a ring at the door, and a niece—not one of the "tribe," but a recent comer to Miss Frith's neighborhood—was announced as in the drawing-room. At once the weariness was gone. "Annie likes my strawberry jam." The

(Continued on Page 22.)

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Poems About San Francisco

XCIX—THE GOLDEN GATE

By Charles S. Newhall

(This little poem appeared in the Sunset Magazine for April of this year. It was dedicated to Joaquin Miller. The writer's name is an unfamiliar one, but if he has other work like this it would be interesting to see it in print.)

Under the gold of sunset skies
The narrow portals lie.
No sail in sight; but through the night
The great sea-ships will fly—
From south and west in eager quest
Will hold their storm-swept way,
To enter at the dawn and rest
Safe-anchored in the bay;

Like souls, in wilder seas
On longer quest,
That gain through narrower gates
A surer rest.

The Spectator

The Decline and Fall of Dunn

When Allan Dunn pawned the jeweled brooch he had stolen from the home of a woman friend he signed the name of Elbert Hubbard to the pawn ticket. It was like Allan Dunn to do that. He could not take the criminal situation soberly enough to refrain from a characteristic witticism. Allan Dunn could no more resist the temptation to jest than he could resist the temptation to steal. Cursed with a fatal facility that carried him along the line of least resistance, he pursued his primrose path to ruin with an easy smile and a tongue tipped with glibness. To the mind of Allan Dunn the world owed him a living and he collected the debt indiscriminately from friend and stranger, wasting no anxiety on the danger of such a course and reserving his tears until he was found out. His derelictions are bound to shock everybody who knew him more than they shock himself. His was "the good old rule, the simple plan, that they should take who have the power, and they should keep who can." Because his lines were cast in polite places he practiced that system of the border raiders on the men and women who liked him for his showy qualities and made him their guest at home or house party.

A Career That Promised

When Allan Dunn came here from England he had the prestige of an Oxford degree, and his flashy facility with pen and pencil winning him admission to clubdom, he made his clubs the stepping stone to smart society. Allan Dunn could write showily if not brilliantly; he could paint and draw well enough. He could turn a sonnet or a sulphuric phrase, frame a set of verses suitable to music or lay in the colors of a landscape suitable for the annual exhibition at the Bohemian Club. Look in Who's Who and you will find that Allan Dunn has published several things. There were his Songs of the Yosemite which Doctor Humphrey Stewart set to music. There was more recently his "Carefree San Francisco," a carefree characterization of the city which might have been much better if Allan Dunn had ever learned the literary discipline which practices the labor of the file by the light of the midnight oil. But any sort of discipline was alien to Allan Dunn.

A Victim of His Clubs

Allan Dunn is a conspicuous victim of the tragedy of San Francisco clubdom. In our clubs all who have the knack of writing or painting or talking glibly reach an easy distinction. With us the dilettante gains swift recognition; where there are few connoisseurs, superficial cleverness is honored out of all proportion to its merit. The result of this heady triumph is too often ruin. The pace is too fast, and while there are always fair weather friends to lend assistance when club bills must be met and there are no funds to meet them with, the end is usually submergence. Many a man has been ruined by the foolish attempt to keep up with the extravagant spenders of the local clubs; some are being ruined just that way at the present time. But there are always others to take their places. In Allan Dunn's case the ruin is complicated by disgrace. That has happened to others too.

A Limelight Lover

The attention focused on United States Attorney John L. McNab during the past week must have excited the envy of Clayton Herrington. Clayton is avid of the stage center; he thinks he looks best when his features are bathed in lime-light. So Clayton rushed into our ken with a stupendous document clutched in his fist. It was nothing less than a telegram to the President, calling upon him to dismiss the Attorney General from his Cabinet. This remarkable request from an individual draws attention to Clayton Herrington. People are asking one another, Who in Malebolge is Clayton Herrington? Who is this person vested with such power plenipotentiary that he appeals to the President on behalf of "every mother, every father, every decent man and woman in the State"? Not many can answer these questions, for the simple reason that Clayton hasn't cut much of a dash in our midst. His name is not a household word; his achievements are not on the tongue of the general. But in certain circles Clayton is fairly well known. Let's look him over.

A Federal Sleuth

I have seen Clayton Herrington referred to as "Judge" Herrington, but the fact that the juristic title is usually enclosed in quotation marks seems

to indicate that it is used only in the spoofing sense. The analysis of the Diggs-Caminetti and Western Fuel evidence in Clayton's wire to the President makes the use of "Judge" before his name a capital joke. But as a matter of fact Clayton Herrington has not long been admitted to the bar. His business is sleuthing. He's a federal hawkshaw, is Clayton. He is the local head of the federal bureau of investigation of the Department of Justice. This bureau is a sort of secret service bureau, and was established by President Roosevelt when he had a row with Chief Wilkie of the Secret Service and clipped the wings of that arm of the government until its activities were confined almost entirely to the hunting down of counterfeiters. The bureau of investigation of the Department of Justice works up the evidence in white slave cases and other crimes that come within the scope of the federal courts. There are only two men in the local bureau, Friend Clayton and "Black" Allen, a former newspaperman who attends to the routine work while Clayton devotes himself largely to the eradication of white slavery.

He's an Uplifter

Clayton Herrington is one of our most enthusiastic uplifters. He is strong for the Redlight Abatement Law and has gooseflesh every time he thinks of the iniquitous Municipal Clinic. In other words Clayton is one of that interesting band of local crusaders who insist that prostitution can be and must be wiped off the face of this

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perfectible world. Speaking of the people who wanted the Municipal Clinic abolished Doctor Rosenstirn, chairman of the advisory commission of the Clinic, thus paid his respects to Herrington: "Among the people from whom they obtained their information was the so-called 'Judge' Herrington who is in the federal service just at present and who, as chairman of the Commonwealth Club investigating committee, has gathered a great deal of evidence concerning the social evil. He has used it to put himself in contact with the women's clubs and church people and to help them in their opposition to the Clinic, for what purpose I do not know. Some of his information was obtained from Mr. Maguire, the superintendent of the Clinic. This information 'Judge' Herrington distorted to a great extent. Other data of his own proved entirely unreliable and of absolutely no value, as I showed in the discussion of the Clinic before the Economic Club and before the Mayor." To this statement by Doctor Rosenstirn Clayton has interposed no demurrer.

A Job in Sight

Clayton Herrington stands an excellent chance of losing his federal job on account of that wire he sent to President Wilson demanding the expulsion of Attorney General McReynolds from the Cabinet. I suppose he knew he couldn't hold on under a Democratic administration and was therefore emboldened to fly in the face of his superior. But there is another job in sight for him, I believe. There was recently organized here an Anti-Slave Society whose large endeavor it will be to eradicate white slavery. The members of this society are collecting a fund for the foundation of a home for repentant white slaves. I understand that if this project materializes Clayton Herrington will be the superintendant. White slaves will then be metamorphosed into good girls under his watchful eye. Of course if the Department of Justice fires Clayton he will be a martyr to the cause of righteousness, and his stock will soar with all the white slave crusaders.

The Whitewashing of McReynolds

The whitewashing of the Attorney-General is in the nature of a paradox. The President finds that McReynolds did nothing wrong but that nevertheless the facts warrant a reversal of his action. But the Attorney-General is far from being out of the woods. There is to be a congressional investigation unless the President can smother it in its incipency. And this is not the only scandal that gives the Administration concern. Judge Lovett says he has been approached by several persons who offered to facilitate the unmerging of the Southern Pacific

and Union Pacific railroad companies on terms satisfactory to the directors of the corporations. These persons wished Judge Lovett to understand that they were in a position to put through the deal because of their very happy relations with the powers that be. Now it may be that these person were peddling a gold brick, but the matter is of sufficient importance to demand investigation. And nobody should be more eager for an investigation than Attorney-General McReynolds since it might be presumed that in this particular matter he is the embodiment of "the powers that be." If there are rogues bargaining to sell him out he ought to be eager to have them exposed.

The Lottery Arrests

There was nothing in the papers last week about one of the most sensational arrests of recent months. I say "sensational" on account of the prominence and influence of the men arrested. They were the editors of the morning and afternoon newspapers, and they were charged with "aiding and abetting lotteries" by publishing in their columns the lists of the winning numbers. It only happens once in a generation that a batch of editors are haled before the booking sergeant in the Hall of Justice. But the newspapers failed to regard it as a "story." No paper scooped the others on it. All were equally silent. The editors were arrested on complaint of a woman named Heugel whose attorney is Twain Michelson and the case was assigned to the court of Police Judge Wiley F. Crist. Thus we see how all things work together to round out the comedy of life. Two of the agents in the embarrassment of the editors were men who owe their prominence to these same editors. Nobody ever heard of Twain Michelson or of Wiley F. Crist until the newspapers gave them prominence during the Weller recall movement. And now we find one of them acting as attorney for a woman who swears that the editors have broken the law, while the other has the disagreeable duty of sitting in the case.

Former Cases

Judging from the decision of a former case nothing will happen to the editors who encouraged gambling by publishing the lottery lists. During his ascendancy in local politics Abe Ruef had the editors arrested on the same charge. At that time Judge Cabaniss rendered an opinion that the publication of the lottery lists was not a violation of the law because after the drawing the lottery ceased to exist. In other words Judge Cabaniss held that there was no corpus delicti. On another occasion the Supreme Court of this State handed down a similar decision. Certain

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former employes of an engraving house in St. Louis which printed lottery tickets came out to the coast with a bundle of blank tickets which they had stolen. They distributed themselves throughout the large cities up and down the coast, obtained the winning numbers from a confederate in the City of Mexico where the drawing for this particular lottery took place, stamped these numbers on their blank tickets and on the day the lists appeared in the newspapers presented their tickets at the offices of the lottery agents and collected about \$80,000. They were arrested, convicted and sentenced to eighteen months in the County Jail. They applied for writs of habeas corpus which were granted by the Supreme Court on the same grounds embodied in the decision of Judge Cabaniss.

What Would Crist Do?

It may not be generally known that the newspapers do not publish the lottery lists in any editions of the newspapers which are sent through the mails. The lottery lists are only to be found in the papers which are circulated by carriers or sold by newsboys. There is a federal statute on the subject of lotteries for which the editors have a most healthy respect, and they are careful not to subject themselves to the attention of the postal authorities. But it doesn't look as though the editors have anything to fear in the State or county courts. If they had the condition would be interesting to the outsider. It would be particularly interesting to see what Police Judge Crist would do to the editor of the Call. For the Call took a most comprehensive editorial smash at Judge Crist last Saturday. Crist had attempted to make a rule that he would not sign warrants while on the bench. The Call declared that he was taking himself too seriously. His departure from custom was "inspired by a solitary appreciation of his own importance." The Call reminded Crist that he was wearing "the public's livery"; that he was put on the police bench "not in response to any public clamor born of a widespread appreciation of his exceptional worth or fitness"; and it was mean enough to add that "had the recall organization named a popular candidate against Judge Weller his recall would have been recorded in a majority of thousands instead of a few hundreds of votes." Police Judge Crist's feelings toward the editor of the Call may be imagined. I wonder what he would do to that editor if he got a chance?

The Future of the Call

Speculation about the Call is once more in order. The option held by W. W. Chapin of Seattle will expire on the first of November, and it will then be up to him either to surrender the paper, to have his option extended or to purchase the property. Whether or not John D. Spreckels would be willing to sell the Call nobody but Mr. Spreckels is in a position to state. Meanwhile

"Charley" Hornick, the former general manager of the Call who went to Europe for his health, will return to this city about the first of August. I understand that he is in excellent physical trim and prepared to get back in harness. We can only wait to see what will happen.

Blanche Fell Over

The Monday night audience was obstreperous in showing its admiration for Blanche Bates. On her appearance she was saluted with a pitter-patter of applause which prevented her from speaking her first line. She smiled, she clenched her fists in an ecstasy of delight and kissed her upturned palms, that being the very latest thing for feminine stars to do on such occasions. Finally she had to signal to the audience to let her talk. At the end of the second act little bouquets of Cecil Bruner roses were fired at her from several seats in the front rows. I suspect her dear friend "Dick" Hotelling of having inspired that attention. And the applause was so insistent that she had to make a speech. She was breathless with happiness, but managed to say how she loved us and how good it was to be back with us. "I have a new play, a new management and a new domestic arrangement," she added, the last phrase having reference to her marriage to George Creel of Denver. At the close of the third act there was a procession of ushers bearing flowers in profusion. Again Miss Bates was overcome. She bowed herself away from the curtain with her arms full of roses and tumbled against the side of a sofa, collapsing on the cushion. But she got up laughing heartily and remarked that despite her experience she was still awkward among stage properties, a statement which the audience accepted with applause good nature. It was indeed a great night for Blanche.

To Illustrate the Underworld

"I've got a great idea!"

The speaker was the man who winds the ferry clock.

"Where did you get it?" asked the pile driver. "Out of the Bulletin. There's a great paper! Better reading in a column of it than in a whole book like 'Three Weeks.'"

"What's your idea?" asked the pile driver.

"Well I'll tell you, and perhaps you'll want to go in with me. But first let me ask you—are you on to what's behind this underworld campaign?"

The pile driver confessed his ignorance, and the clock winder bestowed on him a look of commiseration. "You realize, don't you," he asked, "that the Bulletin is working up sentiment against the redlight abatement bill?" That hadn't occurred to the pile driver. "Well," said the clock

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winder, "give ear to the voices from the underworld and you will find out that they are pleading to be let alone and demanding that society quit pursuing them and making life harder than it is, and"—

"But what's your idea?" asked the impatient pile driver.

"My idea is to get a little of the good money that the owners of property in the redlight district are putting out."

"How?"

"Easily enough. Start a moving picture show, and give illustrations from day to day of the stuff in the Bulletin."

"The police'd pull the house," said the pile driver.

"There you go again!"—this in a tone of disgust. "If the police will let the newspaper print it and Uncle Sam will carry the paper in the mails how can anybody kick if I show the women doing the things they're talking about? Don't be a Progressive."

"A Progressive?"

"In other words, a damphool." Presently assuaging himself the clock winder resumed. "But just to make sure there won't be any interference I'll have the pictures censored every day by a jury of clubwomen—twelve of them, to make it a cinch."

"Where will you get them?" the incorrigible skeptic asked.

"That's the easiest part of it," said the clock winder.

Burgess to Write the Grove Play

Gelett Burgess is going to write the next grove play for the Bohemian Club. I think this is an interesting announcement, for it seems to mark the return of Burgess to serious work. For the past several years his literary output has been largely of the freakish variety. It has been "goopy" and "blurby," bounded on one side by the Maxims of Methusalem and on the other by the impossibilities of Lady Mechante. Perhaps Burgess has been the victim of a youthful indiscretion. He has never been quite able to live down the Purple Cow and the gaucheries of the period which saw its production. If Burgess settles himself seriously to work of the sort he did before the days of the Lark, he may produce something worthy of his talent. That little volume "A Gage of Youth" proved that Gelett could write poetry worth while. If he extends himself in the composition of the grove play of 1914 he will do his

reputation a signal service. Burgess came here to visit his mother who has been quite ill at Santa Rosa, and has divided his time between Sonoma County and the Bohemian Club.

Germans Against the Fair

There is much speculation in the London and New York newspapers as to what the attitude of the principal European nations toward the Panama-Pacific Exposition is to be. According to the special Berlin correspondent of the London Daily Mail Germany is to boycott the Exposition and England will follow whatever action is taken by Germany. It appears that German manufacturers are greatly worried by the threat of our Government to impose a surtax of five per cent on all imports entering the United States in foreign bottoms. Also they are terribly indignant that it should be proposed to compel foreign firms to exhibit their books for American customs purposes. The free citizens of free America may be willing to let their public servants do that sort of thing, but the subjects of the Kaiser have an instinctive aversion to governmental interference in private affairs. The Daily Mail correspondent says that the German iron, steel and chemical trades, whose views are generally accepted, will hear of no participation in the fair in any circumstances. And he adds that the indifference of the German Government is based "on private inquiries in the Eastern American States which indicated that interest in the Exhibition was only slight on their side of the Mississippi"; also, "there is an impression moreover that the Exhibition is really only a local Californian affair which has not yet received the financial support of Congress."

One German Paper Friendly

According to despatches from Berlin in the New York papers the German Foreign Office has been trying to head off the boycott movement against the fair. And the Frankfort Gazette is said to have excoriated the commercial powers for their "tactless and shortsighted" policy. The Gazette has said there is no better place than San Francisco for exhibiting German wares to the Canadians and the people of the west coast of South America, and besides "Germany has not so many friends that she can afford to affront the United States."

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I. N. RANDALL - - General Agent

of the Republican State Central Committee, came to town the other day and was not at all averse to talking politics. An optimistic Republican is Colonel Hammond, feeling very kindly disposed both to the Progressive administration at Sacramento and the Wilson administration at Washington. He believes they are making capital for the G. O. P., and that neither Democracy nor Progressivism is gaining in public favor. Speaking of legislation in Washington Colonel Hammond said that the interests of California do not seriously concern Democratic statesmen as they regard this as a hopeless State from their party standpoint. "They are going to hit us mighty hard," he said. "The citrus fruit growers are not to be the only sufferers. It looks as though the manufacturers of sweet wines are to be driven out of business. I'm one of them and I can see my finish." Asked to explain Colonel Hammond said that a tax of \$1.10 is to be put on every gallon of brandy which the manufacturer of sweet wine distills to fortify his wine with. This will necessitate raising the price of sweet wine twenty-five cents a gallon. The wholesaler will not handle it at the increased cost. There are thirty-five million gallons of sweet wine manufactured in California every year. The government will derive \$7,000,000 a year from the tax on the brandy used in the manufacture of sweet wine; that is provided the manufacture of sweet wines continues. But as the tax will completely destroy the industry there will be no revenue. The effect of the imposition of the tax will be the promotion of the interests of foreign manufacturers at the expense of the grapegrowers and wine manufacturers of California. It's a simple story and a sad one, and there must be no "insidious lobbying to prevent the realization of it."

Off for the Desert

Xavier Martinez, "the Zuroaga of Piedmont," is off to the desert in search of inspiration. He is even now bound for Gallup, New Mexico, where he will outfit himself with burros, cook, provisions and other equipment for a long stay in the arid haunts of the Indians. In ten days or so Frank MacComas, our greatest wizard of aquarelle, will follow him, and the two will trek together. Friends of Martinez think that this desert trip will mark the turning point in his career, that his study of the gorgeous, the almost incredible desert color will lend new magic to his brushes and result in the production of pictures such as he has never approached in all his former work, excellent as it has been. Of MacComas too great things are expected. The two artists are great friends, sufficiently different in temperament to get along splendidly together.

The New Solano Empire

San Francisco will always cast an interested eye at anything that is new and particularly if it is both new and big. And this last week San Francisco's eye was caught by the bigness of A. J. Rich & Co.'s advertising campaign in be-

half of Solano Irrigated Farms. Double page and full page advertisements on Sundays in every paper and repeated throughout the week are novelties in San Francisco; likewise, rumor has it, they are expensive but, according to authoritative report, they are so successful that Solano lands have been selling at the rate of \$50,000 a day. The smash of the selling campaign is relative to the size of the project, which is the biggest thing in California's present period of empire building and it is said to be the biggest reclamation enterprise under private capital in the United States. Speed and record breaking development have marked Solano Farms since their inception when Patrick Calhoun and a group of local and eastern capitalists took hold of the enterprise. In six months 450 individually owned farms, constituting nearly one-third of the area of Solano County have been brought under one ownership and their reclamation by irrigation and drainage is nearly an accomplished fact. In fifty working days five dredges, one of them larger than any on the Panama Canal, dug a canal twelve miles long, eighty feet wide and nineteen feet deep, tapped the Sacramento River and carried its waters to a reservoir in the heart of the tract where 400,000,000 gallons can be stored. Big pumps are being installed; irrigation canals dug; thousands of acres plowed by tractor engines and seeded to alfalfa; a ship canal is being dredged from Suisun bay to the site of Solano City and railroads are shooting their lines into the tract. The rails of the Oakland & Antioch are already laid; the Sacramento Valley Electric will begin building in three months and the Vallejo & Northern will soon follow suit. Solano Irrigated Farms aggregate 120,000 acres and lie between the Sacramento River and the Southern Pacific main line on the west. The towns of Dixon, Elmira, Rio Vista, Suisun and Fairfield are all on the boundaries of the property. The first unit of 10,000 acres was placed on the market last Sunday and the immediate demand of the first day is continuing.

Souvenirs at Techau's

There are many excellent reasons for the favorable opinion which is so generally entertained of Techau Tavern. The management does not believe that its duty ends with the more obvious details of cafe service but is ever on the alert to extend some unusual courtesy to patrons, notably the presentation of various souvenirs to the ladies. One of the most appreciated of these gifts is the beautiful little bottle of Halcyon Rose Perfume from the famous laboratories of the Hanson-Jenks Company of New York; a truly delightful scent of rare merits and great popularity.

During the Summer season "TOWN TALK" subscribers are requested to send in promptly any change of address that they may contemplate making, so that the paper will reach them regularly.

CLIFF HOUSE

SAN FRANCISCO'S MOST FAMOUS RESORT

Unsurpassed Cuisine

(a la carte service)

Dancing in Ball Room Every Evening

Private Banquet and Dining Rooms

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(table d'hôte)

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American Dishes
Chinese Maids
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Attendance
Music
Mercantile Lunch
for
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LADIES—FAMILY DINING ROOMS

Pacific Building Market and Fourth Sts., San Francisco

H. L. HIRSCH, Manager

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Ladies' Grill and Rooms for Parties
Special Lunches 50c or a la Carte

Regular French Dinner with Wine, \$1.00

Vocal and Instrumental Music

Phone Kearny 1812

All Cars Pass the Door

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AUTHORIZED CAPITAL \$1,000,000

246-248 PHELAN BUILDING

(Arcade Floor)

All Business Strictly Confidential

We Have Private Offices for Our Patrons

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Emil's Frosted Pane

Emil Bruguere, I am told, is the only man in Paris who wears a frosted monocle. Whether Emil can see through it or not the authority does not state, and it is immaterial anyway. A monocle is worn for its external interest. The frosted crystal must be particularly striking in its one-eyed effect. Trust Emil to do the striking things. The flash of his brilliant orange gloves is not forgotten in San Francisco. I am also told the young dilettante is collaborating with Rene Fauchois on a work for the Opera Comique, Emil, presumably to write the music, and Fauchois the words.

Art's the Fad

This summer the younger set of girls has gone in heavily for art. There is Louise Janin who took prizes for her modeling last spring and who is working at clay models in New Hampshire where she has a studio in the summer home of her relatives. Down at Carmel the Williams girls and Miss Mary Gayley of Berkeley are established for a season of sketching and serious art work with Miss Fortune, an artist from Edinburgh. Both Florence and Corona Williams have done creditable work and some of their sketches hang on the walls of their devoted grandmother's mansion in Laguna street. Then there are the Fee girls of whom Marcia, the elder who made her debut several years ago, has exceptional talent. She has been a student at the Art Institute for three years and has done sketches around Monterey where the Fees spend much time at Del Monte. The poets and novelists of the younger set, Miss Janet Von Schroeder, Marian Angelotti et al. are out of it. Painters and sculptors are to the fore.

The Lucky O'Connor Girls

Everyone says the O'Connor sisters are the luckiest girls in society so far as their friends are concerned. They are always being invited by some one to go somewhere. Last year Mrs. Will Tevis took Maud O'Connor to Panama. The year before Mrs. Tevis took one of the sisters abroad, and this season Maud is with Mrs. Herman Oelrichs in Paris where they are having a gay visit. The secret of their luck, particularly

Maud's, is very likely cheerful disposition and generous sense of humor that make for companionship. Maud is an ideal traveling companion and as anyone who has traveled knows, that is a rare thing to find. The two young matrons who departed on a tour of the world together two years ago and parted in Singapore could testify to the strain travel places on a perfectly good friendship. Maud O'Connor can be relied on to get through a trying trip without a break in her cheerful serenity. No wonder she is lucky in her friends.

A Sesnon House Party

The Bohemian Club, or part of it, has been promised another party at Billy Sesnon's place near Capitola where one of the most delightful affairs in club annals was given a year or so back. For this the Sesnons "chartered" the hotel at Capitola where scores of Bohemians and their wives were their guests for several days with others in the Sesnon house. The place is one of the most attractive country homes in the State. The house is colonial and filled with art treasures of every period and style, principally oriental. The hall is a masterpiece of carved teak and Mrs. Sesnon frequently receives her guests there clad in embroidered Chinese robes. With a colonial exterior and Oriental interior the hospitality of the Sesnon house is distinctively Spanish Californian. Mrs. Sesnon is a daughter of the first American resident of Monterey under the Spanish regime. Her father gave his name to Porterville, and she has preserved the traditions of generous entertaining that her family knew before the gringos came.

Miss Painter Weds

When have we seen a fairer bride than Janet Painter? There was beauty in profusion to make Christ Church, Alameda, radiant on Monday night when Miss Painter's bridal attendants walked down the aisle; but more beautiful than all her attendants was the dainty blonde girl who was going to the altar to make her vows with Dr. Philip Paul Bliss of Santa Cruz. That was the unanimous opinion of the several hundred guests who gathered from both sides of the bay to witness the tying of the nuptial knot by the Rev.

Everett W. Couper. The pretty younger daughter of the Edgar Painters, Pauline, was her sister's maid of honor, while the bridesmaids were the Misses Frances Ramsay, Ottilia Lane, Ethel Gregg, Alfreda Wright, Aimee Raisch, Edith Rucker and Mildred Breuner. These were gowned in pink, and the same color dominated the very artistic scheme of decoration in the church. A reception at the hospitable Painter home followed the ceremony, and then Dr. Bliss and his bride left on a honeymoon tour of several weeks. Their home will be in Santa Cruz, but the large circle of the bride's friends in San Francisco and across the bay hope that her visits in this neighborhood will be frequent.

An Unexpected Romance

Dr. Ralph de Lecaie Foster, the brilliant surgeon of San Diego, has a host of friends in society and club circles here, and the beautiful Miss Bordette Gordon Smith is one of the most popular society girls in San Jose, but neither in San Francisco, San Jose nor San Diego had any whisper of their romance gone abroad when they surprised everybody by their quiet marriage in San Francisco last Saturday. When the announcement was made in the papers Sunday morning that they had gone unostentatiously to the chambers of Judge Sturtevant and had been married with only one witness to the simple ceremony, L. Grant Carpenter, the well known attorney and writer, you may imagine the flutter that ensued in circles where Dr. Foster had long been regarded as a most eligible bachelor. A specialist of international standing, a writer of recognized authority, Dr. Foster belongs to a brilliant San Diego coterie that values brains above everything, and his dislike of pomp, happily shared by his lovely bride, was characteristically expressed in the simplicity of the wedding. Dr. Foster is a member of the Lotus Club in New York, the Press Club here, the Cuyamaca, Point Loma Golf and Yacht Club in San Diego, and he is one of the founders in the last city of the mysterious Brotherhood of St. Swithin to which many have sought admittance in vain. His charming and cultivated bride will be a distinct acquisition to the social life of the southern city.

Del Monte Notes

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Alexander gave a charming dinner to a number of their friends at Pebble

HOTEL DEL MONTE

125 miles south from San Francisco. Finest all-grass golf course in California
Daily rates—\$5, \$6 and \$7 per day. Special monthly rates

PACIFIC GROVE HOTEL

Three miles by trolley from Del Monte; under same management
Daily rates—\$2.50 to \$4 per day. Special monthly rates

CASTLE CRAGS

In the yellow pine forests of the Sacramento river
Rates—\$18 to \$24 per week. Western Union, Wells Fargo and Southern Pacific Offices
Good fishing; Riding horses; Automobiles

For further information and folders address: Manager, Castle Crags, Cal.

Above hotels are under the management of H. R. Warner, Del Monte, Cal.

THE \$15 VICTROLA FITS IN A GRIP

Take it to the Country

The \$15 Model is a genuine Victrola, only smaller than the wonderful original. It will fit in a grip or suitcase—no cumbersome horn to carry.
Fine for dance music.

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Sheet Music and Musical Merchandise
Kearny and Sutter Sts., San Francisco
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Beach Lodge on Monday evening. Among the guests: Mr. and Mrs. Frank Proctor, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. C. Bates, Mr. and Mrs. Wickham Havens, Miss Alice Vook, Miss Margaret Moore, Miss Blanche Pemberty, Miss Sallie Havens, Henry Breck, Messrs. Bull and Ogden. Chas. S. Fee of the Southern Pacific spent the week-end at Del Monte with his son Jerome Fee. Mrs. Fee with her two daughters Marcia and Elizabeth are in Alaska, and upon their return will no doubt spend several weeks here. The many friends of Mrs. Maddox and Knox Maddox were pleased to see them arrive this week. They expect to remain some time. Mr. Maddox has joined the list of golfers who are planning to play at Del Monte this summer. An attractive dinner party was that of Mrs. W. L. Hathaway who entertained Miss Hathaway, Miss Ruth Perkins, Messrs. Bull and Bowie Detrick. Mr. and Mrs. Hathaway have rented the Ocean View Cottage on the Seventeen-mile Drive for the summer. Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Pierce and Miss Pierce of San Francisco are at Del Monte for a couple of months. The Pacific Coast Lawn Tennis Association settled the annual Pacific Coast championship at Del Monte last week, and the winners of the different events were: Men's Singles, first, Wm. Johnston; second, John Strachan. Women's Singles, first, Miss Sarita Van Vliet; second, Mrs. Nicholas. Junior Singles, first, Bowie Detrick; second, H. V. D. John. Mixed Doubles, first, Miss Van Vliet and Mr. Griffin versus Mrs. Kullman and Wm. Davis. Men's Doubles, first, Johnston and Fottrell versus Strachan and Griffin. It was a successful and interesting week, the weather was ideal and in the evenings there was either a dance or some other form of amusement. The winner of this tournament will be sent east later on to fight for the championship of the United States.

Notes from Castle Crag

Fourteen of the guests participated in the picnic at Castle Crag Monday. Some rode horse-

back, but the majority preferred to walk. Luncheon was enjoyed at "Cool Water Springs" and later in the day an ascent of the Crag was made. All the details were arranged by the social hostess. L. H. Morris and his two sons motored from San Francisco to Castle Crag where they will remain for two weeks. They report the road in good condition, and made the run from the city to Redding in twelve hours. Mr. and Mrs. L. Coleman and family are summering at Castle Crag. The former is a prominent banker of Joliet, Ill. Mrs. A. Silver and daughter joined their son at Castle Crag Thursday. They are planning to remain for two months. A coterie of pretty girls are sojourning at Castle Crag this season. Among them is Miss Stanford of San Francisco who is chaperoned by her aunt. The Stanfords are planning to leave for Europe in the autumn. They will remain for several years. Mr. and Mrs. Triest of San Francisco are guests. The young people at Castle Crag enjoyed an old fashioned hay ride Tuesday evening. The party left the hotel shortly before nine o'clock, and did not return until nearly midnight. Miss Ethel Hunter, a pretty young society girl of San Francisco, is sojourning at Castle Crag with her brother. Adolph Butler spent the week-end with his father and mother at Castle Crag. Mr. and Mrs. Butler will be guests at the hotel for the entire season. Charles Teague of Fresno is registered. Mr. Teague is a wealthy fruit grower. Mrs. Brittain of Piedmont and her young daughter are summering at Castle Crag. The former is one of the leaders of the Piedmont smart set. A number of prominent San Jose society folk are sojourning, amongst them the Misses Younger and Inskeey. R. R. Flint of San Francisco has been enjoying the last ten days at Castle Crag. Mr. Flint and wife will leave Thursday for Del Monte, where they will spend the season. Amongst the notables at Castle Crag are Mr. and Mrs. George Innes of San Rafael. The former is a wealthy lumberman. Mrs. James B. Smith of Burlingame and her friend Mrs. S. B.

Frederick of Berkeley are spending a fortnight at Castle Crag.

Opening and Fourth at Santa Cruz

A rumor having been circulated that there would be an admission charge to the Board Walk and Casino at Santa Cruz this summer, Town Talk communicated with the Beach Company and is advised that there will be no such charge made. The concessions this year are bigger and better than ever, and all of them are now running full blast. The seventh annual grand opening dinner and ball will take place this Saturday night, and we are advised that the largest number of reservations in the history of Santa Cruz has been made. In fact everything points to the most successful year in the Atlantic City of the Pacific Coast. And everything also points to the greatest Fourth of July celebration in the history of the Santa Cruz beach. The celebration will last for three days, and there will be something lively and interesting happening every moment. The marine features will be emphasized as never before. There will be a torpedo flotilla in the bay consisting of the U. S. S. Alert and a flock of submarines. Four hundred California Naval Reserves will be on hand to lend color to the picture and to help in the merriment. De Laveaga Heights will be glorious with cavalry from Monterey. There will be a great parade of both commercial and military features. Every night there will be a magnificent display of fireworks and a wonderfully elaborate electrical illumination. Then there will be swimming, dancing, boating, golfing on the only all-year-green-true-fair greens in California. Last but not least there will be band concerts with carefully selected programs of music to suit all tastes. It's going to be a memorable Fourth at Santa Cruz.

Fine Baritone at Kohler and Chase's

The summer series of Saturday Music Matinees at Kohler and Chase Hall are proving a success. Everyone is cordially invited to attend these concerts, and no cards of admission are necessary. The soloist this Saturday will be Charles E. Lloyd Jr., baritone. He is an experienced church and concert singer. He will interpret songs by Rodney, Herbert, Liza Lehmann and Speaks. There will be an exceptionally interesting series of instrumental solos interpreted on the Knabe Player Piano and on the Pipe Organ.

Grand Opera at Tait's

Who does not remember the "opening" night

Schools and Colleges

St. Mary's College, Oakland, Cal.

Conducted by the Brothers of the Christian Schools. Department of Arts and Letters, Civil Engineering, Commerce, and High School Department. BROTHER ZENONIAN, Registrar. Fall term begins September 4, 1913.

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Makes a specialty of preparing boys and young men for entrance to the universities. The location adjacent to Stanford University and to Palo Alto, a town of remarkable culture, makes possible a school life of unusual advantages and privileges. Twenty-first year begins August 26, 1913.

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The choicest black tea the world produces.

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Our absolutely air-tight tins retain the fragrance

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Second only to "Dalmoy"

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of the Tivoli! And those who witnessed and heard the procession of musical feasts which followed have a longing which nothing but a repetition will satisfy. The Tetrassinis and Carusos have left us. But have they! Go to Tait's and hear the Italian Grand Opera Quartet which is finishing its closing engagement. Of course you'll know you're in a first class cafe—the service and cuisine will tell you that—and perhaps you'll imagine you're again in the Tivoli. Try the combination, it's well worth while.

In the Social Spotlight

One of the prettiest set luncheons that has ever been given at Casa del Rey was tendered to John Tait, one of the proprietors of Tait & Zinkand's, and a party of friends who were spending a week at Mr. Tait's "Whoopie Ranch" at Brookdale. The luncheon was given in the large garden of the hotel, the tables set around the trout pond. With Mr. Tait were A. J. Griffith, J. A. Watts, C. Arata, Thos. Mulvey, W. Elgin Travis, J.

Suits, James W. Coffroth, C. T. Krefling, Hon. Wm. McCarthy, Sam Berger, Dr. McElroy, W. K. Nelson and E. G. Bernthal.

Quite a few San Franciscans are visiting Santa Cruz to try their skill on the sporty Casa del Rey links. A few of the golfers this week were H. H. Sherwood, Miss Avis Sherwood and Miss Mary Sherwood. Mr. Sherwood and his daughters are members of the Claremont Club of Oakland and play the game as it should be played. The Sherwoods are familiar with nearly every course in America and Europe and are loud in their praise of the links by the City of the Holy Cross.

Arrivals at Casa del Ray from San Francisco include: Miss Hazel Stratton, Mr. and Mrs. A. Armuth, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Gerbi, Mr. and Mrs. J. Lovera, W. J. Getz, Mr. and Mrs. J. Bush, Miss Myrtle Bush, Louis Metzger, E. G. Bernthal, H. H. Sherwood, Miss Avis Sherwood, Miss Mary Sherwood, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Zellerbach, Miss Marcie Steiner, J. W. Yocum, Mr. and Mrs. G. A.

Cole, E. M. Pomeroy, A. G. Griffith, J. A. Watts, C. Arata, Thos. Mulvey, Mr. and Mrs. W. Elgin Travis, Mrs. George Wingfield, C. E. Cumbach, Geo. D. Shields, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Gottlob, H. K. Defendart, John F. Clute, H. O. White, F. L. Roseman, F. W. Francis, J. P. Flanagan, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. P. Cain, John W. Bissinger, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. H. Ferguson, T. S. Minot and Mrs. Minot, C. H. Holdsworth, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Tucker, Mrs. K. McCarthy, Hammond McCarthy, Helen McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Bowman, Washington Dodge and family, Karl N. Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Creamer, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Shaw, Mrs. L. E. Wood, Mrs. R. Caglieri, Mrs. M. Arata, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Grondana, Miss Margaret Murphy, C. F. Briggs, Otto Muller, Dr. J. C. Magill, Mrs. J. C. Magill, S. Z. Bonan, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Roos, Miss Patricia Roos, Mrs. M. H. Warren, Mrs. F. J. Stewart, Chas. S. Dreyfuss, Mrs. Chas. S. Dreyfuss, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Hopper, Dr. and Mrs. W. E. Leland, Dr. and Mrs. T. J. Frazier, John Morris, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Woods, Miss Marion Woods, Mrs. F. D. Mitchell, Mrs. R. W. Schmidt, Miss R. D. Stradling, Miss S. Dunn, L. W. Pryor, I. Hirshfeld, Miss Rita Hirshfeld, Logan Johnson, Miss Katherine Johnson, John Lee Jacobs, Harry C. Clunie, Mrs. Stanley W. Morshead, Master Merrill Morshead, F. B. Warner, W. W. Barrett, W. H. Collins, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Wilson, J. Frank Moroney, Andrew G. McCarthy, H. A. Nicholson, F. P. Shauley, Jules Simpson, Dr. A. Reunstein, Dr. Morris, I. Alexander, E. Stoltz, Miss Mae McKeon, Mr. and Mrs. Max Levy, Miss Renne Levy, Mrs. R. E. Darbee, Mrs. Phillip I. Lansdale, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Boyd, J. S. Severance, Mr. and Mrs. S. McNab, H. S. Lally, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lund Jr., C. E. DeCamp, Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Hammer, A. J. Lowenberg, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. W. Newhouse, Samuel Metzger, Mrs. Edw. W. Clayton, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. A. Christian, R. G. Hanford, Mrs. Cyrus Pierce, Miss Pierce and governess, Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Rose, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Rose, Mr. and Mrs. M. Fisher, Sydney Fisher, Leon Baumgarten, Mrs. M. A. Peiser, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Joslyn, Jesse Steinhart, A. Lachmann.

Recent guests at Paso Robles Hot Springs included: Chas. Magill, Miss Pauline Diver, J. Becker, I. M. Wise, Dr. Katherine Howard, E. A. Hudson, R. E. Collins, Rev. H. Wilse, Mrs. Stack, Mr. and Mrs. Lugh Langden, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Law, B. Evans, M. F. Whitaker and wife, T. D. Brigden, Mrs. Clarence Granger and children, J. A. Chanslor, W. A. Robbins, S. N. Rucker, Mr. and Mrs. E. Lynch, J. F. Quirk, Carl Stulling, J. M. Twiggs, M. A. Elliott, H. Kinspel, Ralph Harris, L. M. McDuffie, Capt Wm. Matson, F. A. Bailey, John W. Havens, E. Gloor, Capt. and Mrs. Robt. Gibson, Miss Gladys Gibson, G. Gibson, L. G. Sinnard, Miss Sue Bean, A. B. Houghton, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Miner, F. M. Cook, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Wright, A. Strunk, Victor Peters, Mr. and Mrs. Kinney, Miss L. Kinney, H. F. Dickman, Walter Dickman, James Flood. Mrs. W. F. Dohrmann of San Francisco was hostess at a delightful auction bridge at Coronado during the week. The tables which seated twelve players were arranged in the ball-room where tea was also served. The following San Francisco people were present: Mrs. W. D. K. Gibson, Mrs. W. H. Smith, Mrs. Sands Forman, Mrs. W. I. Thorne, Mrs. A. B. Spreckels and A. de Bretteville. Mr. S. B. Toby of San Francisco was a guest at Coronado during the week. C. O. Bagby, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bagby who were recently married in San Francisco, registered.

Firecrackers, cannon, flag and shield boxes filled with delicious candies. Just the right sort of Fourth of July gifts for young and old. At George Haas & Sons Four Candy Stores.

(Advertisement)

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Coronado Beach, California
American Plan—Summer Rates in Effect



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The Angelus
Spring and Fourth : Los Angeles, Cal.
"Right in the Heart of the City." Close to all Theatres, Beach Car Lines and Public Building. \$1.50 per day and up. Special Weekly Rates.
Managed by C. C. and HARRY LOOMIS

Hotel Alexandria
ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF
LOS ANGELES
Special Summer Rates
NOW IN EFFECT
700 Magnificent Rooms

	For ONE	For TWO
100 Rooms, Toilet and Lavatory	\$2.00	\$3.00 and \$3.50
100 Rooms, with Bath	2.50	4.00
200 " " "	3.00	4.00 and \$5.00
100 " " "	4.00	5.00 " 6.00
100 " " "	5.00	6.00 " 7.00

100 Rooms, with Bath, Ensuite, on which special summer rates will be made.

SPECIAL RATES BY THE MONTH

The Personal Equation

of PARIS of LONDON of NEW YORK

By MRS. FRANCES HARDIN HESS of I. Magnin & Co.

Photographs by Courtesy of I. Magnin & Co.

"JUST NOTES" FOR THE MOTORIST

Are you shrinking and shy as a Quakeress—there are subdued, neutral tones in motor clothes for you.

Are you gay and butterfly-like—there are clothes for you, too! Indeed, the World no longer sits and mopes but it moves, literally, and it moves in the colors it likes best! Madame La Mode has ceased to order one color for one function and another color for another function, but she says, "Use the color that you like best and if it's orange, it suits me best also today."

So it comes about we have gay orange sweaters, hilarious orange motor coats, exhilarating orange crepe frocks, for orange is the true color of the hour.

And "there's a reason"! Orange—or rather yellow—is the one color that lifts stupid combinations of materials and colors out of insipidity into distinction. Orange is the

Women's Auto Garments Show the Influence of Summer Season, for They Are Lighter and More Graceful than Heretofore.



best tone of yellow for human adornment for the reason it has enough red in it to clarify the most wretched complexion. And what makes a worse complexion than motoring? So orange enters into motor togs strongly just now! How long it will last is for you to determine.

* * * * *

Motor hats are universally becoming, for they are small and emphasize the contour of a pretty head.

* * * * *

Motor bonnets are universally becoming because they make a young face winsome, and an old face quaint.

* * * * *

Loden, or Tyrol frieze, is the newest, smartest motor togs material.

* * * * *

Tweeds, Donegal Tweeds, are still very chic because no material has been discovered that takes their place.

* * * * *

Motor coats, whatever their eccentricities of color, are fashioned cunningly for the use to which they are to be put. They are far shorter than in former years. Three-quarter length is about the maximum. So the tailors have done away with the unnecessary material which must be bundled under a light robe for many months to come, and probably all through the summer.

Ditrichstein's New Play

By Theodore Bonnet

Whether the presentation of a new play for the first time at a San Francisco playhouse means "trying it on the dog" is a question that has never been satisfactorily answered. So I am in doubt as to whether I should felicitate the Alcazareans who passed judgment Monday night on Leo Ditrichstein's play "Such Is Life." The premiere may have been a compliment, a flattering acknowledgment of the superior taste that expresses itself at the Alcazar; and again it may not have been that at all. However, if it was a case of trying it on the dog it is not to be gainsaid that the dog was well pleased, and I have not the slightest hesitation in paying the tribute of my approval to the brute's judgment. "Such Is Life" is described as a comedy, and it is an adaptation from the French done by Ditrichstein. It is more in the nature of a farce than of a comedy, but that doesn't matter. It is rattling good farce, farce indeed of the highest order inasmuch as it introduces us to some mighty good characterizations. There is for instance the character of Mrs. Blake, the nagging wife, who uses her tongue as a flail and whips her poor husband to a froth. She is true to life, and so is Blake, the disappointed artist, who has to be mourned as dead in order to have the world dis-

cover his genius. This idea is the nub of the play. The supposed death of the artist makes for all the comic situations and inspires the drollery, the absurdity in which the piece is drenched. Fancy a man gazing on his own funeral! Isn't that the very quintessence of drollery? That is what Blake does in this play, and the incongruous situation is brought about in so natural a manner that it doesn't seem to be at all farcical. One accepts it as most plausible, as the logical consequence of a very simple chain of circumstances. And entering into the spirit of it one feeling is jostled against the other making you almost weep as well as laugh. Excellent craftsmanship was employed in the construction of this farce. It has sprightliness, ease, animation, incident and stage effect. The comic genius presided over the making of it. For a premiere the performance Monday night went exceedingly smooth, and there were but few loose ends. The only room for improvement is the first act. The curtain rises on a gay scene as on the canvas of Watteau. It is like Pastori's on Sunday afternoon—festive Bohemian groups regaling themselves at tables beneath trees. All are making merry, but as done at the Alcazar on the opening night the merriment lacked spontaneity. The laughter did not

always ring true, and, with all due respect to Mr. Ditrichstein, the lines did not sparkle. I wonder if in transplanting the play from France he made too many concessions to the Puritanism of the American audience! There are certainly no French witticisms in that first act. The fooling was somewhat Teutonic. It is just as well in writing a farce to be witty as well as comical. At any rate it will do no harm. But I am sure that as the play runs along no detail will be neglected. Even the acting will improve. Kernan Crips will doubtless assume a more pliant manner and divest himself of the melodramatic air without being less effective as the mediocre artist with an unlawful passion for the wife of genius. And John Butler will acquire a little of the ease and naturalness that distinguish Mr. Ditrichstein, but he will find it hard to improve on the melancholy air or on the realism of his sadness. It is pretty hard for an actor in a prominent part to be at his ease on the first night. All the women of the cast were in touch with the spirit of the play, and Isabel Irving played the part of the nagging wife as though it were second nature.

Gossip of the Theatre

The Effulgence of Blanche Bates

When Blanche Bates appears on the stage she illuminates like a spotlight. The glow of her personality is reflected from her fellow players. Her radiance is all but palpable, and when she disappears a light seems to pale. The stage is darker for her absence. One imagines that she carries her brightness behind the scenes. What is this halo of Blanche Bates? It is not the irradiation of her beauty. Blanche Bates is beautiful, but many actresses more beautiful than she shed only a crepuscular light. Her rays are as lucent as the vertical beams of noon. What is this effulgence? There is a divine fire burning within Blanche Bates which escapes in undulations almost visible. Blanche Bates has brains, endowment rare indeed among stage folk but nearly non-existent among actresses as fair as Blanche Bates! She does not merely simulate thought actorwise—she actually thinks! All her parts are thinking parts. She pays her playwright the unusual compliment of thinking out his meaning. She thinks to good purpose too. What her trained mind has the capacity to think out her trained body has the capacity to express. She has mastered the technique of her art and can reduce her thoughts to intelligible action. As her playwright's most subtle intention does not elude her mind, her mind's most delicate intention does not transcend her interpretative faculties. Things hard to understand her mind can master, and what her mind has mastered it is not hard for her to embody for her audience in words and gestures perfectly expressive. No, it is not her halo of beauty which makes Blanche Bates a bearer of light. It is her aura of intelligence.

—Edward F. O'Day.

there is no reason why the drama should be second-rate or third-rate or anything but first-rate. The aim of vaudeville is to exhibit excellence in craftsmanship, whether it be in acrobatics, in dancing, in juggling or in whatever is sheer comicality. Vaudeville also seeks to



MISS NORTON

Who will present her own sketch "A Dramatic Cartoon" next week at the Orpheum.

thrill either by tugging at the heart strings or tickling the ribs, and these effects are to be achieved either by tragedy or by farce. But a great deal of the tragedy in vaudeville is amusing and some of the farce is tragical. So when a piece like "The Wardrobe Woman" happens at the Orpheum it is deserving of more than a casual glance. "The Wardrobe Woman" is fine farce saturated with comedy and radiant with sanity. It takes you behind the scenes of a one-night stand and shows you how the wheels go round when the performance is by a company that deserves only to be stranded. Persons with knowledge of stage life will recognize the wardrobe woman. The wardrobe woman is very often a relic of other days, an actress of small talent who lives in the past, critical of contemporary talent and not inclined to worship the aspiring members of the company. Zelda Sears is realizing this type at the Orpheum, and she is giving exceptionally good entertainment. There are other good things at the Orpheum, but there is nobody on the bill who approximates the genius of Joe Jackson. Here is a really great artist, a man who holds the audience in the palm of his hand for twenty minutes tickling it (not his hand) to his heart's content, and never saying a word. Jackson is the embodiment of drama, and the audience is in the cast. Expressing himself entirely in pantomime he compels the audience to become part of the play. Whatever he does gives the audience the cue, and the subsequent mood or action of the actor reflects the state of mind of the audience. It is all very odd, very droll, and excruciatingly funny. There never was anything like Jackson at the Orpheum.

—Theodore Bonnet.

Goods Things in Vaudeville

Inasmuch as vaudeville comprehends drama

Dancing Horses at Empress

Ray Thompson's High School Horses, for long

with Ringling Brothers' Circus, will be the headline attraction at the Empress Sunday afternoon. Their dancing is featured. "The Arm of the Law" bristles with interest. It will be presented by J. Herbert Frank, a well-known actor, assisted by True S. James. It was written by Mrs. Beatrice Heron-Maxwell. Creighton Brothers will offer a rube act. Hugh Fay and Elsie Mynn have the latest ragtime songs. Lohse and Sterling are gymnasts on the horizontal bars. Miss Ella Rachlin, a pianiste, is "The Wizard on the Ivories." The Royal Hawaiian Dancers and Motion Pictures round out the bill.

cornet. This gifted family includes three young girls and father and son. G. S. Melvin, known as "The Versatile Scot," sings and dances. There will be new Edison Talking Moving Pictures. Next week will be the last of Chief Caupolican, Frank Coombs and Ernest Aldwell, the Four Rotters and Zelta Sears and company in "The Wardrobe Woman."

"Before and After" at Alcazar

As a mirth-producer there is no more successful play than "Before and After," the farce-comedy

(Continued on Page 21.)



ADELE BLOOD
The noted stage beauty who is captivating Cort Theatre patrons by her charming handling of the title role in "Everywoman."

Another Week of "Everywoman"

"Everywoman" with Adele Blood, H. Cooper Cliffe and nearly one hundred and fifty associates will continue at the Cort for one more week. Seats are on sale for all the remaining performances of the remarkable engagement. On Sunday night, July 6, "The Passing Show of 1912" comes to the Cort for an engagement of two weeks. This will be the first of the famous Winter Garden shows to come to this city. The original organization in its entirety will be seen.

Palace Girls at Orpheum

The famous Palace Girls, direct from the Palace Theatre, London, where they have appeared for six seasons, are now making their second American tour and will head the Orpheum bill next week. They bring new dances, costumes and effects; there is every reason to believe they will repeat their former success here. Miss Norton and Paul Nicholson appear in a comedy which Miss Norton who wrote it, styles "A Dramatic Cartoon." Ofedo's Five Musical Gormans is a family of instrumentalists each a soloist of ability. Miss Katherine Gorman is a virtuosa on the

AMUSEMENTS

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Third and Last BIG WEEK Starts Sunday Night
Regular Matinees Wednesday and Saturday
SPECIAL HOLIDAY MATINEE JULY 4th
HENRY W. SAVAGE Offers
EVERYWOMAN
The Tremendous Dramatic Spectacle
150 People—Orchestra of 25
Nights, 50c to \$2. Wed. and Sat. Mats., 25c to \$1.50
Sunday Night, July 6th "THE PASSING SHOW OF 1912"

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SECOND and LAST WEEK BEGINS MONDAY, JUNE 30
MATINEES WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY
Charles Frohman Presents
BLANCHE BATES
In A. E. W. Mason's Four Act Play
Beginning Sunday Night, July 6th—KINEMACOLOR
PICTURES. "All-Feature" Program including Panama
Canal, Balkan War, Japanese War Manoeuvres, U. S. Navy.

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O'Farrell near Powell Phone Kearny 2
Monday, Evening, June 30th, and Throughout the Week

LEO DITRICHSTEIN

His New York Support and the Alcazar Players in His
Own Successful Farce-Comedy

"BEFORE AND AFTER"

Yielding SIXTY LAUGHS an Hour
Prices: Night, 25c to \$1; Matinees: 25c to 50c.
Matinee Thursday, Saturday and Sunday
Extra Matinee, Friday, July 4th

Pantages Theatre

Market Street, Opposite Mason

Week Commencing Sunday, June 29, 1913

EIGHT PANTAGES STAR FEATURES

Vaudeville Debut of RUTH MCKENZIE, Calve's Singing
Marvel; SIX FERRIS WHEELS GIRLS, Vaudeville's
Newest Novelty; WILLIE ZIMMERMAN, World's Great-
est Mimic Actor and Entertainer; DR. HENRY GEO.
LORENZ, Memento Morsel; MARKS & ROSA, Comedy
Entertainers; HARRY HOLMAN & CO. in "The Mer-
chant Prince"; KLEIN and ERLANGER, Two Funny
Clowns; GRACE NARDINI, the Girl with the Accordion.

Matinee Daily at 2:30. Nights, 7:15 and 9:15. Sunday
and Holidays Matinees at 1:30 and 3:30. Nights Con-
tinuous from 6:30. Prices—10c, 20c and 30c.

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NICHOLSON in a Dramatic Cartoon by Miss Morton;
OFEDO'S MUSICAL GORMANS, featuring Katherine
Gorman, the eminent cornetist; G. S. MELVIN, "The Ver-
satile Scot"; CHIEF CAUPOLICAN, Araucano Baritone
Singer; FRANK COOMBS and ERNEST ALDWELL, two
men who can sing; FOUR ROTTERS, Gymnastic Wonders;
NEW EDISON TALKING MOVING PICTURES. Last
Week of ZELDA SEARS and COMPANY in Edgar Allan
Woolf's comedy "The Wardrobe Woman."

Evening Prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, \$1.00
Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c
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Monday, July 7th "PRINCESS CHIC"

Empress Theatre

Direction SULLIVAN & CONSIDINE

SID GRAUMAN, Manager

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Week Commencing Sunday, June 29, 1913

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—London disliked the Missouri and other rate decisions handed down by the Supreme Court and traders here could get no encouragement from there as London was generally on the selling side of the market all week. At the decline stocks are being absorbed freely by odd lot investors and this is beginning to be felt in the loan market. Steel common, Union Pacific and Canadian Pacific share certificates have been coming from Europe in large quantities to offset the buying by investors. Union Pacific and Southern Pacific had a fair rally early in the week on rumors that the high officials believed the Union Pacific case would be settled satisfactorily. The company will probably be permitted to exchange some of its Southern Pacific stock for Baltimore and Ohio stock owned by the Pennsylvania railroad. Added to what the Union Pacific now holds this would give the Union Pacific stock 38 per cent of the Baltimore and Ohio stock now outstanding which would mean virtual control of the former. In connection with the monetary situation here and abroad it should be noted that the German Government has notified the banks in Germany and the Berlin bourse that the Mexican notes are not to be listed, bought or discounted, because the money is needed at home. German banks did not come to the aid of the Government when asked to take up the last big Government loan. If they had not money for that purpose, they cannot have it for second class foreign loans. Interboro-Metropolitan preferred has risen some 12 or 13 points from its recent low price on tips that it would again resume dividends which were discontinued in June, 1907. Toward the end of the week sentiment became very pessimistic owing to the failure of the Interstate Commerce Commission to grant the Eastern roads permission to raise their freight rates 5 per cent. Stocks were sold all around the room and the lowest prices of the week were made at the close of the session on Saturday.

Wheat—It was a nervous market in wheat last week, as is generally the case in a weather market. Best prices were made early in the week on reports of hot, dry weather, not only in the Dakotas and Minnesota, but also from Nebraska, where the heat was said to be shrivelling the grain and the yield would be cut down considerably. This condition was changed later in the week by general light rains in the Northwest and cooler weather. The trade turned their attention to the Southwest, where the harvest is on, and while there were some contradictory reports from that section in regard to the yield, the general opinion was that the yield would be up to the average. New wheat arriving at St. Louis and Kansas City shows a very good quality and is testing 61 pounds per bushel. Receipts of old

wheat at the primary markets show a big increase over last year, and this is taken to indicate that the farmer is well satisfied with new crop prospect. There is very little call for export, although clearances are on a large scale, but this represents wheat that had been sold to the exporter some time ago. Liverpool shows no disposition to become alarmed over prospects on this side, as reports from Canada are highly satisfactory and the crop is doing well. Trade is not on a large scale and is mostly confined to professional scalpers.

Corn—Corn was influenced by the strength in oats and the dry weather with hot wind reports from some sections of the belt. Sentiment in the pit was extremely bullish and there was no opposition to the advance until September touched 64. At this level some of the big bulls took profits on their long line, and when later in the week reports of general light rain were received, the market turned weak and there was a general stampede to sell by holders who had overstayed their market. The finish was weak at about the lowest point. Believe this market should be bought on any further weakness.

Cotton—The cotton market has made new high ground during the past week, on active covering by both old and new crop shorts. After selling at 12.25 for July and 11.75 for October, comparing with 11.32 and 10.81 and the low records of last April, the market showed some irregularity as a result of realizing or operations for a reaction encouraged by warmer weather in the South and favorable crop accounts. The selling was not aggressive enough to cause any actual weakness, however, and prices at the close of the week were within 20 points of the best on new crop months. The firmer tone of the market can hardly be attributed to any material change of sentiment regarding the new crop outlook. The comparatively low June condition figures appear to have been taken more seriously abroad than in local circles, but nowhere have they been considered as precluding the possibility of an adequate yield, and private crop accounts have continued generally optimistic except for a few scattering complaints of irregular stands, insect damage or delayed growth owing to low temperatures. The strength of old crop cotton, and an impression that European spinners have tied up a large number of local contracts against prospective requirements, however, has served to render the trade nervous over the possibility of any setback to the growing crop, while the continued shipments from the local stock, which is now under 45,000 bales certificated, have left the summer months short interest with very little protection pending increased shipments here from the South. Meanwhile, reports that the Under-

wood bill is likely to be modified favorably to the manufacturer of fine cotton goods in the Senate, and a more favorable view of stock and money market condition growing partly out of Washington's announcements regarding emergency currency, has created rather a more optimistic sentiment as to domestic trade conditions, and while the straddle long interest in July has been considerably reduced, many believe that Europe holds a heavy line of August and new crop deliveries here on straddles or against requirements of actual.

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Stage

(Continued from Page 19.)

in which Leo Ditrichstein, his New York aides and the Alcazar company are to appear next week. There will be an extra matinee July 4. It was written by Ditrichstein, and many critics have pronounced it equal to his "Are You a Mason?" There is nothing commonplace about the plot of "Before and After." It is based on the invention of a patent medicine powder which has the magical effect of making the peevish contented, the fretful happy, and the fault-finder amiable and the melancholy joyous.

Blanche Bates Next Week

Blanche Bates stays at the Columbia in her new play "The Witness for the Defense" for one more week. Miss Bates is under the Frohman management and the play is by A. E. W. Mason.

Jacob Adler at the Columbia

The celebrated Yiddish actor Jacob P. Adler, made his appearance at the Columbia last Sunday afternoon and night and created a furore in "The Stranger" and "The Abnormal Man." His splendid company shared with him the honors of a great success and will be ably cast around Adler when he appears for the last two times at the Columbia this Sunday afternoon and night. Adler has selected for the afternoon performance a powerful drama patterned after Shakespeare's "King Lear" and called "The Yiddish King Lear." The story deals with modern conditions and Adler in the title role gives a fine interpretation. The scenes of the play are laid in a Russian city and the various acts are crowded with strong situations. On Sunday night Adler and his company will appear in Carl Gutschow's "Uriel Acosta." The story hinges upon characters of the time of the Spanish Inquisition and Adler in the title role gives one of his best performances.

Kinemacolor Pictures Coming

There is a keen desire manifested in this city to see the realistic representations in motion and actual color effects of "The Making of the Panama Canal"; "Actual Scenes of the Balkan War"; "Japan's Army in War Manoeuvres" and "The U. S. Navy in Review before former President Taft and the U. S. Battleships at Practice," a program of Kinemacolor pictures which has known

the greatest popularity given a motion picture presentation, throughout the East, and which will be offered at the Columbia for a limited season, beginning Sunday night, July 6. More than four miles of film comprise the superb program of the Kinemacolor animated pictures in natural colors and more than three hundred thousand individual pictures are on these films. The Kinemacolor pictures will be sent direct to the Columbia for presentation, for the first time in San Francisco, and will positively not be seen elsewhere in this city.

A Social Favorite at Pantages

An appetizing vaudeville menu of eight numbers will be presented at Pantages next week. The bill will mark the professional debut of Miss Ruth McKenzie. Miss McKenzie is gifted with beauty, has a trained voice and is an accomplished violinist and pianist. Mme. Calve called her "the maid with the golden voice" and advised her to try grand opera. Miss McKenzie has been heard at numerous social affairs around the bay cities, and will be remembered as the winsome and fetching miss who created a furore at the big charity production in Oakland last winter as Dorothy in "Jappyland." Willie Zimmerman is a mimic and musical entertainer who gives life-like copies of great composers. Dr. Geo. H. Lorenz gives a baffling exhibition of mesmerism. His subjects are selected from the audience. A character study of the self-made merchant is Harry Holman's "A Merchant Prince." A real novelty will be shown by the Six Ferris Wheel Girls who do acrobatic stunts. Marks and Rosa, a society duo, Klein and Erlanger, circus clowns, and Grace Nardini, accordeonist, complete the bill.

The Success of "Iolanthe"

The Tivoli has made a tenstrike in the production of "Iolanthe," the opera proving exactly suited to the capabilities of the company and being by far the best thing yet done at the Eddy street home of music. The fantastic characters are enacted to the life by Manager Leahy's artists, and the deft touch of stage director Edward P. Temple who received his early training under Gilbert and Sullivan, is very apparent in every moment of the two delightful acts. It is a decided relief to listen to the music of Sir Arthur Sullivan after a surfeit of musical comedy. Large audiences are nightly in attendance. "Iolanthe"

will be given for the last times next week, but there will be no matinee on the Fourth of July. "Princess Chic," a great comic opera success, will follow.

Varied Types

(Continued from Page 7.)

never got the eye of the chairman. At the next State convention, the never-to-be-forgotten convention at Santa Cruz, he burst forth as a Republican spellbinder. Abe Ruef had a candidate for Clerk of the Supreme Court, one Cory, and tried to stampede the convention for him. McNab nominated Frank L. Caughey. It was Pardee, I think, who spoke of the Santa Cruz convention tent "with the Southern Pacific on one side and the broad Pacific on the other." At any rate trains were thundering and the surf was beating outside the canvas, and it was hard to hear the ordinary speaker. But when John L. McNab let out that stentorian voice of his every delegate sat up and took notice. His speech is still remembered. It won for Caughey and gave John L. McNab a standing in the councils of his party, a standing which he has not only maintained but improved ever since.

And now that he has rocked a Cabinet his admirers are saying what an admirable candidate for Governor he would be. It is very complimentary but John L. McNab shakes his head. However we shall know more about that later.

Of his manner of quitting the office of United States District Attorney he has little to say.

"Any human being with iron in his blood would do as I did," he remarks. "I am not entitled to credit. I trust that I have not an exaggerated idea of my own ego. It may have required spunk, but there was no call for moral courage."

He is beloved of his office force. He went into the federal building at liberty to choose his own deputies, but preferred to accept the men Devlin had left behind, asking only that they show efficiency. His record speaks for itself. And on the day he resigned a court bailiff leaned against the door of his office and cried.

During the Summer season "TOWN TALK" subscribers are requested to send in promptly any change of address that they may contemplate making, so that the paper will reach them regularly.

An egotist is a man who is so wrapped up in himself that he pays no attention to us.

One Strike and Out

"After all these years"—

The features of Ivan Appetite, the gentleman tramp, glowed with an unwonted heat and his chest heaved with emotion.

—"I have at last"—

A sense of his new position almost overwhelmed him with an insane desire to fly to some vast solitude and commune with nature.

—"Struck the popular cord."

And with whiskers singeing beneath the fiery eye of the farmer's wife, he let fall a drop of perspiration upon the ax handle, observed it and fainted.



A SCENE ON THE BEACH AT SANTA CRUZ.

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Corner of Columbus Avenue and Kearny Street
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Reassurance

(Continued from Page 8.)

eyes brightened; that haunting question ceased.

Oddly enough, Annie, too, had been suffering from depression, had been asking herself "Why?" Miss Frith was sorry for her, but there was a strange comfort in hearing that the voice could sigh for Annie too. At first that seemed selfish, but Annie set it right.

"It's a consolation to know that we're all human together, isn't it?"

Wonderfully consoling, indeed, it was! And the solace lasted, even after Annie had faded into the summer twilight on her way home.

* * * * *

Now another troublesome feeling came—an increasing restlessness. She could not stay quiet. Each day seemed longer than the day before. She took to spending much money on cabs, to driving into town perpetually, for shopping sometimes, but usually with a call at Annie's home on the way back. Annie was not the only one to see there; Miss Frith's brother was younger than herself, there was a son too, and they had a vivacious little Irish maid, and always many cats, as she had. Annie, though very "clever," was nevertheless the most companionable of all the nieces and nephews and cousins, for by some wonderful coincidence she so often had been feeling as Miss Frith had—glad or sad, or tired or energetic! And she called her "my dear." Perhaps some people might have thought it not quite respectful, but respect was not always what one wanted.

"Good-night, my dear!" (Annie never said Good-bye.) "Au revoir." When she called that out, disappearing in the twilight, the creeping dread seemed to go away.

"It's a great treat to see you," Miss Frith said at her own door one evening. "I feel very lonely sometimes."

"Oh, there are days on which one can't contemplate existence," Annie answered, in that way she had of putting herself in the same place with you.

What was there so wonderfully consoling about it? She seemed aware of the very dread that you were aware of—and was not that a proof that it wasn't the dread you had thought it might be? For Annie could not know that one. . . . They looked into each other's eyes, Miss Frith gathering reassurance. Amid all her respect for the "cleverness," she yet knew an ease, a reliance, that only this companion gave her. There was something big behind Annie—she understood what feelings meant. And she felt the same things, and so it could not be that.

But all at once, as they stood in the dying day and said Good-night, Annie's eyes filled up with tears. She looked aside quickly, then as quickly looked again, and smiled. Miss Frith stood, gazing at her; a sudden light was on both faces. They kissed one another, closely clasping.

Even then, with all out between them—for it was certain, though no word was said, that Annie knew what the dread was, and that it was different from her own—even then, Miss Frith felt that reliance. It was better than before, indeed. The light, now though she was alone, shone even clearer from her face, the creeping dread was gone; there was nothing to be afraid of—and she knew that if she told Annie how she felt Annie would understand. There was something, though it might not be the vanished dread, the same in them both—something the same, perhaps Annie would say, in everybody? Annie would know what it was; she need not, she need but rest on the surety of one heart's comprehension.

In her tardy falling asleep at night—one of the new troubles—a fancy came and made her smile at herself: it was as if she were leaning on her mother's breast. And if she told Annie that. . . She fell asleep with the smile grown happy on her lips.

"Why did you break off your engagement with Miss Spooner?"

"Because her parrot was always screaming 'Stop that, George!'"

"But what difference did that make?"

"Oh, nothing much, except that my name is not George."

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 49,614.
LOTTIE BURD, Plaintiff, vs. HARRY BURD, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to Harry Burd, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the grounds of defendant's willful desertion and willful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 9th day of June, A. D. 1913.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

J. J. LERMAN, Attorney for Plaintiff,
504 Falboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-21-10

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of KATE SUTRO NUSSBAUM, Deceased—No. 15,529; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Elizabeth Nussbaum, as Administratrix with the will annexed of the estate of Kate Sutro Nussbaum, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice (which said first publication occurs on the 14th day of June, 1913), to the said Administratrix with will annexed at the office of her attorney Garret W. McENERNEY, Room No. 1277 Flood Building, No. 870 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Kate Sutro Nussbaum, deceased.

ELIZABETH NUSSBAUM,

Administratrix with Will Annexed of the Estate of Kate Sutro Nussbaum, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 14, 1913.
GARRET W. McENERNEY, Attorney for Administratrix,
Room No. 1277 Flood Building,
No. 870 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 6-14-5

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC.

of Town Talk, published weekly at San Francisco, required by the Act of August 24, 1912.

Name of Editor, Theo. F. Bonnet; Post-Office Address, 88 First St., San Francisco; Managing Editor, Theo. F. Bonnet, 88 First St., San Francisco; Business Manager, Chas. W. Raymond, 88 First St., San Francisco; Publisher, Pacific Publication Co., 88 First St., San Francisco.

Owners: Theo. F. Bonnet, 88 First St., San Francisco; Ralph Grover, Berkeley, Cal.; G. L. Baraty, Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco.

Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: None.

CHAS. W. RAYMOND,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 12th day of June, 1913.

(Seal) JULIUS CALMANN,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. (My commission expires May 29, 1917.) 6-21-2

SUMMONS AND COMPLAINT

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 47,232; Dept. No. 10.

LILLIAN E. LIVINGSTON, Plaintiff, vs. CHARLES LIVINGSTON, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California, Send Greeting to: CHARLES LIVINGSTON, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willfully deserting and abandoning plaintiff for the period of one year, and over, next immediately preceding the commencement of this action and defendant's willfully failing to provide for plaintiff the common necessities of life for one year, and over, next immediately preceding the commencement of this action, and also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 14th day of February, A. D. 1913.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.
ARTHUR E. NATHANSON, Atty. for Plaintiff,
1112 Market St., San Francisco, Cal. 5-17-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of CATHERINE V. ROSEK, Formerly CATHERINE O'BRIEN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that H. A. Rosek, administrator of the estate of said deceased, has filed in this Court his petition setting forth that said deceased in her lifetime entered into a contract to convey to Frank D. Dollings certain real estate situate, lying and being in the town of Red Bluff, County of Tehama, State of California, and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

All of lots twenty-one (21) and twenty-two (22) of Block one hundred seventeen (117) as the same appear on the Amended Map of Part Addition to the Town of Red Bluff on file in the office of the County Recorder of Tehama County, State of California, and that in said petition said petitioner prays for an order of this Court directing him as administrator of the estate of said deceased, to execute to said Frank D. Dollings, a deed to the property above described.

It is hereby ordered that all persons interested be and appear on the 30th day of June, 1913, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. in the above entitled Court, Department No. 10 thereof, in the New City Hall, Market Street near Eighth Street, in said City and County, then and there to show cause if any they have, why said petition should not be granted.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published once a week at least for four successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, May 29, 1913.
THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.
HERRINGTON & BARRETT, Attys. for Administrator,
612 Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-7-4

Letters

A Summer Story

"His Love Story" is a clean, wholesome, unpretentious summer story, free from problems and perplexities, save only the important ones of whether the hero, one Comte de Sabron, captain in the French cavalry, will be rescued from the desert tribe with whom he is held prisoner after a battle in which his command has been defeated, whether he will be restored to health and whether the love which has developed between the impetuous officer and the American heiress, Julia Redmond, will be brought to the traditional happy ending or whether the ambitions of her aunt and the example of the family will prevail. There is a little Irish terrier that plays an important part in bringing about a correspondence between youth and maid, and in bringing rescue to his wounded master, to say nothing of defying the official commands of the war office, but Pitchouné is a man's dog, a soldier's dog at that, and so, quite a decent little fellow, an agreeable contrast to the usual canine nuisances of bookland. Marie Van Vorst is the author. Illustrations are by Howard Chandler Christy. Bobbs-Merrill, publishers.

its name to the book, is only one of fourteen unusually good stories by Anna Nicholas. They have a wide range of interest, romance, comedy, tragedy and even a touch of the supernatural—everything but tales of terror. On the whole they are cheerful, and there is not one which is calculated to interfere with a good night's rest. Without being at all commonplace, there is only one in the collection, "Was it all a Dream?" that is not within the range of our own probabilities. Anna Nicholas writes with a sympathetic interest in her characters and she has a gift of humor which not only flashes out in pithy sayings here and there but manifests itself in the conception of characters and incidents. Another volume by the same author will be appreciated. From the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

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